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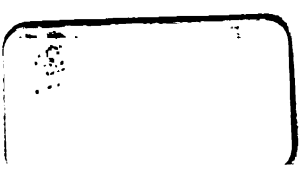

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THE

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OF

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THE

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

THE COMING SESSION.

The unprofitable results of the two last sessions of Parliament cause many to look forward with despondency to that which is about to commence. We are not of the number. The pause of a few years in the onward progress of national improvement has been more apparent than real. The reign of our youthful Sovereign, it is true, has been unmarked as yet by any of those events, which, like Catholic Emancipation, Reform of Parliament, or Abolition of Slavery, form eras in the history of a people; but the popular energy which achieved those peaceful triumphs remains unimpaired, and whenever it shall be awakened to renewed activity, it will walk forth with a power strengthened by repose, and will be prepared to act with a vigour immeasurably beyond any that it has yet displayed. Even the last six months have done much to advance the cause of Reform. The explosion of Chartism on the Welsh border will go far to dispel the fatal illusion that lately kept the labouring classes aloof from those of their fellow-sufferers, by whom alone social improvements can ever be enforced; and the blood-shed so wantonly provoked at Newport will not have been unattended by some beneficial consequences, if it should lead to the abandonment of those visionary schemes of reform, which never could have been realised, but the too eager pursuit of which might easily have led to the reinstatement of that party, whose only principle of government has invariably been the reduction of civil and religious liberty within the narrowest bounds.

There have been governments in England that would have made the late mournful event in Monmouthshire a pretext for the curtailment of popular rights. We have no such apprehension at present; and therefore, while we grieve for the melancholy fate of those whom their mistaken zeal has hurried into destruction, we know the full extent of the evil, and can derive comfort from the confident hope, that the sacrifice will probably lead to the dissolution of that unfortunate confederacy which has done more to revive the hopes of Toryism than any single event that has occurred within the last ten years.

We think we perceive many symptoms of an improved feeling among the working classes. They are beginning, or we are much mistaken, to become aware of the fraud that has been practised on them by those whose tools they have allowed themselves to be made; and should the dissension which has prevailed among Reformers during the last two or three years, give way speedily to any thing like a real union, we may rest assured that the coming session will not be found barren of most gratifying results.

Among the most important manifestations of the last few months, we should be disposed to name the complete disclosure of the character and de-

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signs of Toryism. The abortive attempt of Sir Robert Peel to take the Treasury by assault has revealed a fact of the highest importance — namely, the decided aversion which the Queen feels for the re-establishment of a Tory government. The personal preference of the sovereign in a constitutional state may be a very secondary consideration when the national will is unequivocally pronounced. But when a nation is divided in itself, a compact and enterprising faction of comparatively little real strength, if countenanced by the sovereign, may easily seize and retain power. Had the throne been filled in the month of May last by one whose sympathies leaned towards the principles of Toryism, the cause of Reform would, undoubtedly, have been arrested for several years to come, even if a decidedly retrograde system of policy had not been adopted. Faction was surprised by a discovery equally unexpected and overwhelming, for a general belief had prevailed among the whole Tory party, that Queen Victoria longed ardently to emancipate herself from the influence of an administration which she had inherited along with her uncle's crown. Since the moment when this illusion was dissipated, the malignity of disappointed ambition has known no bounds. The most revolting series of personal calumnies has been obtruded on the public through the columns of the Tory press, whose only aim during the last seven months appears to have been to poison the public mind against the reigning sovereign, and to make her, as far as possible, an object of popular aversion. The affair of Lady Flora Hastings has been made a fruitful and unceasing topic of declamation against the female circle which surrounds the Queen, accompanied by the foulest insinuations against the Queen herself. The old appeal to the most grovelling fanaticism has been renewed, and an attempt made to inflame the mob once more with those evil passions that gave rise to the disgraceful no-popery riots of 1780. Few things can be more humiliating to an Englishman, if he reflect on the subject, than the mischievous industry with which so large a portion of the public press has for some time past been engaged in the task (a hopeless one we trust,) of corrupting public opinion by fostering or reviving religious animosities. But this atrocious system, this attempt to make the masses instrumental to their own enthralment, through the agency of their fanaticism, is one that cannot succeed. A partial success, if any such have been obtained, must ere long be followed by a complete reaction; and whenever that reaction takes place, the union and reconcilement of the several sections of the Reform party must follow, or, in other words, the nation at large will again apply its combined efforts to the achievement of those great social improvements, the want of which is generally acknowledged. Before such a combination a brawling and all but rebellious oligarchy will again crouch with fear and trembling, while the insulting declamations of treason and disaffection will again be hushed down into the less offensive, though no less offending "whisper" to which it is ever the cue of disappointed faction to have recourse.

Our Tory oligarchy stands unmasked. The faction failed in their attempt to lord it over the crown, and since that moment they have been the bitterest foes of the youthful Sovereign, whose integrity and singleness of mind defeated their crafty machinations. And this is Conservatism! How basely has that word been prostituted! How treasonable, how revolutionary, have been the designs carried on under its convenient sanction! For 150 years the people of England have been struggling to defend against the encroachments of Toryism those principles of constitutional government which triumphed in the expulsion of the Stuarts. No act more eminently conservative of the principles sanctioned by the Revolution of 1688, has

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since then been enacted by the British Parliament, than the Reform Act of 1831; and since the passing of that Act no respectable portion of Reformers has avowed any intention to seek for more than a perfectly fair field on which its legitimate consequences may be worked out. The object of the Reform party is now, as it has all along been, to secure the full and free representation of the people of England in the House of Commons; the object of the Tory party has been, from first to last, to make that representation a fiction. Which purpose, we would ask, is most in harmony with the principles on which our constitution is based — which most calculated to promote the overthrow of the institutions that have grown out of it? But when we find the party, whose servility was unbounded towards every king that sanctioned their attempts to corrupt and undermine the institutions of a representative government, equally unbounded in their insolence to a sovereign that refuses to become instrumental to the furtherance of their views, must not all honest men regard with indignation their assumption of "Conservatism" as their ostensible guide of action? The abuses of the constitution are, in fact, the only part of it they have ever dreamt of preserving; the spirit of the constitution, from the very day of its birth, it has been their unceasing aim to destroy. To the sovereign their loyalty endures only so long as that sovereign is content to be a passive instrument in their hands, for the oppression and enthralment of the people.

Such is Toryism — such it ever has been — such it will continue to be, and such is the party which a large portion of Reformers have, for some time past, been labouring to restore to power. It remains to be seen, whether, during the session about to commence, any portion of the people will again lend themselves to so suicidal a policy. We trust not, for we cannot close our eyes to the fact, that the dissensions which have of late prevailed among Reformers have given renewed strength to their common enemy; and should those dissensions continue, the eventual triumph of Toryism will be more than probable, to be followed, perhaps, by a sweeping revolution; the final result of which it would defy the most clear-sighted politician to calculate.

The general character of the session of 1840 will be altogether decided by the attitude which the Reform party, out of doors, may happen to take. Should the Tories apprehend a successful issue from a dissolution, the system, acted on during the last two sessions, of throwing every impediment in the way of Government, will undoubtedly be persevered in. Such hopes, however, will not be indulged in, if it is once known that the Reformers have agreed to waive all minor differences in the one consideration of keeping the enemies of all reform out of office. The great object, therefore, must be to ascertain the means by which so desirable a union can be brought about. To do this, we must first endeavour to discover the causes which led to the dissolution of that firm and compact union that enabled the people, in 1831, to achieve so signal a triumph over the faction whose disastrous rule had so long weighed upon them.

The Reform Act of 1831, even among the least sanguine of Reformers, awakened hopes of social amelioration greater than have yet been realised. Among the more ardent of the party, expectations were avowed, which the authors of the measure repudiated from the first. With few exceptions, all Reformers looked forward to the speedy enactment of a measure, that, by placing the elector beyond the reach of intimidation, would secure to him the real exercise of a franchise with which the new law professed to endow him. Without the ballot, it was felt, the corruptions that had prevailed among the old constituency would blossom forth afresh, and to enlarge the

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number of voters could do little or nothing towards securing the political independence of poor men called upon to submit their votes to the inspection of those upon whom, in many cases, their very subsistence depended. The ballot, accordingly, came soon to be looked on as one of those measures upon the necessity of which nearly all Reformers were agreed; and the continued withholding of what was deemed the necessary sequel to the Reform Act inspired a very natural feeling of disappointment. The hostility of the leading members of the Whig ministry to a measure all but unanimously called for by the great body of their supporters has done much to break up the unity of the Reform party; but it must not be imagined, even had the ballot become the law of the land, that the craving after organic changes, as they are called, would, in the least, have been weakened, unless some means had been found to bring about a decided improvement in the material condition of the masses. The public burthens must be lightened before any thing like general contentment can be looked for; and as long as labour continues to be taxed as it now is, as long as the working man's loaf is doubled in price, in order that a spendthrift peer may be enabled to indulge more freely in luxury, so long discontent will continue undiminished, even should the enactment of the ballot be followed by an extension of suffrage, the abolition of the law of primogeniture, and the substitution of the "voluntary system" for the costly establishment of a national church.

We have said enough to show that we are far from entertaining the visionary hope, that the concession of the ballot is at all likely to allay the dissatisfaction that prevails among a large portion of the population; nevertheless, we should be well pleased to learn that this measure had been chosen by all Liberals as the rallying point for the ensuing session. Public justice demands, that the elector should be secured against intimidation, and till some equally efficient plan is proposed for the attainment of that end, we shall continue to demand the ballot, not as a concession to be received in lieu of other measures of reform, but as the undoubted and inalienable right of the people, without which the Reform Act must remain a mutilated and imperfect enactment.

The number of Liberals who still linger among the opponents to the ballot is now so small, that we cannot divest ourselves of the hope that at the next general election we shall see this measure adopted as the rallying banner of the party; but in the mean time, we would anxiously caution those who, like ourselves, advocate the justice and expediency of securing the elector's independency by the secrecy of his vote, to beware how they allow their impatience at the indecision of their friends to hurry them to acts which can only tend to strengthen their foes. We cannot yet afford to divide our house; and until Reformers have acquired sufficient power to make the return of Toryism impossible, the great object to which every other ought to remain subservient must be to prevent, at any price, the formation of a Tory ministry.

Next to the ballot we would place the repeal of our existing corn laws, among the measures which the people of England confidently anticipated as the natural consequences of the Reform Act. These laws, however, cannot be repealed until their opponents have agreed on the system which they would substitute. To clamour for the introduction of foreign corn, without even the imposition of a moderate fixed duty, can only lead to disappointment. The thought of such a change is calculated to spread a panic among the whole of our agricultural population; and, by urging it, we only awaken an opposition that promotes the continuance of the present disastrous system. The substitution of a fixed duty, in the place of the variable

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scale of averages, would remove the worst evils of the existing law; and while it silenced the apprehensions of all but the mere fanatics among the agriculturists, would create a new source of revenue to the state, sufficient to allow of the reduction of many burthens that now press heavily upon the people. The events of the last session showed sufficiently, that, had there been any thing like earnestness on this subject among their supporters, our ministers would have been willing enough to promote the modification of the existing law. Let us hope that the experience of the past may not be lost to the nation. In union alone can we hope for strength; and should the advocates of cheap bread, foregoing all minor differences, agree among themselves upon the adoption of some definite and practicable scheme, we should not despair of seeing the question reduced to such a tangible shape as might allow the Government to bring it before Parliament upon their own responsibility.

But neither the ballot nor the repeal of the corn laws, nor any other measure certain to encounter the opposition of the Tory party, can have the slightest chance of making its way through the present Parliament. Until we have had another general election, we must remain, as we have been for the last five years, at a "dead lock." The point of view, therefore, in which we ought to look at the coming session, is as an intermediate stage to a general election. If ministers so shape their conduct during the next four or five months, as to revive the courage and restore the union of the Reform party, the period will have been most happily occupied; for as to any practical results from the parliamentary labours of the present House of Commons, we have not the slightest expectation that they will afford satisfaction to any party, or to any fraction of a party. To the elections we must look, and woe upon the country if it be found unprepared for the struggle which those elections will bring with them. Should they give to the Tory party the most trifling majority in the House of Commons, queen and people will be reduced to the same humiliating subjection, and six long years must elapse before an opportunity will present itself to shake off the yoke. In Ireland, a rebellion, or a state of general dissatisfaction, requiring the presence of a large standing army, would be one of the first consequences of Orange ascendancy — for how could Sir Robert Peel afford to incense his Orange auxiliaries, by refusing to surrender into their hands a country which they have long looked on as their legitimate field of action? But where are the troops to be taken from to form this Irish army of occupation? Would the advent of Toryism tranquillise the Canadas, or temper the dissatisfaction which exists in our manufacturing districts? If not, the Irish contingent can be obtained only by a large increase to our standing army, and there exists no surplus revenue to defray the increased expenditure. The Duke of Wellington and his friends were eager throughout the whole of last session to augment our naval and military force. In office they would scarcely do otherwise than give effect to their own recommendations; but the revenue is insufficient to meet the increased expenditure. Will they attempt to raise it by the imposition of fresh taxes? Or is it by a renewal of the system of loans, and irredeemable paper money, that we are to be transported again into a fool's paradise of simulated prosperity? Let the fundholders think of this; if they believe that an increase to the public debt will better their security, by all means let them vote for the return of those statesmen, who, in 1830, brought the foreign and domestic relations of the country into so lamentable a condition. We will not, however, anticipate so serious a calamity as the return of a majority of Tories to the next House of Commons; but there is a contingency only one

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degree less painful to contemplate, namely, the return of a popular assembly as nearly balanced as the present, one that throws all the negative powers of Government into the hands of the Opposition. This, we regret to say, is an event by no means improbable; on the contrary, it is one we should fully expect if the next elections were to take place without the pressure of strong popular excitement. The Melbourne ministry have often been charged by their opponents with an eagerness to promote this excitement: the contrary is notoriously the fact, and that it is so is deeply to be lamented, for the present apathy will not last for ever, the day of excitement will come sooner or later, and if it arise spontaneously, it may be found much less easy to control and direct, than if it had been systematically called into existence.

The coming session, we repeat it, can prove beneficial to the country only by preparing the way for a general election, which must precede any important act. No measure of a comprehensive character can be proposed that will not give umbrage to individuals on the Liberal side of the House. Men actuated only by factious motives may be kept together by the paramount and intelligible consideration of keeping a minister in or turning him out. The Tory party have but the one object in view, and to this, for the present, every other is made subservient. Their line of conduct is well defined, and temporary desertions from their ranks are not to be apprehended. With the Liberal party the case is different. Split up into a multitude of sections, it is only on mere party questions that complete unity of purpose can be hoped for; seldom can their undivided support be depended on, when measures of practical policy are under consideration. The Jamaica Bill was an instance in point. A few of the habitual supporters of the administration withheld their votes, and the consequence had nearly been the accession of a Tory ministry. With respect to coming measures the same danger is to be apprehended. Is it to be supposed, for instance, that any Canada Bill can be proposed that will command the support of the whole body of Liberals? Any thing more idle than such a hope, it would be difficult to conceive. Well then, if ten or twelve of their friends desert ministers on the occasion, their Canada Bill must either be postponed till another session, or they must do as they did with the Jamaica Bill, accept a law so altered from its original shape as to do away with the remotest chance of its efficiency. With a House of Commons constituted like the present one, no ministry has the power to work out its own views, and all its measures are mere devices to stave off the difficulty of the moment till a more auspicious opportunity.

To give strength to a party, complete union is indispensable. The Liberal who votes against Lord Melbourne votes in favour of Sir Robert Peel, and the Radical who joins in the outcry against a Liberal minister is co-operating in the manœuvre to set a Tory minister over the country. If the Whigs are powerless to abolish admitted abuses, it is the inefficient support of their own friends that causes their weakness. The bravest officers would be justified if they refused to mount a breach, unless there were brave soldiers willing to follow them into danger. When the enemy has been subdued, the citizen may emancipate himself from the constraint of military discipline, and when Toryism has been laid prostrate, the Liberals may dissolve their levies and discuss the point to which they will carry their constitutional reform; but for soldiers to discuss their differences in the presence of a powerful enemy, is only to insure their own weakness, and to surrender themselves an easy prey.

There are some simple-minded Reformers, who, seeing the incapacity of a

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Whig ministry to obtain even moderate improvements, indulge in the hope that a Tory administration, in its anxiety to ingratiate itself with the people, would make concessions which Lord Melbourne and his colleagues either want the power or the inclination to effect. The Tories are willing enough to encourage an infatuation, by the aid of which alone they can hope for a return to power. But what are the concessions which from a Tory administration can be hoped for? Will they concede the ballot? Will they give municipal reform to Ireland? Will they establish a system of national education, from which all sects may derive benefit? Will they modify the corn laws? Will they abolish the rate-paying clauses of the Reform Act? Is there, in short, one single measure that the people would receive with thankfulness, that the Tories, while in opposition, have ever urged upon Government? and is it to be supposed, that when they have been lifted into power by the aid of Radical clamour, they will manifest greater sympathy for those, whom even now, when they need their succour, they never speak of in other terms than those of aversion and contempt?

> "Lowliness is young Ambition's ladder,
> But when he once attains the upmost round,
> He then unto the ladder turns his back,
> Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
> By which he did ascend."

The Radicals are the ladder by which alone Toryism can mount into power; but let the upmost round be once gained, and the instrument of elevation will be indignantly spurned by the successful climber.

Again and again we would repeat it, think of the coming session but as a prelude to a general election, and muster for the fight, for on the struggle about to commence the weal or woe of our country will depend. If the Liberals be found divided among themselves, or if their zeal have cooled, the enemy may not indeed obtain a signal triumph, but the weak and vacillating character of the Government must continue, for the want of that support which the ministers of Victoria have never yet received from the people.

It is not, however, to the people alone that we would address our warning voice; ministers also must be up and stirring, if they would retrieve the ground they have lost in the confidence of their friends. They are anxious, we know, to appeal to the constituency of the country; but if in dissolving Parliament they choose no broad and comprehensive ground for their appeal, the issue of the trial cannot prove satisfactory. The bulk of our landed aristocracy are Tories, and our parochial clergy belong, with few exceptions, to the same party. The landlords and their clerical allies have countless means at their command to influence and intimidate the electors, and the latter cannot be expected to sacrifice their worldly interests without some intelligible object in view. Their zeal must be animated by the prospect of some decidedly popular measure, or they will scarcely brave the anger of those who have daily opportunities of inflicting injuries and withholding benefits. We have already said that the next general election cannot lead to satisfactory results, unless accompanied by the pressure of some strong popular excitement, and this it ought to be the aim of ministers to create by the proposal of a measure, the success of which all Liberals would by one consent declare worthy of a struggle. We know of but one measure, the announcement of which would unite the suffrages of the whole nation in its favour, and that measure ministers ought with the least possible delay to adopt as the palladium of their party—we mean the ballot. It has already been made an open question, and Lord Howick stands alone in his

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eccentric opinion, that by making it an open question its eventual success has been rendered less probable. Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell, we feel satisfied, are fully aware that the question has become one of time only, that it is one whose triumph may be delayed, but cannot be prevented. If so, is it the part of prudent statesmen to alienate or embarrass their own friends by throwing impediments in the way of a measure to which the affections of the whole country are indissolubly wedded? Let the ballot be made a cabinet question, and the cabinet that makes it so may fearlessly appeal to the people. The announcement of a bill to secure the independence of the elector by throwing the shield of secrecy over his vote, would rouse the country from one end to the other, and men would be as ready in 1840 as they were in 1831 to make personal sacrifices, when they felt that the prize to be contended for was worthy the efforts demanded of them.

If on the other hand, after floundering through a few unprofitable months, with a series of abortive measures, ministers venture to dissolve Parliament, what greater exertion can they expect from the constituency in 1840 than in 1837? Do they suppose that the *éclat* of the Queen's marriage will exercise any important influence on the constituency? Let them dismiss so visionary a hope. It is by the hope of future advantages, not by the recollections of past pageants, that large bodies must be stimulated to *extraordinary* exertion. In all small constituencies, as long as the open system of voting continues, electoral independence is not to be dreamt of; and the small constituencies are, in by far the greater number of instances, under Tory control. Numerous bodies of electors no doubt are in a position to exercise greater independence, but even of these there are few altogether beyond the reach of a little pestilential knot of local tyrants, who by well-combined measures have it in their power to offer much annoyance to their humbler neighbours. The moment any thing like public zeal or popular excitement is brought into play, all such vermin is immediately blown to the four quarters of heaven; but the return of calm weather allows them to gather again over the impure places, and this they never fail to do. That Whig landlords often exercise as much tyranny over their dependents as Tory landlords may be very true, though we do not believe it, for the sympathies of the people are so much more with those who are willing to abolish abuses than with those who cling to them, that a Whig landlord will less frequently have any inducement to play the tyrant over the political conscience of his tenants; but where a Whig landlord has the delicacy to abstain from all such objectionable interference, he often surrenders to worse tyranny those round whom his direct influence would act as a protection. The parson of the parish, the country attorney, the nearest justice of the peace, are in most instances in the interest of the enemy; and if a Whig landlord leaves his tenants to their unbiassed judgment, the minor instruments of oppression are ready to avail themselves of the opportunity to terrify the unprotected voter into their own fold.

All these active agents have been at work since 1831, to fashion the system introduced by the Reform Act to the same pernicious ends to which the old boroughmongering machinery was so long applied. It the meantime they have been seconded in their unholy endeavours by a power, which a few years ago no one would have expected ever to find enlisted in the cause of bigotry and political corruption. It is a most remarkable phenomenon, that the daily metropolitan press of England, which in 1830 seemed almost wholly devoted to the cause of public improvement, should since that period have passed almost wholly into the hands of those whose object it is to carry on the Government of the country for the benefit of an

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exclusive caste. This change has been gradual, but its consequences have been so momentous as well to merit a little attention at our hands.

There seems to be something monstrous in the spectacle of a free press prostituting its energies to the furtherance of a cause, the triumph of which would necessarily deprive that press of its freedom altogether; there is something revolting, something humiliating in the spectacle of the free press of a metropolis such as London, engaged in the atrocious task of fostering all the worst passions of the populace, of brutalising the masses, that they may become the more fitting instruments to their own degradation and enslavement. From 1828 to 1830 there was scarcely one daily London paper that did not raise its voice against the weak and worthless administration that had been formed on the ruins of Mr. Canning's cabinet. Yet many attempts were made, and much money expended, to establish Tory newspapers; the people, however, would have nothing to say to these rickety bantlings of intolerance, and after a brief and sickly existence they were rapidly consigned to the tomb, leaving the field occupied by combatants, who, if they did not always conduct themselves with dignity and discretion, were at least unremitting in their denouncement of political abuses. How stands the case now? Of the 45,000 newspapers daily printed in London, more than two thirds are under the absolute control of Toryism, and eagerly engaged in their task of resisting political emancipation. Since 1830, the *Times*, the *Morning Herald*, and the *Courier*, have successively become renegades from the popular cause; the *Morning Post*, at that time a paltry and despised print, has become a paper of influence and of wide circulation; and, strange to say, not a single new candidate for public favour has entered the arena, to occupy the place of those who have deserted their former principles. This melancholy change in the character of our daily press has not been caused by a change in public opinion, though we fear it has had the effect of warping that opinion materially. The change has been brought about by the superior tactics of the enemy, and by some sad blunders on the side of the Liberals. We will endeavour to explain this to our readers.

If it were gravely proposed to establish a government board for the superintendence of all the grocers' shops in London, with a view to the periodical publication of the precise number of pounds and half pounds of tea, sugar, treacle, figs, and other useful commodities sold at each, does it not stand to reason that a most unfair advantage would be given to a few shops, which owing to one circumstance or another, might have a larger custom than the bulk of their competitors? Man is naturally a gregarious animal; and it is notorious that people are constantly frequenting one shop in preference to all others of the same trade, merely because that shop is what is called fashionable, or has a greater number of customers. If, therefore, a list were published every quarter of all the grocers' shops, with an exact account of the number of customers that frequented each, such a list would have the effect of seducing away the customers from those shops where they were least numerous, and drawing them to those where customers already abounded. Nor would this be the only effect of such a list. The wholesale merchant would procure it, and study it very diligently, to ascertain who the grocers were to whom he could afford to give most credit, or to sell his goods on the easiest terms. The consequence would very soon be, that all the small grocers would get into the *Gazette*, and the "dons" would have the monopoly of the market, because small capitalists would be deterred from entering the field, by the difficulties they would have to contend with before obtaining a sufficient amount of customers to

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enable them to compete, upon any thing like fair terms, with their more powerful neighbours.

Now this is precisely what our sapient House of Commons have done with respect to the newspaper business; but the effect has been immeasurably more fatal than that which a similar measure could have produced upon the community of grocers. The House of Commons have published from time to time what are called the stamp returns, which show the precise number of stamps purchased during the same period of time by each newspaper, and consequently the exact extent of circulation obtained by each. The effect of this has been precisely what ought to have been anticipated. It was shown to the public that one newspaper enjoyed a larger circulation than any other, and the public have ever since looked upon that one paper as *the* paper of all others; and, though every body abuses it, yet every body runs every morning to read it, because every body is anxious to read that which he supposes every body else to be engaged in reading at the same time. But it is chiefly the money paid for advertisements that makes it possible to sell for a few pence a newspaper with printed matter sufficient to fill several volumes, and to pay handsome salaries to, perhaps, twenty or thirty gentlemen of liberal education, whose duty it is to provide this daily literary repast. Now, when the public were made aware of the exact extent of each paper's circulation, they were taught to look upon one paper as a vehicle for publicity preferable to every other, and to that paper almost every advertisement was carried. Accordingly we find, that since the practice has prevailed of publishing these stamp returns, one paper has acquired a preponderating importance over all its rivals; that a number of papers of small circulation, having lost their advertising customers, have been necessarily discontinued; and that the prospect of a hard struggle, likely to be protracted for many years before any profit can be looked for, has deterred capitalists from embarking their money in an undertaking from which the returns are so extremely remote. Thus ten years ago there existed thirteen daily papers in London, though at that time the annual amount of newspaper stamps issued by government was under thirty millions; in 1839, the number of newspaper stamps issued will have been considerably over fifty millions, while the number of daily papers has been reduced to ten, and of these two have so limited a circulation, that their abandonment at no remote period is extremely probable. From this statement, the profitable nature of the monopoly, so clumsily created by the House of Commons, may be easily conceived. Of the stringent character of that monopoly, some idea may be formed from the fact, that NOT ONE NEW DAILY PAPER HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED SINCE THE PUBLICATION OF THE STAMP RETURNS HAS BECOME CUSTOMARY.

The monopoly having been thus formed, and formed, we are sorry to say, by the clumsy contrivances of our own friends, the task of the Tories became an easy one. To have the public press on their side, all they had to do was to buy up the shares of the existing newspapers, and this is what they have been very diligently doing for some years past. Considerable sums have thus been expended; but it is doubtful whether, in a political point of view, the Tory party could have expended their money to better advantage. By securing the most widely circulated papers, they have not only had the satisfaction of loading their antagonists with daily abuse, but have deprived them of the means of replying with any effect to these attacks. The people have not, indeed, been converted to Toryism by these forestallers of the press; indeed, such a stultification of a whole people we hold to be almost impossible. Nevertheless, the daily repetition of scurrility has

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produced its effect. It has divided the popular party, and inspired the masses with a distrust of their own leaders. Had Lord Grey had the hostility of the press to contend with, instead of being seconded in his patriotic designs by the almost undivided influence of that mighty engine, he would have been even more powerless than Lord Melbourne has been during the last three years.

This is a digression, perhaps; but holding as we do that the successful manœuvres of the Tories to acquire a property in the shares of so many of our leading newspapers has been the chief means by which the present apathy among the people has been brought about, a hasty glance at the present character of the daily press is not out of place, when we are considering the probable complexion of the coming session.

The session, then, will be barren of any immediate practical results. The Queen's marriage will, no doubt, be provided for in a satisfactory manner; for, though the Tory press has been "worked hard" to blacken her Majesty's character, yet these calumnies are not expected to work except upon the ignorant classes. The rabble of high and low degree form the audience to which the obscene ribaldry of the *Post*, *Herald*, and *Standard*, was addressed, when the unfortunate affair of Lady Flora Hastings was so ingeniously, but so disgustingly distorted, for the detestable purposes of faction. People of sense are not influenced by such transparent artifices; but people of sense, unfortunately, are wont to be in a minority at the polling booth. Although the mob, therefore, has been taught to be less enthusiastic in its greetings of youthful royalty than it was some eighteen months ago, yet the professions of loyalty on the Tory benches in the two houses of Parliament will be as unanimous and as hollow as on any former occasion. The "necessary provision" for the Queen and her consort will accordingly be made, with much more profusion than will be at all necessary; for on such occasions peers and members of Parliament, as it is not their own money, but that of the people they are voting away, are apt to be exceedingly generous; indeed, we should not be surprised if, when ministers bring forward their proposal, some superlatively loyal gentleman were to rise on the left hand of the Speaker to censure the niggardly scale on which provision was to be made for the dignity of the crown, and to throw out a hint that, had the task been confided to Tory hands, majesty would have been even more bountifully furnished. This part of the sessional duties will no doubt be speedily and harmoniously disposed of.

A question of parliamentary privilege will occupy no trifling share of the attention of the House of Commons at its very first meeting. The House of Commons has been in the habit of late years of selling to the public at a very low price the valuable statistical and other reports, on the preparation of which many thousand pounds of public money are annually expended. The utility of these documents is thereby very much enhanced, and certainly it is but fair that the public should have access to works got up at the public expense. So popular a principle, however, is any thing but agreeable to the Tories, by whom the adoption of it has all along been censured. We need not occupy space by an account of the far-famed cause of Stockdale *v.* Hansard; and indeed one very material obstacle stands in the way of a discussion of its merits, namely, the difficulty of speaking of persons of the stamp of Mr. Stockdale, without laying one's self open to a prosecution for libel. There will be more than one discussion on this subject in the House of Commons next session, and perhaps the House will make a little bluster about the proper support of its privileges; but as the Lords will not side with the Commons in any struggle that may

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ensue with the Court of Queen's Bench, the probability is, that the House of Commons will be beaten. We hope it may be so, for the success of Mr. Stockdale in a fair stand-up fight with the Commons of England would place the law of libel in so eminently absurd a light, that an immediate reform of it would become inevitable. In fact, the only way in which the House can come with any dignity out of this business, is by the enactment of a law that shall enable the defendant in any libel process to plead the truth in justification of his statement. If it be a crime in the *Times*, or the *Chronicle*, to speak the unvarnished truth, how can it be less a crime in Mr. Hansard? The House of Commons cannot assume to itself as a privilege the right of authorising its officers to break the common law of the land; but the House of Commons it is that is chiefly to blame, if one branch of that common law has become a common nuisance to ourselves, and a by-word among foreign nations.

Among the earliest events of the coming session will be the moving new writs for Newark, Edinburgh, &c. vacant by death, or the appointment of the members to new offices. For Newark the contest will be a hard one. The Duke of Newcastle, it is well known, has built a number of new houses within the limits of the borough; and, by placing his own creatures there as tenants, he has greatly increased the number of that class of voters, with whom he considers it his undoubted privilege "to do as he likes." By the aid of these auxiliaries, he may perhaps be able to overbear the strong feeling of aversion which his arbitrary and unconstitutional conduct has roused against him among the inhabitants of the borough. Should these preparatory arrangements on the part of his Grace enable the Tories to turn out Sergeant Wilde, the event will be trumpeted abroad as a fresh proof of the reaction that has taken place in public opinion. As well might the apostacy of Lord Brougham, or the transfer of the *Courier* newspaper to a Tory editor be taken as a sign of the times; the Noble Lord having deserted his friends because they were afraid of trusting him with official power, and the types and presses of the printing-office having been disposed of for a certain amount of pounds, shillings, and pence, which has about as much to do with public opinion as the sale of a minister's coach-horses to his successor in expectancy. We do not feel easy about Newark, and in justice we are bound to admit, that ministers do not deserve the support of the electors of that borough, who, after all that they have suffered in the cause, might have hoped that their friends in Parliament would have endeavoured to have obtained for them the protection of the ballot. It is cruel to call upon men year after year to sacrifice their worldly interests in defence of their political principles. If the ballot had been withheld from every other constituency in the United Kingdom, it ought to have been given to the people of Newark, to mark the general disgust excited by the profligate determination so unblushingly avowed by the Duke of Newcastle to "do what he liked with his own."

In Edinburgh the Tories talk of getting up an opposition to Mr. Macaulay. Let them: Tory ascendancy can never raise its head again in Ireland and Scotland; the Schedule B boroughs were confined to England, and the signal failure certain to attend an attempt to saddle a Tory representative on the Scottish metropolis would be likely to produce a good moral effect upon the rest of the country.

The formal business of the early portion of the session once disposed of, we hope ministers will shape all their subsequent measures with a view to the general election which must soon follow. Let them bring forth a few good sound bills of a thorough popular character, throw upon the Tories the

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odium of rejecting them, and then boldly appeal to the country. But there must now be no compromise. Lord Melbourne and his colleagues have injured themselves too much already by their vain endeavours to avoid a collision between the two Houses. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum* should be their motto now. Let the Peers bear the responsibility of their own blind bigotry, but let the Whigs cease to sacrifice the support of the people, by hopeless endeavours to conciliate those who never will be conciliated, and who will yield no concession to the people unless under the pressure of fear. A general election calls for great sacrifices on the part of the electors, and it will neither be just nor prudent to demand those sacrifices without the prospect of some corresponding advantage. The ballot we must have as a government measure. If Lord Melbourne feels a punctilious aversion to adopting it, let him remember the Duke of Wellington's conduct on the Catholic Question, and ask himself whether the Noble Duke has injured his influence with any party in the country by the course he pursued on that occasion. By his own friends, Lord Melbourne knows his conversion would be hailed with unfeigned delight, and as to the Tories, can they hate and abuse him worse than they do? Besides, there are considerations that ought to have more weight with his Lordship than the mere puerile wish to preserve his own consistency on a great question, on which his friends, almost to a man, have become converts. The consideration to which we allude, and to which, we maintain it, his Lordship is in honour bound to sacrifice his personal predilections, is the peril to which his indecision not only exposes the great political party at whose head he is placed, but the liberties of the nation, the personal comfort of his sovereign, and the permanence and security of the monarchical principle. When, in the month of May last, Lord Melbourne stepped forward to rescue the Queen from the state of degradation to which Sir Robert Peel attempted to reduce her, we must presume it was his Lordship's intention, if possible, to preserve her likewise from a repetition of the insult. How humiliating will be the position of the Queen, if her ministers dissolve Parliament without appealing to the people on some broad popular question, that will rouse the electors to defy the vengeance of their Tory tyrants! Imagine the present House of Commons returned again, with an uncertain majority fluctuating between two and twelve.

No ministry can act with independence that is constantly haunted by the dread of giving offence to half a dozen individuals among its own friends. Such a state of things makes it impossible that any measure can be worked out in a statesmanlike manner, because its author has constantly to consider the crotchets and inclinations of this or that member. Could Lord Melbourne continue prime minister if the next general election were to produce a House of Commons at all like the present? Impossible. Then what would be the consequence? Would his Lordship again recommend the Queen to send for the Duke of Wellington? If her Majesty has one particle of her grandfather's spirit in her, she would rather order up Mr. Frost from Monmouth gaol to form her ministry, than entrust the task to the superficial politician, who, eight months ago, could form no cabinet without first depriving the Sovereign of the society of her female friends. Tories, greedy of place, or disappointed Radicals of the Brougham and O'Connor school, may bluster as they will, but a more unconstitutional or more offensive proposal was never made to a British Sovereign, than when Sir Robert Peel arrogated to himself the right of imposing upon the Queen conditions which an indulgent master would scarcely think of imposing on his housemaid. "If you come into my service, mind, I allow of no followers," was the pur-

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port of the terms which the baronet would have dictated to his Queen; and while the remotest chance remains for her of forming a ministry by applying to some less sensitive statesmen than Lord Melbourne or Lord John Russell, we can scarcely expect that she will submit to the humiliation of sending again for the man who so ill-requited her confidence on a former occasion. Should, therefore, through his own fault, the next general election not give Lord Melbourne a sufficient majority to bring the House of Lords to terms, and carry on the Government in a satisfactory manner, his retirement will make way not for a Tory, but for a Radical ministry; and, in either case, a second general election must take place in the same year. Has Lord Melbourne the nerve to expose the country needlessly to all this commotion? When the Duke of Wellington saw that Catholic Emancipation could not be avoided, he determined himself to assume the responsibility of the measure. Lord Melbourne cannot but feel that the ballot has become as indispensable now as Catholic Emancipation was in 1829; and, if he does feel so, he is in honour bound to the Queen, and in duty to his country, not to throw away the opportunity of strengthening his government, and recovering the confidence of the whole Liberal party, by the sacrifice of what at best is but an early prejudice, which, with a few solitary exceptions, all his own friends have long ago abandoned.

The ballot will be quite enough to enable him to appeal with confidence to the people, and it will be a prize worthy of the undivided efforts of the people to struggle for. The ballot is all in all, and once attained all other organic changes are matters of indifference. Annual parliaments, and universal suffrage, and the rest of the impracticable rubbish, which mob demagogues attempt to hang on to the ballot, will be forgotten or despised by every class, as soon as the already existing constituency is placed in a state of independence. The ballot will give us a House of Commons really representing the people, and willing to carry all those measures for the material improvement of the country, which no parliament elected under the present system will ever concede. A ballot parliament will abolish the Corn Laws, during the very first session, and the peers will consider twice before they place themselves in a hostile attitude against a House of Commons returned by the unbiassed and uncontrolled suffrages of the people of England, Ireland, and Scotland. By the voice of such a parliament the Queen might consent to be guided, without any feeling of humiliation; and of one thing her Majesty may rest assured, should she live, as we trust she will, to celebrate her jubilee, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven, that no House of Commons, elected by ballot, will, in the mean time, have subjected her to the indignity of having to call Sir Robert Peel to her councils.

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ARTESIAN SPRINGS.

"We are not among the idolaters of the ancients, but we do admire the delicacy of their taste in expending so much labour and wealth in commanding abundant supplies of pure and salubrious water for the eternal city. The New River, and the Hampstead waters are, it is true, etherial; but even these are little better than a dilute solution of dead dogs, cats, and a thousand other animal and vegetable substances in a state of putrefaction."

JOHNSON, *Medico-Chirurg. Journ.* vol. iv. p. 307. 1826.

IN the early history of London we find that the state authorities and worthy citizens were not insensible of the necessity and advantages of an adequate supply of water for the exigencies of the metropolis. It would appear that before the time of William the Conqueror, besides the "famous river Thames," the City was watered by the rivers of the Wells, Walbrook, Langhorn, as also by numerous fountains, or wells, such as Holy-well, Clement's-well, Skinner's-well, Clerk's-well, and certain pools, such as Horse-pool, afterwards Smithfield-pool.* So early as the year 1307, we find that a complaint was made by Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, to the parliament, that the river of Wells running into the Thames was obstructed by "filth of the tanners and such others," upon which it was ordered to be cleansed, an operation which, in this and other inlets, was repeatedly found necessary; but the Thames itself is described as a clear broad stream, yielding "an infinite plenty of excellent sweet and pleasant fish, wherewith such as inhabit near to her banks are fed and fully nourished." It is, indeed, amusing to contrast the glowing accounts which the older historians give of this once enchanted stream with its present deplorable condition. "What," says Stowe, "what should I speak of the fat and sweet salmons daily taken in this stream, and that in such plenty (after the time of smelt is past) as no river in Europe is able to exceed it? But what store also of barbels, trouts, chevins, perches, smelts, breams, roches, daces, gudgeons, flounders, shrimps, eels, &c. are commonly to be had therein, I refer me to them that know by experience better than I, by reason of their daily trade of fishing in the same. And albeit, it seemeth from time to time to be as it were defrauded in sundry wise of these her large commodities, by the unsatiable avarice of fishermen, yet this famous river complaineth commonly of no want; but the more it loseth at one time the more it gaineth at another. * * * Oh! that this worthy river might be spared but one year from nets, &c.; but, alas! then should many a poor man be undone."† So, also, Burton, in his "Historical Remarks of London," winds up his eulogistic description with the following amusing anecdote:—

"To conclude, this famous river Thames, taking all her advantages together, surpasseth all others that pay tribute to the ocean, if we consider the straightness of its course, the stillness of its streams, considering its breadth, as also its length, running above nine score miles before it comes into the sea; and the conveniency of its situation, being towards the middle of England: it hath likewise one peculiar property more,—that the entrance into this river is safe and easy to Englishmen and natives, but difficult and hazardous to strangers, either to go in and out, without a pilot; insomuch, that on the whole the Thames may be said to be London's best friend, as may appear by a passage in the reign of King James, who being displeased with the City because they would not lend him a sum of money which he required, and the lord mayor and aldermen attending him one day being somewhat transported with anger, the king said he would move his own court, with all the records of the Tower and the Courts of Westminster Hall to another place, with further expressions of his indignation. The lord mayor calmly heard all, and at last answered,—'Your Majesty hath power to do what you please, and your City of London will obey accordingly; but

* Stow's Survey. Edit. Strype. Fol. vol. i. p. 24. *et seq.* † Ibid.

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she humbly desires that when your Majesty shall remove your court, you would please to leave the river of Thames behind you!'"*

In 1582, the water thus panegyrised was conveyed into the houses of the City by leaden pipes connected with an artificial forcer or still; and it was observed, that on comparing it with the New River water, this of the Thames "did sooner become fine," and was "ever a clearer water." †

The New River here mentioned is that which still supplies an extensive district of the metropolis, and, as our readers may be aware, derives its origin from a natural Artesian spring at Chadwell, and an arm of the river Lea, between Hertford and Ware. Under an act of parliament granted by Queen Elizabeth for "cutting and conveying a river from one part of Middlesex or Hertfordshire to the city of London," Sir Hugh Middleton, in 1608, undertook the spirited design of extending its course to London. He employed, at his own expense, several hundred workmen, and after five years' labour, the river was carried from its origin, Hertfordshire, in a rounding course to Islington, a distance of about sixty miles, and there he built a large cistern to receive it. This was the first reservoir for water established in the metropolis, and was opened accordingly with all due ceremony. "When the water was brought to the cistern," says Burton, "but not as yet let in, on Michaelmas-day, 1613, in the afternoon, Sir Thomas Middleton, brother to Sir Hugh, being that day elected lord mayor, Sir John Swinnerton, Sir Thomas and Sir Henry Montague, the recorder, with divers other aldermen and citizens, rode to see the cistern and the waters first issuing therein, at which time a troop of about three score labourers, well apparelled, and wearing green Monmouth caps, all alike armed with spades, shovels, pickaxes, and such instruments of labour, marched thrice round the cistern, the drums beating before them, and then presented themselves before the mount where the lord mayor and aldermen stood to behold them; and after one of them made a handsome speech on the occasion, the floodgates flew open, and the stream ran chearfully into the cistern, drums and trumpets sounding all the while in a triumphant manner, and a brave peal of muskets concluded the entertainments." ‡ The success of this undertaking gave rise to that which we may consider the first water company in the metropolis, for we further learn that from this cistern or reservoir, the next object was to disperse the water from the large wooden pipes in the streets into the leaden pipes fixed in the houses of such only as became "tenants to the company or proprietors;" and, he continues (Stow), "for the better management of this great undertaking, the sharers do elect certain of them as a committee to manage affairs every week at their office by Broken-wharf in London, as well to grant leases, appoint officers, as to hear grievances, and to take care about the mending of the pipes." §

The principle of combination among capitalists, engineers and men of science generally, for the purpose of achieving public works, which the lifetime of an individual — apart from other considerations — might not permit him to accomplish, has been productive of the most signal advantages to this country, as the progress of steam navigation, railroad travelling, &c. sufficiently evinces; nevertheless, it is not to be concealed, that this principle of combination may be abused, and that public companies have been started, which, instead of having in view the completion of some great national undertaking for the advantage of the public, have been, in reality, only pecuniary speculations, the company representing in the aggregate the interests

* Hist. Remarks of London and Westminster, by Richard Burton.
† Ibid. ‡ Ibid. p. 136. § Stow, vol. i. p. 26.

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only of the individuals of whom it is composed. The principle of combination, which ought only to be called into existence for purposes of philanthropy, is hereby so far contravened, that the public ought to be protected, if necessary, by the intervention of parliament, from impositions which, under the sanction of a company's authority, may, and have been practised, with insolent impunity, even to the infliction of great personal annoyance and oppression; and herein rests the gist of the whole argument respecting the water companies of London, which involve an immense extent of capital, and consequently the directors and shareholders have a direct interest in the inhabitants of this city continuing to drink the river waters in which their capital is embarked, rather than permit, if it can be averted, the introduction of a purer supply from sources which the progress of science has only recently revealed to us.

The water companies of London are, —

1. The New River, which, as already premised, derives its supply from a spring at Chadwell, and an arm of the river Lea.

2. The East London Water Works, situated on the river Lea; but as the tide of the Thames flows about a mile up the Lea, and the supply is taken during the ascending tide, the water distributed by this company closely approximates Thames water.

3. The West Middlesex Water* Works, situated at Hammersmith, which derives its supply exclusively from the Thames.

4. The Chelsea Water Works, on the banks of the Thames, east of Chelsea Hospital, which derives its supply also exclusively from the Thames.

5. The Grand Junction Company, also at Chelsea, which in like manner derives its supply exclusively from the Thames.

These water companies, it will be observed, are all on the north side of the river Thames: on the south, including the Borough of Southwark, we find, —

1. The Lambeth, situated on the river between Westminster and Waterloo Bridges, supplied exclusively with its water.

2. The Vauxhall or South London Water Works, in Kennington Lane, supplied exclusively with Thames water.

3. The Southwark Water Works, situated between Westminster and London Bridges, which, in like manner, derives its entire supply from the Thames.

The water companies here enumerated were originally projected by capitalists, who found little or no difficulty in obtaining the acts of parliament necessary for authorising the companies so instituted to supply different districts of the metropolis, and levy certain water rates on the inhabitants. The principle on which these several acts of parliament were granted, was unquestionably to encourage a fair competition as the best protection the public could have for being well and sufficiently supplied. About the year 1817, however, five of these companies — the New River, Chelsea, East London, Middlesex, and Grand Junction — in order to exclude other competitors, made a subsidiary compact among themselves that they should, by partitioning the town between them, establish a close monopoly, which was carried into effect by the ostensible retirement from each allotted district of all the companies previously acting in competition, leaving the company which represented this confederacy in exclusive possession of the field. This, which has been ever since designated and stigmatised as the "water

* Part of supply at new works at Brentford.

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monopoly," gave immediate dissatisfaction to the capitalists, whom it excluded from all fair and honourable competition; the attention of the public was consequently called to the subject, and the inhabitants, who — be it observed — had previously manifested a perfect apathy and indifference concerning the condition of this essential element of life, were now duly advertised that the water which they had been drinking and applying to every culinary and domestic purpose was loaded and impregnated with the most offensive and disgusting impurities, which could not be otherwise than destructive to health, and had probably been the unknown cause of many serious and perhaps fatal maladies.

This enunciation, sanctioned as it was by the highest scientific and medical authorities, caused naturally great excitement; public meetings were convened — petition after petition presented to parliament; and at length, in 1821, being formally brought under the notice of the House of Commons, a select committee was appointed to investigate the subject. Accordingly this committee gave in a long report, which terminated in a recommendation that a bill should be passed to regulate the water companies, and here the matter dropped: but the facts which this committee had elicited were of so startling and appalling a character, that the public became now still more dissatisfied; the inhabitants of Westminster held a public meeting, at which Sir Francis Burdett presided, which was attended by scientific and professional men of the greatest eminence, all of whom attested that the water supplied by the Thames was utterly unfit for use. Petitions, without number, were again sent to parliament; and at length an address was presented to his majesty by the lords spiritual and temporal, and two from the knights, citizens, and burgesses in parliament assembled, beseeching him that he would be pleased to appoint a commission to inquire into the water of the metropolis. Accordingly a commission was appointed, consisting of Dr. Roget, Thomas Brande, and the late Thomas Telford, Esq.; and these gentlemen, so eminently qualified for the task, gave in their report early in the year 1828. Here, having given this rapid sketch, we may pause to observe, that so far as the complaints alleged by the excluded capitalists against the water monopoly are concerned, we do not, in respect to their personal or pecuniary interests, sympathise with them; neither do we desire to enter into the merits of the contentions that have taken place between the water companies separately or collectively: we have a higher object in view, which is to show that the interest of the public still demands the intervention of parliament for the purpose of obtaining a purer and more adequate supply of water than the inhabitants of this great metropolis can at present command. And in order that the necessity which exists for this interposition may be clearly understood and appreciated, we shall avail ourselves of such evidence as was then educed, in order to show that the water supplied by these companies from the Thames and New River is still unfit for dietic and domestic purposes. And this, be it observed, is a matter which affects seriously the interests of every large town throughout the kingdom, for the river waters by which they are supplied, when exposed to the same causes, are subjected to the same contamination as those of the metropolis; so that the facts we are about to state, and the inferences we shall from them deduce, are capable of wide and almost universal application throughout the country.

The deterioration of river water in approaching or entering into the heart of large and populous cities, chiefly arises from its being made the depository of a variety of extraneous and offensive matters; the inhabitants of every little village in the kingdom thinking its neighbouring stream

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the most natural and fit receptacle for every species of nuisance. "The purest water with which we are acquainted," says Sir Humphry Davy, "is undoubtedly that which falls from the atmosphere; having touched air alone, it can contain nothing but what it gains from the atmosphere; and all artificial contact, even from the vessels in which it may be collected, gives more or less of contamination." In descending through the atmosphere, however, the rain drops absorbed a certain quantity of carbonic acid, for which water has a great avidity, and which gives it its fresh and sparkling character, so that water deprived of its carbonic acid is always peculiarly flat and insipid. It is necessary to premise this elementary observation, because river water, holding carbonic acid in solution, exerts a chemical action on the calcareous and alkaline elements of the soil through which it flows, as well as on the animal and vegetable substances with which it may become impregnated. Happily, however, under ordinary circumstances it takes up so small a quantity of foreign matter, that its sensible qualities are not materially affected; but in passing through large towns, from the quantity and noxious character of the extraneous substances with which it becomes loaded, all its sensible qualities are altered, and it is even rendered unfit for the support of animal life. Hence Dr. Bostock, in his report to the commissioners appointed to investigate into the state of the water supplied to the metropolis, observes, "The water of the Thames, when free from extraneous substances, is in a state of considerable purity, containing only a moderate quantity of saline contents, and those of a kind which cannot be supposed to render it unfit for domestic purposes, or to be injurious to health; but as it approaches the metropolis it becomes loaded with a quantity of filth which renders it disgusting to the senses and improper to be employed in the preparation of food."*

The evidence, or rather the facts which were elicited by this commission, appear so important in a practical point of view, that it is to us incredible that the public should relapse into a state of indifference on the subject; and we confess that it is in the hope of disturbing this lethargy, and directing the spirit of enterprise to a source whence purer and more salubrious water might be obtained, that we recur to details which can scarcely, we apprehend, be perused without a shudder.

Between Chelsea Hospital and London Bridge, it was ascertained by the commission, that the contents of more than 100 common sewers emptied themselves into the Thames. Furthermore, instead of this mass of filth being, as is popularly thought, carried away and swept into the ocean by every ebb of the tide, it appears that after being carried about thirty miles by every ebb tide, the same water returns by the flood, so that a constant flux and reflux of the abomination is established. "The Thames," observes Mr. Mills in his evidence, "is neither more nor less than the common sewer of London, so far as receiving the contents, which on the north side, as numbered by the commissioner of sewers, are 99, and on the south, 46; indeed there is no other recipient; and this commixture is conveyed by the ebb a few miles downwards to the east, then by the flow repassing London a few miles upwards to the west, but neither reaching Teddington or the sea.† Here also we may adduce the evidence of Mr. Armstrong, who addressed the following statement to the commissioners.

"On a survey of the common sewers I found them to be as follows: from Chelsea Bridge to Vauxhall 17; from Vauxhall Bridge to Westminster 11; from Westminster to Waterloo 30; from Waterloo to Blackfriars 10, including Fleet ditch, which is 12 feet wide; from Blackfriars to Southwark 6, including the great Wallbrook sewer, 7 feet by 4,

* Report of the Commissioners, p. 77. † Ibid. p. 61.

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which has been known unable to discharge its filth; Southwark Bridge to London 7; and from London Bridge to the Tower 7, including the Iron Gate sewer, 7 feet by 4. And from the enormous quantity of filth constantly discharged by those sewers bearing a large proportion, comparatively speaking, to the pure water of the river Thames, which flows over the top of Teddington Lock, it is impossible it can be wholesome, and improper it should be used for any domestic purposes, containing, as it does, the impurities of upwards of a million of people, and the whole refuse of this vast metropolis. * * * That the sewers are continually discharging their horrid contents into the river Thames no one can attempt to deny; and that the progress of the tide up the river defies any complete discharge, so that, in fact, the filth is carried so far down the river, and again by the tide brought so far back; and the only difference is, that it has undergone a more complete mixture, rendering its impurities less visible, but not less abominable."*

Independent of this source of pollution, the commission recognised other causes which, if not as disgusting, are as much calculated to render the water of the Thames unfit for domestic purposes. These are enumerated in the report as arising from,—

"1. The increase of certain manufactories, amongst which those of coal gas are the most prominent, polluting the river by their refuse.

"2. The constant passage of steam-boats, by which is stirred up the mud, which is impregnated, in certain districts, with noxious qualities.

"3. The circumstance that refuse animal and vegetable matters, which were formerly removed for the purpose of manure, are now, owing to the increased supply of water, indiscriminately washed into the sewers, and conveyed into the river Thames. Hence the water of the river is more polluted after heavy rains, which force down the contents of the sewers, than after a continuance of dry weather, when its course is sluggish or altogether arrested.

"4. The great increase which has of late taken place in the population of London and of its suburbs on every side, which must be attended by a proportionate augmentation in the quantity of extraneous matter carried down into the Thames.

"5. The quantity of dead animals thrown into the river.

"6. Its contamination by offal from slaughter-houses."

The commissioners sum up this part of their report by stating that they "have anxiously sought for means by which the nuisances in question might be remedied or abated; but it is manifest, that if the *general* quality of the river water be objectionable within the *whole* of that district whence the supplies for the metropolis are drawn, any remedies for *local* evils become comparatively unimportant; and although these diminish as we ascend the river, we apprehend that their influence, with that of the other contaminating causes, will be more or less felt nearly to the extent to which the tide reaches."†

Thus much as to the causes of the deterioration of the river Thames; but the New River and the river Lea — the waters of which supply other sections of the metropolis — are exposed, although not in so great degree, to the same contaminating influences. Thus, the New River is exposed to the sewage and filth of all the villages and houses for a distance of thirty-seven miles.

In the evidence before the parliamentary commissioners, Mr. Mylne stated,—

"That cow-keepers turn a hundred cows at a time into a field; and they immediately run to drink, and tread down the banks and discolour the water.

"That they cannot prevent persons from bathing in the river.

"That there are twenty-five places where the drainage runs into the river and discolours it.

"That they have in many instances endeavoured to pass the drainage and sewage under the river, by sewers into the natural drains of the country, and in some places this operation has been opposed, it being asserted that the New River has, by custom for two hundred years, been the receptacle of the drains and sewage water, and that we have now no right to divert it from that channel. Furthermore, Mr. James Mills, in his evidence, observed,

* Report of the Commissioners, p. 66. † Ibid. p. 10.

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'That from the great length of the river, its motion is very slow, and that it cannot, therefore, be pure;' to which he adds that the whole quantity the river brings is not sufficient for the supply; and the remainder, which he calculates at one third, comes from the Thames." *

The same objections apply with equal force to the waters of the river Lea, which runs through very extensive marshes, on which large numbers of cattle feed. After heavy rains in every wet season the marshes overflow; the water becomes stagnant; and when the flood subsides, it returns to the stream, carrying with it large quantities of earthy and vegetable matters, together with the manure left by the cattle, and other impurities. That the New River Company may do all in its power to mitigate these evils, by appointing "walksmen" to prevent trespass, and by inserting gratings, at a distance of every five or six miles, to impede weeds and other extraneous substances, we doubt not; but no provision of this description, no care, however vigilant, can remove these physical causes of deterioration. Nor is this all. It would appear by the most irrefragable evidence, that the impurities of these rivers which supply the metropolis are constantly undergoing aggravation; and this we regard as a point of great importance, because, if it be clearly established that these waters are subjected to a progressive and increasing deterioration, surely the public is in a manner under a prospective obligation to renew its consideration of the subject.

We have seen, in the early history of London, the Thames described as being a stream as salubrious, and as plentifully supplied with fish as the Wye or the Severn, or as any other of the "happy streams of England," which fertilise our valleys, and contribute to the health and comfort of the peasantry; but it is manifest that as the population increased, and as the city became gradually the site of commercial speculation, the causes of deterioration to which we have adverted were brought into operation. Hence, in the reign of Henry VIII., an act of parliament was passed, prohibiting "the misordering of the said river, by casting in of dung and other filth;"—but we shall pass cursorily over this and other enactments to the same effect, in order that we may meet the question of the progressive deterioration of the water; and on this subject we shall adduce the evidence only of practical men, whose testimony is limited to mere observation of matters of fact, which are infinitely more valuable than all the theories and speculative views which ingenuity might suggest.

"Mr. W. Butcher, a fish salesman, and agent for Dutch vessels, importing large quantities of eels, stated to the commission, that twelve years ago one of these vessels seldom lost more than thirty pounds weight of eels in a night, in coming up the river, but that the water had become so bad, that as it flowed through the wells in the bottom of the vessels it poisoned the eels; and the quantity which died was more than three times the quantity marketed. And he gave in a list, tabulated thus, of eight Dutch vessels, which arrived at Gravesend in July, 1827, having full cargoes of healthy eels:—

"De Vrienderschap, K. B. Tapman, master, 15,000 lbs; marketed only 4000 lbs. alive.
"De Het-dorp Gaastmeer, R. H. Visser, master, 14,000 lbs.; marketed only 4000 lbs.
"De Jonge Jan Meini, P. V. Ter Dee, master, 13,000 lbs.; marketed about 3000 lbs. alive.
"De Vissery, A. L. Wild Chub, master, 14,000 lbs.; marketed about 4000 lbs. alive.
"De Twee Jong Vreuwen Gerril, A. Dykstre, master, 13,000 lbs.; marketed about 4000 lbs. alive.
"De Twee Ge Broeders, A. Oversea, master, 13,000 lbs.; marketed about 4500 lbs. alive.
"De Nederland Kroonprince, J. P. Jelsma, master, 14,000 lbs.; marketed about 4000 lbs. alive.
"De Vierge Broeders, G. Nieuwland, master, 14,000 lbs.; marketed about 5000 lbs. alive."

And he further adds, that of late several vessels have all their eels at one tide, the weather being clear and fine at the time.†

* Report of the Commissioners, p. 16. † Ibid. p. 69.

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Again, James Newland, another salesman, and master of a vessel sixteen years in the trade, when examined by the commission stated, —

"That eels have not lived in Thames water as they did formerly. First observed the difference five or six years ago, and finds it get worse every summer. Other fish are also affected by bad water, and will endeavour to get out of it on to pieces of floating wood.* Another witness, I. I. De Jong, twenty years in the trade, stated that he noticed the difference in water eight years ago, and that every year it gets worse. An hour after high water, eels (he added) will die in so short a time, that I have had 3000 lbs. weight dead in half an hour. Furthermore, Thomas Hatherill and William Hatherill stated to the commission that they had been brought up as fishermen from the age of twelve years, and used to catch flounders, eels, roach, smelts, salmon, &c., in the Thames, between Putney and Woolwich; but the fishing dropt off, and became worse and worse every year, until they were obliged to drop the trade. 'I have seen the flounders,' says Thomas Hatherill 'put up their heads above the water, and if there was a bundle of weeds in the river they would get on it out of the water.'† Mr. John Goldham, the yeoman of Billingsgate, further deponed, that as clerk of the market, it was his business to ascertain the quality of fish, and seize and condemn that which was bad; that twenty-five years ago, above and below London Bridge, between Deptford and Richmond, 400 fishermen, each having a boy and boat, gained their livelihood by fishing in the river; that he had known them take 3000 smelt and 10 salmon at one haul: the Thames were then the best salmon, and frequently sold for 3*s.* or 4*s.* per pound; but about fourteen or fifteen years ago the quantities began to fall off, and there has been ever since a diminution, so that now the fishery is gone, and no salmon are to be caught."

The evidence of this witness as to the causes of this change in the condition of the river proceeds in the following terms: —

"What do you attribute as the cause of the loss of this fishery?"

"First, the Docks. Near the West India Docks there was an inlet of ten or twelve feet water, where the smelts used to resort, but the gates of the dock being occasionally opened, the water was let out, which was very impure, from the bilge-water and the effect of the copper-bottomed vessels, and this I consider as the cause why all the smelts have left this spot. This water is so impure, that if a man falls into it, it generally proves fatal. Another reason is, that all the common sewers run into the Thames."

"Was it not always so?"

"No. There are now a much greater number of drains, which run into the common sewers, as well as privies and water-closets. Formerly the scavengers used to carry away the soil at night, but that practice has of late years been much diminished. The filth that they used to carry away is passed by the drains into the sewers. In the river, at Billingsgate, we have many Dutch boats with eels; I have been on board and seen 4000 alive in the wells and coffs, and the next morning three fourths have been dead; and the same proportion of loss has been sustained by all the Dutch vessels."

"What is the cause of the death of the eels?"

"When there is but little water in the river they do not die so much, as the water is less disturbed; but on heavy rains, after a dry season, the filth which had been accumulating in the drains and sewers is washed into the river and disturbs the general sediment; the water is thus rendered very impure, and contributes in producing the above effect."

"Is it a matter of fact, that fish suffer more after rains than in dry weather?"

"Yes. Other causes of the increased impurity of the river, or its being worse than it formerly was, is from the accumulation of filth brought down by rains after dry weather, the great fall at London Bridge, and the steam-boats stirring up the filth of the Thames, and keeping it in a state of almost continual agitation. Another nuisance is the gas; I have noticed at twelve o'clock at night — the gas liquor is let out in the middle of the night — the river is often covered with it, having the appearance of an oily substance, in patches of three or four feet square. The tide ebbs seven hours, and goes about three miles an hour, and this will carry it on this side of Gravesend; and as the tide flows five hours, this substance returns with the tide. As a proof of the impurity of the water of the Thames, the flounders which are brought up from sea reach Medway, &c.; when they get to Woolwich fly about in the wells of the boats, through which the water flows, and they turn up and die."

"Do you think that the increase of manufactories within the last ten years have tended to injure the water?"

"Yes. And it can be proved that many fishermen have been ruined by the change in the water."‡

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* Report of the Commissioners, p. 69. † Ibid. p. 70.

‡ Ibid. p. 71, 72.

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The whole of this evidence proves unequivocally that the water of the Thames, which supplies more than half the city, has for years been undergoing progressive deterioration, and as the causes by which these unhappy effects have been induced are still in active operation, the evil complained of not only continues, but manifestly becomes more and more aggravated. That some of the water companies have endeavoured, since the publication of this Report, to give a purer supply, by drawing the water off higher up the river, and introducing an improved system of filtration, we cheerfully concede, but these measures are not adequate to produce the desired end. The water from the most polluted parts of the Thames is still drunk by upwards of one half the inhabitants of London, and by no artificial means whatever can it be purified. The reason is evident. The contamination of water arises partly from extraneous and noxious substances, mechanically diffused through the fluid, and partly from the water holding in solution certain deleterious principles, which have been derived from the decomposition of the substances exposed to its action. The former may, by subsidence and filtration, perhaps be thoroughly got rid of, but not the latter, — for no process of clarification or filtration will remove the deleterious qualities which are chemically combined with, and enter, as it were, into the very constitution of the water itself. The particles of matter, too, which are mechanically diffused through water, are for the most part less injurious to the animal economy than the substances held in solution. Thus, particles of earth, whether argillaceous or calcareous, exuviæ, larvæ, even living insects, will not, however they may irritate, produce any specific disease; but being for the most part inert substances in themselves, will pass through the alimentary canal without seriously disturbing the system; but the gases disengaged during the decomposition of animal, vegetable, and more especially mineral substances, produce recombinations when held in solution, which may be productive of serious effects.

It is well known that from the disengagement of certain gases by volcanic action, whole continents have been found covered with dead fish, and, accordingly, we infer from the observations we have made, that the most mischievous effects of impure water arise, not so much from extraneous substances mechanically dispersed through it, as from the deleterious substances which it holds in solution. Hence, Dr. Paris observed, "The impurity of the water, which so greatly injures the health of the inhabitants, arises not from particles of matter floating in the fluid, but from the quantities of matter which are held in chemical solution, which cannot be separated from it by any mechanical means whatever." Accordingly the filters introduced into private families are no prophylactic instruments of protection; and it ought to be constantly recollected that the clearness and sparkling brightness of water are no positive *criteria* of its salubrity.

Having only briefly, in proportion to the importance of the subject, referred to the impurities of the river waters that supply this metropolis, we come at once to the remedy; and only marvel that any amount of capital, or widely-spread pecuniary interests, should so far retard the progress of improvement as to prevent every advantage being taken of obtaining a pure adequate supply from the resources which are manifestly within our reach. As an opprobrium on geological ignorance, an anecdote is somewhere related of a certain building stone having been carried from a great distance, at an enormous expense, to the very spot in which immense strata of it lay concealed; and we easily predict that an opprobrium of a similar kind will in a few years be cited against the goodly citizens of London, who, it will be alleged, contented themselves with drinking for many years the impurities

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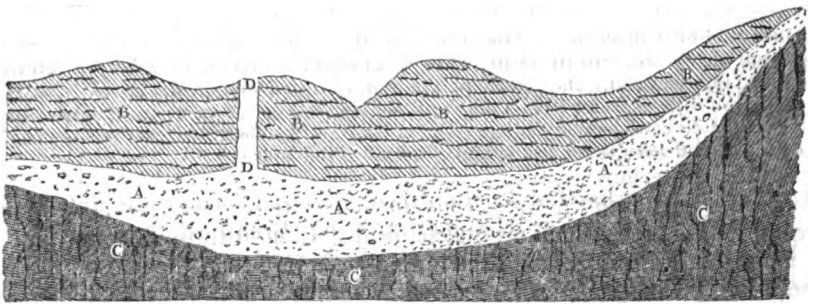
of the river Thames rather than take advantage of a purer and more adequate supply of water, which lay at the same time slumbering under their very feet. We allude to the water which it is now ascertained may be obtained by Artesian Wells, from below the plastic clay formation on which London is built. Here, however, it may be proper to state, that the term *Artesian* Springs is derived from this method of procuring water having been extensively adopted in the province of Artois, in France. The principle of their formation is geologically easily explained. The water which descends from the atmosphere percolates through the porous strata which it meets with, and, when unable to make its way through impervious strata, accumulates as in a reservoir below the surface of the earth. Thus, in the subjoined diagram,



let A represent a porous stratum, on which rests B, an impervious stratum, and underneath C, another impervious stratum; it is evident that the water which descends from the hilly region, not being able to escape, must accumulate, and then, if an Artesian well be sunk at D, a plentiful supply will rush up through the tube or aperture. The instrument employed in excavating these wells is a large auger, and the aperture made is about four inches in diameter. If a hard rock be met with, it is triturated by an iron rod, and the small fragments, or powder, are readily extracted. To prevent the sides of the well from falling in, a jointed pipe is introduced, sometimes formed of wood, but more generally of metal. The process is thus a very simple and practicable one, and the water so obtained is exceedingly pure. "The water afforded by these wells," says Connybeare, referring to London, "and which arises from the sands of the plastic clay formation underlying it, is very limpid, and remarkably free from salts; it is therefore what is called soft in a remarkable degree, is adapted to every domestic purpose, and never fails." * The testimony of all the scientific men who have analysed this water is to the same effect; and from the analysis of the springs in different parts of the metropolis yielding the same results, it is presumed that they communicate with each other, or arise from the same natural reservoir. Hence, whenever the bed of clay which overlays the chalk formation has been properly pierced or bored, a bed of fine sand has been discovered which separates the clay from the chalk, and from this an abundance of pure water has been immediately obtained. We have in our possession the results of a multitude of experiments, showing that enormous quantities of water, far more than is required for the use of the whole metropolis, may thus easily be procured; and accordingly, notwithstanding the water companies persist in drugging us with river water, the proprietors of almost all the great breweries, distilleries, sugar-refining, vinegar, colour, soap, and gas manufactories, &c., have sunk Artesian springs on their own

* Outlines of Geology of England and Wales. 1822. p. 35.

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account. The abundance of water which can thus be commanded is attested by every scientific and practical man who has fairly investigated the subject.

"At Sheerness, by the mouth of the Thames, a well was bored," says the eminent geologist, Mr. Lyell, "on a low tongue of land near the sea, through 300 feet of the blue clay of London, below which a bed of sand and pebbles was entered, belonging doubtless to the plastic clay formation; when this stratum was pierced, the water burst up with impetuosity, and filled the well. By another perforation at the same place, the water was found at the depth of 328 feet below the clay; it first rose rapidly to the height of 189 feet; and then, in the course of a few hours, ascended to an elevation of eight feet above the level of the ground. In 1824, a well was dug at Fulham near the Thames, at the Bishop of London's, to the depth of 317 feet, which, after traversing the tertiary strata, was continued through sixty-seven feet of chalk. The water immediately rose to the surface, and the discharge was above fifty gallons per minute. In the garden of the Horticultutal Society at Chiswick, chalk was also reached at a depth of 329 feet, from which the water rose to the surface. At the Duke of Northumberland's, above Chiswick, the borings were carried to the extraordinary depth of 620 feet into the chalk, when a considerable volume of water was obtained, which rose four feet above the surface of the ground. In a well of Mr. Brooks's, at Hammersmith, the rush of water from a depth of 360 feet was so great as to inundate several buildings, and do considerable damage; and at Tooting, a sufficient stream was obtained to turn a wheel, and raise water to the upper stories of the houses." *

In the neighbourhood of London these Artesian springs are already very numerous: — there are at Hammersmith 6; Brentford 3; Uxbridge 8; Rickmansworth 4; Watford 9, one of which produces 22,500,000 gallons weekly, partly supplying the river Colne; St. Alban's 2. In London itself there are 174, of which 30 produce 30,000,000 gallons weekly; indeed, it is clearly ascertained that the quantity of water which any one of these wells will yield depends on, and is proportioned to, the diameter of the bore.† It has been calculated that the quantity of water supplied to the metropolis by all the water companies on both sides the river, may be estimated at 38,000,000 gallons daily; and *one* orifice from a single Artesian well, with a diameter of six feet, would yield more than sufficient to meet this demand.

Here we shall briefly advert to the arguments which may be urged in favour of the present system, being well aware that some of the water companies have, at no mean sacrifice, endeavoured to overcome the evils they have to contend against. In so doing we can only regret that so much industry and capital should not have been diverted into another and better channel, which would yield as abundant, as pure, and as salubrious a supply as can possibly be desired. It may be argued that the water of the Grand Junction is almost entirely exempt from the impurities complained of, because this company draws its resources a short distance above Brentford, thereby avoiding the sewerage of that town, Isleworth, Hammersmith, &c.; and further, that very shortly it will relinquish altogether its establishment at Chelsea, and derive its supply exclusively from this source. This we cheerfully concede to be an improvement; nevertheless, it ought clearly to be understood, that this, which is the most unexceptionable water that can from this river source be obtained, is only in a comparative state of purity, because, previous to reaching this point, the Thames flowing through a large tract of country, receives the drainage of all the towns and villages through which it passes; — Oxford, Abingdon, Wallingford, Henley, Marlowe, Kingston, &c., all empty their filth into the "silver Thames," as it progresses onwards towards the great metropolis. In no part, therefore, of its course

* Lyell's Geology, vol. i. p. 288. 1834.

† See also Lettre de M. Lefebvre, rélatif à un Voyage dans le Sennaar et aux Puits Artésiens des Oases d'Egypte, Annales de Chimie et de Physique, Juin, 1839.

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can its waters be compared for purity with the water of Artesian wells. The West Middlesex, also, has endeavoured to avoid the London drainage by establishing its reservoirs on the Surrey side of the river, about three miles below the Grand Junction; but being nearer the source of contamination, its supply is less pure than that of the Junction. Hence, these two companies, giving them every possible credit, only mitigate the evil in a small degree, inasmuch as apart from the above consideration they accommodate comparatively only a small portion of the metropolis, while other water companies which supply the most densely inhabited districts of the city draw their resources directly from the most polluted parts of the stream.

Again, it has been urged that the complicated and elaborate process of filtration, adopted by the Chelsea Company, expurgates Thames water of all its impurities. But this is distinctly a fallacy, because it is evident that filtration can only act mechanically, and will not affect the deleterious matters held in chemical solution. The verdict of the commission before the House of Commons, which was founded on the concurrent evidence of numerous scientific and practical men, must be held as conclusive on this point. It is thus stated: "It must be recollected that insects and suspended impurities only are separated by filtration, and that whatever substances may be employed in the construction of filtering beds, the purity of the water, as dependent upon matters held in a state of solution, cannot be improved by any practicable modification of the process. If, therefore, it can be shown, that water taken from the parts of the river whence the companies draw their supplies, either is or is likely to be contaminated by substances dissolved or chemically combined, it will follow that the most perfect system of filtering can effect only a partial purification." * Others, again, have even alledged that Thames water is endowed with the marvellous virtue of purifying itself, and that its soft qualities render it more eligible than any other description of water for being employed in brewing, and for a variety of domestic purposes. It is, we believe, observed by sailors, that Thames water on its way out to sea, after emitting an intolerable stench, ceases to be disagreeable to the senses, and acquires a certain degree of clearness. The reason of this is obvious. When water becomes stagnant, as in the tank on board ship, the putrefactive process commences, and the animal and vegetable matters it contains undergo spontaneous decomposition. During this process various pungent gases are generated and thrown out, giving rise to the offensive odour. These, however, gradually disappear, partly by being absorbed by the charred sides of the vessel, and partly by escaping, so that the water at length ceases to smell, and at the same time the subsidence of the foreign matters which floated in it to the bottom of the vessel renders it tolerably clear. This is the entire mystery; and whatever sailors may think of the self-purifying virtues of Thames water, no man of science would ever maintain that by such a process it can be rendered really pure or salubrious. However, on this subject there is much whimsical reasoning. Thus, in a certain History of Hammersmith, we read, that among other advantages which the inhabitants enjoy, is that of being supplied with the purest water; because (so argues the learned historian) at this part of the river the London meets the country drainage, and the two waters mixing together neutralise and purify each other! Then as to the superiority of Thames water for brewing, &c., it is true that for such purposes soft is preferable to hard water; but it may be sufficient to observe, that Barclay's,

* Report, p. 8.

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and almost all the large breweries in London, now very properly use Artesian water. The wholesomeness of the Thames water is also very apocryphal. "Have you in your practice," asked the commissioners of Dr. James Johnson, "met with any injurious effects from the use of Thames water?" to which the Doctor answered — "Yes! I was informed by Mr. Ibell, of Waterloo Place, who has a great many young women employed in the millinery business, that several of the young people have been repeatedly affected with bowel complaints; if they went out of town and drank other water the complaint subsided, but often returned again on their again drinking this water." The experience of other medical practitioners is to the same effect; and it is tolerably certain, that the inconvenience which persons from the country feel on first arriving in London is to be ascribed rather to the water they drink than to any peculiar change in the condition of the atmosphere they respire. Finally, it has been argued with some show of geological learning, that we have no assurance that Artesian wells would yield a sufficient abundance of water for the supply of the metropolis. This is manifestly an assumption, and an assumption directly opposed to the evidence of experience. We have no data on which we are entitled to argue even theoretically that the quantity of water from the hills shall diminish, or that the supply existing in the chalk basin shall become exhausted. This, however, is not a matter for speculation; it can be determined only by the *argumentum ad experientiam;* and it is certain, that among the numerous Artesian wells in this city not one has been yet known to have become exhausted. The very contrary is the fact, for in more than one instance the proprietors of breweries and other large establishments having sunk Artesian wells, have found not only a sufficient supply for their demand in the manufactory, but that it was so prodigious as to enable them to sell the water to the neighbourhood at so much per cart. At Hammersmith an Artesian well was sunk in Peter Square, the proprietor of which still finds not only an adequate supply for his own purposes, but, such is the abundance of the water, that he is enabled to supply the houses in the square with high and low, and service at twenty-five shillings each per annum. Hence it is manifest, that this and other cities might, from the very abundance of the Artesian supply, be accommodated with water at a much more moderate rate than we at present pay the water companies for water which is so unpalatable even to the taste, that most families, for the purpose of drinking, are obliged to supply themselves with water at the parish pumps, notwithstanding the onerous burthen of the water rates.

The advantages, therefore, which would be derived from Artesian springs may be thus enumerated: —

1. The Artesian water is purer and more salubrious than the river waters which flow into the vicinity and through the heart of large and populous towns.

2. The Artesian water is protected from, and not liable to, those causes of contamination which infect, more or less, all open rivers.

3. The Artesian water requires no costly reservoirs, in which stagnation alone must deteriorate its qualities, by favouring the putrefactive process, and the development of animal and vegetable life.

4. The Artesian water would not require filtration, which after all, as we have seen, does not remove those deleterious substances held in chemical solution, which are most obnoxious and injurious to the animal economy.

5. The quantity of water supplied by Artesian springs is unlimited, and no more likely to fail than are the numerous rivers to which these very springs give origin.

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6. Artesian springs might be sunk throughout the country at a very moderate expense; and the water employed, as on the Continent, as a moving power to different descriptions of machinery.

Lastly. On every estate or farm throughout the kingdom these wells might be sunk, and the water so obtained would be an inestimable advantage in contributing to the preservation of health, and the conveniences and necessities of life.

We have, in conclusion, to observe, that the facts we have now stated, which are only a fractional portion of the evidence in our possession, are submitted with confidence to the reflecting portion of the community; and we are happy to add, that we have authority for stating, that the Marquis of Westminster, one of the most wealthy and influential noblemen in the kingdom, will, in the House of Lords, renew his motion on this subject early in the ensuing session. It certainly to us appears an anomaly, that while the progress of knowledge and practical improvements have, in this enlightened age, changed in a manner the entire aspect of our social condition, the inhabitants of this great metropolis are still condemned, by the subsidiary influence of water monopolies, to slake their thirst at a stream from which an Hindoo would shrink with abhorrence; the pollution of which, so far back as the reign of Henry VIII., demanded the protecting interposition of the government. Finally, the remedial measure here proposed affects not only the interests of the metropolis, but that also of every city, and even village, throughout the kingdom: the Oases of the very deserts in Egypt have been thus fertilised; and the only point which appears to be at issue is, whether the metropolis and manufacturing towns of Great Britain shall allow pecuniary interests to repress, or the progress of science to advance, those means for promoting health and comfort which nature itself has munificently provided.

SKETCHES OF SPANISH GENERALS, CARLIST AND CRISTINO.

No. II. — Cabrera.

"—— son cœur était rempli de ruse, d'orgueil, et de cupidité. Atroce dans la guerre il trainait a sa suite la destruction, le carnage, et la servitude."

Metral. Conjuration contre Attila.

"Il n'eut point ces traits fiers et imposants qui frappent tous les esprits: il montra plus d'ordre et de justesse que de force et d'élévation dans les idées."

Fontanes. Eloges.

The man on whom the eyes and hearts of the worshippers of legitimacy are now turned, as on their last hope — if any hope, indeed, exist, — is Cabrera. Of all those who have issued forth, from time to time, during the present war, to lay waste the territory they failed to conquer, he is the most formidable. His name has, during the last four years, struck his enemies with terror. Zumalacarreguy himself did not carry more dismay into the ranks of the badly organised and unwieldy masses of the

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Cristino army, amidst the mountains of Guipuzcoa, and Navarre, than Cabrera in the wild fastnesses of Aragon. In the general estimate of the military talents of those who have commanded the armies, both of the Queen, and of Don Carlos, it must be admitted that the superiority belongs to the chiefs of the insurrection. Zumalacarreguy, in his single person, was worth all who have appeared as defenders of the throne of Isabella II., with, perhaps, the exception of Cordova, or Mina, whom ill health rendered a nullity. The Guipuzcoan chieftain seems to have been the model for Cabrera. The same qualities are observable in both; the same cautious prudence in not taking too much advantage of the favourable result of an enterprise; the same quickness of apprehension in discovering the weakest points of the enemy; the same skill in leading the unsuspecting foe into those inaccessible strongholds, where his masses were broken up into small bodies; the same rapidity in concentrating his own forces on a given point, in the shortest possible space of time, and in falling, like a thunderbolt, on his astounded and bewildered pursuers. We refer our readers to the autumn campaign of 1838, as a proof of all this, when Pardiñas lost his life and his army in attempting to storm the strongholds of this daring rebel. The masterly skill with which he has possessed himself of, and established himself in, a vast extent of country, for so long a period, without scarcely losing an inch of ground, and if he did, gaining five times the quantity elsewhere; the selection of the best possible points whereon to plant his almost impregnable fortresses; the energy which has enabled him to create and discipline a formidable army out of the worst possible materials — all qualify him for holding a high place beside the man whom he is accustomed to regard as his great prototype. It is true that the Basque provinces having, from obvious reasons, been considered as the real theatre of the civil war, and the attention of the army being drawn more particularly to the North, Cabrera was permitted to avail himself of the occasion to organise his army, and establish it in positions from which Espartero will find it difficult to dislodge him, and by which he has been enabled to make himself master of two provinces. The Duke of Victory has never possessed a daring character as a military tactician, however headlong may be his personal prowess: but one might suppose that the success which has lately attended, if not his arms, at least his diplomacy, the result of which has been the pacification of the Provinces, ought to have encouraged him to set about completing the subjugation of the remaining insurgents, with something more of energy and decision than he appears to have exhibited since the treaty of Bergara. This hesitation proves that he is quite aware of the importance and peril of the dying struggle. Espartero, an open, brave, daring and, often, a rash soldier in the field, has now to deal with a cautious, cool, and crafty chief, fighting with the halter round his throat, who, like the tiger after which he is named, will crouch, with all the untiring patience of ferocity, until the moment arrives for the deadly spring on his unguarded victim. To us it seems that the peculiar talent of Cordova would have rendered him much better adapted than Espartero to encounter such an opponent as the chief of the Aragonese insurrection.

In the year 1834, the force which had been commanded by the Valencian chief, Carnicer, and which amounted to about 3000 men, was cut up, or dispersed by the army of Rodil, which had been previously employed in watching the movements of Don Carlos on the confines of Portugal. The remnant of this band was scattered over the mountains of Catalonia, Valencia, and Lower Aragon, in parties of from thirty to one hundred, where they perpetrated the most horrid crimes, robbing and assassinating, without

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distinction, Carlist as well as Cristino. Cabrera had been at the head of a small force which numbered about 500 men, under Carnicer, and had made himself remarkable for the activity and energy of his movements, and the good success which generally attended his predatory expeditions. These bands, thus dispersed, though committing ravages of the most atrocious kind, were not yet of sufficient importance to arrest the undivided attention of the regular army of the Queen; whilst the local force, combining the *urbanos*, and other constitutional volunteers, was unable to compete with these ferocious marauders. The appeal to arms, also, in favour of the liberal government, had been responded to in so indifferent a manner, as to afford a favourable opportunity to the first bold and ambitious chieftain who had talent and influence enough to concentrate those materials which were loosely scattered over the country. Valencia, Catalonia, and Aragon were amongst these provinces, which, generally speaking, lent the least assistance, in the commencement, to the cause of the infant queen. The levy of a national force at Valencia, which, at the least, should have produced a body of about 2000 men, sent forth about 200 to take up arms. Zaragoza, with which so many noble associations are connected, could only muster one battalion; whilst at Barcelona not much more than 1500 men were enrolled to keep down the insurrection. Cabrera took advantage of all these circumstances which were so favourable to his designs. He combined with Serrador and Quilez, two chiefs of the old army of Carnicer, and soon collected together the remnant of that dispersed body. The numbers rapidly increased; and, instead of 3000 men, to which it originally amounted, each captain, in a very short space of time, found himself at the head of 4000 soldiers already trained to war. The talent displayed by Cabrera in his various encounters with the Cristino chiefs who were sent against him, and the success which almost invariably attended him, procured him the command in chief of the whole combined force, which then reckoned 12,000 men. In vain did the generals of the queen's army implore the government to send reinforcements in order to stop, while there was yet time, the progress of Cabrera. The government was unable to comply with the prayer. The young Aragonese chieftain did not allow, in the mean time, a moment of repose or delay: his blows were struck, one after the other, with the rapidity and the effect of lightning. He surprised, in quick succession, all the Cristino positions, and soon menaced the whole of the country between the Lower Ebro and Valencia. Serrador joined him at Tortoza, and Quilez occupied the confines of the three provinces of Aragon, Valencia, and Catalonia. The result which usually follows success in such cases was obtained by the army of the centre; crowds flocked to the standard of the fortunate chief, and his army soon became, what it is at this day, formidable for its positions, its numbers, and its ferocity, and possessed of supplies of all kinds, to an amount incredibly enormous.

Don Ramon Cabrera, Conde de Morella, who has made so much noise in Europe, and whose name is associated with so many sanguinary acts, is a young man. He is not more than thirty-six years old. He is of obscure parentage, his father having been a brigadier, during the war of independence. We must hasten to enlighten the reader, who may be apt to feel astonished at the assertion, that the son of a brigadier can be said to be of low origin. Amongst Spaniards this term is applied not only to the general officer bearing that appellation, but also to the chief of four or five muleteers, attached to the brigade of an army, and whose rank is not superior to that of a peasant. His mother, however, is said to have be-

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longed to a distant branch of a noble Aragonese family; and the son is reported to cherish, secretly, and with a miser's care, a certain feeling of aristocratic pride. It has been asserted that Cabrera was an ecclesiastic. The assertion is ill founded. His connection with the church did not extend farther than having officiated many years as *sacristan* — an office which is filled by a layman — in the parish church of his native town, Babastia. In his youth, he manifested a particular taste for music and poetry, particularly for those old ballads composed in the days of Aragonese independence; and it appears that he is a finished performer on the guitar. Accident is said to have disturbed the peaceful occupations of his youth, and to have all at once changed his entire temperament. His mother held some small place in the hospital of her native town, for which she received a trifling remuneration. In settling her accounts on one occasion with a clerk in the office of the *administrador*, named Lerchundi, some dispute occurred regarding an item of trivial amount which she claimed, having supplied from her own resources a few necessaries to one of the invalids of the establishment. Her demand was not recognised by the accountant, and the dispute arose to such a height, that, with the insolence of a petty official, he struck the woman on the face, and turned her out of doors. She hastened home and appeared before her son with her face swollen and bleeding. She was then a widow, and Cabrera was tenderly attached to her. He heard her story, and went to Lerchundi to demand why he had ill used his parent. Similar insolence was repeated. He proceeded to the house of the *administrador*, and complained of the treatment he had received — all in vain: he was received with haughtiness, and dismissed with insult. Cabrera did not long brood over the injury in silence or inactivity. On the next morning the dead body of Lerchundi was found lying in the streets, pierced with many wounds, any one of which would have caused death. The voice of the sacristan was no longer heard in the church of San Vicente. He fled to the mountains, and, leading a life half-shepherd and half-brigand, eluded any attempts — and they were but few — which may have been made to arrest him.

Concerning the events which mark the career of such a man as Cabrera, curiosity is always excited; and the acts of his early life, however commonplace when related of ordinary men, will be always viewed with more than usual interest. It is said that the fierce spirit of Cabrera has not been always inaccessible to the softer passions. To his duties of *sacristan* he occasionally added those of a professor of music, and gave lessons on the guitar. One of his pupils was the niece of an Aragonese gentleman, a native of Alcañiz, a young girl of nineteen or twenty. Spain is the land of intrigue, in love as well as in politics; and a young and enthusiastic female seldom considers, with the coolness of a sage, those differences of rank which are established by the conventional regulations of society. She was an orphan, and had not only been betrothed, but had been actually *casada con poder* — married, that is, by proxy, a frequent custom in Spain — with a man much older than herself, and whom she had never yet seen. Strange to say, and incredible as it would now doubtless appear, the manners of Cabrera were then gentle and unassuming, and a mutual attachment soon grew up between them. This was not discovered until it became too late to save the honour of the lady. She was removed with her offspring from the house of her uncle, and was never heard of more. Whether she died of a broken heart, or perished by assassination, none ever knew. That nothing might be wanting to render Cabrera a monster of iniquity, it is said that the

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vengeance inflicted for the real or supposed violence committed on the lady, formed a befitting prelude to his other deeds of blood, and did not fall short of the enormity of those crimes which have rendered his subsequent career so infamous.

In appearance, Cabrera is about the middle stature, rather slight, and not ungracefully formed. To a stranger, his countenance is not indicative of the ferocity which has made him so remarkable, even amongst the sanguinary leaders of the Carlist bands; and his demeanour, when not under the influence of intense excitement, is mild and gentle. Even when affected by some overwhelming feeling, his external manner betrays little of the tempest which rages within: it is not boisterous, nor loud, but rather that of deep, calm, concentrated, yet deadly, determination. On one occasion only is it recorded that this habitual calmness completely abandoned him. This monster, who is not redeemed by another virtue, wept like an infant snatched from the bosom, when the tidings of his mother's death reached him. He loved her much; and her murder turned to gall whatever little of earthly feeling made his heart still human. He shut himself up in his apartment during two days, without admitting an individual, with the exception of one favoured servant, a relative, it is said, to witness the agony of grief to which he abandoned himself, and which almost deprived him of consciousness.

Though nominally in arms for Don Carlos, it is believed that his attachment to the person, or sentiments, of the Pretender is not very profound. Of all the generals bound to the cause of despotism, Cabrera was least under the influence of the mimic court of Estella or Oñate. He never concealed his contempt for the mental imbecility of the brother of Ferdinand; and none of the despicable and bigoted intriguers who infested head-quarters ever dared to interfere with his plans. With regard to the cruelty alleged against Cabrera, so multifarious have been the acts of atrocity committed by all since the commencement of the war, and with which, unfortunately for the cause of freedom, the Cristino party had been also stained, that it may be difficult to select one who will appear much more guilty than the rest. Yet if such a man exist, Cabrera is that person. His heart seems utterly steeled against all human feelings. His personal ambition is very great; and it is said that he once considered the possibility — an idea, which, perhaps, he may not have yet abandoned — of restoring the province of Aragon to the independence it enjoyed before the accession to the crown of Spain of the House of Austria, and of placing himself at the head of its government. He is a bold, bad man — devoid of principle, actuated by selfishness, loving cruelty for its own sake, and capable of perpetrating any enormity to further his designs; but, unfortunately for those opposed to him, endowed, too, with such vast energy and high talent, as to render their success a matter of much uncertainty, and their failure a cause of desolation and ruin on all within his reach.

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NOVEL WRITING AND NEWSPAPER CRITICISM.

THERE are few things more easy, and at the same time more unprofitable and idle, than to pour forth a chapter of lamentations on evils arising out of circumstances and influences beyond any voluntary control, and rail with a "forty parson power" against some mischief which, after all, may be only a necessary concomitant of a particular social state — vexing our souls with contending against what we regard as the degeneracy of the age in matters of morals or of taste, as our forefathers whilome did with waging war on flowing locks, and the turned-up toes of gallants' shoes, and with about as much chance of doing any good, as had the broom of the renowned Mrs. Partington of resisting the incursions of the Atlantic Ocean. Book-shelves may groan, and pulpits and professional chairs resound with well-meant efforts for the improvement of society; but unless they can succeed in pointing to the organ whose diseased action occasions the peccant symptoms, the attempts of authorised and unauthorised teachers are likely to be equally fruitless. "Si nous voulons être vertueux otons les circonstances qui nous empêchent de l'être. Il n'y a pas d'autre moyen."

In our last number we took occasion to express our opinion that the faulty manner in which the daily press had in general fulfilled the duties of its critical department had powerfully contributed to bring about the present deplorable prostration of the drama, and of the doubtful, if not declining state of public taste in art and light literature in general; but it would have appeared to us to little purpose to do so, unless we could, at the same time, point out some change in the present newspaper system, which, in our opinion at least, might give some hopes of ameliorating the evil complained of. It may, indeed, be urged that though there can scarcely be two opinions on the subject of the dramatic art, it is by no means certain that our remarks have any further applicability than that we are often worse judges of the spirit and tendencies of the age in which we live than of those more remote, since there is no "bank or shoal of time" on which we can take our stand, but must ourselves be swept along with its mighty current. Our fears often magnify the proportions of objects which threaten us nearly, and the clouds which throw so dark a shadow over our horizon might give way to light and sunshine if we took our view from a more elevated spot.

Fully conscious of the truth of this objection, we are rather inclined to put a query than to make an assertion as to the present character of our literature, and the probability that there are causes at work threatening its further degradation. It is evident that at a time of such great literary, or, at all events, of such great *publishing* activity, literature could not always remain to its votaries what it once was, — a religion, or heart-worship. Like other blessings, for which in former days men have held their lives a cheap sacrifice, it has become common enough to be disregarded. The learning, once so high and proud a distinction when the scholar lived apart in his own lofty sphere, holding free communion only with those who were, like himself, the initiated priests of knowledge, and looking down on the rest of mankind as on a different and inferior race, might indeed have nourished much vain-glory and self-sufficiency, but it frequently brought purer feelings and loftier aspirations than attend our better knowledge, and was looked on as a sacred deposit not to be lightly prostituted to base or venal purposes.

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Idle and fantastic, it is true, was often the nature of the pursuits on which the name of learning was bestowed, but they were ennobled by the spirit in which they were followed; and we can scarcely afford to smile at their childishness, unless we are prepared to show that the grander truths of which we are in possession can inspire us with as true a faith, and as generous a devotion.

The great increase in the numbers of the reading public, and the demand thus created for a regular supply of literary productions, as wares adapted to the market, have necessarily raised up a class of persons, who follow literature as a branch of industry, — authors by the grace of the booksellers, with whom the first question is and must be to hit the popular taste of the moment.

The vast facilities afforded by newspapers for bestowing on these manufactures a showy, though transitory popularity, and developing all the resources of the art of puffing, have been found too convenient to publishers not to be readily seized upon, while the critic, staking little of his reputation on the truth and candour of an anonymous verdict, finds the selection of a few striking passages, as they are called, and the repetition of some complimentary phrases, a temptingly easy mode of fulfilling his task; the rapidity required in every branch of newspaper composition, — the number of new works crowded on his attention, really rendering any thing like calm and thoughtful criticism exceedingly difficult, if not impossible.

It is evident that the best and highest productions are not those best adapted to this sort of process. Works of a deep and earnest character, requiring some attention and exertion on the part of the reader, are unmanageable for such a purpose, and nothing deserving the name of a work of art can be estimated in this fragmentary manner, without regard to its scope and aim as a whole. To books of travels only, as in their nature desultory, is it in any degree applicable; and accordingly, as this system has acted on them less injuriously than on any other, they are among the most creditable productions of the modern press; but it is on fictitious literature that its pernicious effects have been most strikingly felt, and that the most obvious symptoms of a feeble and corrupt taste have consequently displayed themselves. The tawdry sentiment, childish finery, and piquant personalities of the fashionable novel, or the glaring situations and exaggerated horrors of the Newgate school, are as well fitted to catch the eye as the advertisements of Morison's pills or Warren's blacking. The emptiest articles are most easily raised by the breath of newspaper applause, and in these, therefore, the most extensive and flourishing trade is carried on.

In judging of the importance of any branch of literature by its operation on national character and taste, we should be much inclined to reverse the usual order of precedence, and regard the ballads, the penny and "two-penny trash," and the novels and romances as infinitely more deserving of consideration than the stately quartos and books which "every gentleman ought to have in his library," and which, once purchased, often remain ranged in quiet dignity on its shelves, or serve only to promote the after-dinner slumbers of its owner.

The most pernicious doctrine contained in these may remain as harmless as the bottled up poisons in the chemist's shop; but when these poisons find their way to the brewer and the baker, and become articles of daily use and consumption, the case grows more serious.

Every body knows the value rightly ascribed by the government of the period to Dibdin's sailor songs, and similar productions, in awakening and directing the enthusiasm of the people; and the effects of the prevalent tone

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of popular novels, though not quite so easily perceived, as influencing those classes whose lives are more removed from observation, we consider to be not less certain and powerful.

The impulse given to the public mind by Scott's novels, in the direction of historical research, and the life and interest bestowed by them on inquiries previously confined to the professed student and the antiquary, have produced a favourable change in the mode in which history is now written: and the influence of even a single studied novel of extensive popularity is often perfectly evident, as in the case of the "Sorrows of Werter" for instance, which undoubtedly turned thousands of heads, and even set at liberty many brains, though probably only such as were of no value to any but the owner.

It is not often that the author of a scientific theory or a philosophical treatise can flatter himself with having produced effects as widely spread and as lasting as those of a favourite romance. If, then, we admit the power exercised by fictitious writing over popular feeling and action, it becomes a matter of deep and serious moment to know what is at any time its prevalent tone and spirit; and we cannot help regarding it as matter of regret that the taste of the day should give the preference to works which afford a coarse and strong stimulus, rather than to those quieter, but infinitely more skilful representations of life and character, which must ever remain the models for this class of writing. The patiently and exquisitely wrought pictures of a really great novelist — as different from the flashy random sketches of the productions poured forth with the rapidity of a steam engine, as one of Titian's portraits from the daubery of the scene painter, — demand not only genius, but an expenditure of time and labour, to which the modern novel writer has little inducement, since every reward he can hope for is as likely to follow the lesser as the greater exertion.

It is in general a decided symptom of weakness in a writer of fiction to choose rather for the subjects of his delineations remote and unfamiliar characters and events, than such as in real life come before his actual observation, — such cloud-like phantom pictures as, resembling nothing in heaven above or in earth beneath, he would fain impose on us for the beings of distant countries or of by-gone times. The vigour of imagination and intimate knowledge of the past, which enabled Scott, for instance, to present us living and breathing a likeness of Louis XI., or Friar Tuck, or Jonathan Oldbuck, or any other person whom he might encounter in his daily rambles, is a rare combination indeed; and even he was far from being equally successful on all occasions, and has often filled up his canvas with mere lay figures, habited in appropriate costume. Many writers resort to history, because they know not what use to make of the present. They want the observant eye and the sure hand that would enable them to render faithfully that which lies before them. They could not for their lives produce a portrait of a London shop-keeper or a country squire, which should not shock by its exaggeration and gross want of truth; but they will furnish you on the shortest notice with a splendid *ideal* representation of an inhabitant of Herculaneum, or a "Princess of the holy Roman empire." Yet to be unable to represent what we see, should seem a poor ground for claiming credit for the higher faculty of bodying forth "the forms of things unknown." We are aware that it is common for those who wish to disguise poor and common-place conceptions under strange aud fantastic forms, to declare that the character of modern social life renders it eminently unfit for the purposes of fiction, or that if they must select their subject from their own times, they must at least choose such as they and their readers are least acquainted with. The glare and glitter attendant on a high station,

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or the misery and crime too often darkening the lowest, are considered indispensable to the creation of a powerful interest. The tawdry frivolity of the one, and the coarseness and violence of the other class, are derived from congenial sources; and such novels as "Almacks" and "Jack Shepherd" have their springs of interest equally in our mere animal propensities: the desire of the sensual indulgences procurable by wealth and rank, and the fear and horror with which we listen to a tale of blood and physical suffering, are equally remote from intellectual pleasure. Such stimulants as these ought to be most sparingly employed, and never but in the strictest subordination to some higher object; yet these are the staple commodities with a vast majority of our novel writers.

The large portion of society included in what are called the middle classes, among which are to be found some of the richest developments of individual and national character, are generally condemned as too hopelessly prosaic to be turned to any poetical account, and have even been pronounced, "ex cathedrâ," by quarterly critics, "the most unromantic and unpicturesque portion of the community."

The sayings and doings of the dwellers in the charmed circles of May Fair have found more chroniclers than can be numbered, and some straggling rays have even lighted up the murky dens of Field Lane and Mutton Hill, but the "Limbo lying, I wist not where," between these extremes is seldom visited. Even Boz himself ("*et tu Brute*"), though unquestionably owing some part of his success to the richness of this mine which he has had the skill and strength to work, endeavours to excuse himself with his readers by presenting his heroes and heroines with a handsome fortune at the *dénouement*, and even occasionally hinting his contempt for the habitual dwellers in this intermediate purgatory. This is but one among the many modes of rendering tribute to Mammon, and cherishing those servile cravings after aristocratic distinctions, which form the very canker of our society, and are no where so disgusting as when manifesting themselves in the republic of letters. The very poor, as exciting no jealousy, are often brought forward in displays of sentimental tenderness, and become interesting at all events as objects of benevolence to the wealthy, as conduits to carry off their superfluous virtues; but while parish boys and factory girls may be safely admitted to the familiarity accorded to inferior animals, the class one step below us must be kept aloof by all means. In a fashionable novel, enjoying a high and in some respects a deserved reputation, it is stated that the heroine — an amiable and benevolent young lady of course — would as soon have thought of speaking to her horse as to her waiting-woman, except to give her necessary orders.

We have alluded to this spirit in our writers of fiction partly because it is in itself degrading to literature, and partly that it tends to impoverish its resources, and circumscribe its legitimate domains; but our present purpose was chiefly to inquire whether an honest and vigilant surveillance on the part of the periodical press might not have the power to keep its stream free from this and many other impurities. Under existing circumstances, however, we fear that a critic, who should assume a very high tone on this or any other point of morals, would but expose himself to Ophelia's admonition to her lecturing brother —

> "Do not as some ungracious pastors do,
> Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
> Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
> Himself the primrose path of dalliance keeps,
> And recks not his own read."

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And until we had provided all possible security for the integrity of the judge, we should hardly wish for a freer exercise of his authority.

One of the most striking circumstances connected with the periodical press, by which persons engaged in it are distinguished from mere literary men or politicians, to whom they are allied on either hand, is its anonymous character.

At the time when this mighty agent in modern society was struggling into life, when the giant was still in infancy, there is no doubt that some such protection was necessary against the overpowering force of its enemies; for though the earliest periodicals proceeded from the hands of authority, the dangerous character of the new power thus called into existence soon became apparent, and in the long and stormy period elapsing before it reached its present maturity, the odds were often too fearfully against the natural ally of liberty to admit of its throwing away so necessary a shield. But the means of defence, however allowable, and even indispensable to the weak, may become unhandsome and cowardly when employed by the strong. No one can now pretend that he has any just cause to fear the temperate utterance of any sentiments he may entertain on political or literary questions, and the real and well-founded power of the press is too great for it to shrink from the loss of any factitious influence that may arise from the mystery in which its proceedings are at present enveloped, or to fear the renunciation of claims founded only on ignorance and misunderstanding.

In proportion as it assumes the rank of a real power in the state, it becomes necessary to surround it with some of the restraints which power always requires in order to be duly exercised; but the nature of the case does not appear to admit of any other than may be obtained by bringing to bear on it that public opinion, in which it lives and moves and has its being, and renouncing the system of concealment which its altered position no longer requires. The limited number of newspapers, and the immense property embarked in them, renders each one more than a match for any private party with whom it may come into collision; and, little as we desire to see any diminution in the influence and authority of the press, it is impossible to deny that its union of wealth and talent, and inquisitorial secrecy, without any security for moral guidance, does appear in the highest degree critical.

> "'Tis excellent to have a giant's strength,
> But tyrannous to use it like a giant."

And though the press, as a body, may by no means fall below other classes in integrity, we must suppose them infinitely above all other men, if we imagine that no bad use is ever made of so singular and anomalous an advantage.

It has been thought, and with some reason, that the profession of an advocate, by inducing those who adopted it to stand forward in defence of any cause without regard to its truth, must be unfavourable to perfect uprightness of mind; and we have unfortunately but too many examples, both in history and in our own times, of the dangerous effects of the habit of making "the worse appear the better reason." Yet, as an advocate openly proclaims that he comes forward to say only whatever can be said on one side of a question, liability to confound his own notions of right and wrong and mislead his auditors is greatly diminished, and his arguments are received with natural suspicion and distrust.

The peril to both parties from the corruption and venality of the press is beyond comparison greater. The newspaper writer who betrays the truth,

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does not merely, like the hired advocate, endeavour to make black pass for white, in an individual case, and inflict an injury on a single sufferer, but seeks to sow such seeds of falsehood as shall bring forth a crop of sorrow and sin, perhaps for ages to come.

The temptation to forfeit his integrity is also much greater in his case than in that of the advocate; for the point at issue is not the loss of an occasional fee, but often enough that of his whole subsistence, and it must, of course, be greatly strengthened by the impunity afforded by the concealment of his name, as he is thus shielded from the loss of reputation which might otherwise attend an abandonment of principle.

The ephemeral nature of newspaper writing is in itself a kind of shelter; for even if the name of a writer were always affixed to an article, it would, in most cases, be soon lost in the oblivion which awaits all periodical productions. Vast and incalculable as is their effect in the aggregate, it is mainly the consequence of perpetual repetition. Succeeding each other like the multitudinous waves of the sea, the most brilliant efforts in this line do but burst for an instant in noise and dashing foam, and then disappear for ever.

It may be thought, perhaps, that we have adopted rather too serious a tone in speaking of the want of candour in the critical department of newspapers; but beside considering that it is very difficult to be dishonest a *little*, and to a certain extent only, we are certainly inclined to estimate rather highly the importance of a kind of literature which is the chief, if not the only intellectual aliment, of a large portion even of what are called the educated classes.

Regarding the press also as the great purifier, the prime agent of improvement in modern society, we would fain see those concerned in it shake off some of the trammels by which they have allowed themselves to be entangled, and become awakened to a higher sense of the dignity of their office, and of its consequent duties. At the same time it must not be forgotten, that it is far easier to point to some abuses which have gradually crept into it, than to number a tithe of the benefits which we have derived and are still deriving from its labours, — to count the truths it has brought to light — the falsehoods it has unmasked — how often it has stood between the oppressor and the oppressed — a better champion of innocence than chivalry could ever furnish — how often made its voice heard across continents and seas, and stopped the course of public injustice or private wrong — like a mighty wind from the four corners of the earth, agitating the sluggish waves of human thought, and preserving them from pestilence and stagnation; it is because we are deeply sensible of the inestimable value of an intelligent, free, and honest press, that we would fain see it correct those vices which degrade it from the high station it ought to occupy, as the legitimate heir in modern times to that throne of spiritual dominion, only dreamed of since the dark ages by the successors of St. Peter.

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GLEANINGS OF IRISH CHARACTERISTICS.

Screech the First.

A SCREECH is not to be explained by the laws of acoustics. It cannot be described by any possible combination of words. It cannot be represented by a diagram, or transfused into the colours of a picture. To make any approach to a remote description of it, we should employ a variety of languages —German, Gaelic, Walloon, Low Dutch, Cherokee, Hindostani, Japanese, Icelandic, Scandinavian, Sclavonic, Guernsey-French, Magyar, Cracow-Russ, and the like. By an ingenious and utterly unintelligible intermixture of the most fractious sounds drawn from all the accessible tongues of the world, something like a verbal Image of a screech might be obtained; just such an Image as would puzzle Trismegistus, or Albertus Magnus, or Johanna Southcote, to comprehend, and which would consequently convey a tolerably correct notion of that which in its original purity is ten thousand times more tumultuous than the roar of Niagara.

A screech — whatever else it may resemble in its details — is unlike any thing else in its entire volume. It is an Irish concremation. Let no one suppose that it bears any sort of relation to a shout, or a scream, or to a multitudinous burst of voices, for whatever similitude there may exist between it and any din or howl of the earth's creatures, it possesses a soul of humour and pathos within itself, to which no other imaginable agony of lungs can set up the most remote pretensions. Whoever has witnessed an Irish wedding, or an Irish feast, a pattern making the welkin ring and blink with songs and shillelahs, or a faction fight in the cool of the evening in the retired shadow of a mountain glen, may have had his imagination filled with the real glories of a screech. Roaring fun and lusty friendship — social feuds and rollicking love — arrowy wit and profane caricature — bacchanal dances and the marriages of all the fine arts of wrestling, improvising, skull-fracturing, card-playing, carousing at the still-head, abduction, and station-revels — the keen of eloquent sorrow, and the hilarious music of the shebeen — all enter into the general description of a screech; an ambiguous and comprehensive title, which may, therefore, be appropriately applied to a series of rambling, but illustrative gleanings characteristic of Irish life, of classes and heads peculiar to a country which may fairly be regarded as the most peculiar country on the habitable globe.

For the application or significance of these gleanings we are in no way responsible. If any of them exhibit a tone of exaggeration, the reader may be assured that the exaggeration belongs to the soil from which they spring, that it forms one of the circumstances inseparable from the scenes or persons it delineates, and that, although the fidelity of the likeness be shown in a sort of wild excess, the life is there notwithstanding. As to any offence against the prejudices of any class, all that we can say about such a possible construction of our laughing philosophy is, that we have lived long enough to despise prejudices of all kinds. Humour is a species of chartered Motley, who is allowed to insinuate an occasional point of truth through his free-spoken jests without being called to account like a serious fool.

Of the sources of our gleanings it will be enough to observe that some will be rescued from typographical oblivion, that the greater part will be here presented for the first time, and that the whole will have a bearing, more or less direct, upon the domestic characteristics of Ireland, past and present. We pledge ourselves neither to plan nor continuity; and, without

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further prelude or promise, we at once unloose the strings of our budget, and let the first screech escape.

THE PRIEST'S NIECE.

The parish of Ruthbeg, in the west of Ireland, is placed in the centre of a range of ragged hills, as if it had been dropped there by accident. It is a lonely place, dotted over with trees, ponds, and wide stretches of meadow, and somewhat fantastically intersected with a silver vein of water, that takes its source in one of the mountains. The extent of the parish is about twenty miles, and as the population is thin and scattered, the clerical duties of the priest are laborious; it being a part of his business to visit the parishioners at stated times, and give mass on alternate Sundays at the distant stations. But Father Macdermott contrived to make his task as agreeable as, under all circumstances, could be expected. He travelled on horseback; stopped at the shebeen houses for refreshment, which was gratuitously accorded to his reverence, and which he was never slow to partake of; and, by short stages and merry-makings, he never failed to enjoy himself on the road. He had a word for every body, for he was jocular by nature; and so, between his fun and his functions, he made light of his journey. Imagine him mounted on a well-fed charger, as sleek as himself, and follow him down the sloping bridle-path that leads into the first rent of cabins beyond the bridge: you shall judge of the pleasant life he passes in his retired parish.

"Ha! Mrs. Finnegan, what's upon you this morning, with that *quare* looking bundle under your apron?"

"Troth, your reverence, it 's only a basket of eggs."

"Where there 's eggs there must be chickens, Mrs. Finnegan."

"Never a word of lie in it, your reverence."

"I wouldn't be put out of my way, Mrs. Finnegan, if one or two of them same chickens were laying their eggs up in my barn; there 's a beautiful pool for the creatures there."

"May be your honour means to do me a good turn this blessed morning?"

"And why not, Mrs. Finnegan? Who 's sick?"

"Poor Thady is lyin' under the measles."

"Oho! we 'll make a terrible intercession for him."

"The grace of the world go wid you, sir."

"When will the chickens come, Mrs. Finnegan?"

"If I 'm a living woman they 'll be breaking their hearts laying eggs for your reverence, before they 're an hour older."

"You 're in the true way, and I 'll take care of Thady."

Spurs to his horse, and off he goes to a wake.

The eldest son of the house of Shanahan is dead. He lies on a dingy bed, surrounded by numerous candles and the *élite* of the village. When the priest enters, Michael Shanahan, the father, greets him:—

"There he is, your reverence; sure the world couldn't keep him together, when once the last fit came upon him."

"Well," rejoins the priest, "it 's one comfort, that, do what you will, you can't bring him back again."

This consolation was followed by dipping a goblet into a gigantic bowl of punch, that stood on a table in the middle of the apartment, and drinking off its contents to the "sarvice" of the "ladies" and "gentlemen."

In the meantime the melancholy revelry went forward, hushed into occasional attention only when some divers-keyed song broke upon the din and atter of voices; or when some inspired relative of the deceased stood for-

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ward, in a sudden frenzy of eloquence, to depict his virtues and bewail his loss.

Father Macdermott moved quietly towards a corner, where a middle-aged woman, of the lower class, sat alone. She appeared to be an observer, rather than a partaker of the merriment. But it must not, therefore, be inferred, that she was either moody or temperate; for she frequently joined in the loud roar, and never allowed the jorum to pass untasted. Still she did not mingle in the group, but enjoyed it with a sort of solitary recklessness. The priest was soon seated at her side. There was a look of mutual intelligence, checked by strong feelings; but the embarrassment soon wore off, and an under-toned *tête-à-tête* ensued.

"And is the cratur well?" inquired the woman, in a subdued and uncheerful voice.

"Hearty — hearty!" returned the priest.

"And how is her *spurats?*"

"Troth, Mrs. Martin, I can't complain. She is as well *as can be expected.*" These last words were accompanied by a very intellegent smirk, that conveyed a meaning which could not be mistaken.

"Again? — poor sowl!" and the woman cowered in her corner, and rocked to and fro with an agitated expression of countenance.

The buzz still rang thrillingly through the low room; and but snatches of the conversation were here and there audible.

"Father, avourneen!" exclaimed an old woman, approaching the priest with great reverence, "how is the niece this blessed night?"

"Thank your axing, she's mighty well," returned his reverence.

"Ah! then, wasn't it a pity not to bring her along wid you to the wake? Sure never a one of her gets any diversion at all, she's so given up to the books and the chapel."

"True, for you," interrupted Mrs. Martin; "but there's raison in all things. May be it's better as it is."

"What should you mean by that, Mrs. Martin?" inquired the priest.

"Och! nothing — nothing at all. Only it's a sad sight to see a young thing, the likes of her, shut up morning, noon, and night, all as one as a fairy in a 'baccy-box. If the cratur is like other young sowls — and why shouldn't she, Father Macdermott?" — whispered Mrs. Martin — "you know best — you know best."

"Well, I wonder at you to put such thoughts in her head. Did you ever know of a priest's niece go gadding abroad like other girls. Am I not saving up the penny for her" — and then applying his ear close to her's, he added — "won't you be the better of all I have? You'll be the ruin of her if you don't keep your tongue easy."

"Augh! it's an ugly deed. What's the use of talking? — the heart's broke within me!" she answered, smothering her emotions as well as she was able.

"You're a big fool!" was the answer of the priest, who turned away to the invitation of an awkward, red-haired man, with a jug of fresh made punch in his hand.

Let us now return to the priest's house, seated in a comfortable field, at the termination of the valley beyond the village. It is midnight. Mrs. Finnegan's chickens, presented according to promise, are long since gone to roost. Peggy, the priest's niece, alone is up and waking in the lonely domicile. Suppose a picture of the scene were painted by some Irish Wilkie (if such an artist there be, now that Grattan is no more), it would represent the following interior —

A snug warmly-carpeted room; on the left, a fire blazing and sparkling

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with those best of ignitible materials — seasoned logs and good turf; at the back, a well-furnished cupboard, in which glasses and decanters, brightened by constant use, hold a prominent place. A table in the centre, covered with a crimson cloth, upon which stand an oddly-assorted mixture — a whiskey-bottle (corked, we must add, in justice to the lady) — a couple of tumblers and glasses — a work-basket filled with various-coloured muslins and ribands — *some half-finished baby linen* — a weekly newspaper — an Italian iron — a dirty pack of cards scattered about — a pill box — and some labelled phials, fresh from the apothecary's. There sits Peggy at her solitary employment; her busy fingers plying her nightly task of preparation for a domestic event to come; and her scarcely audible voice humming to beguile time one of the melancholy popular airs of the country. Occasionally she pauses from her sad labours, and looks vacantly at the progress she has made. Her eyes, never beautiful, but peculiarly soft in their expression, are red, perhaps with weeping. Then a low sigh breaks out from her lips, she makes a violent effort to rally, snatches up her work hastily, and resumes the tedious toil with unconscious rapidity. She looks like the victim of circumstances out of which she cannot escape. If she be unhappy, she is fascinated by a charm that will not permit her to murmur. She dare not complain; she would neither be credited nor comforted by the multitude. Even her relatives, those who love her best and most truly, would shrink from her appeal. She is doomed to suffer without hope. Her crime admits of no worldly consolation. The tempter is the dispenser of salvation; and were she to denounce him, fearful would be the punishment inflicted on her, through the agency of her superstition and her ignorance.

It is midnight, and a vulgar outcry at the door announces the return of Father Macdermott. But he does not come alone — he is accompanied by Mrs. Martin. Peggy hastens to admit them, and, in the next moment, she feels the embrace of her despairing mother.

"Is the kettle *schreeching* hot?" demands the priest.

"It's only boiling its life out, waiting for you these three long hours," answers Peggy.

A silence of a few minutes ensues, during which the priest, whose celerity in these matters is proverbial, has mixed two tumblers of strong punch, one for Mrs. Martin (nothing loth), and the other for himself.

There sit the group, enjoying their bitter dissipation — the mother of a lost girl, the priestly seducer, and the ruined victim of unholy passion!

"I'm afear'd," exclaims Mrs. Martin, "that the Bible people know all about it, Peggy. It was only the other morning that they were axing down at the school whose child it was that the nurse was taking such care of. That would be certain destruction to us all, avourneen!"

"Ah! then, what are you teazing yourself about?" replies Father Macdermott. "Ar'n't the Biblicals our sworn enemies? Sure I'd rather they'd say it than not; for our people wouldn't believe a word of it then. It would be all set down to their spite and malice; and the 'ssociation would take it up and prosecute them for slander, and Peggy would be *a made woman* ever after the world over. Who d'ye think would dare to accuse me of it? Wouldn't I excommunicate them, bell, book, and candlelight, and bring the murrain on the cattle of them? Don't you know very well, with all your foolishness, that it wouldn't be wishing them all their souls and bodies are worth to put such a charge upon me? *Who cares what they think, when I know they dare not speak out one word against their priest!* Take your cordial, Mrs. Martin, and leave the rest to me."

* * *

Is the sketch overdrawn? Perhaps so. But is there a vital truth in it?

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Perhaps so again. Something must fill the void of the priest's loneliness, "the niece" is the solitary human joy of his home, and until universal nature shall have undergone some revolution yet incomprehensible to our senses, she is likely — or the suppressed emotion she represents — to continue so, wherever the victory over the organisation of man has not been wholly and finally won. And who or what is to blame for this? The priest? No. The system which assumes a fabulous power of controlling humanity, which imposes impossible obligations, and which, embraced with an unreflecting zeal, is thus sometimes violated with a desperate and audacious confidence. Thank Heaven, the Catholics are now upon a civil equality with the Protestants, and both are equally open to animadversion, without endangering a political principle by a wanton provocation of bigotted prejudices.

Our next sketch is of another cast, to the full as exaggerated as the last, but not wanting in a similar point of utility. It is illustrative of the familiar addresses of a country parish priest, of the true Milesian stamp. Such pastors generally speak the Irish language fluently, are accustomed to the habits of the peasantry, and render their knowledge subservient to the improvement of their influence. Their appeals are generally filled with images skilfully adapted to the capacities of their hearers, and derived, with a just poetical feeling, from the ordinary modes and customs of the people. This somewhat grotesque piece of rigmarole may be entitled

THE PRIEST'S DREAM.

"Don't be making such a noise over there, shutting and opening the door while I'm preaching. It's hard for the word of God to be spread amongst ye, when it's chewing tobacco and spoiling your mouths ye are, instead of listening to me. Shut your teeth, Jemmy Finn, or the flies will get down your throat, and bother your stomach entirely. Now, can any of ye tell me what 's the reason that, when you've nothing to eat, — which God help you, is no fault of your own, — you don't die for want of nourishment? There 's a puzzler for you, Jem Neale, big as you are!

"Now just turn that problem in your heads, while I'm seeing whether the water is drying out of my new coat; — sure enough it 's the only one I have.

[A pause of wonder in the chapel, while the priest descends from the altar to see after his coat. It is evident, from the confusion visible in the faces of the audience, that the problem is a poser. The priest returns.]

"Well, there 's never a one among ye can find out the reason of the life that 's in you, in spite of the starvation. Sure, that 's the use of the priest, to show you what you can't see of yourselves. Did you ever hear of the moving bog? It walked over Cavan and Armagh, dripping rain the whole way; and sorrow a clod of turf on it but belonged to the Orangemen. The cause of that is as plain as the blossoms on Pat Duggan's ugly nose. You never knew of a moving bog of real Catholic turf. No such thing. And that 's the reason why the starvation doesn't kill ye. But just try your hands upon the Bible — turn over to the Methodists — and then see how a mouthful of cold wind will do for your breakfasts. Once you think of fasting and turning Protestants, you're done for as neat and clean as if Ould Nick was drilling you through and through with a red-hot poker. Doesn't that expound to you the source of the eating and gormandizing of the Brunswickers? They eat and drink hearty, you see, because they know well enough, the spalpeens, although they won't acknowledge it, that the true faith isn't in them, and that if they didn't feed like crammed fowls six times a day, and double as much on a Sunday, they'd pine away into

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the clay under their feet. But that isn't the way with the true church. The faith keeps you up. Didn't the Saviour of the world starve himself forty days and nights to show you the way to glory? And sure there 's many a one of you didn't pass bite or sup for months upon months together, and the never a worse are you for it in the end. There 's nothing can kill a Catholic but his own bad works. The soul of me doesn't know but you'd all live for ever, only for something or other that happens to ye just as you're nearly perfect, and whips you off with a flea in your ear. Och! then, if you could only mend yourselves, what a beautiful race of blackguards ye'd be, that would want neither the meat nor the buttermilk, and that'd be as ould as the hills, every morning ye'd see the grass growing. There ye'd all be on the day of judgment, as hearty as a hive of bees, with your grey hair twisted down into breeches and top-boots to cover your dirty hides. Shame upon ye, that won't be Methuselahs every one, when you know you could live if you liked it until there wouldn't be a living soul in the world but Alderman Bradley King, cocked upon the back of an ass, to direct you on the road to purgatory. Think o'that, and pay your dues, and there 's no fear o'you.

"You remember, the other day, that the Biblemen challenged us to come to the fore in regard to the Scriptures. They wanted, you see, to prove as clear as mud that the notes were written with the wrong end of a pen, and that they had as much right to the Old and New Testament as we that had them from the beginning, and that only lent them out o' charity to the Protestants, just as Molly Kiernan would lend her pitcher to Kitty Nowlan, expecting she'd return it when she'd done with it. But the Protestants made a bad use of the loan, and got other Scriptures made from the pattern, just as you would get false keys made to pick a lock; so now they trump up their spurious books to us, that have the real books of our own, and that never had any other. It 's no wonder we are careful of them, for we were treated so badly when we lent them in pure friendship, that it would be no sin in us to burn 'em altogether, for fear we'd make such born fools of ourselves again.

"You know I didn't go to the meeting, boys; and may be you thought it mighty odd that I staid at home, and let Father Andy go in my place. But I 'll soon show you the meaning of that; although one priest at a time is enough for a regiment of saints, and Father Andy is no bad fist at controversy. Indeed, Father Andy, you needn't look down at your shoes as if the strings wanted tying; for it 's a vicar you ought to be, and I a bishop, if every body had his rights.

"It was a dream I had that kept me from going. Now when a priest condescends to dream, you may be sure there 's something going to happen. The ass doesn't bray unless there 's to be rain; the corns on your little toes pinch you for rain too: and the ducks wander about as if they were after swallowing love-powders, when the weather 's going to be uncommon hot. And just like that is a priest's dream, only with this difference — that the wonder o' the world, instead of a paltry puddle of a shower, or a splitting heat, is coming upon you. A priest wouldn't waste his time dreaming for rain, hail, or snow, or fine weather, or any thing o' the kind, for he can get them at any time for the bare asking o' them, — no, he dreams for a vortex, or a cornucopia; and them are mysteries that you know nothing at all about.

"The night before the meeting — that was last Tuesday — (how is your head now Father Andy?) we were sitting, Father Andy and myself, settling all the points that were to be unravelled the next day. I don't know how it was, but for the soul of me I couldn't persuade myself but that there was a drop of Protestant poison in the whiskey — you know they stop at nothing

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—so I was resolved to see it out; and then, if I found they had poisoned me, to work a miracle upon myself that would frighten them out of their wits. With this pious resolution, Father Andy and myself penetrated to the very bottom of the only two or three bottles we had; and then, as well as we could, considering the poison, went to sleep. You may be sure that I was determined that if I awoke and found myself dead, not to lose a minute until I 'd bring myself to life again, extract the poison, and send it in a letter to Dr. M'Hale.

"I wasn't over an hour in bed, when I thought I heard some one calling 'Father Murphy!' 'That's me,' says I; 'who wants me?' 'Only a friend of yours, Father Tom,' says the voice. 'It's lucky you're come,' says I, thinking it was daylight, 'for if you'd been five minutes later, you might be groping for me at the fair of Athy.'

"With that I thought I sat up in my arm-chair, for I had no notion that I was fast asleep in bed; and who do you think it was that was standing beside me? You may save yourself the trouble of guessing, for you couldn't guess who it was if you were to get a new set of eyes, and think until you were stone blind. It was a beautiful young angel, spick and span new out of heaven; and such an angel as I, that have seen bushels of them, never saw before.

"'The top o' the morning to you, ma'am!' says I, for she was a lady, one of the ould sort — 'it's welcome you are to me this blessed day.'

"'Father Tom,' says she, shaking me by the hand as friendly as if she knew me all her life, 'I want you to come out and take a walk with me.'

"'And what 'll you take, ma'am,' says I, 'before you go?' for as I was beholden to her for her goodness, I was bound to treat her respectfully.

"Never a word she said to that; but putting her finger, that was as white as a shaving, and as taper as sparrow-grass, upon her little mouth, she shook her head, and walked on before me. There she went without making the least noise, just as if her feet — for, like yourselves, the angels never wear shoes — were made of velvet. Well, I thought I 'd follow her in the same manner; but, as if there was an evil eye over me, the first step I took I tripped up an old basket that was lying on the ground, and the angel turning one look at me, as much as to say, 'What's coming over you that you're making such a clatter, father Tom?' shook her pretty little hand at me, and then, with a beautiful laugh all over her face, walked on again as if nothing at all had happened.

"I needn't tell you what strange places we went through. It isn't for you to be losing your senses, thinking of green fields, where every daisy was a two-and-sixpenny bit, and the cowslips were all gold guineas. It isn't for such as the likes o' yee to be thrusting your dirty faces into the parlours, and the pantries, and the barns, all slated with loaf-bread, and the floors all washed clean with Cork whiskey (it was so plenty in the place), nor to come asking my leave to taste the shins of beef and the bull turkeys that were waiting to be eat up on the tables, that the angel and I saw as we went along. But where do you think we got to at last? Now I'll hold a noggin of melted butter to a farthing candle that you think we went down to Tim Murphy's, to spend the day playing nine-pins. There ye're out; the angel wouldn't offer to cross the threshold of the door, for fear of spoiling her Spanish leather dancing-pumps that she carried in her hand, in the regard that she wouldn't spoil their shapes on her feet. As to nine-pins, the angels never play at any thing but backgammon and the five-fingers*; and it's themselves that'd give you the whole pack of cards, and beat you as hollow as St. Patrick beat the sea-serpent off the rock of Cashel.

* A popular game of cards amongst the Irish, known also by the name of five and ten.

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"It is wonderful how murdering fast the same angels can walk. I couldn't see a *strin* of light for the hurry I was in following her. The trees, and the topazes, and the brick houses danced up and down in my eyes as I whirled along after her; not but that I often wanted to stop and draw my breath, when she 'd turn sudden on me, and with one whistle through her little finger bring me up again, just as if I was a greyhound, and couldn't help myself for the bare life.

"At last we came to a dark place, where there was nothing but trees, and a big bank covered over with ribbed grass and potato-blossoms. 'Stop there,' says she; 'say nothing, but make the sign of the cross, and look, and you shall see.'

"Whoo! away flew the trees and the bank, just as if they were birds, and in a minute more I saw, at a great distance, two gentlemen coming towards me down the lane. I thought they were gentlemen when they were far off; but as they got near me, I found out that one of them was Ould Nick himself, and the other was St. Peter. Sure I might have known them both by the smell; for the devil smelt strong of sulphur, and St. Peter had a breath coming out of his nose that was as like the smell of burnt turf as the steam that comes out of Mrs. Larkins's whiskey-boiler. The devil was dressed, as became him, like a Peeler*, with a terrible sword by his side, and a club-foot sticking up behind like a bull's horn. And may be he hadn't a Bible under his arm, and a bundle of tracts in his hand. But St. Peter, who hasn't the least pride, was just dressed as I am, in broad cloth, and looked for all the world like a parish priest. And a well-looking saint he is — a fine comely man as you'd meet in a day's walk I don't know any saint in the calendar equal to him for manners and gentility, except St. Patrick. To be sure our own patron saint is at the top of the list. All he wants is a bunch of keys to make him complete.

"Just as they were coming down upon me, as I thought, St. Peter stopped suddenly, and, putting his hand on the devil's arm, cried out —

"'Now, if you please, we 'll just talk that little matter over that we were speaking of last night. This is a convenient place, and there 's nobody to hear us, unless Father Tom that I appointed to meet us.'

"'It 's all the same to me,' replied Ould Nick, with as much impudence as if he was a member of parliament.

"'Then, first of all,' said St. Peter, 'put down the book and the tracts, and answer me one question.'

"'Twenty, if you like,' answered the devil, putting the book upon the ground, and the tracts one by one over it.

"'What religion *are you?*' said St. Peter, looking him full in the face, as if he'd read the soul that was inside him. But the ould boy didn't seem to like that question, and was for shuffling it off; when St. Peter put it to him again in such a manner as he was forced to answer it, whether he would or not.

"'I'm a Protestant, to be sure,' replied the devil at last; and he coloured scarlet up to the very eyes as he spoke it, as if he was ashamed of owning it to St. Peter.

"'That 's all I wanted to have from your own lips,' said St. Peter; 'because as I have often heard that the devil can quote Scripture for his own purposes, I was determined to find out where he got the learning. Now, sit down here beside me quiet and easy, and tell me a little more that I want to hear from you.'

"Down they both sat upon the sod, the devil looking as if he didn't half

* A policeman.

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like it; but being afraid to disoblige St. Peter, on account of the great power he has over him through the means of the church.

"'How is Martin Luther?' said St. Peter, after a little.

"'Indeed, he's no worse than he was,' replied the devil: 'he has as much Newcastle coal over him as I can spare.' [You know, boys, the coal is dear at this season of the year.]

"'I think it's almost time to tell the poor Catholics,' said St. Peter, 'how that fellow betrayed them, and how it was that the Reformation was only a *ruction** of King Henry VIII.'s, in the regard of his wife, that the good pope wouldn't allow him to put her away; for you know very well that it's all your doings, Mr. Nicholas [You see St. Peter spoke civil to him, for peace and quietness], to make the Bible people go about slandering the holy church.'

"'Then what would you have me do, St. Peter?' answered the devil; 'sure if it wasn't for the Bible people I wouldn't have a born creature to keep me company; and all the brimstone would be burnt out for nothing. It isn't for me to go to confession and get absolution, now that I'm thriving upon the lies for upwards of a million of years.'

"'True for you,' says St. Peter; 'only as I'm a real Catholic, and an Irishman into the bargain, I can't stand by and see such murder going on under my very eyes. Now, here's Father Tom, as decent a man as any in all Ireland, — and that's saying more than if I was to search all over the earth for the likes of him, — he hasn't as much to live upon as Sir Harcourt Lees feeds one of his horses with; the people, you see, don't take it to heart, but pretend to be very poor, because the Biblemen make them pay tithes; and then, when Easter and Christmas come round, they've always the ready excuse, that the proctor took their pigs, and their poultry, and their firkins of butter. If Father Tom had his deservings, he'd have all the tithes to himself, and be rolling in his carriage. Instead of that, he has hardly a drop to wet his lips; and many's the fast-day he's obliged to eat a rasher of bacon for dinner, because he can't get a bit of fish or a whisp of cabbage for love or money. Now, tell the honest truth, and no shame to you — isn't this meeting that's to take place to-morrow entirely instigated by yourself, that the Bible people may get a heap of money out of the pockets of the poor Catholics?'

"'I'll tell no lie about it,' said Ould Nick, 'it's entirely a child of my own.'

"'Mind that, Father Tom,' said St. Peter, in a whisper, winking over slyly at me. 'And tell me also, Mr. Nicholas,' said he, 'didn't they put some ugly drops into Father Tom's little cruiskeen, that they might prevent him from going to the meeting-house to expose them?'

"'You're too hard upon me,' said the devil, scratching his head, as if he didn't know what to say; 'but if I was to speak the truth, I don't think there's one amongst them but would poison the priests, root and branch.'

"'And wouldn't it be the sin of the world for Father Tom to waste his time making speeches, and arguing with them, when it's of no manner of use at all; and when you know very well, that the more he'd talk to them, the worse they'd be after; and that all they'd do would be to pick up the knowledge that would fall from him as plentiful as blackberries in summer, and then go about the country passing it off as their own?'

"'I'll have no more to do with you,' said the devil, getting into a great passion, and taking up the Bible and the tracts; 'you wouldn't leave me a skreed to put on me, if you could: so I'll follow my own way, and go home and write advertisements for another meeting somewhere else.'

* A row, or fight.

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"'Then I'd advise you,' said St. Peter, 'never to have a meeting in Father Tom's neighbourhood again; for you see you're defeated this time, and will be as long as your head is hot.'

"With that St. Peter put up his finger to his nose, and after nodding his head at me, got up on horseback on a horse that was waiting for him, and rode off, leaving the devil in a dolderum behind him. Just at that moment there was a roar like an earthquake, — every thing seemed as if it was swimming round and round, and I couldn't see the devil or any one else for the smoke — and, with a terrible start, as if I got a blow on the head, I awoke out of my sleep; and there was Shamus, the cook, shaking me as if he thought I was in a trance.

"'Get up, Father Tom,' says he, 'if you're alive; you're asleep since last night, and that's nearly two days ago. The Bible-men are all gone off to Limerick, and there's not a soul in the place but's breaking all the windows of the Orange justices of the peace.'

"'Fie upon you, Shamus!' says I; 'and is that the way you come to spoil my beautiful dream?'

"Isn't my dream out now, boys? And is it any wonder after the warning I had from St. Peter, that I didn't think of going to the meeting? Sorrow a Bible-man you'll ever see in the spot again, mark my word; and that's better than all the palaver of speeches you'll hear from this day forward till the hour of your deaths. Amen."

Out of all this humorous foolery a little moral comes flowering up, which is not unworthy of notice. See by what means the injustice and oppression of unwarrantable interference with the creeds of men may be defeated and ridiculed. Improper attempts at conversion have no other effect than to heighten the zeal to which they are opposed, to work new channels of superstition, and to confirm the influence of the doctrines they are intended to overturn. If there had been no such exhibitions in Ireland as Bible controversies, there would have been no such sermons as those which are here caricatured — if there had been no such missionaries as Gregg, Mortimer, and O'Sullivan, there would have been no such priests as Father Tom or Father Andy.

This may be a small satisfaction to some people for the profane ribaldry which has sometimes sullied the controversies and addresses of the Irish priesthood. But it ought to be remembered that there is as much ribaldry at one side as the other, with less excuse on the part of the Protestants, whose audiences are at least better instructed, having also the best of the argument, *quoad* the loaves and fishes. But these matters are much altered now, and considerably improved, so far as the Roman Catholics are concerned. Civil equality has elevated the moral tone of the people, and the priest is no longer omnipotent. So long as it was a point of honour — an affair of sympathy and integrity — to maintain the ascendancy, and protect even the frailties of the priest — not for his own sake, but for the sake of the principle of liberty of conscience which was assailed in his person, and of which he was the involuntary apostle — so long a thousand indiscretions were concealed in the necessity of union for a common object. But the act of Emancipation broke up this unnatural, unhealthy, and dangerous state of society. Public opinion is dimly but gradually expanding in Ireland. It could not co-exist with slavery; and, when it shall have gained sufficient strength to make itself felt over the country, we shall witness a miracle amongst the Irish not less extraordinary or gratifying than the temperance progress of Father Mathew.

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MODERN TRAVELLERS AND TRAVELLING.

THERE was a time when to have seen "foreign parts" was deemed a matter of distinction; when a young gentleman who had made "the grand tour" was an object of ill-suppressed envy; and when play-wrights and humourists, whose means could scarcely command an occasional jaunt beyond the reach of Bow bells' melodies, found vent for their vexation at not having been abroad, by ridiculing and caricaturing those who had. Those times have departed. The travelled fops with which Foote amused our grandfathers would be to us most vapid and unmeaning; and even in the Doricourt of Mrs. Cowley, a modern audience can see little to disturb the dozing serenity to which the even blamelessness of his character is wont to consign them. Some venerable enthusiast will now and then break in upon the silence of the assembly by the vehemence of his unaccompanied applause, when a virtuous sentiment in condemnation of fops and foreigners is given with all the traditional point and emphasis which the actors of to-day have reverently inherited from those of another age, who in the same parts and with the same words, could draw down plaudits that made the crazy walls of the theatre rock and tingle to their very base; but to the many there appears now but scanty patriotism in the depreciation of our neighbours; and speeches once rapturously cheered, but in our days endured with patience, would be even less leniently dealt with, were our favour not conciliated by a pardonable partiality for what has once been admitted to the freedom of the play-house, by an unwillingness to condemn what has once been stamped with the approbation of our fathers.

Five and twenty years of peace, backed by the levelling powers of steam, have wrought strange revolutions in the land. Without going back to the remote ages of the Stuarts, when the rider in charge of the Edinburgh mail would stop at one alehouse to aid the digestion of his dinner by an afternoon's nap, and at another to take the diversion of a game of bowls, let us simply recall to our recollection the state of things some twenty years ago, when the first steamer was started to run between Calais and Dover, to the no small astonishment and consternation of all the gossiping goodies of either sex.

It was in 1819, if we remember rightly, that the first attempt was made to establish steam navigation between the French and English coasts. We have still a lively recollection of the excitement that ensued. We had newly arrived in Paris; and among the English, whether residents or visitors, the daring experiment was the almost exclusive topic wherever two or three of our countrymen happened to congregate. Few were bold enough to say that they would "tempt Providence" by choosing so dangerous a conveyance for their return home, and many a grave papa was glad to shelter his own apprehensions by an assumed anxiety for the nerves and sensibilities of his wife and daughters. Little did he anticipate that in less than twenty years a fleet of nearly two thousand of the perilous craft would be navigating the noble rivers of England, and bringing her bustling marts into close and constant connection with the remotest harbours of the globe.

In those days a man who had been to France *was* somebody, and if he had been to Italy he could afford to give himself airs; but if he had seen the Pyramids, or had smoked his pipe and sipped his coffee on the ottoman of a Turkish pasha, he was a made man: he was a favoured guest where

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lords manœuvred in vain for invitations; and if he happened to be a Tory, and could write a flaming article for Blackwood or the Quarterly, the doors of the Foreign Office opened in obedience to his voice, and consulships and legations were placed within the easy reach of his ambition. It was in those days that the Travellers' Club was first instituted. It was not then, as it has since become, a mere aristocratic lounge. Those who had "qualified" themselves by wandering a thousand miles away from their native shores, were still a chosen band. It was not every peer who had been to Naples, and merchants could not then steam it to Lisbon with a tolerable certainty of being on 'change again in a fortnight. No; the Travellers' Club was a respectable institution in those days, for your *bonâ fide* travellers then were respectable and respected men.

Now-a-days, who is there that is not a traveller? An attorney's clerk may steam it to St. Petersburg and coach it to Moscow, and be back before the long vacation is over; ay, though he do Warsaw and Berlin by the way. The shopboy in Liverpool, after his Saturday's labours are ended, embarks his cherished person on board a steamer for Dublin; stares at Nelson's pillar in Sackville Street, and Wellington's obelisk in the Phœnix Park; and after hearing Paddy's Opera in the cathedral where Swift once presided, and visiting two or three meeting-houses (the best schools for flirtation in the world, as is known to every visitor to the Irish metropolis), he may re-embark about bedtime, after laying in a decent cargo of whiskey punch, the fumes of which will be pretty well exhaled by the following morning—when he may reckon with tolerable certainty upon being home in time to open his master's shop at the wonted hour, and soberly resume the cares and duties of the week. An excursion to the Emerald Isle was a *journey* twenty years ago; the youngster of Liverpool would be laughed at now by his companions if he ventured to call it a *trip*.

Railroads and steamboats, in a few years hence, will be "laid on" in an uninterrupted circle round the world. Indeed, last year a prospectus was circulated in the city, and received there with some favour, which would nearly have completed the line. It was proposed to establish regular steamers between London and Jamaica, from that island to the Isthmus of Panama, then along the western coast of South America, and thence to Australia. A steamer from Sydney to India would have made the circle complete.

Before the establishment of steamboats between London and Hamburg, a journey from the one city to the other was an undertaking to be reflected on for months before it was undertaken; and merchants, to avoid the uncertainty of a tedious voyage by sea, were fain to endure the fatigue of a land journey through Holland and Westphalia, over a series of the most execrable roads in Europe. The more daring traveller, who was willing to tempt the dangers of the deep, regardless of the shoals and sands of the Dutch coast and the boisterous currents of the North Sea, had a journey of certain peril and most uncertain duration before him. From London he had to travel down by land to Harwich, the packet station for Holland, Hamburg, and Sweden, the patronage of which was in those days deemed sufficient to secure at all times the return of two government members for that ancient and independent borough. At Harwich he embarked, and with a fair wind he might hope to reach the mouth of the Elbe in thirty or forty hours. Fair winds, however, were not to be had for the mere asking; and sometimes whole weeks elapsed before the little post-office schooner could reach her destination. Day after day the impatient traveller would watch for a breeze while becalmed in Harwich harbour; or perhaps after beating to windward for eight or ten days, the wished-for light-house of Heligoland or Cuxhaven

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would cheer his heart before he crept into his wearisome berth, as he fondly hoped, for the last night. And in the morning — he would wake to learn that while he slept it had "come on to blow from the land;" and the packet with her anxious inmates would be running briskly before the wind, with a fair prospect of getting a glimpse of old England or bonny Scotland before another day was added to the history of time.

The longest journey, however, comes to an end some time or another, and it may fairly be inferred that sooner or later the packet seldom failed to reach Cuxhaven, where the mails and the passengers were safely landed, to be forwarded to Hamburg in open carts, and over roads of which the imagination of an untravelled Englishman would not easily be able to conjure up an image.

How changed are these matters now! A trip to Hamburg by one of the splendid steam-ships of the General Steam Navigation Company, which start from London twice a week, and sometimes oftener, is a luxury of which none who has once enjoyed it will not long for a repetition. Even those unhappy beings who, martyrs to sea sickness, have never "danced *in triumph* o'er the waters wide," must still look back with satisfaction to the exactness with which they were enabled to anticipate the termination of their sufferings; but for him whose soul does not "sicken o'er the heaving wave," and whose heart can sympathise with the feelings of the gallant fabric that carries him to his journey's end in despite of opposing gales, there is a thrilling sense of enjoyment in being thus made the participator in the triumph of human science over three elements at once, which the uninitiated cannot conceive, the impression of which no lapse of time can ever efface.

Only fourteen years have yet elapsed since the idea of crossing the North Sea in steamboats was first projected. The undertaking electrified the whole mercantile world with astonishment, and few were those who believed in the practicability of the scheme. And now — the Hamburg steamer starts from off the Tower of London as the clock strikes; and provided the wind blow not an absolute gale in her teeth, and the atmosphere remain tolerably free from fog, her captain can generally tell within half an hour the time when he shall be at his journey's end. In forty-eight or fifty hours the traveller now effects, without fatigue, in the enjoyment of every comfort on the way, and at little more than half the cost, a trip which before 1825 scarcely ever occupied less than eight or ten days, often more than three weeks, and which was always accompanied by great fatigue, and frequently by no little danger.

The spirited company just mentioned, who, only a few years ago, by their daring and comprehensive plans, threw all preceding enterprises of a similar character into the shade, have however been no less signally eclipsed themselves within the last twelve months. The experiment of navigating the Atlantic by means of steam has been successfully tried, and the little trips across the North Sea or along the Mediterranean have become mere matters of common-place, to be spoken of with indifference, and to be contemplated without admiration. The good people of New York now anticipate the arrival of the *Great Western* or the *British Queen*, with almost as much exactness as we look for the Dover mail in London; and a traveller on leaving England in one of these floating palaces, with the intention of travelling by the railroad to Pittsburg, and descending the Ohio and the Mississippi in a steamer, may, if he be well acquainted with the capabilities of his route, be able on leaving home to name the day on which he will arrive at New Orleans. He who twenty, nay ten years ago, had anticipated such results, would have been set down by sober-minded people for a cracked-brained

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enthusiast, if indeed he had not at once been proclaimed a fit candidate for the honours of Bedlam.

We have said little as yet of railroads, which are operating a complete revolution in our whole system of home travelling, if indeed the luxurious fashion in which an Englishman is now conveyed from one extremity of his country to another deserves to be called travelling. We are apt to fancy that we have done great things in this way in England; though, when the resources of the two countries are taken into consideration, it will be found that the little mushroom kingdom of Belgium has far outstripped us in the race. When, however, we turn our view to the United States of America, we find that, rapid as the growth of railroads has been in this country, it is insignificant compared with their extension in America. The first railroad constructed there was completed in 1825; and Mr. Pitkin, in his "Statistical View of the United States," published in 1835, announces that on the 1st of January next ensuing nearly 1600 miles of railroad would be completed in different parts of the Union. Since then their progress has been more rapid than ever. In 1836 the state legislature of New York incorporated no fewer than forty-two railway companies. The New York and Erie railroad, when complete, will be upwards of 500 miles in length; and several other gigantic constructions of nearly equal importance have been commenced, some of which are rapidly approaching their completion.

The "march of improvement," if we except Belgium, has been progressing at a much slower rate among our continental neighbours in Europe. No railroad of any magnitude has been begun in Germany, and in France, where prodigious schemes were in contemplation two years ago, the result has been truly ludicrous. Still, even in those countries, the comforts and facilities of the traveller have been constantly on the increase; the roads have been improved; and their truly magnificent rivers, the natural railroads which Heaven has laid down for them, have been made the means of rapid internal communication, by the establishment of steamboats well suited to the service for which they are destined. We may now travel to Constantinople or Cairo all the way by steam if we choose the Mediterranean for our route, and *nearly* all the way if we take our road through Belgium and Germany; so that at this moment a visit to the capital of Turkey or Egypt is actually attended with less fatigue, less danger, and perhaps less loss of time, than fourteen or fifteen years ago were incurred by a trip from Dublin to London, or from London to Hamburg.

While the facilities of travelling have been thus rapidly increasing among the more civilised communities, a corresponding advance has been going on in many of the rudest and remotest regions. A few months ago we were surprised by the publication of Captain Harris's book. Compelled by ill health to leave India for a while, he thought fit to employ his leisure by an excursion from the Cape of Good Hope some four or five hundred miles into the interior of Africa, on a mere shooting excursion, to run down giraffes and butcher elephants. Another Indian officer (we beg his pardon for forgetting his name) had a little before delighted us with a graphic account of his journey overland, accompanied by his wife and children, whom he conveyed in perfect safety, in the depth of winter, over the "frosty Caucasus," and through the robber regions of Koordistan. As to Egypt and Syria, they have become mere places for holiday tourists, more easy of access and more frequently visited than the Lakes of Killarney or the Scotch Highlands in the last century. Dr. Johnson's tour to the Hebrides was a greater feat in his day than Prince Puckler Muskau's excursion over the Atlas mountains, or his more recent journey through the Libyan desert up to Dongola.

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There are few of us who have not sympathised with the feelings of self-gratulation with which the amiable and persevering Burckhardt relates his successful attempt to explore the long-untrodden recesses of Arabia Petrea. It may be doubted whether even Columbus felt more exultation when his eye first saluted the western land, than Burckhardt did on beholding the deserted temples and rock-hewn palaces of Petra, the once proud but long-lost capital of the impious race of Edom. The land, accursed of God, had for a series of centuries been untrodden by any foot but that of the wandering Arab,—by tribes whose lawless and predatory character made them an object of dread, even to hordes conspicuous for their disregard of all human laws. It was at the daily and imminent hazard of his life that the adventurous traveller plunged into the recesses of a land whose name alone was known to modern Europe, whose wilds had been untraced for more than a thousand years, and over whose desolate plains the divine malediction appeared to shed a dark and mysterious awe. And what is now Arabia Petrea? The mere common beaten track of vulgar tourists. English lords and Yankee lawyers, German princes and French petit-maîtres, ride their dromedaries through the very heart of Edom, take their wine and sandwiches among the tombs of the deserted city, and talk as familiarly of Mount Hor and Aaron's grave "as maids of fifteen do of puppy dogs." The tomb of the prophet, which the roving Arab rarely passed without offering up a sacrifice in memory of the highpriest of Israel, is entered with perfect nonchalance by our modern loungers of the desert; and the Moslem no longer starts with horror at the profane wantonness of the Frank who lights his brushwood torch within the tomb, that he may explore with greater ease the interior of its dark and mysterious vaults.

Of all the wayfarers, however, whose narratives have delighted or wearied the reader of late years, few are more calculated to strip the wanderings through the desert of that poetical illusion in which they were wont to be arrayed, than one that has just been published in Germany. Indeed, it can scarcely be said to have been published yet; for two volumes only have appeared, and the third is required to complete the work. Dr. von Schubert, a professor at the University of Munich, and the author of several highly esteemed works on natural history and other scientific subjects, started in the autumn of 1836 on a tour through Turkey, Egypt, and the Holy Land. The learned professor was closely approaching the grand climacteric; and his wife, the faithful partner of his earlier years, had resolved to accompany her lord on a journey which must necessarily be of considerable duration. With this "aged pair of wanderers," as the worthy doctor candidly announces himself and his estimable helpmate, two young physicians and a young artist associated themselves; and before reaching Constantinople the party was yet farther increased by the accession of a young lady, of whom the professor makes but little mention in the course of his book, but who appears to have patiently borne her share in all the perils and fatigues of the excursion. With these companions, all of tastes congenial to his own, Dr. von Schubert seems to have spent a most agreeable twelvemonth,—now exploring the colossal monuments of ancient Egypt, then tracing the dubious course of the Israelites through the pathless desert; escorting his ladies over the wastes of Edom, and showing them the lions of Petra and Mount Sinaï; next yielding to the fervour of a pious enthusiasm among the hallowed regions of Palestine; and after gazing on the thought-awakening ruins of Balbec, and visiting the classic scenes of antique Greece, returning very prosaically,—he to write his book, and resume the routine of his useful labours

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in the lecture-room, his enterprising partner to engage again in the monotonous duties of a German *Hausfrau.*

If Columbus was the first to cross the Atlantic, Dr. von Schubert is at least the first elderly gentleman who has ventured to squire a party of ladies through the desert of Edom, and his achievement well deserves to be chronicled in our pages; not the less so in consideration of that unassuming simplicity with which he relates the feat, as though unconscious of the claim which he has been acquiring on our admiration and respect.

It has already been said that two volumes only of the doctor's journey have yet been published. The first conducts our travellers down the Danube to Constantinople, and thence to Smyrna and Cairo; the second takes them through the desert to Suez, Sinaï, Akaba, Petra, and Jerusalem; and the third will probably see them safe home again, through Syria, Greece, &c. The book is well worth looking into; and as it is extremely improbable that it will ever be translated into English (London booksellers abstaining now-a-days most religiously from the publication of any foreign work at all deserving of that honour), we will endeavour, before closing the present article, to present our readers with one or two striking incidents that befell the worthy doctor during his memorable tour.

The first volume the doctor avowedly considers as a mere introductory chapter. An introductory chapter of 520 pages would seem a formidable prologue; but when it is borne in mind that this preliminary discourse comprises descriptions of Vienna, Constantinople, Smyrna, and Alexandria, the bulk will be readily excused, even by those who agree with the author that his journey could scarcely be said to have commenced until the whole party had perched themselves on the bumps of the camels, and were fairly started on their way through the trackless sands of the desert of Suez.

The description of Cairo is contained in a series of letters, written by the professor to his sister during his sojourn in that city; of these one is devoted to a sketch of the wearisome and debasing life to which woman is condemned by Eastern manners. "Thy sex in these regions," he says, "is treated as cabbage is with us. It is carefully pickled, and packed up in a tightly-closed cask, where it cannot but ferment and turn to acid in its own sauce. The whole social fabric is arranged with a view to the preparation of this human sour-crout; to cook which is apparently the primary object of the architecture of the house, of the arrangement of the rooms, of the usages of private life, of the institutions of the state, and of the edicts of the legislator. There is something in an Egyptian house singularly fantastic to a European eye. Not only the several wings and excrescences are perpetually at cross-purposes, but even the different parts of one and the same room look as though they were about to go to loggerheads with one another, there being a constant struggle for precedency and ascendancy between the several portions of the same floor. In planning a street and grouping his houses, the presiding idea of an Eastern architect is to arrange matters so that it may not be possible from the windows of one house to pry into those of another." This task, of course, it is not always possible to accomplish; in which case, not only are the windows masked by railings of carved wood, but the light of heaven and the glances of the curious are farther impeded by the interposition of stained glass.

The ground-floor in most houses belongs to the male portion of the family; the women are carefully boxed up in the upper stories. "Thither no stranger of the ruder sex may venture; or even if invited so to do, he is bound to announce his approach by an audible exclamation of *destur* (by your leave), that should the grandmother of his host happen to be about the

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landing-place, she may have time to seek refuge within the recesses of her own apartment. The master of the house himself must not intrude unannounced into the upper rooms of the harem, lest some visitor should happen to be there, upon whom his profane eyes are not allowed to gaze. The systematic separation extends even beyond the grave, for in family vaults there is generally a partition wall to divide the remains of the women from those of the men; and in Medina it is not allowed to a male pilgrim to enter the sepulchre in which repose the female members of the prophet's family."

The infant daughter of a wretched fellah seldom contracts acquaintance with clothing of any kind before her fifth or sixth year, and the first piece of linen that does fall into her hands is generally converted into a veil. Even from a physician, to whom an Eastern woman is sufficiently unreserved in every other respect, the face must be carefully concealed. "My face thou must not see, for then I should have shown thee my whole heart," she will say; and if the nature of her illness makes it indispensable that the face, the mirror of the heart, should be seen, it is usually uncovered piecemeal, first one cheek and then the other, but never the whole at once. "What," exclaims our author, "is to become of the poor child that from her birth is kept behind a trellis, or borne like a living mummy through the streets? The higher her rank the more rigid is her confinement, for the peasant's daughter sports at least about in the open air, and those of the middle classes visit the public school with their brothers; but the destitute soul of the rich man's daughter is fed and bedizened from her earliest infancy with nothing but the sensations, the fancies, and the artifices of the harem. Imagine to thyself the education of a Moslem girl, that thy gratitude may be the greater to have been born a Christian woman. The law of the prophet commands that every child shall be able to pray in its seventh year. This praying, however, consists merely in learning by rote the brief creed ('There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet!') together with a few saws and proverbs, calculated to impress the infant mind with an early hatred of all who profess a different faith. The first precept taught is to utter curses — let us be thankful that our religion early enjoined us to bless our fellow-creatures, and did *not* call on us to mask our faces or conceal them under the folds of a veil."

Our worthy professor details to his sister all the particulars of an Eastern courtship and wedding, which have long been familiar to the readers of oriental travels. But the festive ceremonies of a Turkish wedding are as little able to secure a happy home to the youthful bride, as the more sober rites of Frankish matrimony. The child of twelve or thirteen years of age is snatched from the home of her parents, and consigned to the keeping of an insolent and ill-mannered boy only a few years older. She must herself have become a mother before the rules of Eastern etiquette (not indeed always strictly observed) allow her to enjoy again a mother's converse. In the mean time she remains generally under the guardianship of her mother-in-law, and is exposed to all the rudeness and caprice of her boy-husband. At times, if his victim show no immediate signs of becoming a mother, he takes it into his head to repudiate her; in which case she returns to her parents' house, where she must wait for three months, to see whether her husband is pleased to repent his precipitate conduct, and to demand her back again. Twice the husband may repudiate his wife and demand her back; but after the third time he cannot, according to the laws of Islamism, receive her again until she have been the wife of another. Sometimes, in the exuberance of his wrath, the stripling will exclaim, "I repudiate thee

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thrice," which has the same effect as if he had three times turned her out of his house; and he cannot then be reunited to her until she have been the widow or the divorced wife of another man. In such cases, it is customary to induce some poor dependent of the family to marry the poor girl and repudiate her the next morning. The husband of a night, however, has sometimes been known to show himself less pliant on the morrow than had been expected, and no constraint must be used to compel a true believer to divorce himself from his wife.

The happiest event for an Egyptian woman is to become a mother. Her affection to her children is unbounded; too often this is the only kindly feeling of her nature which education has not been studious to destroy.

The road through the desert, from Cairo to Suez, is now as beaten a track as any rural thoroughfare in the vicinity of London. On the second night, however, after their departure, one of the young men ventured away from the encampment on a geological visit to some rocks in the neighbourhood; and, owing to the darkness of the night, missed his way, and lost himself among the defiles in which he became entangled. It was not till two days afterwards that the straggler was found again, after he had undergone much suffering from fatigue, hunger, and thirst.

Dr. von Schubert, an enthusiast in all that relates to natural history, revelled in the rich store of shells and other marine wonders that lay scattered along the shore of the Red Sea. "I have seen and explored the Mediterranean and the Adriatic," he exclaims; "but, compared to the overflowing abundance of the Red Sea, those favoured regions are but as the plain board of a trader to the sumptuous wedding banquet of a monarch."

From Suez to Sinaï is a track now travelled by so many that little new can be said of it; but the monastery on the sacred mountain, often as it has already been described, still continues, and long will continue, an object of the highest interest, not only to the pilgrim that visits it, but to the more luxurious traveller who contents himself with humbly following on a map the peregrinations of the more enterprising explorer of the desert. When we picture to ourselves a community of Christian monks clinging to the hill of Sinai, and maintaining their position there in the midst of a roving and hostile population for nearly a thousand years, it is impossible to withhold from these worthy members of the church militant our tribute of warm and sincere respect. Often have they been forced to hurry from the maimed rites of the chapel, and grasp their muskets to repel the attack of some horde of plundering Arabs; and happy enough have the pious fathers been at the end of the year, if able to secure for their own use a tithe of the produce of the fields they had themselves tilled, or of the orchards they had themselves planted and tended. Their circumstances are now much altered. The vigorous administration of Mehemet Ali has repressed the insolence of the spoiler; and the Arab is content to receive with thanks the liberal bounty of the convent, which not many years ago he deemed a licensed object of plunder and insult. The monks now reap their fields and gather in their vintage, and the produce of their lands is disposed of to advantage in the markets of Suez and Cairo. Days of prosperity have succeeded to centuries of endurance. Let us hope that they may pass as honourably through the one trial as through the other; and that in their altered fortunes they will retain the unassuming piety and amiable simplicity which have so much endeared them to all who have sojourned in the convent fortress of St. Catherine. A distillery, on a considerable scale, appears to be carried on within the convent, from which an important branch of its revenue is derived.

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The convent, at the period of Dr. von Schubert's visit, contained twenty-six monks, but several were absent at Cairo, attending to the temporal affairs of the community. The discipline of the house is extremely severe; but as each monk is obliged to exercise some handicraft, they are strangers to that languor and ennui to which the members of most religious orders are condemned by the absence of all regular employment. This may account for the strong attachment which the reverend fathers are said to manifest to their home in the desert. As idleness is sure to beget dirt, so constant occupation gives birth to habits of order and cleanliness; accordingly, we find our worthy professor dwelling with much satisfaction on the total absence from the convent of every description of vermin, the excessive abundance of which is a constant theme for lamentation with every traveller who visits Egypt and Arabia.

The most romantic part of the journey commences at Akaba, where the professor, with his male and female companions, had to confide themselves to the wild Arabs of Idumea, — the terror of the whole Arab race, and, according to the unanimous account of all travellers, fully entitled to the bad character which they every where enjoy. Before leaving Akaba, however, we have a most characteristic anecdote, which, though told in few words, is calculated to awaken a vast train of reflections. The professor and his party had strolled down to the sea-shore, to see some fishermen casting their nets. "The fish," continues our author, "are in such abundance here, that a single boat manned by skilful seamen, and provided with good apparatus, might catch more than enough to supply the whole market of Genoa. But along the whole coast there does not exist even a canoe, and the fisherman in pursuit of his finny prey is forced to wade up to his waist into the sea. We found also some people with beautiful shells for sale, several of which we bought for a mere trifle, for the museum at Munich. On the shore we found, and caught with our hands, a *cidaris* (a marine hedgehog) of most extraordinary size and beauty, with all his quills upon him, as thick as so many fingers. How and in what were we to convey home this magnificent specimen? My good housewife soon helped us out of our embarrassment. Her best bonnet (*Staatsreisehut*) was packed up in a box precisely of the size we wanted. A plain straw hat was surely enough for a pilgrim, and a crimson satin bonnet might after all be a superfluous costume in the desert of Edom and among the temples of Jerusalem. The dainty head-gear was condemned by a unanimous vote, and in its late tenement the lovely cidaris was carefully installed." And even thus was Frau Professor in Von Schubert's best crimson satin bonnet barbarously abandoned on the shore of Akaba, "to waste its sweetness on the desert air;" and a filthy sea-urchin was enshrined in the delicate bandbox, which till then had been held sacred to the service of female finery! Let all ladies who contemplate a trip to the desert beware how they place themselves under the escort of so enthusiastic a naturalist as Professor von Schubert; or if they do confide themselves to the ruthless contemner of crimson satin, let them carefully conceal from him the number of their bonnets and the capabilities of their boxes. Where did this barbarous man expect that his wife was to repair a loss so irreparable in such a land? If she *was* content to show herself to the untenanted mansions of Petra in her old chip, or to submit to go to church in Jerusalem in a hat that had braved for forty days the scorching sun and the sweeping hurricane of the desert, where in all Palestine did the monster expect to find a milliner's shop fit to supply a substitute for the crimson satin that was "left blooming alone" on the beach of Akaba?

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Accustomed as we have been by the narratives of Burckhardt, Laborde, and other more recent travellers, to look upon the journey through Edom as beset with perils of no ordinary kind, we are somewhat disappointed to read with what facility our elderly professor and his worthy dame passed along, without a single horror to enliven their book withal. A violent sand-storm, of which a very graphic description is given, was the only adventure of any consequence that occurred between Akaba and Petra, — the only one at all events that our author has recorded; and on their arrival at the latter place the professor, who, with some of his party, commenced the ascent of Mount Hor, on whose summit still remains the tomb of Aaron, sent the ladies and the artist of the party to wander through the desolate streets of the rock-hewn metropolis of Edom. We may almost fancy we read of a sober citizen, who, having ventured with his spouse on a Sunday excursion to Greenwich, leaves her to stroll about the park, while he himself climbs up the hill to enjoy the glorious view that nature and art have combined to feast his eye with.

Most of our readers have probably read the description of the unique city of Petra, in the works of Burckhardt and Laborde. There is also a very fair account of the place in the last edition of Lemprière's Classical Dictionary. To those to whom these works are strangers it may be sufficient to remark, that Petra, unlike all other cities known to us, has not been built of stone, but has been hewn out of the rock. The antiquity of the city rises beyond any record of which we are possessed; for in the Book of Job, generally supposed to be the oldest portion of Scripture, the country of Uz or Edom is spoken of as one that had even then attained a high degree of civilisation. In Genesis too, and in many other parts of the Bible, frequent allusion is made to Sela and Jaktheel, which received from the Romans the name of Petra, and is now known to the wandering Arabs under the title of Wady Musa. For an account of the divine denunciations pronounced against the Edomites and their city, see Psalm cxxxvii.; Ezekiel, xx.; Isaiah, xxxiv.; Jeremiah, xlix.; Obadiah, xviii.; Malachi, i. From the time of the Romans till within the last twenty years, all trace of Petra was completely lost, and the prophecies respecting it were little understood. Bishop Lowth even conjectured that the word Edom was used merely as a common figure intended to point at the enemies of God generally. Burckhardt, in 1811, was the first to discover the long-lost city, and to decide the often-agitated question whether it ever had an existence; but Laborde, in 1818, examined the place more minutely. A very lively description of Petra is given by Mr. Lee Stephens, an American traveller, who visited it about ten years ago. Among the most recent visitors from our own country is Mr. Roberts, the artist; who, it is said, intends to enrich the next exhibition with several pictures, painted from sketches taken at Petra, and in Palestine.

Petra itself is now destitute of inhabitants; but close to it is the valley of Eljee, in which an Arab sheikh bears sway, and who appears to look upon the city itself as a part of his domain. This sheikh and his people have been the terror of all travellers, with the exception of one or two—among whom Lord Prudhoe may be named, — whose wealth allowed them to purchase the goodwill of these exorbitant hosts by the payment of an extravagant sum of money. Professor von Schubert was not disposed to conciliate the robber chief by a present of some hundreds of piasters, and therefore hastened away with his party as soon as he found that the sheikh's people were beginning to muster around him. The professor and his escort had prepared themselves for a fight, in case the people of Eljee had pursued

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them, but they were allowed to pass on towards Palestine without any farther interruption.

And in Palestine we will leave the worthy professor, to whose sober tour we have insensibly been led to devote a larger portion than we at first contemplated of what at starting bid fair to be a very innocent rhapsody on steamboats and railroads, and the increased facilities for locomotion which modern improvements have placed within the reach of all classes. After all, perhaps, though it may not be quite so romantic to jog unconcerned with a party of one's female friends through the Arabian desert, it may be quite as agreeable as going over the same ground with a shrewd guess that the chances are ten to one against ever returning to give an account of the marvels one has seen; nay, we question very much whether the morals of our transatlantic brethren will be exposed to any very perilous ordeal by the ease with which New York milliners are now able to step over to Europe, and study the devious and eccentric sinuosities of fashion, even at the fountaid head, in the gay metropolis of France. We may pass a harmless jest at the idea of cits gazing at the Pyramids and attorneys passing the long vacation at Constantinople, or on the other side of the Alleghanies; for the practice of affecting to look down on cits and lawyers, which originated in the days of Charles the Second, continues to flourish in an age as distinguished for piety as that was for every social virtue; but, in sober truth, we all of us rejoice in a change of which we all feel the advantage. Why should we repine even

> "If blues desert their coteries
> To show off 'mong the Wahabees;
> If neither sex nor age controuls,
> Nor fear of Mamelukes forbids,
> Young ladies with pink parasols
> To glide among the Pyramids?"

Among the Pyramids let them glide; and may we be there before long to glide with them. And long life to the old rebel Mehemet, who has made it a safe thing for little misses with spencers and parasols to go gliding along where, in the memory of many now living, the stoutest of us would not have shown his face without constant misgivings as to what was going on behind his back.

> "Who knows, if to the West we roam,
> But we may find some 'blue at home'
> Among the blacks of Carolina;
> Or, flying to the Eastward, see
> Some Mrs. Hopkins taking tea
> And toast upon the walls of China."

Heaven grant the vision may be realised! Heaven grant that our friends the Yankees may advance in civilisation so far as to make it probable that our Lady Babs and our Mrs. Trollopes may be able at no remote day to sit down sociably with a black congress-man's lady to discuss the cut of their respective gowns, and pass judgment indiscriminately on the taste and discretion of all the belles of Washington,—whether their locks be crisp and woolly, or dangle in bewitching curls adown their cheeks in the vain attempt to hide the little loves and graces that are nestling there. Then, as to Mrs. Hopkins's tea-party on the wall of China!—we trust the good lady, when she does issue her cards, will not neglect to drop one into our editorial box. If she do honour us with an invitation, let her rest assured we will not be among the last comers. We would walk barefoot from Putney to Pekin for the pleasure of handing her kettle and toasting her muffins!

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SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

No. II.

"I NEVER venture out of my depth; I never go far from the bank; I will never venture out of my depth, until I have learned to swim! I have heard from very good authority, upon which I can rely, that it was the practice of the greatest scholars not to attempt too much at first; and I will imitate them. I will be prudent, I will not go out of my depth, lest some day I should repent it! This little book is the version of Sebastian Castalio: the Latinity is pure, elegant, almost classical, but, to tell you the truth, I am afraid of it; I very much fear I shall never be able to relish it, to seize the meaning, to comprehend it — it is so refined: it is so very chaste indeed, that I am afraid to meddle with it. The larger book is Theodore Beza's translation. It is a pretty copy — is it not? Our friend is less graceful, less classical, but then he is clearer, plainer, easier, more literal, more intelligible. I am more at home there — yes, I will stick to him, at least for some years to come. I ought not to boast, certainly, but I must say, that when I have read a chapter of the Gospels attentively, or have just heard one read in church, and then find the same chapter in Beza, it is quite surprising, in going slowly over it, how many things I see, that remind me of the English. Every here and there is a part of a verse, which I almost fancy I can construe. I was recommended to try a chapter of the Latin without looking at the English first; and I did so. But how different! Bless my soul! What confusion! I was lost — bewildered! Take the nominative case — then the verb. Oh, yes! it is very fine talking. I will never venture out of my depth — never; I will be prudent. Dear me, how the sky is overcast!"

With these words, Theodore Beza was laid upon the table, and the speaker ran out of the room: he rushed out at the front-door, and out at the back-door, without his hat, and as it were at the same time; he looked towards the east and towards the west, at the heavens and at the earth, at the horizon, at the zenith, at his watch, and in the wind's eye. Presently he returned very deliberately, and said calmly, although still panting for breath —

"It will not rain, so we shall have Miss Burtenshaw."

After a short silence, Mrs. Featherby opened the door, and, without entering the room, remarked —

"If you please, sir, the bells are going for church. And could I say a word with you?"

The master having exchanged certain whispers with his housekeeper, in the darkest corner of the passage, left her at home, and we proceeded cheerfully towards the church of a quiet country parish.

It was the first Sunday in July and the third Sunday after Trinity; and it was, moreover, as charming a day as ever the sun shone upon. It would have been hot, but that the west wind blew pretty strongly, and the sky was often overcast — so often, indeed, that the unskilful said it would rain. When we returned from church the heat had increased, for the wind had abated, and the clouds for the most part had disappeared, but there was a fine air — a soft, fresh air gratefully felt, and long remembered. Mrs. Featherby met us at the door: she said to her master, who pressed forward

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on seeing her, as he set his foot upon the step, "If you please, sir, Miss Burtenshaw is come." "Is she alone?" And he trembled as he withdrew his foot from the whitened step. "She came alone, sir." "When?" "Just this moment, sir; I almost wonder you did not see her." "And where is she?" "I took her up stairs, sir—she wished to put herself to rights after her walk." "Where did you take her?" "I showed her into your room, sir." "Into my room?" "Yes, sir, you told me to make your room ready for her." "True, true." Through the open door we reverently turned our eyes towards those stairs which Miss Burtenshaw had just ascended to put herself to rights after her walk; and that we might not even enter the house, while such things were going on in it, we swept round behind, and all went together into the garden; and we remained there respectfully, at the most distant part, for a considerable time, not venturing to approach until the snow-white apron of Mrs. Featherby gave a signal, at the back-door, that dinner was ready.

During the tedious interval it was stated, more than once, in a low voice, "I believe, Miss Burtenshaw will dine with us." "I believe, we shall have Miss Burtenshaw at dinner." And, in respectful confidential whispers, it was often communicated, "Her family are great brewers;" "very great brewers;" "opulent brewers;" "respectable brewers;" "very considerable brewers." The veneration inspired by these mysterious praises was not the least profound in one who knew nothing of brewers, save that they produce ale and beer, two agreeable liquors; and that by dipping into Boswell's Life of Johnson he had gathered that, by virtue of their office, they are patrons of learning and of learned men.

Miss Burtenshaw's host was in stature of the middle size, but being thin, slight, and active, and, after the usage of little men, dapper, he seemed shorter than he was; his age, in fact, did not exceed thirty years, but a thoughtful countenance added to it in appearance about five years more. His hair was light, as were his eyes, and his complexion was fair, or rather pale, yet was his aspect by no means sickly. Being in deacon's orders, as all his acquaintance were frequently reminded, his costume was clerical, black from top to toe, but neat, bright, and spotless, as his honour and reputation: in his house and lands, in his books and writings, in clothes and person cleanliness grew to be godliness; and a genuine enthusiastic piety it was. He was regular, exact, punctual, precise, and earnest, and withal cheerful and good-natured. He could not be insensible of his attainments, of his vast superiority over his neighbours, farmers and tradesmen, his equals in birth, and accordingly his soul was duly elevated by an honest pride; but as he had made a sufficient progress to discern at least some small portion of the immense interval that separated him from the really learned, he was humble, modest, and respectful. As to his name, he preferred to be called the master of the free-school. In an adjoining parish, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, some five or six miles from the free-school, was another school of much higher pretensions, a private preparatory boarding-school. The sudden death of a relative of the master's wife compelled him, the executor, to proceed to London without delay, and to remain there with his family for some weeks; the event having happened towards the end of the half-year, the midsummer vacation was anticipated by about three weeks. The change was not inconvenient to the parents of the greater part of the select number of young gentlemen; thirty-five of the forty were sent home at once, but five were to be otherwise disposed of. Three Scotch boys had always spent the vacations at school, a young Indian was destined to do the like, and the family of another boy, calculating upon holidays at the accus-

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tomed date, had gone a journey and could not receive him before the time. By some arrangement made between the master of the private boarding-school and the master of the free-school the five boys were transferred to the latter.

There were not any boarders at the free-school; about fifty day-scholars attended it, many of whom had the years and the growth of men. The situation was so solitary, that a stranger would wonder from whence they came; however, there were small towns and large villages within a moderate distance. Every morning at eight o'clock the school-room was filled; it was voided at twelve, and the game of cricket commenced without a moment's delay. Some of the boys were furnished with their own provisions, but the greater number partook at one of an excellent plain dinner in the master's house, the pudding asserting its ancient precedency before the meat. When the clock struck two, they were already in the school: they were finally dismissed, or loosened, at four, when, unless one game of cricket was proposed, all disappeared in one joyous noisy minute. The instructions concluded, as they began, by the recitation of some prayers, which were said, or sung, by two persons at once, by the master and the head-boy, who acted in all respects as the usher or under-master. The prayers were in Latin, which was not taught in the school, but the meaning of them was well understood, for golden letters showed in opposite columns upon a black board the whole in Latin and in English. The dignity of the Latin gave an additional solemnity to the prayers; and the language of learning seemed more sacred, a most salutary notion, from its connection with religion. "We do not teach Latin," said the master of the free-school with much humility; "but," he added, with a very commendable vanity, "we have Latin prayers." There was a little English reading, a great deal of very elaborate writing, a vast amount of arithmetic, and a slight taste of practical geometry: in the institution of grammar boys these matters are much neglected. The master of the free-school placed the young gentlemen near him, and kindly tried to repair the neglect. The three Scotch boys were brothers, and were much like other Scotch boys. The head-boy endeavoured to introduce them to the multiplication table; and notwithstanding his exemplary patience, he looked as if, in his capacity of usher, he would fain switch them, until he discovered whether they were really as stupid as they appeared to be; but such marks of genuine kindness were not conferred upon visitors. The Indian had been at school and in Europe for a few months only; he seemed to be the child of an English father and a Persian mother; if he had been left to the care of his mother's family, by this time doubtless he would have been well read in the Alcoran, able to repeat many moral precepts and poetical passages, with sundry verses, sacred and profane, and would have been moreover a pretty penman. But under the tuition of British residents in India, a class of persons without a single idea amongst them, he had received just as much intellectual culture as is given to a laundress's myrtle long rooted in a painted pot; nevertheless, he was a fine, lively, well-disposed boy, whose bright intelligent countenance promised, that becoming readily familiar with the new scene in which he had been suddenly placed, he would pick up a few crumbs at least of the learning of the West. The other boy had already spent three years at the preparatory boading-school, and was about to be removed immediately to one of the great public schools; it was arranged, indeed, that on the Tuesday next after the first Sunday in July he should take his final departure from the West Riding of Yorkshire. With him, as the chief and eldest of his five guests, the meritorious master of the free-school strenuously laboured to

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repair the neglect of arithmetical instruction, and with tolerable success; in enforcing the practice of hair strokes, the same slope and the same level, and other niceties of penmanship, his friendly efforts were less happy. However, he made large allowances for the engrossing nature of classical studies, for the prodigious exertions by which only the preterperfect tenses and supines of Latin verbs could be reached. "You have deponent verbs, I believe at your school. Well, they are wonderful things indeed! Other verbs are bad enough; but I declare it makes my head swim to think of your deponents. They have a passive form, and an active signification; and yet the form is not altogether passive, still less is it altogether active. They are astonishing! I think of them sometimes in bed; and I cannot sleep for thinking of them, so that I almost wish I had never heard of them, yet that would be a pity too. But what are you reading yourself?" "Ovid, sir — Ovid's Metamorphoses."

The master of the free-school possessed a copy of Bailey's Ovid, in which he had read the English arguments; by this assistance, and by reason of the sympathy of the young mind with poetic subjects and the poetic style, even the boy was able to give some lame, but not wholly unintelligible, account of the transmigrations which he had blundered through.

"You are reading Ovid's Metamorphoses, and have just got into the speech of Pythagoras, I know; we have often chatted together very pleasantly about Ovid; but are you reading any thing else — any thing classical I mean?"

"Yes, sir, I am reading Sallust."

The dust was presently brushed from a neat little volume, wherein upon unsullied paper very distinct types had impressed a century before what remains of the text of that historian; but no notes, no interpretation, no arguments, no helps for learners — the naked text alone: it was a sealed book, therefore, to the master of the free-school.

"This is Sallust, is it not?"

The question was easily answered; but the next required some consideration, and did not obtain a hesitating solution, until it was repeated.

"You are reading Sallust; what is it about?"

"I believe, sir — I rather think, sir, Sallust is about the Romans."

"A great people! A fine people, indeed — a noble people! About the Romans; why, St. Paul himself wrote a letter to the Romans. He wrote an epistle to the Philippians, to the Colossians, and to the Romans; which shows that they were a great people, or he would not have written to them. So Sallust, then, is about the Romans. Very good."

A poet sings how some young woman was changed into a tree, and accordingly a boy, being particularly well acquainted with trees, and having at least a general notion of young women, understands the transformation just as well as the poet himself, or any of his readers. An historian relates in what manner a certain party attempted, successfully or otherwise, to alter, by conquest, or without it, the established constitution of some kingdom or commonwealth; but a boy can know nothing about constitutions and commonwealths. He may remember the names of Lentulus and Cethegus, of Catiline and Fulvia; but the objects of their actions will be unintelligible to him; and probably the best account he can render of the famous historical piece is, "it is about the Romans." The addition of St. Paul to the conspiracy did not diminish the intricacy of the story, which now seemed to be quite inextricable, perplexity being further perplexed, and all hope of ever understanding it being wholly removed.

The master of the free-school would sometimes employ the leisure of

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Saturday afternoon in surveying land, in which he was very skilful, and he had once or twice permitted the young student of Sallust to attend him, to carry the arrows, to hold one end of the chain, and to perform other humble offices; and he was pleased to find that the boy took an interest in what he saw, and desired to understand it. But his regard and respect were rivetted by the motto of Enfield's Speaker, or of some such book of extracts, which was much used in the school. Upon this small but tough fragment of Latin the master had exhausted, for many years, and in vain, the whole resources of his learning, and his utmost strength grammatical and critical. How often had he assailed it resolutely, and how often had his mental forces retired from it, broken like the waves upon a rock! One evening, however, he pointed it out to his little guest, as a bit of gnarled oak that no wedge might enter: the boy eyed it in silence for a few minutes, and then carefully taking it word by word, construed it literally. The master stood mute with amazement; but having heard it repeated two or three times, he began to be surprised that the passage had ever puzzled him; nor was he soon weary of reiterating — "He raised towards the nobles his eyes for a little while detained on the ground, and he unloosed his mouth with the expected sound; nor is grace absent from his eloquent words." "Grace is not absent," sir, "means it is present; it is the way with the poets." "Indeed, what a pretty idea! They are fine fellows these poets; but you can never know where you have them: that is the worst of it!" Not only did the boy construe the motto, but he actually found it in Bailey's Ovid, and pointed it out to the admiring master, who, when he saw it there, could not have been more astonished if he had seen Ovid himself writing the words, nor more delighted if he had been admitted within the circle of Greeks, had witnessed the contest for the arms of Achilles, and heard the graceful eloquence of Ulysses. He had never followed a quotation home before; he had never seen it in its domestic privacy; so he put a paper in the place, took down the book many times a day, and gazed at the motto embedded in the text, like some fossil fish, some palæotherium, sticking fast in a quarry. Authors so rarely hew their citations from the living rock, they so commonly take their specimens ready cut and labelled, that he could hardly know that every stray wandering motto has its native soil and birthplace. It is evident that under such a master a boy would learn more in three weeks than under ordinary instructors in a long life of education. Of some tutors, it is true, the classical attainments are more extensive; but what avails it to expound the writings of Pindar and of Æschylus, of Thucydides, and of Aristotle, with scrupulous accuracy, if the pupil be also taught that these accomplishments are discreditable and odious, to be acquired with painful reluctance, just so far and so long as will suffice to gain admission to some eleemosynary foundation, to win some academical prize, or to effect some other sordid purpose, and this end being accomplished, that he is to cast all erudition aside with loathing and for ever. With the master of the free-grammar-school it was far otherwise: by sage precept and by an honest example he informed youth to love, honour, and reverence learning and learned men; the sentiment is noble and salutary, and so exceedingly precious, that in comparison with it nicely to estimate amounts is only vain trifling, especially as to matters wherein, as in human learning, the least is very much, and the most but little. He cherished the boy who taught him to construe the motto, and when an opportunity offered, delighted to converse with him.

"Do you learn Greek?" he asked, during a few spare minutes after breakfast on the first Sunday in July — "do you learn Greek?" he asked doubtingly. "No, sir; when I am twelve I am to go into Virgil, and to

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begin Greek." "Then you do not know Greek." "He knows the alphabet, sir," said one of the Scotch boys. "So you know the Greek alphabet! Well, I wish I did. Some day perhaps I shall know it myself, when I am in full orders! I have heard on very good authority, on which I can rely, that there are twenty-four letters. I only know two of them, the first and the last; these are mentioned in Scripture, and in a very remarkable manner, in a manner that makes me desire to know the rest. Let me see, then, there are twenty-two letters which I do not know. It is something, I assure you, to know the Greek alphabet! Have you read the Latin Testament?" "Only the four Gospels, sir. That was a long time ago, before Ovid's Epistles. I read Ovid's Epistles before I began the Metamorphoses." This answer led to the production of the versions of Castalio and Beza, and to the observations already reported concerning the style of the two interpreters.

The snow-white apron continued as a signal for some time at the back-door, before it was said with a timid voice, "I think I see Mrs. Featherby. I believe dinner is ready. We may approach now, I believe, without any impropriety." The parlour at the free-school was a long, low, narrow room, receding inwards a great way from a wide window with stone transoms. We stood before the fireplace on entering, although it was filled with holly; we stood there through habit, because it was next the door, and because the table was spread at the other end near the window; mute we stood in mighty expectation. The anxious housekeeper listened, one while in the doorway, next in the passage, then at the foot of the stairs, presently in the middle of the passage, and then again in the doorway. "There she is! She is coming! I hear her!" We turned pale, we felt pale indeed, but no Mrs. Featherby — it was a false alarm. We stood mute in mighty expectation, breathing with difficulty. The vexed housekeeper listened, one while in the doorway, next in the passage, then at the foot of the stairs, presently in the middle of the passage, and then again in the doorway. "Dear me! How tiresome this is — the dinner will be quite spoiled! and there was every thing looking so nice!" It was the silence of despair, when the sound of a distant door broke it; then there were footsteps on the stairs, which creaked, it might be with joy and pride, and faint rustling of fine garments crossed the passage, and Miss Burtenshaw glided in. The master of the free-school advanced quickly, and presented his hand; the lady took it graciously, but extended her arm, so as to keep him at a distance, and fell back upon a perpendicular courtesy; whereupon the master retreated backwards as far as the wall would permit.

Miss Burtenshaw was rather tall than short, but certainly not tall, being however perfectly erect, and of conspicuous strength and health. She was eighteen years of age, and she had been eighteen not more than four years, perhaps not quite so long. Her hair was abundant and nicely arranged, being brown, a very dark brown, yet far from black. Her complexion was not pale, nor coloured, nor fair, nor brown, but clear. Her features were regular and finely formed; she had a dark eye, bright but soft, and a charming mouth. White teeth are commonly a sad deformity, since they tempt the possessor to disfigure her face by a constant grin, that every bit of bone may be seen at once. A sweet smile passed along Miss Burtenshaw's lips, and a few teeth only appearing in turns in her moving mouth, they seemed to be not bones, but pearls. She had no ornaments whatever, save two gold rings, like wedding rings, and these were worn, not on her fingers, but in the tips of her ears, which were still red with exercise. Her dress was white: in those days ladies wore white exclusively; it was a

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frock of white muslin, scanty and plain. There was some little display of bosom, but the closely-drawn muslin came up high, so that full forms were only indicated in front, but behind the garment was lower, and there was less reserve. Between the plump shoulders, indeed, a single fold of the *chemise* was visible, which disclosure might serve as a connecting link between earth and heaven, between the muslin and the flesh, as a consolation to humanity, and as an assurance that a humble vestment is worn by a distinguished beauty. The skirt and petticoats descended even unto the ground, and the hem, in the very extremity of modest concealment, kissed the floor all round, and the point of each foot was alternately put forth in the short steps of a most reserved walk. Some short greetings were exchanged, some brief remarks were received, for the most part with sugared smiles. "These young gentlemen are our classical scholars." "That is our Grecian, the first we ever had." "Indeed!" The smile that accompanied the word was certainly sweet, and the voice that uttered the single word was gracious. But would it have been too much, Miss Burtenshaw, to have turned your head partially round, to discover which of the five boys, who stood behind you, was the Grecian, and the first Grecian, more especially as brewers love the muses?

At the top of the table sat Mrs. Featherby, at the bottom the master of the free-school; Miss Burtenshaw placed herself next to Mrs. Featherby on the left, with two boys between herself and the bottom, for her protection, and the other three boys were on the right of the table. There were ribs of lamb roasted, and the shoulder: these were now well grown, and nice and brown. There was mint sauce, and a salad of lettuce, how fresh and how white! There were new potatoes from the garden, as well round as kidney-shaped, in rare plenty; and peas in great abundance, hot and hot, dish after dish. The master blessed our country fare with many solemn words, as became a deacon, and helped every guest with an equal care; Miss Burtenshaw sanctified our viands with her soft virgin smile, rendering them more savoury, and our hearts more grateful, but she did not eat. Her host did not offer any remark, or presume to interfere: he could not understand the functions of females, either that of nutrition or any other, but her abstinence cost the housekeeper many sighs and much uneasiness. To each proposal a negative was gently murmured, until at last the lady conceded in a whisper, "Well, Mrs. Featherby, I think I will have a pea." The peas were received, and they seemed to pass without difficulty the barrier of glittering teeth.

"Miss Burtenshaw, you have no beer!" The words were ejaculated with a profound sigh, and they were answered by a gracious refusing smile. "Do you never take beer, madam?" "Sometimes." Every ear was greedy to catch the insignificant word, and every eye to seize the delicious smile that accompanied it; but presently the smiles increased a hundredfold, for the master at last presumed to address her from the bottom of the table, and on a topic of much interest. "There is no beer, Miss Burtenshaw, like your beer. Ours is only home-brewed, you may well slight it!" "Oh, no, no, sir — oh, no!" and the radiant smiles overpowered her words. "You send out a prodigious quantity of beer, I know. I suppose you send out every quarter six thousand barrels?" "Oh dear, sir, a great deal more than that; let me see, it must be — I think — about — but a great deal more than that!" The master looked round the table for astonishment, and he found it; the boys stared, and the housekeeper groaned dreadfully. It was plain that a young lady who could send out so coolly such prodigious quantities of beer might well despise Greek, and every thing else.

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"Miss Burtenshaw walked all the way, sir, every step." "That is five miles; by the fields five miles good: she must be tired." "Are you not tired, Miss?" "Oh, no, Mrs. Featherby, not the least." And the dear smile returned, charming as ever. "Miss means to walk all the way back again, sir.—Oh dear, but you will be tired though; you will surely be very tired to-morrow, madam; you will indeed!" "Oh, no, Mrs. Featherby." "Well, do you know, when I was young, that is, when I was a girl, I do not mean a child, but when I was a young girl, I could walk any distance myself, any distance; and I was never tired at the time, not the least. But the next day, my knees—oh! my knees, how my knees did ache! and my knees, the day after, oh! how my knees did ache! I declare it makes my knees ache now, only to think how my knees ached then."

Miss Burtenshaw had dropt her eyes into her lap: her mouth was drawn down, as in death, and every trace of a smile had fled; she had no knees herself, at least to her own knowledge, nor had she ever known the knees of others. She had a head with a sweetly pretty face upon it; she had two round hands with taper fingers, and she had occasionally the extreme tips of a pair of feet; but from the topmost slide of the white frock to its last and lowest hem, all besides was a blank: knees, then, were as unintelligible as Greek, and of more difficult attainment.

We fastened our eyes upon our plates, and were dumb; but the merciless Mrs. Featherby, profiting by the deep silence, went on to discourse aloud of her own past pains, and of the pains that would attend the labours of Miss Burtenshaw. "They would seize upon her knees, they would reach down below the calves of her legs, and ——" And what next—oh, what next? It seemed desirable, that the earth should open and swallow us up, whilst we still retained our innocency; but fortunately the little Scotch boy, on the right of the housekeeper, muttered that one day he crossed on foot some mountain, with a barbarous name, and on the morrow his knees ached. Being delighted with the attention, which she had long sought in vain, she immediately rewarded the boy's sympathy with several spoonfuls of peas; and the master, snatching gladly the occasion of a pause, called loudly for the tarts, and thereby preserved us.

A stately currant pie, in a large white dish, stood presently at each end of the table, and in the middle was a small punch-bowl well filled with custard. These rustic dainties found with Miss Burtenshaw a less coy reception than the first course; and they soothed and refreshed her after the embarrassment resulting from Mrs. Featherby's exceeding plainness of speech. When the cloth was withdrawn, several dishes exhibited strawberries newly gathered from the garden; another punch-bowl contained thick yellow cream; there were glasses, many and various, and six decanters, all of an old fashion and of a different pattern. Six tickets displayed penmanship of the highest order in the words "Orange," "Ginger," "Currant," "Gooseberry," "Raspberry," and "Superior Old Raisin." Miss Burtenshaw could never refuse strawberries; and accordingly this delicious fruit, in addition to its other merits, may boast a peculiar attraction, and a very powerful one in the eyes of all, whoever beheld the lady that can never refuse it. She did not refuse cream; might it lie light upon her maiden stomach! She dealt impartially by the wine, and permitted her sweet lips to sip of each sort in turns; but she always deluged a thimbleful of wine with a flood of water, to the sore distress of Mrs. Featherby, whose excellent handiwork was thus barbarously marred. "Dear, dear, Miss, what a pity! Why, you cannot taste the wine! It is all water! I declare it is just spoiling it! Do take a drop neat—only to drink some of our healths."

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She might well complain of the injurious treatment of such wine — of wine that might demand for the maker of it any franchise except an unseasonable parade of her knowledge of the human form. "Miss Burtenshaw, would not you like to learn Greek?" The master of the free-school having tasted once and again of each sample of wine successively, and being somewhat emboldened thereby, and not wanting, moreover, a proper firmness in the sacred cause of learning, although naturally modest, ventured to raise his voice once more on behalf of the literature of Greece, which he felt ought not to be put off by such a sorry word as "Indeed!" however sweetly uttered. "Would you like to learn Greek, Miss Burtenshaw?" "Oh, sir, I fear I should be very stupid." Her smile seemed to show that her fear was unfounded. "We have a young gentleman with us now who is learning Greek; he knows the alphabet already." The word "Indeed!" again dropt from her mouth, but it seemed now less ungenial than before; and as the master fixed his eyes upon the subject of his discourse, the lady turned hers also in the same direction. The glance was momentary, but it was a powerful incentive to learn all languages — a direct provocation to speak with all the tongues of men and of angels.

"I wish I knew the Greek alphabet myself. Perhaps I shall know it some day, when I am in full orders!" "Oh, sir, how I should like to see you in full orders!"

These words, the hearty expression, and the radiant countenance, quite overcame the master, and he remained silent and thoughtful for some minutes, having stammered out with some difficulty, "Would you indeed, Miss Burtenshaw? indeed, you are very good!" But having gained new strength from his unextinguishable zeal for letters, and from the "Superior Old Raisin," he at last resumed: "Would you not like to know the Greek alphabet yourself, Miss Burtenshaw? It is mentioned in Scripture, and in a very remarkable manner." "Whatever is mentioned there, sir, must be most highly proper indeed for all of us!" "Mentioned in that manner." "Of course." It seemed that Mrs. Featherby was asleep; but she was not altogether so, for she suddenly exclaimed, not without sighs and groans — "Yes, Scripture is the only sure guide! I wish that I may live to see the day when I may begin to follow Scripture! But I am a worm, a very poor worm, something much worse than any worm! And goodness me! what is it that I hear? Are we not all sitting here, and are not the bells going for church?"

The party was soon on the way to church. Miss Burtenshaw and the master of the free-school walked abreast, and so far apart, that, if both had extended an arm, they might nearly have touched each other with the tips of their fingers. Mrs. Featherby hovered on the flank, and the boys followed behind so closely, that if the master had said any thing to the lady, or the lady to the master, they would have heard it; and whenever the boys chanced to lag behind, the decorous couple halted for them to come up. We mounted to the gallery, or loft, the accustomed seat of the free-school, having left Miss Burtenshaw alone below in a pew, of which the oaken sides were so high, that even from our elevated position we were only able sometimes to descry a part of her white veil and the summit of her white chip bonnet; and sometimes a gentle rustling assured us that we were not wholly bereft of her.

During a sermon, which lasted more than an hour, for any thing that we could discover, our charmer might have been dead; but if she slept, her sleep was not eternal, for we all returned to the free-school in such order as we had proceeded to church. Mrs. Featherby presently began to supply

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tea, to administer cream, and to distribute tea-cakes, light, hot, and well buttered, under three denominations, plain, with carraway-seeds, and with currants. We fed heartily upon the grateful nutriment, and upon the sweet smiles that had become perhaps still sweeter through a short absence. After the wholesome meal the announcement was heard with pain that Miss Burtenshaw must prepare to depart; however, we were to attend her. We withdrew as before to the utmost verge of the garden to await the preparation, which was long; and being at last summoned, we found Miss Burtenshaw before the front door, and the housekeeper making courtesies all round her, amidst a shower of smiles, bidding a manifold farewell, together with apologies, for that she could not bear her company on foot. It was a glorious evening as ever the sky shed upon the earth; our course was towards the north-west, and the declining sun and the soft breeze met Miss Burtenshaw in the face, and sported together with her white veil. Our path led us through shady pastures and green flowery meadows, across a hill, which was comprised in a park; and having passed the hill and the park-wall, we came down again into the small grassy meadows, the footway bending towards the right hand, and winding along under thick, tall, tangled hedges.

The order of march originally adopted in going to church was strictly observed: the lady kept the path, the master walked abreast at the prescribed interval, treading in the grass; the boys followed close behind, and when they loitered, their leaders lingered. Our progress was slow; and it was slower, because, except when we crossed the park, we found many stiles. Whenever we came to a stile, the master of the free-school and the boys climbed it hastily, advanced quickly a certain distance, and then stood in the grass by the footpath for many minutes. Silent we stood, with downcast eyes, our backs turned towards the stile, patient and humbled in spirit, not daring even to conjecture what mysterious rites might be performed behind us, and expecting we knew not what, but deeply and painfully affected, and indeed penetrated, by a profound sense of the value and sanctity of secrets so studiously veiled under elaborate concealment. "What could the people be thinking about who made those stiles? I often wonder what in the world they could be thinking about."

It was a relief to hear the accustomed inquiry, for it bespoke the termination of our long-protracted and often-repeated expectation, which, if it had been less reverential, might possibly have become wearisome. It was pleasant to hear her firm footsteps, and her mellow voice enlivened by a slight panting, to see her resume her position, and to prosecute our walk. The same question was always asked, but it never received an answer: it was vain to endeavour, by any conjecture, to arrive at the thoughts of some unknown carpenters, who constructed, clumsily enough, certain stiles, perhaps a century before. It would be far less difficult to describe the thoughts of him who had seen the lady ascending a lofty stile. He would doubtless think of Miss Burtenshaw herself, and of little else for ever, and for one day longer at least. But such a spectacle was never afforded to mortal eye: — the princes of fairy, the elfin kings, lurking fauns, peeping satyrs, the unseen genius of the place, might look, — and love, — or laugh, — and live; but man, never — from his first feeble infancy to his last decrepitude, never, — never!

Our walk was a happy, a tranquil, and a silent one: the lady spoke little; her admirers not at all; but happiness must have an end, even when it is tranquil and silent. It was when the sky began to give a less brilliant light; where the trees were tallest and most frequent; where the

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hedges were thickest, the inclosures smallest, the grass deepest, the path most devious, and the solitude most complete, that the lady stopt suddenly, and smiling sweetly, said, "Here we must part." It was stated that we had attended her for more than three miles, and that in less than two miles further she would find herself at home; yet it seemed unkind and unnatural to leave her in so lonely a place: "You see the sun is set! I would not for the whole world have it said of me that I had been seen in the fields with men after sunset: I could not bear the thought!" Thus did she reply to expostulation. We are told that Heaven itself would stoop to chastity, — the master of the free-school then could only bow to the determination of Miss Burtenshaw; accordingly, he shook hands with her, at the same distance, and with the same formalities, as at meeting, and certainly not with less emotion; but even in this extremity, his love of learning did not fail him. "Will you not say goodnight to our Grecian, Miss Burtenshaw; he is the first we ever had! — we shall not have him long — he leaves us on Tuesday." The lady deigned to extend her arm. To remember the sweet smile, thus specially directed — the warm soft hand, as felt through a woven glove of open work — the condescending courtesy from one, before whom the proudest might bow — and the first and last "good night!" — to remember these things is to forget time and distance.

We retraced her recent steps silently, and with reverence; but it is to be feared, that on our return we jumped rather thoughtlessly over the stiles, which Miss Burtenshaw had lately passed with so much caution and circumspection.

Having related on the morrow the adventures of Sunday, with a gravity and decency suggested by sentiments of admiration and respect, to an occasional companion, a native of the village, the ill-starred boy heard the narrative with much impatience, and before it was concluded, exclaimed, — "Well, so you had a fine piece of work, I suppose, about Nanny Burtenshaw's mill-posts! Oh, I know her of old!" Spiteful and heinous words like these can only proceed from the envy of vulgar minds, which meanly ascribe unworthy motives to a delicacy they are unable to understand.

How often does some winding shady lane catch the eye of a traveller as he hastens through a strange country, and cling to his memory, together with the desire to explore it; and a romantic field-path rouses a still more lively curiosity: thus is it as to those green solitary meadows, which were the scene of parting; it has often seemed, that it would be a pleasant thing to visit them again, and to extend the walk a few miles further. The quiet district was quitted at day-break on the appointed Tuesday, and it has never been surveyed again; nor has one of the party who sat at the dinner-table on the first Sunday in July been seen or heard of since the departure which so soon followed. It would be soothing to revisit the scenes of boyhood; and not otherwise than soothing to be again subjected to the smile of Miss Burtenshaw, whose virtues have no doubt been confirmed by long experience; and being now sixty-two years of age, for this Sunday fell some forty years ago, she has perhaps learnt that it is necessary to give still greater length to petticoats, and to pass a stile with more mature deliberation.

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THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The French Revolution. A History. By THOMAS CARLYLE.* Second Edition. Three Vols. 12mo. James Fraser. 1839.

I.

WE can have no need of apology either towards our readers or towards the illustrious writer, in profiting by the second edition of a work by Mr. Carlyle, the first having appeared three years ago, to give our opinion on it, and to give that opinion in all frankness, *sine irâ et studio*. The subject of the work is too important, as respects the understanding both of the past and the future of Europe, for us not to be eager to seize every possible occasion for treating of it; and the author is too eminent in the sphere of literature and in our esteem, for us not to be frank with him.

When the book appeared, if we recollect right, the praise was almost unanimous. The organs of opinions diametrically opposed fraternised in admiration. Soft and sympathetic phrases arose together from the two hostile camps which, here as elsewhere, divide society between them. In a concord so unusual, as regarding notable men treating of notable subjects, there was an indication at once of the good and the bad of the performance. It was a homage paid to the incontestably eminent and dazzling talent of the author — an unfeigned admiration imperiously called forth by an artistical fervour and a vigour of execution that have no rivals amongst us at the present day; but to those who know how thoroughly inflexible is the logic of party, it was a proof that the work was deemed harmless, and that men might applaud it without being thence led on to serious concessions. But can it be such, and be complete — useful — equal to the wants of the epoch? No; it cannot. Doubtless it is very sad to proclaim it to those who are condemned to live and to die in this period of warfare; but such is ours. The war is furious and irreconcileable everywhere, and on all matters. Never, perhaps, has the struggle, old as the world, between fact and right, fatalism and liberty, privilege and divine equality, borne so deep a stamp, so especial a universality. To him who can detect the principle under its different appearances, it is working at the base of every branch of human development from the increase in industrial activity to the conceptions of religion. It makes instruments of every thing. The French revolution was not its programme, nor its most matured expression, but its most active and most European political manifestation. By that revolution, the spirit of emancipation became incarnate in a people, and gave battle; and the battle was long, bloody, destructive, full of great and of cruel things, of Titan-like phrenzies and achievements. How could our author take his course between the two ensigns that there clashed, —

* In speaking of a writer like Mr. Carlyle, we owe it to ourselves as well as to our readers to declare at the commencement, that it would be wrong to expect to find in these pages an appreciation of the genius and tendencies of Mr. Carlyle. Far from that, we look on these few remarks on *one* of his works as imposing on us the duty of a more general review, and we promise to undertake it within a brief period. We do not even pretend to pass an absolute judgment on the meaning of the performance, for it is proper to have some distrust of oneself when treating of an intelligence so profound and serious as that of the present writer. We desire merely to show, from our own experience, the impression that the perusal of the volumes will produce on the greater number of readers. Evidently in choosing a popular subject to handle historically, Mr. Carlyle meant not to address himself to a small minority of thinkers; he must have looked to a popular end, to the education of the greatest possible number of readers.

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between the vast resentments and the vast hopes that sprung from the conflict, without making his choice? How choose without exciting the angry feeling of all those assembled around the standard by him condemned? For the sake of impartiality, you say! No, that is not the question. Impartiality, too often confounded with indifference, forbids not conviction, or a choice between the two camps. It imposes the duty of not concealing the ill that may sometimes tarnish the righteous standard, or the good that may incidentally fall out under the shadow of the unjust one. But very far from conciliating for the historian the favour of the party that he reproves, it embitters them against him; for they feel beforehand how decisive at the bar of humanity will be the condemnation pronounced by a just man. It is not then impartiality alone that can save the historian of an event like the French revolution from the ill-favour and the recriminations of a generation whose fathers combated for or against it, and who are themselves engaged in similar conflicts. More will be demanded. It will be necessary that, embracing a plan that guides not to the future, but, as it were, turns on its own axis round the past, the historian should contemplate and reproduce the event isolated, detached from the general march of the people, without relative value, without rank on the scale that marks the degrees of the collective life of humanity. It will be necessary that, burying the conception of the whole beneath the analysis of details, the sense beneath the symbol, the principle beneath the material fact, he should see *men* only where others behold ideas making their way in the world by men — impulses merely individual, where others recognise an inspiration springing from wants and wishes below — contingent and transitory effects where others fancy they discover results worked out by the law of providence in the very teeth of the intention of agents. It will be necessary, in short, that shrinking not only from the explanation, but from the admission of a law of existence for the human race, that denying or forgetting the unity of the divine thought accomplishing and evolving itself on earth, he should sink, sensible of it or not, into materialism, and should come to consider every thing as having been possible to be or not to be according to chance or individual caprice — every effect as a simple manifestation of its immediate cause without any necessary connection with the future destinies of humanity. In this fashion, convinced that the historian in his recital brings no new element to the struggle, and that the facts he relates, far from furnishing a presage of the future, can and may yet, as circumstances fall out, be not only modified, but changed, and suppressed by simple individual considerations, opposing parties will readily accord to the writer the liberty of occasionally betraying his sympathies for their adversaries; they will open their souls to the brief influences of his art, yet prompt to repel with odium even the appearance of philosophic conviction.

But in this fashion, too, the sacred mission disappears which the epoch confides to the historian; it gives way to the brilliant but ephemeral vocation of the *artist* — of the artist, we say, not as we understand him, the priest, after his order, of the universal life, and the prophet of a great social end, but such as he is generally understood at the present day, the offspring and the parent of fugitive impressions, the idolator of forms and images, the reproducer of transitory realities, meaningless and soul-less, brought up from the land of shades by the galvanism of imagination. The author is no longer what modern intelligence demands, — the conservator for future generations of the law of which humanity is the *sole* and *progressive* interpreter. He loses even the right which ancient intelligence recognised in historians, — that of judging deeds, "ne virtutes sileantur, utque pravis dictis factisque

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ex posteritate et infamiâ metus sit." For in virtue of what general criterion will he designate good and evil, — crime and virtue in the past, — in events he took no part in, since recognising neither the value, nor the collective mission of the species, he has no standard but the impulse of his individual conscience? Thus lost in a world of different facts, which he can neither put together nor class,— incapable of estimating their importance, — for only by their sequel do they acquire any — incessantly fluctuating between terror and admiration, but seeing the forms that he admires or fears each in their turn vanishing into eternal night, he will bring back nought but bitterness from that spectacle whence he should have derived serenity, — a feeling of nothingness in place of faith, — fatalism, or scepticism in place of activity and hope — only, he will be more vividly struck by what rises, or what falls, according to his personal bias; his preference will give to his pages the cast of the hymn or the elegy; clapping his hands he will follow the car of the conqueror, or, weeping, he will gently pace in the funereal procession of the victim; in fine, he will dedicate a triumphal arch to Power, or an altar to Pity.

M. Thiers has taken the first part, in his "History of the Revolution," as in his life.* Mr. Carlyle has chosen the second; and it could not but be thus: the former is a man of appetite, — the latter a man of sympathies, of noble and generous sympathies, which influence his life, and are visible throughout all his writings.

But as regards the reader?—Is not the result on both sides equally unsatisfactory for him? Does he not seek to discover, ought he not to learn from history rather how to dry up, to prevent tears, than to weep? Have extinct generations nothing more to yield us than an emotion of pity? Is there not an immortality on earth as well as in heaven? Is it not by the legacy of life they transmit to us from the depth of their tomb, by the lessons that murmur about the earth which covers their bones, that they themselves possess a being and live in us? And is it not the historian whose office it is to catch this murmur? He is the trustee and executor of the spirit of generations entombed,— the angel of their second life here below. He it is who fixes and eternizes it in the grand pantheon of humanity, to which each generation of men brings its stone, large or small, but always essential to the maintenance and support of the building. Gifted, like Janus, with a double aspect, it is with his ideas ever turned to the future that he should penetrate the ruins of the past. His labours fix the chain of continuity between what has been and what will be. It is a noble and great mission; but it is not by making us weep over all that falls, for, in brief, all that falls (we speak of powers and of ideas, not of individuals), has it not deserved to fall? It is not by placing before us, fragment by fragment, detail by detail, the mere material fact, the succession of crises by which this world of the dead with their immediate effects have passed away — above all it is not by dragging forth at every instant from the midst of this collective and complex world the single wretched and feeble individual, and setting him in presence of the profound "mystery of time," before "unfathomable darkness," to terrify him with the enigma of existence — it is not so that this mission can be fulfilled; — no, there are enigmas, like those of the sphynx, that must be explained, under pain of being devoured. Every historian of our times, gifted with the powers of Mr. Carlyle, ought to essay to be the Œdipus of this enigma, though he should therefore be evil spoken of. If he essay it not, we repeat, he commits an act of abdication; he declares himself inferior

* See "Political Studies on Foreign Statesmen," *Monthly Chronicle*, October and November.

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to his task; he renounces every influence useful to the companions of his pilgrimage. He must attempt this boldly, for though the essay should be unsuccessful, humanity must yet profit by it: in error there is always some small degree of truth; listlessness and depression alone are unproductive. He must embrace his subject in all its spiritual unity, from a lofty point of sight, indicated by intelligence and approved by conscience; he must then place it in relation with universal history in order to assign it a rank, — a function, — a degree on the scale of social development; and this more or less attained, he must thence deduce the character and bearing of each act, — the appreciation of the morality of each agent. Without ever losing sight of this guiding clue, he must reproduce the material facts with exactness and impartiality, but in such a manner that, endowed to the eye of the reader with transparency, as it were, they may afford a passage to the ideas that gave them birth, and of which they are but the symbolic manifestation; and in this last section it is that the powers of the artist, his talents as a painter and colourist, his personal feelings, will find a field wide enough, and will link our sympathies with his; but we are convinced, that for all this, he must possess a conception of humanity, and Mr. Carlyle has none, and seeks none.

This is the capital crime of the work, and if we are urgent upon it, it is because, though it be the only one which it would not be beneath such a work or such a man to examine into, no one that we know of has yet done it. Bye and bye we shall show wherefore.

Mr. Carlyle does not recognise in a people, and *à fortiori* not in humanity, a collective life — a collective end: he recognises, and is occupied with individuals only; at least we have a right to infer this from his work. Thus there is not, and cannot be for him a law of providence — for every *law* is for the *species* — nor a rationally appreciable chain of connection of causes and effects. He himself says this in a passage of chap. 2. book iii. vol. II.; in another of vol. I. book i. chap. 2., and in half-a-dozen other places. What he puts in its place, or that he puts any thing, we know not: one single passage, which we shall cite, enables us to *divine* his peculiar feeling; but we do know, that in consequence of this, there hangs over his book a certain vague, obscure, unevenly clouded, and — if we may be allowed the phrase — anarchical atmosphere with which he appears to be content. Thence it is that we get up from its perusal disturbed, desponding, disappointed with a leaning towards *scepticism* that was certainly not intended; others would call it *fatalism*, and perhaps not improperly, for very often the second is but a corollary from the first, and the "*of what use is it?*" of the fatalist only another form of the "*what do I know?*" of the sceptic. A breath of the Walpurgis seems to turn over the leaves of this book, written under the inspiration of a fancy the most vivid, and eminently poetical; excited, as we feel on the instant, by a glance at the documents of the revolutionary period. The writer — the poet, may we say— entirely passive, spell-bound, and absorbed, has mirrored on his pages the visions that haunted his brain exactly as they presented themselves, without judging, without reflecting, without even daring to look back, all terror-struck as he was. And before our eyes, as before his, in the midst of "un aria senza tempo tinta," a kind of phantasmagorial vortex, capable of giving the strongest heads a dizziness, pass in speedy flight the defunct heroes of the poem, — undefined figures, stern or melancholy spectres, but always gigantic, always stamped on the forehead with a mark of fatality. What are they going to do? We know not: the poet explains them not, but he laments over them all, whoever they may be. What have they done? Where are they going? We know not; but what-

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ever they may have done, time has now devoured them, and onward they pass over the slippery gore, one after another rolling into night, the great night of Goëthe, the bottomless and nameless abyss; and the voice of the poet is heard crying to the loiterers, "Rest not, continue not, — forward to thy doom." When all are gone, when escaped, as from the nightmare, out of the midst of the turmoil, you look around to catch some trace of their passage, to see if they have left aught behind them that may furnish the solution of the enigma, you have only a vacuum: three words alone remain as the summary of their history, — the BASTILLE, — the CONSTITUTION, — the GUILLOTINE. In this sad trilogy is contained the history of the greatest event of modern times; and whilst it affords us, from its bare statement, the secret of the intelligence of the author, who sought to treat only of the *material* formula of this event, does it not yield us also the secret of his soul, — a secret perhaps not confessed to himself, but which punishes him — he who had the power — for not having sought to advance beyond? Terror and discouragement! The constitution, the object of every effort, is placed between a prison and a scaffold. Three mottoes taken from Goethe stand by the side of the three words that form the title of the three volumes; and the last concludes with a threat for all such as may be sincerely desirous of exalting themselves into apostles of liberty.

And is this all? A *Bastille*, a *Constitution*, a *Guillotine*? Do they form all the legacy that humanity has to receive from, we repeat, the greatest event of modern times? And is the menacing *Versuchs* of Goëthe the only motto that the youth of Europe are to receive from its historian? Heaven be praised — no! There is another thing. Twenty-nine millions of beings rose not as one man, and the half of the population of Europe shook not at their appeal, for a word, a shadow, an empty formula. The revolution, that is to say, the tumult of the revolution, has passed; it has perished as to its form, like aught else that has fulfilled its mission; but the idea remains. The idea, disengaged from its material envelope — a fixed star, and to beam for ever — has ascended to the heaven of intelligence; it has become one of the conquests of humanity. Every great idea is immortal. The French Revolution has left the feeling of right, that of liberty, and that of equality, ineffaceably engraven on the souls of men; it has fixed in the bosom of the French people a conscience of the inviolability of French nationality, in the bosom of *every* people a conscience of their strength, of the triumph reserved for every strong, active, and collective will. Politically, it summed up and ended one epoch of humanity, and placed us all on the threshold of another. And all this is indestructible. Neither protocols, nor constitutional treaties, nor the ukases of absolute powers, shall avail to efface it.

This is what, if he desired to do a useful work, Mr. Carlyle should have told us in his own powerful language; but this is what he has not even attempted to set himself on the search after. Led astray by the false method he has adopted, or erring, perhaps, from the absence of a philosophical method, he has done no more than give us *tableaux*, wonderful in their execution, but nothing in conception, without connection, without a bearing. His book is the French Revolution *illustrated* — illustrated by the hand of a master we know, but one from whom we expected a different labour.

Pause we for an instant. Already, several times in writing these pages, have we felt that the ground on which we are is that on which it is customary with us to place those men who are called dreamers, systemizers, formulists — names which, to say the truth, have no very precise signification, but which appear, we know not by what privilege, to be a dispensation for

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any reflecting or conscientious examination with such as utter them — a practice very convenient, but hardly rational. These names we do not repudiate. However little we may refer to the past, we find them applied in turn by contemporaries to almost all the men who were promulgators of any one of those novelties that posterity has since adopted as true and useful; at bottom they do but cloak an indifference, often culpable, always pernicious. But we desire to understand, and to be understood; and we ask permission of the reader to make here a few remarks, intended not to discuss a question, but to state it more clearly than it has been customary to do. We will then return to Mr. Carlyle.

II.

By the confusion, hinted at in our commencement, of two things radically distinct, impartiality and indifference, there has been introduced, not an opinion, but a fashion in the manner of regarding the mission of history, which, if it could find its application in reality, would end in suppressing it, and in making the historian a kind of registering machine that would preserve no more of the man than the two eyes and the right hand. The writer who undertakes to retrace the *life* of the past to suit those who adopt this fashion, will look and write: thinking is no part of his office. All belief—that is to say, every criterion for judging of good or evil, the useful or the noxious or useless — they hold in suspicion. All system — that is to say, all knowledge, or attempt at knowledge of the law of the generation of phenomena — startles them into horror; so that, logically, the best historian with that party would be he who should comprehend nothing of the facts that he relates, and whose narrative nevertheless — and this is very remarkable — should be done in a manner that all should comprehend these said facts: for "history is experience instructed" — "the study of the past is the school of the future," and so on, are favourite maxims with these gentlemen. Thus the historian is a collector of mummies, a custodier of bodies, to whom arrangement or classification is not permitted. That which is demanded from those who occupy themselves with brute matter, with unorganic bodies, is refused to him who is the conservator of the *tradition* of the human species; that in reality is handed over to anarchy. He must lay down complex, confused, and distant events, with the exactness and unconsciousness of a daguerreotype, that catches the image of things present and motionless. In this way — forbidden by a kind of *taboo* from touching on things that are common to all the world — treated almost like Romulus, whom, according to the tales they give us at college for the history of Rome, the senators tore in pieces, in order afterwards to worship him as a God — there remains but one part for the poor historian to play — that of an annalist, a chronicler from year to year, or day to day. And, in truth, we see not what there is to find fault with in the simple fashion in which some centuries since, immediately after the recital of a battle deciding the fate of a kingdom, these last would note the election of a gatekeeper to the convent, or the notion that the historian's own father was the porter. What right had they to *estimate* the importance of one or the other of these facts on the future?

Most happily all this lives and dies within the circle of *readers: writers*, without exception, shake off the yoke. The historian, above all things, is a man — has muscles, nerves, blood, and life in the heart: he loves, he hates, he thinks — only he thinks truly or falsely, well or ill; and his works are the result. He has his theory, even when he claims to be without one; and when he happens to cry out against the mania of systems, you may be sure

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that he is talking of systems that are not his own, for one he has, and that he obeys; were it not so, he would be no man. Gibbon or Botta, Hume or Michelet, are all one: and for our own part, we would pledge ourselves to draw out the personal opinions of the author of any history whatever that might be pointed out.

How, in fact, narrate, without appreciating, without estimating? And how estimate without having what it has been agreed to brand with the name of theory — a theory of human deeds and of the moral law that sways them? To narrate, say you, is to paint by words — nothing more, nothing less. Very well; but the painter, when you sit for a portrait, asks you to choose an attitude, the attitude that best expresses your habitual and predominant tendencies, and requires you to preserve that attitude. And so necessarily, facts also should take their attitude and seat themselves before you, unless you wish to leave us in a mist, and to throw over your pages that wavy blot which stands, in the daguerreotype, for the image of objects in motion. For them, then, an attitude, the attitude that best expresses their predominant tendency; for you, a point of sight, the point that can best seize the attitude; and point of sight and attitude both, it is to you, the historian, that the choice of them belongs. Altogether we demand in you a theory of collocation, of perspective, and of expression. Thence to a theory of *causes* is a step, of course; for the cause makes part of the fact itself that you are about to set before us; it determines its character. What is a fact, if not the effort of a cause labouring to produce the future? And from thence to a theory of *purposes*, is again a step of course. What is a fact, if it be not a purpose followed out? What is it that presides over its development if it be not its tendency towards this purpose? How, then, seize on the fact, that is, how approach it from its proper point of sight, and consequently complete, if it be not from that point that commands this purpose? Cause and purpose — these are the two extremes between which should flow the essence of your work. Cause and purpose — these also are the two elements the appreciation of which constitutes the law. Definitively then, it is necessary that you possess the knowledge of the law of the fact in order to set it forth such as it really was; and you require the law of the generation of facts, when it is with a whole of those facts that you have to do. Do we then desire that every historian should give us a philosophy of history? No; but we do desire that every historian should have one: and we maintain that every history, if well done, should contain one, as every number contains its root. To pretend to reproduce facts without meddling with the thought they came to realise, is to pretend to give a definition, a clear and complete idea of *man*, by exhibiting a body deprived life.

And at bottom, whatever may be said, no one, we repeat, has pretended to it. All have felt that there could be no exact representation of a fact considered as absolutely isolated; that the determination of its place and of its value in space and time among antecedent and posterior facts was inseparable from its consideration; that it must be contemplated from a point of sight commanding the chain of facts; in other terms, that it was from the attitude of the law of facts that its entire whole could be embraced; and, as the law of the *individual* could only be gathered from the *species*, all have sought at the commencement of their labours to form a conception of the law that governs the life of the species; that is to say, a theory, a system, a formula, as men choose to term it. They may, indeed, regret the name, but all have the *thing*.

Now, in this work of research, two principal solutions present themselves,

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two great schools are formed — two, we say, for the innumerable shades constituting the individuality of each writer appear to us capable of being ranged under one or the other. In the present day they are in presence of each other, and, according as the first or the second shall triumph, we shall see human activity follow a direction entirely different.

The first is that which has latterly been termed the school of *circular movement;* and, in fact, the antique symbol of the serpent biting its tail best represents it. For this school, humanity, a collective body living a common life, progressing by common efforts towards a common aim, exists not. There exists, in their view, only the *genus humanum*, a multitude of individuals pressed on by nearly the same wants, and who, feeling themselves too feeble in isolation, unite together in societies to gain greater means of satisfying them. When, from causes such as the determination of localities, a common mode of expressing themselves, habits contracted in uniformity, these aggregations acquire a more marked character of cohesion, they form peoples. Each of them is subject to a law that makes them turn in a circle, from monarchy to aristocracy, from aristocracy to democracy, from that to anarchy, and from that to despotism, to go again over the same course. This law, with the greater part of the disciples of this school at least, is not the deduction of a plan fixed beforehand in the Divine thought — with them God exists but for the individual — it is an inevitable result of human passions and tendencies developing themselves by contact, and giving birth to successive facts. It is also on the tendencies and passions of individuals that depends the greater or less duration of these periods of the life of a people, and in individual facts must generally be sought the cause of the social facts that determine it. Such, implicitly or explicitly, is the general formula of the school. Consequently, and in spite of every effort to avoid it, they lean towards fatalism. Launched into the midst of an agitated world, with no consciousness of a law of providence to fortify reason, with no influence of the universal life to direct the inclination, man must appear to them as delivered over almost without defence to the instinct of his passions, to his appetites, to his interests, that is to say, to whatever there is most fatal on the earth; and, moreover, necessarily the victim of accidental circumstances, that, as often as they are reproduced, give birth to the same effects. Of what good then are his efforts? Can he elaborate aught else than a few days or years of longer duration for the social period in which the social chance has thrown him? Is there an immortality for his work? No, there is none. The eternal *cursus et recursus* inexorably devours ideas, creeds, daring, and devotedness. The Infinite takes to him the form of Nihilation, and thenceforward there remains to him, if he be an egotist, only the idolatry of fugitive happiness, the enjoyment of the present in every possible way; or, if he be not so, a contempt of life, with the arms crossed in the bitterness of impotency — materialism or despair. And thus it is with the school. It branches itself into two parts, according as we have said to the virtuous or vicious tendencies of the individuals that compose it, sometimes pandering to the powers that be, sometimes lamenting over those that are passing away: but its speech is always sad, though often solemn; it prophesies death. It might be said that, like the men who, of old, accompanied the triumphal chariot, it murmurs in the ear of the conqueror, *Thy triumph is one step towards thy fall.* It has a glance of pity for every act of enthusiasm, a smile, stamped with scepticism, for every act of great devotedness to ideas. Generalities are odious to it; detail is its favourite occupation; and it there amuses itself, as if seeking to lay at rest its inconsolable cares. It lives by analysis, as if

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it sought by that to habituate itself to the dissolution and the nihilation that it discovers at the bottom of every effort. Illustrious names adorn this school. Setting out from Machiavel, it embraces almost every historian down to the end of the eighteenth century. The ancients also enter into its ranks; but, honestly, nothing can be argued from them in favour of the school, for the unintelligence of humanity was with them rather a necessity than a choice.

The other school, yet young, but going back by some rare forecasts of genius to the thinkers of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and even of the fourteenth centuries, is that now called of the *progressive movement*, and for which perhaps there is hereafter reserved another name. It springs from a consideration of humanity and of a providential law of continued progress, of perceptibility, not *infinite*, but *indefinite*, presiding over its destinies. It deduces the first from the characteristic of sociality that constitutes man — from the oneness of the origin of the human race — from its continuity and incessant renovation — from its tendency to enlarge and more and more perfectionate association, — from the identity of purpose, — from the necessity of setting in operation every power to obtain it. It deduces the second from all that we have just stated; then from the unity of God, — from his nature as far as it is permitted us to comprehend it, — from the necessity of relation between the Creator and his creation,— from the necessity inherent in every being, and forming the law of its existence, of developing all the germs, all the forces, all the faculties of life that are in it,—from the tradition of the species that assures us that the truths conquered by one generation are irrevocable acquisitions for all posterior generations, —from the aspirations that are in us all, and that in all time have been the foundation of religions, and the cause of the devotion of individuals to what cannot be realised till after their death. It has verified both in the proved past of the human species, and deems it has found in this study the most brilliant confirmation of its synthetical views. Thenceforwards, every thing is regarded by it in the view of a mission, a function to discharge in relation to the whole. The people appear to it but as operatives in the great workshop of humanity, instruments of labour that may be thrown aside, broken even as soon as their work is done, and the species not in that behold the destruction of the labour. Thus finding itself in possession of a fixed criterion whereby to class in time and space, wherewith to judge the purposed end, and consequently usefully to represent individual acts, it proceeds with boldness, praises or blames with confidence. The accusation of a tendency to fatalism that we have brought against the other school has been far more often made against this, but evidently it cannot be condemned on this ground, and those who make it confound two things very distinct, the *intention* of agents and the *results* of acts. Human individuality and its liberty are to this school sacred: only it does not believe that the individual has power by his acts to divert the providential law, to destroy or long to delay the progressive development of humanity. Between good and evil the individual can freely choose, and is consequently responsible; but it is not given to him by his choice to enthrone evil in the world: God is there to modify its effects, and to turn to the benefit of successive generations even the errors and crimes of perverse and mistaken men. Thence its habits, its language. Even in registering evil, it sees the good beyond; it often sighs, but never despairs. How much soever to be deplored the subject it takes in hand to treat of, never will scepticism rise from its pages to the heart of the reader; there will rather be, if you will, the exaggeration of faith. It delights in generalisations, and this is seen in its manner of grouping facts. It always

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seeks so to place them as that the *idea* that dictated them may be divined throughout. Illustrious names also adorn this school. From the commencement of the century it has done nought but acquire strength. At this day almost all the capacities of France and Germany, how different soever the routes they take, work under the recognised impulse of its fundamental principle. The studious youth of countries where history *cannot* be produced, such as Italy and Poland, adhere to it. With us it is too much the habit to brand it in few words, as a school of visionaries, working on hypothesis. But when we consider that almost all the great advances in intellect and science were accomplished only by verified hypothesis — that the hypothesis of the life and progress of humanity goes back to Dante and pertains to Bacon — that it is now stirring and impregnating a whole continent — to us it appears, we confess, that there is more of frivolity than *positivism* in this mode of treating it, and that were it only in the quality of a very general and important *fact*, we ought at least to think about allowing the honour of an examination. Content, now, with simply *enunciating* its basis, this examination we should consider ourselves fortunate in provoking. It is needless to say that we ourselves belong to this school, and that we consider its triumph as sure, sooner or later, here as elsewhere.*

III.

However, to return. If our limits forbid us to pass judgment on the schools we have just been setting face to face, we can at least rapidly follow out the consequences of one of them in the work of Mr. Carlyle.

Though the noble heart of the writer and the powerful instincts of his intelligence often impel him in the direction which alone we deem good, it seems clear to us, and we say it with sincere regret, that by his existing tendencies, determined perhaps by the literary affections of his youth, he belongs to the school we have named, the *circular movement*. This consequence we draw from the whole of his work, but there is a passage in his book which states the formula distinctly enough. The author is speaking of the assembly of the States-General, vol. i. book iv. chap. 4. : —

"It is the baptism day of Democracy — the extreme unction day of Feudalism! A superannuated system of society, decrepit with toils (for has it not done much? — produced *you*, and what ye have and know) and with thefts and brawls, named glorious victories, and with profligacies, sensualities, and on the whole with dotage and senility, is now to die: and so with death-throes and birth-throes a new one is to be born. What a work! Oh earth and heavens, what a work! Battles and bloodshed, September massacres, bridges of Lodi, retreats of Moscow, Waterloos, Peterloos, ten-pound franchises, tar-barrels and guillotines! and from this present date, if one might prophesy, some two centuries of it still to fight! Two centuries; hardly less: before Democracy go through its due, most baleful stages of *Quack*ocracy; and a pestilential world be burnt up, and have begun to grow green and young again!"

Put this passage by the side of that other in Book i. chap. 3., in which Mr. Carlyle declares, "So, in this world of ours..... must innovation and conservation wage their perpetual conflict as they may and can: wherein the demonic element that lurks in all human things *may* doubtless, some once in the thousand years, get vent!" — and by side of a mass of others

* The question we here only enunciate, and of which we are desirous of provoking a serious examination, is not purely *intellectual*; in its direct consequences it is *moral*. It is clear that if duty widens, as we believe, in a direct proportion to intelligence, the solution of the question will resolve itself into a definition of the sphere, the direction, and the activity of our existing duties.

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scattered here and there throughout the book. Compare them, above all, with the ironical outbreaks of our author, whenever the word *perfectibility*, or any other characterising the progressive school, comes under his pen; and there can remain not the slightest doubt as to the school, whether he is sensible of it or not, to which Mr. Carlyle belongs in the spirit of his book. There is in it the same contempt for all theory of causes, the same habit of deriving great events from accidents of little value in themselves, the same pity for all efforts aiming to realise without the ideal that is within us.

But mark the consequences. By rejecting the general meaning of his subject in relation to the history of the world, the historian has also lost the meaning of each successive fact in regard to the subject itself. By foregoing the determination of the humanitarian purpose of the French Revolution, he has lost the only directing index that could guide him in the choice of facts. By foregoing the knowledge of a providential law placed as a link, a scale of approach between God and man through humanity, he has lost the sentiment of human grandeur, he has found himself placed between the infinite and the *individual*, catching at every instant from this contrast a kind of terror of the former, and of pity, nothing more than pity, for the latter. So that having no higher value to give to the *idea*, he has been driven, in order not to exhaust himself at the very outset, to give so much the more to the *impression*: he becomes *passive*; every thing of a nature to strike vividly on the senses has been seized by him, and he has handed down the image to his readers. The rest has escaped him.

What were the causes of the revolution? What came it to bring into the world? Whence came its character, so especially European? What was the mission of the constituent assembly? Was it accomplished? The inspiration, the initiative, came it from above or below, from the *bourgeois* element or from the people? The labours of realisation of its earlier years, did they tend to enthrone the people or the bourgeoisie? Does not the apprehension of the crises that followed depend on the solution of this question? Then when war came, the war of all the powers of Europe against a single people, by what was created the triumph of the latter? By what party? In what name? What was the mission of the convention? What did the contests of the mountain and the Gironde represent? Whence came the terror of 1793? Could it have been avoided? How? To all these questions, and to a hundred others that hang on the lip of every man that opens a history of the revolution, Mr. Carlyle's book gives not a single response, not even an attempt at reply. And say not that we are still demanding historical philosophy; for even if we could admit that history should be no more than a simple *narrative*, it would yet be true to affirm that it should always furnish to the reader the elements of reply to the questions we have just enunciated. And of these there is not one in Mr. Carlyle's work. Look for a summary of the resolutions of the orders convoked to the States-General; you cannot find it:—the legislative labours, the institutions given by the different assemblies that succeeded each other in the course of the revolution, they are not there:—an indication of the cardinal questions that led to the division and contest of parties in the bosom of the convention, you look in vain. But why should they all be there? In virtue of what, under the sad system that sways him, should he have granted to these matters more importance than to a hundred others chosen at hazard from those that history generally admits not into its scheme? In the name of what will you reproach him for having omitted them? In the name of the life that, by the continuity of feeling, is to this day still in

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them? With our author there is no feeling that is *continuous;* these are only realities that time engulfs entire, each in its turn. In the name of the instruction that future generations should draw from it? No. The science of humanity forming itself on the tradition of ages is almost always illusion; strength belongs only to irreflective spontaneousness, to those he calls "men of instincts and insights;*" above all, and in the last degree to accidental circumstances; and as often as they shall happen to be reproduced, the same effects will follow. Be not astonished, then, if all that represents in the French Revolution the operation of feeling, and which to us is the most important, has been by him slighted. Think it not extraordinary that the man who has given you pages — brilliant inimitable pages — like those on the 14th of July, the 10th of August, and the nights of September, should not have given you something beyond. More he could not. The taking of the Bastille, say you, like the horrors of September, creates effects, not causes, and these last are what it imports us to know. We know it; but could our author attach importance to the study and exposition of causes? Has he not written (Vol. II. Book iii. chap. 6.) that if Mirabeau had lived a year longer — one year more, observe, though Mirabeau, bought over by the court, no longer marched at the head of the revolutionary movement, but had vowed to roll it back, "the history of France and the world had been different." Does he not repeat farther on (Book iv. chap. 7.) that if King Louis, when his flight was arrested, had but held a firm and imposing tone, by succeeding in passing the frontier, he would have changed "the whole course of French history?" Yes, the conquest of right and truth — the life of a people — the destinies of a world hang only on a few days of the life of a traitor, or on a moment's firmness in a runaway! Let us burn our pens, destroy our books; for, in this fashion, life and land are the sport of chance! Oh, love we rather old Homer peaching to us from his throne of two thousand years that "The Gods permitted the ruin of Ilium, and the death of a vast number of heroes, that poetry might draw thence lessons useful for the ages to come!"

It is a sad lesson — a very sad one, when it concerns singular and powerful individuals like Mr. Carlyle — to prove whither leads the absence of a creed on the law, the mission, and the destinies of humanity. Behold a man good, sincere, virtuous, comprehending and practising devotedness, whose heart is open to all holy emotions, whose calm brow betokens in him habits of kind watchfulness and noble sympathies, without wishing it, without knowing it, teaching doubt, scepticism, and despondency to his readers, by the mere effect of a system that he would repudiate with scorn were it to be called by his name. Behold an intelligence full of poetry, almost to overflowing, forcible, ready, gifted with the power of incarnating its thoughts in their minutest tints, and yet reduced to mutilate its subject, to cast all its riches at the feet of a symbol without signification, to descend from the sphere in which its strength could soar, from eternal TRUTH to crawl

* This is said of Mirabeau, whom, in our opinion, he rates too highly — not in talents, but in influence on the revolution. It would have been immense, if in place of instincts he had had a *creed.* As he was, he received more from the people of France than he gave to them. Powerful so long as his voice of thunder was the abstract of the griefs and desires of the masses, he was already losing something of his popularity when he died. He had been left behind, and perhaps the consciousness of being so had as great a share as venality in driving him into engagements with the court. Even had he lived, he could not have attained the degree of power reached by Robespierre, who, though destitute of all that constitutes genius, was one of whom Sieyes could say, "This man will hold out, he believes all that he says."

On the theory which guides Mr. Carlyle in the appreciation of powerful individualities, which we cannot here go into, see his piece entitled "Characteristics," and what relates to it, in an article in the "London and Westminster Review," No. 64.

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along in that of transitory and incomplete *reality*. The unity of the event is divided into two parts, the soul and the body as it were; and the soul is hidden from his eyes, and whatever may be the power of the galvanism that the author brings to bear on the body our eyes witness in motion, we all of us feel that it is not the less a corpse. In this *levée en masse* of twenty-five millions of men, and, notwithstanding the minutes of the States-General, which from their commencement principally turn on institutions, rights, education, the triumph of ideas in a word, he sees only the result of hunger, the cry of material wants. In things like the Fête of the Federation of 1790, he sees but a theatrical manifestation—a vain parade of noise in the burst of the cannon of July 14th, that announced "to the four corners of Europe" *the accomplishment of the unification* of France, and whose echo three years after repulsed the foreigner from the frontier. In a revolution that at this day causes the soil of Europe to tremble beneath the feet of its masters he sees only the *negation* of a great lie, a work of pure destruction, immense ruins; and he does not see the positive performance, the accomplishment in politics of what Christianity accomplished in morals by the Reformation—human individuality erecting itself on these ruins free and emancipated, asserting itself, and in the way to run through a new epoch, the signs of which are already spreading over the horizon. Like Goethe, his master, he has *seen* life, but not *felt* it.

IV.

The name of Goethe has been several times on the tip of our pen in the course of this article. In fact it is the evil genius of Goethe that hovers over the trilogy of Mr. Carlyle, and more than once whilst reading we have fancied we beheld the cold physiognomy and the Mephistopholist smile of that man who carried only faculties of scientific observation to the campaign of Argonne, who in the cannon commencing the war of peoples and kings remarked but a sound — Mr. Carlyle repeats it — "curious enough, as if it were compounded of the humming of tops, the gurgling of water, and the whistle of birds." It is, indeed, to Goethe, too much revered by Mr. Carlyle, whose heart is worth far more than the former's, that we owe that tinge of irony which in this book so often supervenes to taunt the labours and the efforts of a nation then fighting for us all — those pleasantries, at the least unseasonable, that slip in to the recital of matters as solemn as the night of the 4th August, 1789*— those traits of mockery on the deputies of the constituent assembly, so unworthy the subject†— above all that disposition to crush man by contrasting him with the Infinite. As if it were not precisely from the consciousness of that Infinite environing him, and that yet prevents him not from *acting*, that man is great—as if the eternity that is before us, after us, and around us, were not also within us—as if, as says Jean Paul, more elevated than the earth that bears us, we did not hear a voice crying to us, "Proceed in action with faith and a consciousness of thy dignity: the God that has given thee a mission here below to fulfil has promised to exalt thee step by step even to himself." ‡

* "A memorable night, this fourth of August: dignitaries, temporal and spiritual, peers, archbishops, parliament-presidents, each outdoing the other in patriotic devotedness, come successively to throw their (untenable) possessions on the altar of the father-land. With louder and louder vivats,—for indeed it is after dinner, too—they abolish tithes, seignorial dues, gabelle," &c. Chap. ii.

† "In such manner labour the national deputies; perfecting their theory of irregular verbs," &c. Chap. ii.

‡ Let us not be mistaken; it is no absurd and unjust party reaction that makes us thus speak of Goethe; it is from a profound conviction that from the principle, the feeling of this man, the most

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We are conscious of what Mr. Carlyle has done by this book, and even without thinking of it for the progress of intelligences and history. If we have not touched on this — if we have not united our voice to those raised in his praise — it is because straitened within narrow limits we have preferred saying what it appeared to us might be useful rather than what would have been more grateful to ourselves. No one thinks more highly than we of the man and the author. Could we have gone into details, we should have been led to consider as an excellence even what has been hitherto looked on as a defect by those whose sympathies have been most with him, and to see an element of new life introduced into the style and language in those forms of expression that have been held so strange; they contain perhaps the germ of an entire renovation. If, therefore, we have preferred the demonstration of what in our way of thinking is a failure, it is because we fancied we could not better exemplify the consequences of a false system than by choosing a writer like himself: men of his kind are useful even in their errors.

The times are serious. Frigid scepticism has eaten but too much into youthful souls born for better things. No writer of Mr. Carlyle's genius, above all no historian, can henceforth add to the stock of doubt, without condemning himself to remorse. As to European crises, and the great trials that are preparing, History should at least, when she does not feel called on to do more, be a comment, by the pourtrayal of devotedness, on the noble words of Thraseas — "Specta juvenis . . . . in ea tempora natus es, quibus firmare animum expedit constantibus exemplis." It is with a view to the times that are coming — sooner perhaps than is thought for — that we have written these few pages. Mr. Carlyle will pardon the frankness of our remarks, and will estimate by our reproofs the measure of the hopes we nourish in him. J. M.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

We have a great distrust of the influence of the annuals upon literature and art. We believe they have done much mischief in both departments, weakening the healthy appetite of the public, and producing a relish for expensive and enfeebling luxuries. They have now been long enough in existence to test their popularity, and the failure of some of the oldest and most brilliant may be accepted as a proof of the fickleness of that superficial taste which they have themselves mainly created. Year after year the early annuals drop off, one by one, and their place is supplied by productions still more costly, in some of which a visible attempt is made to effect substantial improvements in a class of works which, in one form or another, seems to have become a sort of indispensable necessity to the fashionable world. When we speak of the improvement that is thus beginning to be developed in these gorgeous publications, we must not be understood to include within the

potent, perhaps, of the period just finished, there cannot arise a law for the wise men of our days. It is a magnificent tree, that grew up on the border between two worlds, whose aspect is glorious and inspiring, but whose shade is fatal. It can, it should furnish us with a subject of study, fruitful and immense in results, not in example. We have already sketched our opinion of Goethe in this periodical; but the matter is important, and we shall beg permission to recur to it.

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application of the term all the new, fantastic, and high-priced quartos for which we are indebted to the frippery genius of our millinery artists. The utmost liberality of criticism cannot embrace more than two of the grander order of annuals as being deserving of unmixed approbation — and to one of these we shall presently draw the attention of the reader.

The decline of the annuals in their original shape, and at their original comparatively moderate price, is conclusive of their ephemeral and fugitive character. The taste to which they administered required to be pampered by a constant succession of novelties. People do not buy annuals as they buy the Mirror of Parliament — nobody dreams of completing a set of the "Friendship's Offering"— continuity is not only never thought of in works of this kind, but it is really the last thing desired. The readers of annuals are the most capricious and inconstant of all readers. They look for variety and excitement alone, and wherever there is something striking or strange, the tide of their patronage is sure to flow. Wearied to tedium by looking over the plates of the "Forget Me Not" of last year, they run after the next announcement that promises something fresh and new, and so on making the round of the picture-books "in search of a sensation" to revive their jaded spirits. To this rage for novelty must be attributed the extraordinary competition during the last few years amongst the speculators in this description of production: and hence the annuals have grown up out of their miniature cases of green and gold to the dignity of splendid quartos printed on vellum paper, or rather the original annuals have been supplanted by a new race, before whose dazzling glories their primitive simplicity fades into insignificance. If they continue to advance in the same ratio, they will at last become so exclusive as to be limited in circulation to the aristocracy; for it may be reasonably asserted, that the charge which must be set upon them to yield a remunerating profit will act as a prohibition to the great multitude of book-buyers — a consummation which general readers would have no great reason to regret. The natural and proper atmosphere for the majority of the annuals is the region of perfume and *ennui*.

But excellence, in whatever externals it may be decorated, must always command success, and such of the annuals as have put forward solid claims to the support of the public, may hope to subsist independently of all meretricious aids or lucky accidents. Those that possess true merit must always be popular; not because they are annuals, but in spite of their being annuals. In any other shape they would be equally successful, and perhaps more so at a less extravagant price. Of all the annuals we have seen, the only one we shall make special reference to, as standing out in marked superiority from the rest, is "Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap-Book."[1] Of the illustrations to this work we have little to say, except that they are much more numerous and diversified than those of any of its contemporaries; and if some excel it in rich specimens of art, none of them will bear comparison with it on the score of liberality and profusion. But it is to the poetry of this volume that we desire, more particularly, to advert.

Miss Landon edited this publication for several years — we believe from its commencement; and we have heard (for this is the first volume of the series that has come into our hands) that her most thoughtful and finished poems appeared in its pages. She had already prepared several pieces for the present volume, when her melancholy death arrested the progress of her labours; and if her former contributions to the "Scrap-Book" may be

[1] *Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap-Book*, 1840. With Poetical Illustrations by L. E. L. and Mary Howitt. London: Fisher, Son, & Co.

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estimated by those which are now before us, there can be no doubt that she bestowed upon this publication the most matured productions of her fertile and graceful genius. There are evident traces in these poems of a mind gradually realising to itself a world of truthful and deep impressions, and clearing itself from those morbid clouds of sentiment in which Miss Landon suffered her teeming intellect to be too long obscured and misled. Had she endeavoured earlier to think — or had she been able to feel — as she thinks and feels in these very exquisite compositions, she might yet have lived to embellish with still nobler triumphs the literature of her country.

The task of completing and continuing the work Miss Landon had conducted for so many years, has been delegated to Mary Howitt, a writer whose elevated moral feelings and felicitous talents entitle her to an eulogium similar to that which Dr. Johnson bestowed upon Goldsmith, when he said of him, that he always seemed to do best that which he was doing. The expectations which the association of the name of Mary Howitt with a publication of this nature may reasonably excite, will be abundantly fulfilled by its contents; and the prospect every year of a volume of poetry, such as Mary Howitt can write, is something upon which the lovers of pure English verse may be unaffectedly congratulated.

A tribute to the memory of "L. E. L.," by William Howitt, opens the volume, and in this piece of generous and sound criticism, we have the most complete analysis that has yet appeared of the character of Miss Landon's genius. Several posthumous poems of Miss Landon's follow, and the rest of the volume is contributed by Mary Howitt, with the exception of two or three beautiful snatches of picturesque verse by William Howitt. The subjects are varied and attractive, and even the least promising derives some unexpected point of interest from the skill of the poet. The miscellaneous character of these productions precludes the possibility of entering into minute criticism, but an enumeration of some of the titles will show the diversity of topics they embrace. Amongst the most successful, we may mention Miss Landon's poem on the "Mosque at Cordova," a dancing lyric, crowded with images and traits of the old time in Spain, when the Moors held authority in that land of romance; Mary Howitt's beautiful and most touching lines entitled "Household Treasures;" her playful and picturesque poem on the "Source of the Jumna;" the lines on a "City Street;" on the "Burial Ground at Sidon," and on the "Tomb of St. George;" and William Howitt's "Sacred Fair at Hurdwar." We do not select them as the best, for others remain behind that are quite as good, and some even of a more ambitious cast; but we merely note them in passing as favourable specimens of the materials chosen by the artists and the writers. The following little poem is a fair exemplar of that exquisite feeling and fine humanity which invariably characterises the productions of Mary Howitt: —

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

What are they? gold and silver,
Or what such ore can buy?
The pride of silken luxury;
Rich robes of Tyrian dye?
Guests that come thronging in
With lordly pomp and state?
Or thankless, liveried serving men
To stand about the gate?

Or are they daintiest meats
Sent up on silver fine?
Or golden, chased cups o'erbrimmed
With rich Falernian wine?
Or parchments setting forth
Broad lands our fathers held?
Parks for our deer, ponds for our fish,
And woods that may be fell'd?

No, no, they are not these! or else,
God help the poor man's need!
Then, sitting 'mid his little ones,
He would be poor indeed!
They are not these! our household wealth
Belongs not to degree;
It is the love within our souls—
The children at our knee!

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My heart is fill'd with gladness
When I behold how fair,
How bright are rich men's children,
With their thick golden hair!
For I know 'mid countless treasure,
Glean'd from the east and west,
These living, loving human things
Are still the rich man's best!

But my heart o'erfloweth to mine eyes,
And a prayer is on my tongue,
When I see the poor man's children,
The toiling, though the young,
Gathering with sun-burnt hands
The dusty wayside flowers!
Alas! that pastime symbolleth
Life's after, darker hours.

My heart o'erfloweth to mine eyes,
When I see the poor man stand,
After his daily work is done,
With children by the hand —
And this he kisses tenderly;
And that sweet names doth call —
For I know he has no treasure
Like those dear children small!

Oh, children young, I bless ye,
Ye keep such love alive!
And the home can ne'er be desolate,
Where love has room to thrive!
Oh, precious household treasures,
Life's sweetest, holiest claim —
The Saviour bless'd ye while on earth —
I bless ye in His name!

There are many such beautiful moralities in this volume, which, coming unembellished before the public, would be sure of a cordial and hearty reception; but which, in connection with the usual attractions of a splendid annual, confer an increased value upon the publication. This work will be in requisition long after the ephemera amongst which it appears shall have passed into oblivion; for the interest it is calculated to excite cannot fade with the frivolous curiosity that attaches to the majority of its class.

Captain Marryat has recently published the second part of his "American Diary[2]," which is chiefly dedicated to what Mrs. Trollope calls the domestic manners of the people. It must by this time have become tolerably obvious to the majority of impartial readers, that English travellers in America are not to be implicitly relied upon in their accounts of that country. If we were to take all the works of this class that have been published, and compare their statements, we should discover not only the most incredible exaggerations of the simplest matters of fact, but such a chaos of point-blank contradictions as would contribute very considerably to bewilder the judgment of plain honest men. We should find Captain Basil Hall diametrically opposed to Captain Hamilton, and Captain Marryat overruled by Mrs. Butler, and Mr. Power laughing in his sleeve at Miss Martineau, and Mrs. Trollope, with inimitable vulgarity, turning the whole into ridicule. Upon no one point should we discover a remote approach to unanimity; and even in reference to those national characteristics which crowd upon the surface, which undergo the least possible modification from the influences that ordinarily affect the structure of society, and which lie within the reach of daily observation, we should detect the most perplexing and irreconcilable diversities of opinion. America is literally an enigma to travellers from the old world, and especially to Englishmen who, wherever they go, carry about with them a crust of prejudices that renders them impervious to the reception of truth. To judge of America faithfully as she is, it is essentially imperative upon a stranger to get rid of his national predilections and habitual standards of opinion — to discipline his mind for the examination of the substance of things, instead of wasting his time upon an unprofitable survey of forms — and, casting off all narrow and local canons, to look humanity in the face as it is fairly developed before him in the institutions and progress of the country, and not in accidental usages, petty indoor foibles, and evanescent hues of character that are no sooner caught than they disappear. An Englishman on the continent of Europe is noto-

[2] *A Diary in America, with Remarks on its Institutions.* Part the Second. By Captain Marryat, C.B. Three Vols. London: Longman & Co. 1839.

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riously a mark of general satire on account of his purse-proud pomp, and high-fed selfishness: an Englishman in America, on the contrary, sneers at the money-getting and avaricious spirit of the people, as if he were taking revenge upon them for the contempt he is himself exposed to for the self-same qualities elsewhere. An Englishman in Germany, or Italy, or France, is ridiculed for the coarseness and meanness of his tastes, for his want of sympathy with the fine arts, and his unpoetical and unimaginative nature: — in America, he puts on the most delectable airs of a connoisseur, thinks that every thing is low, sordid, and base, expresses his horror at the absence of sculpture and painting, for the enjoyment of which, he says, the mind of the New World is not yet sufficiently educated, and shudders with the most refined delicacy at the discovery of the deficiency of America in poets and artists of every kind — classes of intellect which he critically assures us emphatically mark the advance and the acquisitions of an enlightened civilisation!

Captain Marryat's manner of writing about America betrays all this uneasiness and self-will, and is especially distinguished by a perpetual effort to undervalue and condemn the Americans, right or wrong, to deny them credit for the smallest particle of superiority in any one solitary point of view, and to represent them *en masse* as a race of the most contemptible and empty braggarts, as vulgar as they are shallow, and as barbarous in their inter-relations, as they are inferior in mental culture to the rest of the world. It is easy to see, that in this work the travelled captain plays off against America the same ridicule, but in a most jaundiced spirit, under which the half-bred Englishman smarts in the accomplished circles of Vienna and Paris. He looks at the Western hemisphere through the microscopic glasses of English conventions; generalisation is out of the question, — and as to the philosophy of the matter, that is totally beyond him. The utmost he can do is to pick at flaws, to show how everybody is in a great hurry in America; how the married ladies, being left alone at home, while the men are out at their stores, have leisure to *finish their education*, and are, consequently, more intellectual than their husbands; how very curious and inquisitive this race of buyers and sellers are; how grossly and rapidly the Americans *feed;* how fast they talk; how awkward and rude they are in company; how vindictive and licentious the press has become; how remarkably democratic the people are; what strange notions they have on matters of etiquette and conversation; how proud they are of their independence; and, upon the whole, how lamentably deficient they are in gentility and good breeding. One would think that all this was written by some master of the ceremonies, who had escaped for a few months from the fatiguing routine of his polite duties at Brighton or Cheltenham, and had gone to America to inspect the ball-rooms, and report upon the *conversaziones*, *soirées*, tea-parties, and costumes. The tone in which these smart caricatures are uttered is strikingly characteristic of an unworthy resentment, and it does not require much penetration to detect in Captain Marryat's pictures of American society the sour feelings of one who had been grievously annoyed and persecuted in a variety of ways by the people he delineates in such monstrous and preposterous outlines. The work may be fairly described as the retaliation of a man wounded on those sensitive points of personal importance, which an Englishman rarely suffers to be invaded with impunity. The Captain, it appears, was lampooned and abused in the scurrilous newspapers of the United States, and the most injurious reports were spread abroad concerning him: he was even accused of insulting Mr. Clay at his own table, and he was described

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as a person of an unaccommodating disposition and repulsive manners. This was not to be borne in quietness; he makes a sweeping reprisal upon the whole country, and the public will judge accordingly of the value that is to be attached to his statements. We love fair play above all things, and we like to see the *animus* at both sides candidly disclosed, when an angry contest of this kind is about to be decided.

For our own parts we have discovered nothing in this publication — highly-coloured as it is throughout — that surprises us. If Captain Marryat's account of America were stripped of its personal excesses, we have no doubt it would be found correct enough upon the main, always bearing in mind that it contains the opinion of an Englishman strongly imbued with English notions, and, therefore, incapable of appreciating with judicial integrity the real importance or true attributes of a country so completely contrasted, in all matters of government and usage, with his own. We have no doubt that America would appear to any Englishman who entertained the same political and social views exactly as it appeared to Captain Marryat. Democracy is abhorrent, *per se*, to our author's principles; — how, then, could he be expected to admire, or to comprehend the organisation, the power, or the beneficial effects of the American republic? But it does not, therefore, follow that there is no virtue in the republic, or that it has not produced great and permanently useful results. Then, as to the press, how could it be otherwise than free, and bold, and even coarse and audacious? This is one of the inevitable fruits of that vast tree of liberty, that strikes its roots deeply into the soil, and that cannot be clipped by experimentalists, nor torn up except by some extraordinary convulsion. But when Captain Marryat finds so much fault with the impudent and licentious press of America, what must he not think of the Tory press of England, under a limited monarchy, and restrained, as we presume he believes it to be, by prudent laws, and a most discreet public opinion, that would blush all over at such violations of decency as men like Mr. Prentice, of Louisville, are daily in the habit of committing?* Surely there is nothing in America that will bear a moment's comparison with the daring falsehood, the unprincipled and factious intolerance, the libellous abuse, and cowardly ruffianism of the *Times*, the *Herald*, and the *Post*, that spare neither the feelings of their young sovereign nor the honour of her friends, that fabricate grossness where they can find none, and desecrate Christianity and the common charities of life in a wanton crusade against every thing that is sacred and respectable in society? It is not surely because the articles in these journals are set off with any superior advantages of type, or because they are written with greater power, or because they wield, by the force of circumstances, a wider influence, that they are less disgraceful and demoralising than the jokes and ragged invectives of the American papers. The very stamp of education and knowledge, and authority they bear — such as it is — only deepens their shame, and renders them the more revolting in a community that professes to be enlightened and religious. Of all the sections in the work, this upon the press is the most untenable; and, remembering the flagitious and savage licentiousness of the Tory journals ever since the famous bed-chamber advent of Sir Robert Peel, it comes

* It is not a little remarkable that Captain Marryat describes this Mr. Prentice as one of the cleverest newspaper writers in the United States, and does not say one word about the indecorum and gross personalities of his writings. Yet Mr. Prentice is the most scurrilous of all the American scribes, and the author of the greater number of those absurd jokes that find their way into our journals. But he is opposed to the popular party, and hence he escapes with impunity. In Louisville, where he lives, he is not admitted into good society.

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with the worst imaginable grace from an Englishman — and, above all, from an English Tory.

For the other charges in the indictment very little need be said. The Americans are not the most polished people in the world, but they have exactly the sort of manners and habits that are expressly adapted for the work in which they are engaged. If there be no "silken dalliance" amongst them, there is nerve, and skill, and industry enough to carve out greatness after their own fashion: and, after all, these are at best but conventions, for which such writers as Captain Marryat are contending. Would they have the Americans abandon their arts, their commerce, and their manufactures to cultivate the graces of the dancing-master? Do they really and seriously imagine that America could ever have realised such unity and strength if she had sat before the glass for the last twenty years adjusting her curls and painting her eye-lids? Go to, Captain Marryat and Mrs. Trollope; when your books shall have become waste paper, these rough, bustling, chattering Americans shall have built up monuments to their freedom and their wealth, at which future Marryats and Trollopes will gaze with shaded eyes and wondering thoughts, referring with confused recollections to the time when novelists and play-wrights traversed that mighty continent by river and rail-road to indite criticisms upon the private habits and drawing-room characteristics of the people!

The history of the progress of inventions is, perhaps, most effectually exhibited in the biographies of inventors. We are admitted in such memoirs fairly behind the scenes, and allowed to inspect in detail the pullies, lamps, and concealed machinery upon which grand and entire effects ultimately depend. We thus trace the idea of some great design, or new combination of mechanical powers, from its original germ in the mind of a man born to improve his generation, up to its complete development; we see it moving onwards, acquiring increased force as it advances towards maturity, and gradually adapting itself to the production of practical results; we detect the occasional failure of experiments in various attempts to direct its utility into unexplored channels, — failures which are almost as instructive as the final triumphs of science; and we glean from the examples which such narratives furnish important proofs of the value of individual perseverance, of self-reliance, and moral heroism.

"The Life of James Watt, by M. Arago[3]," is an excellent specimen of this class of biographies. Watt, it appears, was an associate of the French Academy of Sciences, and M. Arago came to England for the purpose of collecting materials for a memoir of his life, to be read before that body. The memoir, which, in construction and general treatment, is very unlike the florid historical *éloges* usual on such occasions, was subsequently translated into English, and printed in the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, from whence it has been recently abstracted, and published in a small volume, accompanied by a memoir on machinery by M. Arago, a panegyric by Lord Jeffrey, and a curious paper on the composition of water by Lord Brougham. The work is, consequently, rich in matter, and presents, in a short compass, a complete view of the personal experiences of Watt, and the history of the steam engine. The anecdotes interspersed throughout are highly characteristic; and the light thrown by the researches of the author

[3] *Life of James Watt; with a Memoir on Machinery, considered in relation to the Prosperity of the Working Classes.* By M. Arago. To which are subjoined, *An Historical Account of the Discovery of the Composition of Water*, by Lord Brougham; and *Eulogium of James Watt*, by Lord Jeffrey. Third Edition; with illustrative Notes and Engravings on Wood. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black; and Longman & Co. London. 1839.

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upon the labours of Watt will render the publication as valuable to men of science, as it must be interesting to every reader who sympathises in the progress of civilisation. The individuals who have contributed largely to the advancement of practical science may be divided into two classes,—the first comprising those whose inquiries are devoted to the discovery of elementary laws, and the second, those who successfully apply them to objects of utility. Watt belonged to the latter class. His vigorous genius was early displayed in ingenious mechanical contrivances, and the resources of his invention were so fertile even in regions of imagination rarely traversed by mathematicians, that M. Arago is of opinion he would have attained a high rank as a romance writer (perhaps, as a poet) had he cultivated that branch of literature. In very many respects, Watt was an extraordinary man. His knowledge and promptitude in the application of the mechanical sciences placed him far in advance of all his contemporaries, and he possessed general attainments to which none of them could lay claim. His reading was extensive, and of a most miscellaneous kind; and his memory was so remarkable as to give him a complete and ready command over the stores of diversified information he had accumulated. Acute, logical, and rapid in the acquisition of knowledge, he reduced with certainty and clearness to the simplest forms and to its true value everything that was worthy of attention in his multifarious studies, instinctively rejecting the verbiage, and appropriating at once the useful and the true. The memoir by M. Arago, and the additional papers by Brougham and Jeffrey, may be consulted with profit by the whole community; for they not only describe all those inventions with which the name of James Watt is associated, and for which we are indebted for so many of the comforts and social advantages we enjoy, but they introduce us to the history of a life almost as exciting as a romance, and infinitely more useful to the world than that of half the generals and ministers of the age.

A deeply interesting inquiry has been opened by Mr. Joshua Toulmin Smith, in a volume entitled "The Discovery of America by the Northmen."[4] Hitherto it has been generally held that Columbus was the discoverer of America;] but, if the documents referred to and examined by Mr. Smith may be relied upon, the Northmen visited and explored the whole of the Western Continent five centuries before. The object of his work is, first, to prove the authenticity of the documents, upon the veracity of which this statement rests; and, second, to give a full account of all the facts connected with those remote expeditions. The records from which Mr. Smith derives the claim of the early and unscientific navigator, Biarni Heriulfson, the first person, according to his narrative, who touched the American shores, were recently published by the Royal Society of Antiquarians at Copenhagen, in a volume entitled "Antiquitates Americanæ;" but the high price of the publication, and the circumstance of its being printed in the ancient Icelandic, Danish, and Latin languages, have, of course, rendered it a sealed book to the multitude. From this curious publication the facts are drawn in the first instance, elucidated and enlarged by such historical illustrations as could be procured from other and more accessible sources; and Mr. Smith endeavours to prove by the force of internal evidence the genuineness and authenticity of the original documents. How far he has succeeded we could not venture to decide without entering elaborately into an investigation which would hardly repay us for the space and

[4] *The Discovery of America by the Northmen in the Tenth Century.* By Joshua Toulmin Smith, Author of "Progress of Philosophy among the Ancients;" "Comparative View of Ancient History, with an Explanation of Chronological Eras," &c. With Maps and Plates. London: Charles Tilt. 1839.

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time it would necessarily occupy. But we discover so little room for distrusting the conclusion at which he has arrived that we consider such an examination of the proofs superfluous. The adventurous and daring character of the Northmen is familiar to all readers of history: we know that they spread themselves over many distant colonies, and that their love of enterprise carried them into places where they must have encountered obstacles quite as difficult to overcome as any they could have met on the experimental voyage that cast them on the American coast; and Pinkerton and others have not hesitated to allow their full claim to the discovery of Greenland and Vinland long before the time of Columbus, and contemporaneous, or nearly so, with the larger discovery ascribed to them by Mr. Smith on the authority of the documents alluded to. We think the case is satisfactorily made out, and certainly the account given of these hazardous voyages is full of interest. But we cannot avoid an expression of regret at the form of dialogue adopted by the author, which has the effect of interrupting the reader's attention, and of weakening the effect of a remarkable passage in history, the novelty of which, apart from its intrinsic importance, demanded the graver shape of clear and continuous narrative.

Amongst the numerous serials having in view the important object of popularizing science, the "Naturalist's Library," conducted by Sir William Jardine, is, in many respects, the most interesting, comprehensive, and diversified.[5] The volumes already published, twenty-five in number, contain contributions from some of the most distinguished naturalists in the country, upon those subjects to which the attention of the writers has been specially directed, and the whole forms a very complete repository of information, highly attractive in its kind to readers of all classes, and admirably adapted to become the means of diffusing a general taste for natural history. The last volume embraces the first portion of the natural history of the dog, tracing the wild races to which that animal is allied, or from which our domestic breeds are presumed to have sprung. It is written by Lieutenant-Colonel C. Hamilton Smith, and exhibits not only considerable research over an extensive field of remote inquiry, but an intimate acquaintance with all the more familiar traits of existing species. The easy and animated style of the descriptions, and the mass of anecdotical and illustrative matter interspersed throughout, will render this volume one of the most popular of the entire series. It is introduced by a memoir of Pallas, the celebrated scientific naturalist, whose portrait forms the frontispiece, and it is richly embellished by upwards of thirty accurately coloured engravings, equally valuable for their fidelity and artistical skill.

When a man of any profession or caste comes to make a revelation of the secrets or usages of his order — whatever it may be — and states as a preliminary that he has given his name *in confidence* to certain persons who are politically and religiously opposed to the whole class whose private offences or errors he is about to expose, he is, upon his own showing, utterly disentitled to credit. This is exactly the case with the Rev. ——, P. P. of ——, County of ——, Ireland, who, in a small pamphlet that has been transmitted to us, pretends to relate his experiences from his earliest years, passing through his Maynooth education, and so on to the priesthood.[6]

[5] *The Naturalist's Library.* Conducted by Sir William Jardine, Bart. F. R. S. E., F. L. S., &c. &c. Volume ninth. Mammalia. Dogs (Canidæ or genus Canis of Authors); including also the genera Hyæna and Proteles. By Lieut.-Col. Charles Hamilton Smith, R. N. and K. W. F. R. and L. S., President of the Devon and Cornwall Nat. Hist. Society, &c. &c. Edinburgh: W. H. Lizars; S. Highley, London. 1839.

[6] *Remarks on the Celibacy of the Roman Catholic Clergy.* By the Rev. ——, the P. P. of ——, Ireland. Dublin: R. M. Tims. 1839.

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If this gentleman — supposing him to be one, and to be that which he represents himself to be, neither of which we believe, — is sincere in his desire for the reformation he suggests, and is really honest in his confessions, why does he conceal his name? Perhaps, because he is afraid of the consequences of an act which is at least in open violation of one of the fundamental principles of the church to which he says he belongs. Grant the reasonableness of that argument; but, in that case, why does he select two gentleman (Mr. Tims, an evangelical bookseller, and Mr. Sheehan, the editor of Lord Roden's Orange newspaper) who are both opponents to the religion he professes as the depositaries of his name? Could he not find some respectable persons of his own party in whom he might confide his secret? Was there not one Roman Catholic gentleman in all Ireland to whom he might have imparted the means of filling up the awful blanks in his title-page? Was there not one gentleman of his own creed whom he could trust, or who would be trusted by him? Oh! these voluntary confessors of abuses in which they have long participated, who find out so tardily that they have been wrong all their lives, and then discover a convenient way of acknowledging their errors by throwing themselves into the arms of the antagonists of their faith — just as much as to imply that, as by such confessions they forfeit at once and for ever the confidence of their old friends, they are ready to embrace any offer that may be made to them by their old enemies! No doubt this P. P. — if he be one — looks to a snug rectory under the banners of the church by law established, where he may enjoy all the profits of an apostate, in a country where such apostasies have always been rare, and are now more rare than ever. He anticipates the fame of an O'Sullivan — the honours of martyrdom in the cause of a guilty conscience, — and at least three hundred a year from the tithes. But he must get clear of his jesuistry, for all that, before he is likely to be admitted. Mark the security he gives for the authenticity of his narrative. "My name is known," he says, "but to two gentlemen, *in whose honour I have the most perfect reliance.* [Mr. Tims, my publisher, and Mr. Sheehan, of the 'Evening Mail.'] I make myself known to them, *that they may testify to the world that the following production is not from one who counterfeits a station to which he belongs not.*" First he tells us that he confides his name to two gentlemen in whose honour he has the most perfect reliance; that is to say, two gentlemen who, he is quite confident, will not reveal his name; and then he adds, that his reason for doing so is, that they may testify to the world the fact that he is what he says he is. We should be glad to know how these gentlemen are to testify the fact, if they be the men of honour he asserts them to be? If they testify the fact in the only way their testimony would be worth any thing — that is by informing us who this P. P. really is — then they violate their pledge to him; and if they do not so testify it, then he might as well have kept his name to himself, for all the confidence the public can have in his statements. He gives his name to two gentlemen, as a proof of the authenticity of his confessions, and he binds them to secrecy, so as to prevent that proof being made public. This is very much like the way in which Lord Roden gets information about the Ribbon Conspiracy. His worthy informants are always ready to illuminate him about that horrible conspiracy to overturn the church and make O'Connell king of Ireland — only provided that their names are never disclosed, and that they are never to be called upon in any way whatever to give evidence in a court of justice, which simple provision carries the trifling consequence of rendering their information of no value whatever! The main object of the pamphlet of this anonymous priest is to

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show the evil effects of celibacy in the clergy. We, too, object to the system of celibacy — we, too, believe it to be the parent of a multitude of derelictions and crimes; but we repudiate with indignation and disgust such a witness as this masked writer. No good work was ever wrought by such degraded instruments; and the protestant body would do well, when they attempt reforms of this nature, to free themselves from the contaminating contact to which such outcasts as these are eager to invite them. The man who stabs his associates in the dark, is not likely to make a very safe or honourable ally.

The glory of an unimpaired longevity, enjoyed to the end with almost incredible elasticity of body and mind, is historically associated with the name of that venerable Venetian, Lewis Cornaro [7], who seems to have discovered, with remarkable sagacity, and to have practised with unexampled constancy, those arts and rules of diet and moral habits by which he was enabled to prolong his life far beyond the ordinary limits, and to preserve his powers in all their original freshness up to the hour of his death. Now, although we are well aware that the same system of life will not apply with equal success to all constitutions, yet it is curious and instructive to contemplate the means by which an individual contrived to obtain such a signal victory over physical infirmities and appetites, and to extract from existence so full a measure of uniform happiness. His little treatise on the methods of attaining a long and healthful life is well known, but it cannot be too widely circulated, and will, probably, continue to be read as long as the printing press exists to give it currency. The thirty-eighth edition now lies before us — a small cheap tract, that may be run through in an hour, but that contains matter which will, doubtless, occupy many months of struggle in the attempt to reduce its salutary suggestions to practice. Lewis Cornaro was infirm and fearfully passionate in his youth, and addicted, like most of the young men of his clime and period, to intemperance; but perceiving the injurious consequences of indulging in such excesses of temper and sensuality, he resolved to change the whole course of his life, and, submitting himself to regular and severe discipline, he finally vanquished his dangerous inclinations, became one of the most hearty and cheerful men of his age, and expired gently in his arm-chair, after having survived his hundredth year. The treatise to which we have drawn attention, was commenced at an advanced age, and finished by degrees. It presents the condensed experience of his whole career, and is, perhaps, the strangest and most valuable *brochure* extant upon the subject to which it is addressed.

A work upon "Western India," by Mrs. Postans [8], may be referred to as one of the most entertaining and accurate publications relative to our vast possessions in the East, that has appeared since the date of Colonel Tod's magnificent quarto. It possesses the great merit of being entirely drawn from personal observation, and is consequently impressed throughout with the most remarkable fidelity. Without being either very comprehensive in scope, or profound in treatment, it brings before us in rapid outlines the social condition of the districts it describes, and renders us at once familiar with a state of society which cannot fail to be regarded with

[7] *Some Methods of attaining a Long and Healthful Life; with the Means of correcting a Bad Constitution.* By Lewis Cornaro. Thirty-eighth Edition. London: Samuel Highley. 1840.

[8] *Western India in* 1838. By Mrs. Postans, Author of "Cutch." Two volumes. London: Saunders and Otley. 1839.

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anxiety by every man who is desirous of promoting the well-being of his kind. It is evident from Mrs. Postans's statements, that great improvements and ameliorations are in progress in India, particularly in the Bombay presidency; and her remarks upon the diffusion of education, and the means most likely to give it a salutary impulse, are extremely judicious and important. The sketches of the mixed intercourse of the Europeans and the natives; of Indian scenery, habits, and manners; of the bazaars, the schools, hospitals, and encampments; the peeps into the interiors of Indian residences; the personal details and anecdotes; the scenes in the Deccan, and the occasional descriptions of the architecture, the religious customs, and the stupendous ruins of the East, are all touched with a pencil so delicate, yet so truthful, that the reader is divided between his admiration of the poetical feeling of the writer, and his surprise to find so much practical good sense blended with so much pictorial taste. The volumes, we ought to add, are enriched with several well executed coloured engravings.

Under the quaint title of "Gatherings from Grave Yards,"[9] Surgeon Walker exhibits such a picture of the repulsive associations and pestilential influences connected with the burial of the dead in the vicinity of the living, as to occasion some very natural astonishment that the subject has never been taken up by government. The instances recited by Mr. Walker of contagion resulting from this practice, and the obvious danger to churches and other buildings from the excavations rendered unavoidable in the progress of populating these cities of the dead, are in the last degree alarming; and if no other consideration than the public health suggested the necessity of adopting extensive cemeteries or burial-grounds remote from cities, the demand for such a measure would be sufficiently well founded. But the farther we advance in the examination of the question, the greater reason, independently of that paramount one, we discover for requiring to be relieved from a usage which is as revolting as it is dangerous. Setting aside the infection of the atmosphere it occasions in crowded neighbourhoods, humanity shudders at the thought of heaping dead bodies together in a limited space in the very midst of densely inhabited streets, lanes, and allies; and when the number of funerals that take place in the metropolis, especially in the poorer and most populous parishes, are borne in recollection, it must be evident that the frequent re-opening of graves, while yet their recent tenants are in a state of decomposition, must be productive of the most harrowing effects upon the minds of the people, and of the lower orders especially, when superstitions come in to excite the imagination to phrenzy in all matters relating to the ceremonials of the grave. The principal plea for the removal of these scenes from towns and cities is the mortality occasioned by the miasmata from animal putrescency — a fact which Mr. Walker establishes by proofs that cannot be overturned. It need not be urged that small grave yards, such as we generally find in the city for example, cannot contain all the bodies that are constantly consigned to them, except by such a displacement of previous deposits as must not only shock the sensibilities of the living, but seriously endanger the health of the vicinity. To avert these evils some general and complete change of system is necessary. Mr. Walker is well entitled to the gratitude of the public for the ability with which he

[9] *Gatherings from Grave Yards; particularly those of London: with a Concise History of the Modes of Interment among different Nations, from the earliest Periods; and a Detail of dangerous and fatal Results produced by the unwise and revolting Custom of inhuming the Dead in the midst of the Living.* By G. A. Walker, Surgeon. London: Longman & Co. 1839.

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has penetrated the subject in all its details. In addition to a minute examination of statistical returns, of numerous localities, and various modes and contrivances for adapting the practice of town burials to local circumstances, he has entered elaborately into the different methods of interment employed in former ages by different nations of the earth, so that his book is really an historical treatise, as well as a medical essay, embracing the entire range of all the illustrative matter that can be brought to bear upon the inquiry. It will amply repay perusal, and will probably be the means of effecting an improvement in the administration of churchyards, which the thinking part of the community have long desired.

Whoever has a fancy for a classical joke elaborated into a book cannot do better than possess himself of the "Comic Latin Grammar [10]," one of the most humorous publications, having withal a sound and cunning purpose in it, which these latter days of forcing and inventing have given birth to. The whole substance of the Latin grammar is fairly exhausted in this book, and tortured through such a medley of frolicking jests, that it is impossible to resist the rich and singular mirth of the author. The classical scholar will, of course, know how best to enjoy this piece of stinging rigmarole, but even the mere English reader will find something in it to laugh at or with.

We have a few Almanacks before us that demand a line in passing. Of these the "Sporting Almanack [11] is, on many accounts, the best — rich in illustrations, full of useful and amusing matter; and, certainly, upon its particular subjects, the sports, pastimes, and labours of the four elements, a very complete and entertaining repertory of information. Next in order of value is the "Comic Almanack [12], which, like the court fool in the old plays, is both humorous and wise, containing such a fund of engravings, grotesque wood-cuts, pleasant verses, stories, anecdotes, and broad jokes, that it may triumphantly compete with the raciest of Hood's books, in the best days of his muse. After this comes "An Explanatory Almanack [13]," the principal claim to distinction of which is, that it furnishes an elucidation of all the astronomical terms employed in other almanacks; and the last is a species of weather almanack [14], in which Mr. Legh undertakes to speculate upon rain, hail, and wind, with hardly less confidence than Mr. Murphy himself. But we believe this latter species of experiment upon public credulity is now appreciated at its full value.

[10] *The Comic Latin Grammar; a new and facetious Introduction to the Latin Tongue.* With numerous Illustrations. London: Charles Tilt. 1840.

[11] *The Sporting Almanack*, 1840. London: E. Churton. 1840.

[12] *The Comic Almanack for* 1840: *an Ephemeris in Jest and Earnest; containing "All Things fitting for such a Work."* By Rigdum Funnidos, Gent.; adorned with a dozen of "righte merrie" cuts pertaining to the Months, and an Hieroglyphic, by George Cruikshank. London: Charles Tilt.

[13] *A New Explanatory, Astronomical, Commercial, and generally useful Almanack, for the Year* 1840: containing an Account of the Earth's Motion in its Orbit, Eclipses, &c.; with the Explanation of Terms used in this and other Almanacks. By J. Rowbotham, F.R.A.S. London: Harvey & Darton.

[14] *Hints for an Essay on Anemology and Ombrology, founded partly on admitted Principles, partly on Observations and Discoveries recently made on the Influence of the Planet Jupiter and its Satellites on our Atmosphere. With a Weather Almanack for* 1840. By Peter Legh, Esq., A.M., Author of the "Music of the Eye." London: C. Tilt.

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THE

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

CHARTISM.

Chartism: By THOMAS CARLYLE. London: James Fraser. 1840.

THE domestic condition of England at this juncture is likely to absorb the grave attention not only of our own government and population, but of all the governments and populations of Europe. A solemn problem is visibly in course of solution, although no man can accurately state what it is, or predicate its issues. The soil of England seems destined to be the scene of the next great Social Struggle, as the soil of France was of the last. We may be unwilling to acknowledge this, but it will force itself upon our reluctant admission; and when the storm shall be witnessed in the height of its fury, sweeping our golden fields and peaceful valleys like the hot and withering sirocco, we shall look back, the wisest amongst us, with awe, wondering, and smitten with bitter self-accusations, that we did not earlier discover and interpret the tempestuous signs in the heavens — nebulous, perhaps, but of most ominous import. In such a state of things the few who see farther than the many, and who have courage and honesty enough to tell us what they see, or fancy they see, in the gloomy prophecies of agitation, or in the brooding stillness of the masses labouring with inward convulsion, are entitled to a serious audience. Even if we reject their counsel in the end, we are bound to hear it, for their sakes, for our own sakes, and, above all, for the sake of Justice, — which, whether we respect it or not, will survive the perishing races of frail, contriving, doctrinal humanity, and, radiant with immortal truth, will shine in serene glory over the wrecks of constitutions and dynasties, creeds, orders, and the motley masks that from century to century have occupied and faded from the stage.

Mr. Carlyle has come forward to solve this dark enigma, in a small book which he emphatically designates "Chartism." We need not avow the admiration with which we regard the genius of the author of "Sartor Resartus;" nor can anything which we shall say — and we shall say it as briefly as possible — of this book, abate in us our consciousness of the presence of a profound intelligence throughout every page of his labours, profound even when, in our judgment, it betrays wrong tendencies. But there are considerations paramount to the claims or the influence of the mightiest genius — there are truths to be enunciated, and fallacies to be laid bare, which only become more clear and imperative when we detect a powerful mind like Mr. Carlyle's seeking to explore them blindfolded by favourite theories, and perpetually checked in its progress by fears and misgivings. Whatever be the measure of our admiration of Mr. Carlyle, the measure of our duty to humanity is greater. We recognise in him a serious and subtle spirit working for the accomplishment of some remote good — indefinable, it is true,

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but still in his sense a good. On the other hand we recognise a universal movement, heaving and groaning onwards, the existence of which he allows; but for the causes and end of which he gives us clouds and darkness. Can we hesitate between the book and the fact? Surely there must be a beginning and an ending — a past and a future, as there is a present? Is there a single event in history which generated itself, and which bequeathed no results? which rose up out of chaos, flickered and vanished, and left not a mark of its place behind? Surely all this turbulence and uneasiness, this rick-burning and cattle-houghing, these trades' unions and half-armed confederacies, must have been produced by a pre-existing necessity of some sort, and must finally lead to some tangible, incontrovertible consequences. But what does Mr. Carlyle's book tell us about all these things? Simply that they are, and that they ought not to be; and then goes on to give us a prescription for the malaria, leaving the corrupt atmosphere and fetid marshes that caused it, and that will cause it again and again after its immediate effects shall have been vanquished, just as he found them. This is not the philosophy of Chartism; it is not the philosophy of anything; it is not philosophy at all; it is mere expediency, getting rid of an existing pressure, and consigning to another generation the higher, more difficult, and nobler labour of investigating and removing the primal source of the evil.

Mr. Carlyle's motto reveals a truth which he appears satisfied with having stated at the outset, and to which he never afterwards returns, although it obviously constitutes the very essence of the whole inquiry. "It never smokes but there is fire." Granted, even had it been stated in the more cautious shape — "Where there is so *much* smoke there must be *some* fire" — as many who affect to disregard both the smoke and the fire have been compelled surlily to admit. Well — but what is this fire? Where does it lie smouldering and fusing? In the bowels of the earth, or the caverns of the sea? Is it a material or a moonshine fire? How did it come? Where do its lurid flames point? In what corner of the wind does it sit? Who feeds it? Of what is its terrible nutriment composed? Is it a fire like to go out of itself? or is it a fire whose lambent and forked tongues, licking the empire round, threaten us, when they burst out through millions of crevices, to bury us in universal conflagration? Does Mr. Carlyle answer these questions, which his motto, and the avowed purpose of his book, inevitably suggest upon the title-page? No — he furnishes us with no reply: but carries us off into a maze of generalities in which we fairly lose sight altogether of the grand object which he openly invites us to examine. We ask what is this hidden fire from which the smoke that rolls up and darkens the horizon is emitted, and Mr. Carlyle refers us to the New Poor Law — to the finest peasantry in the world — rights and mights — laisser-faire — not laisser-faire — and parliamentary radicalism. The mournful reality still remains in darkness, for all the guidance Mr. Carlyle has vouchsafed to us. We are smirched and confounded on the brink of the crater, where our guide hovers, trembles, and stops short.

In the first place, this book does not tell us what Chartism is. The "five points," and the "national petition, carted in waggons along the streets," and the "cheap pikes," may be all very witty and very contemptuous, perhaps unconsciously, in reference to the misery and discontent that have broken out into such irregular and hopeless manifestations; but they do not constitute Chartism. If, instead of making speeches at Birmingham, and electing delegates, and subscribing for Lovett and the "Northern Star," and flourishing broken sticks and rusty pistols at the Westgate of

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Newport, the Chartists had taken a different course to make known their wants and their demands; if they had issued tracts, and placards, and lampoons in every village in the country, taken the ears of the streets with ballads, and the eyes of the shops with caricatures, the thing, Chartism, would have been still the same, although its outward signs would have been wholly different. We may ridicule the awkward squad of ten thousand men, who intended to seize the Bristol mail, to blow up the bridge, and burn the town of Newport, and who, at the very moment when the prize was in their hands, scampered like rabbits before twenty soldiers; we may hang Mr. Frost, and Mr. Williams, and Mr. Jones, and crush with potent arm every fresh indication of a like incomplete and frantic outbreak; but Chartism will still remain the same. It cannot be extinguished by firing through loop-holes or criminal informations.

What then is Chartism? It is no more than the cry of millions suffering under a diseased condition of society; and it is no less: the body politic is disordered, — there is plethora in the head, and famine in the stomach. Disorganisation follows, — the circulation is thrown into alternate excitement and depression, — amputation will not cure this. The condition-of-England question, as Mr. Carlyle tells us, is the true question to consider. But what is this condition like? The statue of Nebuchadnezzar — an image of gold, with feet of clay!

Hear Mr. Carlyle on this question of the body of gold and the feet of clay, —

"What are the rights, and what are the mights of the discontented working classes in England at this epoch? He were an Œdipus, and deliverer from sad social pestilence, who could resolve us fully! For we may say beforehand, the struggle that divides the upper and lower in society over Europe, and more painfully and notably in England than elsewhere, this too is a struggle which will end and acquit itself as all other struggles do and have done, by making the right clear and the might clear; not otherwise than by that."

Now, if the Laisser-Faire doctrine be held anywhere, this is its proper interpretation. The struggle will adjust itself! and right and might will be made clear, and so let them! But in order that this notion of right and might, as Mr. Carlyle promulgates it, may be thoroughly understood, we will take his exposition of it.

"Conquest, indeed, is a fact often witnessed; conquest, which seems mere wrong and force, everywhere asserts itself as a right among men. Yet, if we examine, we shall find that, in this world, no conquest could ever become permanent which did not withal show itself beneficial to the conquered as well as the conquerors. Mithridates, King of Pontus, come now to extremity, 'appealed to the patriotism of his people,' but, says the history, 'he had squeezed them, and fleeced, and plundered them, for long years;' his requisitions, flying irregular, devastative, like the whirlwind, were less supportable than Roman strictness and method, regular, though never so rigorous; he, therefore, appealed to their patriotism in vain. The Romans conquered Mithridates. The Romans, having conquered the world, held it conquered, *because* they could best govern the world; the mass of men found it nowise pressing to revolt; their fancy might be afflicted more or less, but in their solid interests they were better off than before."

So then, to this end comes the doctrine of Right and Might. The harassing oppressions of Mithridates were less supportable than Roman method, and the people embraced the foreign conqueror in preference to the domestic tyrant. They might fancy themselves afflicted, but they knew nothing about the matter; their solid interests were better cared for than before, the temptations to revolt were diminished, and they were worked into content by the force of the Roman method. In all this Mr. Carlyle discovers the consanguinity of Right and Might, the triumph of justice in the triumph of the Strong Hand. The struggle adjusted itself

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under the superior vigour and compact domination of the Romans. There was a choice of evils — for such it was, even in this disguise of eloquent sophistry — they chose the lesser. The Romans held their conquest, because they could govern best; and, because they held their conquest, Might became Right.

We will not assert that Mr. Carlyle means this; but this, and nothing else, is the meaning of what he has written. The divinity that doth hedge in successful Might is Right. Success is Right; to succeed and hold is the adjustment upon which he desires us to fix our eyes, in passive hope and abiding faith. "Of conquest," he observes, "we may say, that it never yet went by brute force and compulsion; conquest of that kind does not endure." This is the test, then, of the rights of a people — the endurance of conquest; that alone establishes and sanctifies Right. No matter how it was achieved — by fraud — by bloodshed — by robbery — massacre — has it endured? Then Might is Right. Mr. Carlyle thinks that this is not an argument on behalf of brute force. We think that no argument was ever more clear on that side of the question.

If the maintenance of power be the proof of the best government, what shall we say to the fall of the Roman empire? How did it fall? Why did it fall? Stringent as it was, methodical as it was, and brave and skilful as it was — it fell before the advance of a mightier intelligence. It crumbled to pieces from sheer inward decay. Here, then, was a new conquest. Was the new conquest less righteous than the old? Did the Right which the Might of the Romans absorbed take flight from the prostrate Romans, and settle upon their masters? Did the soul of the sleeping Pollux take wings unto itself, and perch upon the laurelled helmet of Castor?

But if this duration of conquest be the mark by which right is to be determined, then no right is more satisfactory than the right of England to mis-govern Ireland, throughout a term of five hundred years. The Irish may fancy themselves to be afflicted more or less; but they may rely upon it, infatuated self-deceivers, that in their solid interests they are better off than before.

And the right of Russia to govern Poland — of Austria to govern Italy: these rights are made out, by the same principle, beyond all question. Perhaps they are not yet quite old enough to come up to Mr. Carlyle's period of gestation, when the new-born right, according to his laws of nature, comes into the world from the womb of time. But there are untimely births that grow up from ricketty and unpromising infancy into iron manhood, and these are doubtless of the number.

It does not occur to Mr. Carlyle that the people may claim a right to govern themselves. Conquests from below do not enter into his views. The feet of clay must not struggle against the body of gold. There is no might there to be transfigured by victory into right. Yet, although he does not palpably fashion the mass of popular commotion into a figure so majestic, he has a soul too grand and comprehensive, wanting even as it is in sympathy, to be indifferent to the deep clamour, the convulsed energy of the people. Speaking of the question as it affects them, he says, —

"How inexpressibly useful were true insight into it; a genuine understanding by the upper classes of society what it is that the under classes intrinsically mean; a clear interpretation of the thought which at heart torments these wild inarticulate souls, struggling there with inarticulate uproar, like dumb creatures in pain, unable to speak what is in them! Something they do mean, — some true thing withal, in the centre of their confused hearts, — for they are hearts created by Heaven too: to the Heaven it is clear what thing — to us not clear. Would that it were! Perfect clearness on it were equivalent to remedy of it; for, as is well said, all battle is misunderstanding: did the parties know one another the battle

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would cease. No man at bottom means injustice; it is always from some obscure image of a right that he contends; an obscure image diffracted, exaggerated, in the wonderfullest way, by natural dimness and selfishness; getting ten-fold more diffracted by exasperation of contest, till at length it becomes all but irrecognisable; yet still the image of a right."

Here is the recognition of a true thing struggled for by the people — a true thing that nobody can understand! And here, too, we are told that no man means injustice! And we are told all this at a crisis when demands as clearly defined as light are urged upon the upper classes — demands that are fortified by reason, by justice, and by the necessities for ever springing up out of them — to which the upper classes, coiling themselves up in their privileges, return a freezing negative. Yet there is no intelligibility in these wild inarticulate souls — no meaning of injustice in those who refuse to hearken to their wants! It is by thus putting the case of the masses as the case of men moping and blindly thundering for something they do not understand themselves, that we are kept upon the dark side of truth, vindictive in passion, wrong in judgment, and cruel in action. Mr. Carlyle does not mean this — he cannot mean it — yet he utters it.

To accept the charter, with its headlong requisitions, as the true type of the wants of the multitude, is to confound the exasperation of the contest with its original cause, to take advantage of the popular wrong, and to perpetuate admitted grievances under the plea of averting contingent evils. The true wisdom, as it is the true equity, is to meet the complaints of the people — to discuss them — to remedy them. Let us face the clamour, and investigate it. Let us not hug ourselves in ermine, and stand behind our solid squares of bayonets, awaiting the approach of the disordered crowd, who, in the rage of defeated expectations and spurned prayers, afford us so many excuses for dealing with them according to law, when we might prevent all this uproar and gratuitous horror by dealing with them according to justice. The charter is the smoke — our business is to quench the fire.

Mr. Carlyle indeed knows all this, and condemns heartily and wholly the passive mode of government; but there lies under his pleading such a suggestion as deprives it of all practical good.

"Laisser-Faire has as good as done its part in a great many provinces; in the province of the working classes, Laisser-Faire having passed its New Poor Law, has reached the suicidal point, and now, as *felo-de-se*, lies dying there, in torch-light meetings and such like; that, in brief, a government of the under classes by the upper, on a principle of *let alone*, is no longer possible in England in these days. This is the one inference inclusive of all. For there can be no acting or doing of any kind, till it be recognised that there is a thing to be done; the thing once recognised, the doing in a thousand shapes becomes possible. The working classes cannot any longer go on without government, without being *actually* guided and governed; England cannot subsist in peace until, by some means or other, wiser guidance and government for them is found."

It is abundantly evident from this and other passages, that Mr. Carlyle is for a government of might, let him come by it how he may, in order to evolve the experiment of conversion already referred to. The working classes must be guided and governed; it is not enough that they are not to be let alone, but they must be guided and governed. Marry how? By a government of might — an active, stringent, regular, methodical Roman government, that will best know how to govern them, — a government of lawn sleeves and red tape, of muskets, rapiers, and cannons, church discipline and regulars; in a word, a Tory government. By what degrees we have come to this conclusion, those alone who read the book can fairly appreciate. The Laisser-Faire is the Whig administration — the strong power that is actually to govern the working classes, without understanding

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their dumb show, without a congenial heart for them, without sympathy or equity, is a Tory cabinet. The Laisser-Faire then means no more than "Turn out the Whigs, they have done nothing for you, — get in the Tories, they will take care to let you do nothing!" Again, we say, Mr. Carlyle may not mean this, but his argument means nothing else.

But we are too provident of our lessons of experience to be deceived by the flattering bait of "new lamps for old." What the Whigs have done, they have done of and from themselves, — what they have not done, the Tories have prevented them from doing. Let this fact go forth along with all the rest, and the people may exclaim, "Hang up philosophy, if it give us no bread."

Even the new Poor Law, — the great sin of the Whigs according to our author, — was imperative and invaluable to society. Mr. Carlyle says it is a *half-truth*, but that it was nevertheless indispensable. Of the old law, he says truly, —

"Any law, however well meant as a law, which has become a bounty in unthrift, idleness, bastardy, and beer-drinking, must be put an end to. In all ways it needs, especially in these times, to be proclaimed aloud, that for the idle man there is no place in this England of ours. He that will not work, and save according to his means, let him go elsewhither; let him know that for *him* the law has made no soft provision, but a hard and stern one; that by the law of nature, which the law of England would vainly contend against in the long run, *he* is doomed either to quit these habits, or miserably be extruded from this earth, which is made on principles different from these. He that will not work according to his faculty, let him perish according to his necessity; there is no juster law than that."

And of the New Poor Law Bill he says with equal truth, —

"Work is the mission of man in this earth. * * * Let the honest working man rejoice that such law, the first of nature, has been made good on him, and hope that, by and by, all else will be made good. It is the beginning of all. We define the harsh New Poor Law to *be* withal a 'protection of the thrifty labourer against the thriftless and dissolute;' a thing inexpressibly important; a *half*-result, detestable, if you will, when looked upon as a whole result, *yet without which the whole result is for ever unattainable.*"

Yet this very poor law — indispensable and fruitful of great blessings — was made the engine of Tory disaffection to work up the labouring classes into Chartism. The fact is notorious all over the country that this very law was converted into an agent of factious disturbance at elections, and upon all other occasions, in public and in secret, by Tory magistrates, landholders, and attorneys, to inflame the passions of the lower orders against the Government, — this law, which was the essential foundation of a new and improved system, which contained the declaration of that important principle, the protection of industry, and which relieved the land from the greatest pestilence of fraud, corruption, and oppressive taxation that ever encumbered the soil, or paralysed the energies of the people!

The *half*-result is that it merely provides against the encouragement of idleness by refusing relief to those who will not work. The other half, which it does not provide, is employment for all those who are willing to work out of doors in the ordinary way. It is needless to say that no law could provide such a result, however desirable it is allowed to be. The poor laws proposed for Ireland contemplated such an object in the suggestion for the emigration of surplus labour. But how was that bill received in parliament? Is it not matter of history that the ministry struggled in vain against the well-regulated phalanx of a Tory opposition in their attempts to carry that and other measures for the amelioration of the state of society both of Ireland and England? Who is to blame for this? If we are to probe the evil, let us, in the name of common honesty, probe it to the bottom.

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But thus, however obscured by generalities, and veiled under a specious exposition of abstract principles, Mr. Carlyle's book is a protest against the administration, seeking to establish upon its ruins a government of action. Mr. Carlyle may be right in this, and there is no doubt that he must be right, if the activity he looks for were directed into right channels. But activity may be for evil as well as for good; and it does not require much sagacity to foretel upon which side the activity of the Tories would be developed, if they once more got into power. See what they demand in Ireland, through their accredited mouth-pieces, Sir Harcourt Lees, Lord Rathdowne, and Mr. Butt — the repeal of the Reform Bill and Catholic Emancipation. Now the Reform Bill and Catholic Emancipation were but *half*-truths or *half*-results, and the better part — the spiritual moiety of Plato — remained behind. They were but means to an end; and whoever talks of finality, is ignorant alike of the philosophy of history and the laws of nature.* But even as a finality, the Tories would take away these concessions — they would draw us back to feudal slavery, without the melancholy consolation of feudal forms — setting up again the fraudulent ascendency of Force over Intelligence. And this chimera — this impossible avatar of power, breasting the winds and tides with wickerwork — is the government of action that is to put down Chartism!

When we are reminded of the Laisser-Faire, only one aspect of the case is put before us. How shall we determine the nature of this apparent inaction, if we are not in possession of the circumstances by which it is influenced? If nations could be governed by simple principles, without reference to the incidental intrusion of impediments and impulses, of modifications of old interests and the growth of new, external agencies and internal changes, the fluctuations of arts, commerce, and intercourse, the increase of population forcing itself into strange inventions and expedients, the growth of fresh wants, and the perpetual craving of advancing desires that are more easily lulled than satisfied — then we might be ruled by a stereotype code, and a petrified constitution, realising the dream of Utopian finality. But government is a complex machine, demanding constant adaptation to fresh and manifold exigencies. Pause over the revolutions of ages, and investigate the progression of necessities and means — reduplicated heads and hands, villages displacing forests, towns cresting their chimneys over villages, roads and rivers populated with toiling waggons and fluttering canvass, the Spinning-jenny, and the Steam-engine. Look then abroad, to colonial empires in the waste of waters, — in the west, in the east, in the north, in the south, — the emporiums of our manufactures — the harbours of our superabundant labour. Must there not arise from all these ever-multiplying springs of human struggle a vast chaos of aspirations, of conflicting and perplexing emergencies, for which there are no precedents, and which exhibit an endless succession of difficulties unknown to our predecessors? Is it as easy to govern England and her dependencies now, as it was fifty, or even twenty years ago? And when we find these

* That Mr. Carlyle should fix his eyes on finality, as an object attainable and desirable for the happiness of mankind, is incredible. Yet he suggests as much. "Democracy," he says, "makes rapid progress in these latter times, and even more rapid, in a perilous accelerative ratio; towards democracy, and that only, the progress of things is everywhere tending as to the final goal and winning post. So think, so clamour the multitudes everywhere. And yet all men may see, whose sight is good for much, that in democracy can lie no finality; that with the competent winning of democracy there is nothing yet won, — except emptiness, and the free chance to win!" And is this free chance to win nothing? We clamour not for democracy, but we clamour for the free chance to win. As to finality of any kind it is pure fiction. Time is progressive — eternity alone is final!

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difficulties augmented tenfold by an obstinate Obstruction, impervious to the appeals of truth, in the configuration of the richest, the most solid, and the most selfish party in the state, opposing itself like a wall of brass to the progressive policy of the government, what then shall be said of the Laisser-Faire of Mr. Carlyle? Is it a sound exposition of the real state of things? Is this government, in the open, plain dealing of words, a government of indifference? Has it not essayed many things, and effected some—accomplishing more practical benefits against the teeth of the wolf than ever was before accomplished in similar circumstances: for what government ever before had such a wolf to contend with as the Tory faction out of office?

To sustain the intricate web in which the administration is to be poised and meshed, Mr. Carlyle runs into numerous ramifications of his theory of vigour. He is all for controlling, by some means, the throbbing motion of the huge heart of the populace. He will not even admit the presence of facts, lest they may endanger the certainty and finality of the machinery by which he proposes to stifle the perilous unrest of the working classes. He anathematises statistics.

"Tables are like cobwebs—like the sieve of the Danaides; beautifully reticulated, orderly to look upon, but which will hold no conclusion. Tables are abstractions, and the object a most concrete one, so difficult to read the essence of. There are innumerable circumstances, and one circumstance left out may be the vital one on which all are turned. Statistics is a science which ought to be honourable, the basis of many most important sciences; but it is not to be carried on by steam, this science, any more than others are; a wise head is requisite for carrying it on."

If tables be cobwebs, the world of the past is an empty pageant. If tables be cobwebs, there is no utility in experience, no connection between cause and effect, no collective life—all is individualisation. But who claims for statistics the name and functions of a science? It is a handmaid to the sciences; it furnishes materials—no more. For the materials themselves, all that need be said is, that they are facts. If a false use be made of facts, statistics are not responsible. If conclusions be formed from an insufficient basis of facts, he who does so practises a gross deception; but the facts are there notwithstanding, and cannot be obliterated. We cannot reject statistics without rejecting facts. To argue from the abuse against the use of any thing under the sun, is the forlorn hope of those artificial theories which cannot be held up to the light without betraying their porousness, and which may with unimpeachable propriety be compared to the sieve of the Danaides.

But in the midst of all these extraneous considerations, we must not omit Mr. Carlyle's remedy for the state of the country. He proposes two measures—Universal Education, and General Emigration. Of each of these much has already been said, and much still lingers to be said. Had we not already fought hard for the one, and witnessed the other in actual operation, we might hope that good would come of this advice. Who are for education—and who are against it? To recapitulate the impediments, the fanatical resistance, the overwhelming bigotry, falsehood, and fraud that were brought to bear last summer against the ministerial plan for national education, would break all bounds of patience. Let us only vanquish the intolerance that mars the progress of this movement, and the people shall be educated. But what is to be done with Chartism in the mean time, and long after while the young generation is at school? Will emigration pierce the core of the mystery? The gap you make in the population will rapidly be filled up again, and the evil, whatever it may be, that lies under this tumult-

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nous agitation of the masses will continue as vivid as ever, acquiring even an accelerated impetus from procrastination and baffled hope. Where is the present remedy for Chartism? These are but expedients stretching far into the future — one of them an indestructible truth doubtless, which must hereafter lay healthy nourishment at the roots of society, invigorating the health, and enriching the fruit of the goodly tree. But what is to be done for the present want that cries aloud for succour? Mr. Carlyle replies, a government of action, of order, even if it be opposed to the sympathies, the wishes, the convictions of the people! "A rearing horse — you may back him, spur him, check him, make a little way even *backwards!*" Alas! that minds so clear, so subtle, so far-seeing, and so ennobled by pure and high thoughts, should be so dazzled and misled even by the light that is within them — blinded by their own lustre!

Time was when this physical vigour and processional order answered all ends in England. But that Arcadian time is over. There was a time when the phrases "loyalty," "allegiance," "patriotism," "British constitution," "legal safeguards," "hurrah!" and the like, were magic incantations to the spirits of Englishmen. There was a time when a farce of Dibdin's would have inspired thousands with as much enthusiasm as would have lasted them through a whole war — when a comedy by Reynolds or Morton, sparkling with apostrophes to British merchants and purses without strings, would have produced a high fever of nationality. But the age of clap-trap is at an end: — the age is at an end when Might was better understood than Right, and worshipped accordingly, — when men were carried away on a flood of ecstasy by the gorgeous banners of costly victories, when escutcheons, and trumpets, and blue ribands, and illuminations filled the imaginations, and bewildered the brains of the multitude. Since then, we have had a long peace, and much leisure for reflection, and much calamity and suffering to supply it with topics; and in that thoughtful interval the Pen has risen up as an expounder of the blessings of the Sword, and the people, chewing the cud of bitter fancies, began to look in upon themselves and back upon the past, and its train of ashes and monuments, and, for the first time, they dared to gaze into the future. Since then, we have had incendiarism and Rockiteism, Peterloo and the Six Acts, agrarian insurrections, corn-law restrictions, cash payments, million demonstrations, riots for wages, riots for food, riots for knowledge; since then, we have seen the antique proverbs of government crumbling, fragment by fragment, before the slow but stern advance of popular intelligence, gaining hourly instruction in its wants, its perils, and its privileges: — we have seen the Catholics emancipated — the Dissenters liberated — the close boroughs abolished — the hornets' nests of corporations broken up — the newspaper stamp diminished, giving free vent and circulation to the most effective of all kinds of knowledge — and, most wonderful of all, we have seen a popular government in Ireland. Are these indications to be set aside as nought? Can such changes be wrought in the body of society, and the head remain still as it was? What will emigration do for this great political anomaly — the vitality below, and the death-watch above?

It is a grave error to lay too much stress upon our power to suppress an *emeute*. It is the common frailty of Englishmen to despise outbreaks that are easily put down, or that are headed by obscure individuals. There was a great rising of men at Newport, pouring upon the town in three distinct levies, headed by a draper, a publican, and a watchmaker, — some say to the number of ten thousand, others twelve, and others fourteen thousand. This tremendous, irregular, and confused gathering, was dispersed by a few

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soldiers from the window of an inn, breast-high. The whole affair was wanting in the requisite concert, in the bravery and skill of its chiefs, not one of whom had a spark of courage in his soul, — poor, cowardly, and frantic to the last excess of imbecility and thoughtlessness. Such an insurrection wants the ordinary recommendation of respectability. John Bull likes a genteel revolution; his feelings are not to be waylaid by vulgar shopkeepers and mechanics playing the heroics with staves and iron hoops. But let us not deceive ourselves by calculations of this sort. Newport was saved, but Chartism lives.

Let us not suppose because a design has suffered a temporary check and frustration from the unfitness, the headlong folly, and cowardice of its leaders, that it has, therefore, failed. What might have been — what must have been — the result at Newport, if the wild mob had had other and abler leaders? And what may not be the result if other and abler leaders should be found hereafter? The consideration is not how to overcome these myriads of insurgents, which we can always do by force at an expenditure of blood; but how to prevent insurrection. What can be done ought to be done. Extend to them the wise lenity of paternal legislation. Hear their complaints dispassionately: set the majesty of justice above the terrors of the sword, and disarm them by reason. Do not treat their grievances — even if they be visionary and unreal — with derision and contempt. They are a part and parcel of the life of this kingdom, and are entitled to sympathy and protection. If their demands are extravagant and incompatible with the safety of our institutions, or the liberties of the subject, demonstrate to them the folly and impolicy of their wishes. Much is to be done by an appeal to the common interests of men, to their domestic affections, their social security — more than by a thousand examples of the gibbet and the prison-ship. And at this crisis such a disposition on the part of the upper classes, the legislature, and the government, would be deeply *felt* — it would penetrate to the heart of this desperate confederation; and its dastardly leaders, shaken from their grasp upon the fears and passions of their dupes, would fall away into obscurity, dishonoured and forgotten.

To the Chartists we would say, that if the upper classes, the legislature, and the government have a duty of guidance and tenderness to perform, the executive has also a duty to discharge, the neglect of which would be nothing short of the abdication of all law and authority, the wholesome ascendency of which is for the common good. Our homes must be protected against violence; our hearths must be held sacred; life and property must be guarded, and all attemps to invade them must be repressed, and, if it come to extremities, punished. Of all wars, the war of kindred is the most desolating in its progress and results; lacerating the holiest ties and affections, destroying our faith in ourselves, enfeebling us in the sight of other nations, and, with suicidal hands, striking at the very heart of our freedom and independence. Let it be remembered, too, that England is a great manufacturing and commercial country, limited in space, teeming with an active population, and full of wealth accumulated in narrow bounds. The consequences of a successful revolution against property — of extensive conflagrations — of levelling and massacres, would be to entail irremediable misery upon all ranks of the population; and chiefly upon the incendiaries themselves, who, by thus poisoning the wells from which they have hitherto drank, and confiscating the granaries from which they have hitherto been fed, would be the earliest victims of their own fury. We do not believe there was any good foundation for the rumour which recently prevailed,

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that the Chartists contemplated the iniquitous act of setting fire to London. But what would have been the issue if they had! Setting aside the ruinous sacrifice of property, the fountain of employment, and the source to which healthy industry looks for all its honours and emoluments, can any man contemplate without horror the inevitable bloodshed that must have ensued? The bloodshed of the innocent and the guilty — of those who sympathise with the working classes, and have laboured in their own province for their welfare and advancement — of those who have lived useful and silent lives, promoting in their sphere good works of charity and unostentatious righteousness — and of the evil multitudes, for whom there could be no escape, against whom in the hour of adversity every door would be shut, and every heart frozen. When were civil or political wrongs ever redressed by acts so calamitous and inconclusive? To destroy is not to establish, — and the distinction cannot be too frequently or too urgently enforced. The Chartists aim at setting up a constitution of their own; they have openly avowed their tenets — no mistake exists as to their ultimate objects. How can they so grievously deceive themselves as to suppose that this new constitution can be set up by the instrumentality of pillage, murder, and lawless confederations against the peace of the country? Can any solid foundation be laid in the ruins of society? Where is the moral force that comes to sustain these demands? Where is the intelligence that gives them dignity and power? There is no moral force, no intelligence, in bludgeons and knives. The wise and thoughtful, who view this miserable desecration of the noblest attributes of freemen — the right to reform their institutions — regard all these savage and incoherent exhibitions with mingled sentiments of regret and aversion.

Before we dismiss the book which has led us into these reflections, we are desirous to express our admiration of the incidental and lucid truths that are scattered through its pages. The spirit of the book is, in our conception, wrong; but in arriving at his dark and finite conclusions, Mr. Carlyle elucidates many glorious problems by the way. He sees the mighty wants of his fellow men; but he is insensible to their destiny. For him there is an abyss to which all things tend, and in which they must be engulphed. His creed is without hope — his labour without progression. Yet his genius is above all this, and seems to dispel with its effulgence the gloom through which it moves. We dare not surrender our trust in him, in spite of all he has written in this book; and we may yet find occasion to justify the confidence with which, even in the midst of misgivings, he has inspired us.

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SPIRIT OF MODERN TRAGEDY.*

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath, nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

* * *

There pass'd a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye,
When looking westward I beheld
A something in the sky.

* * *

The upper air burst into life!

COLERIDGE.

THE surfaces of things, always deceitful, never signified the "truth within" less adequately than in this present time. Old forms and old customs remain with little change; but they are no longer implicitly believed in. The same circumstance is observable in the ideal world. Men are grasping onward. We agree with Mr. Carlyle that the present age is not an age of faith; but certainly it is not one of indifference: for though old things are losing their hold, yet the belief in good is strong and the search after it incessant; therefore are we essentially in an age of transition and progression.

Is it possible, then, to believe that in such a time of aspiration and endeavour, of hope and disappointment, men would not willingly fly to the various forms of the higher drama for relief, or for sympathetic expression of their varied emotions? Is it possible to doubt that in the depths beneath the stagnant surface of "this painted ocean" whereon we have lain "a weary time," there is a vital spirit stirring and sounding through the hollow caves?

The poetry of Shelley, essentially undramatic as are its lustrous and erratic forms, may yet be regarded as a *type* of the spirit which, bursting into life, is rousing the mighty power of dramatic genius from its long sleep; breathing, as it does, earnestness, melancholy, exultation, voluptuousness, spirituality; made up of elements conflicting, yet harmonious, forcing the passions into action, and impelling the imagination into infinity.

The outward circumstances which have repressed the dramatic power for so many long years, will yield before its awakening strength. It was fettered by legislation in a licentious and frivolous age, and has lain inert in its bondage through a stagnant unprogressive one; but it will rise ere long in renovated youth, or in a new and mighty youth of its own, and another grand era of the highest order of drama may be anticipated in English literature. Let our men of genius work on, without lack of energy, and rather full of hope than discouragement from the "mighty past;" for, as Schlegel finely says, "there is no monopoly of poetry for certain ages and nations."

The public in general know nothing of the secret spirit at work in respect of dramatic poetry. Under present circumstances it is impossible that they should. There is no stage except for two or three established favour-

* Cosmo de' Medici, an Historical Tragedy. By R. H. Horne. Templeman. 1837.
The Death of Marlowe, a Tragedy, in One Act. Saunders and Otley. 1837.
Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature. By A. W. Schlegel. Translated by John Black. Second Edition. Templeman. 1839.

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ites. There is no demand for published and unacted dramas. The few authors who have been able to encounter the heavy expense of publication, are not read. The majority are obliged to keep their works locked up in manuscript, or, it may be, have not heart or hope to put forth works (which, for aught we can possibly know to the contrary, might solace, purify, and ennoble the world), but are condemned to dilute their thoughts in some mechanical employment, or some wasteful walk of ephemeral literature.

This is the moment at which the true spirit of criticism is called upon to exert itself. Criticism, properly exercised, is the readiest, perhaps the only means, whereby men will become aware of the power that is among them. "Notices" we have in abundance; but a genuine tragedy, or a refined high comedy, cannot be duly "noticed." Dealing, as both of them must, with a variety of character in action, they require the most careful study. Tragedy, more especially, wherein the subtle workings of the passions, their conflicts, and their terrible results, are evolved, is no subject for the examination and judgment of a hurried moment snatched from other pressing demands upon his time by a fully employed and common-place critic, who, after a hasty glance, "puts on," as Coleridge humorously says, "the seven league boots of self-opinion, and strides at once into a supreme judge, and, blind and deaf, fills his three-ounce phial at the waters of Niagara, and determines positively the greatness of the cataract to be neither more nor less than his three-ounce phial has been able to receive."

Nor is it even capable of appreciation by the minds of men of acknowledged power, unless they give it the requisite time and study. Let any one consider, in imagination, the different sort of impression which would be diffused among the public concerning the greatest works of our elder dramatists, and Shakspeare particularly, if only a hurried perusal had been bestowed on them by their reviewers, when compared with that impression which is now prevalent, after the careful and elaborate attention which some of the finest minds of successive times in our country, as well as of foreign nations, have bestowed upon them. Forty years ago, when Coleridge delivered his course of lectures on Shakspeare at the London Institution, he was thought to utter a series of startling paradoxes; the shallow wit of Voltaire, shallow in *this* instance, and the dullness of our own commentators, had so obscured that glorious sun of poetry. But enlightened criticism, simultaneously with Schlegel in Germany, and from that period downward in this country, cleared away the confusing vapours; views analogous to these seeming paradoxes are now established truths, and no one will again talk about the "anomalous, wild, irregular genius of Shakspeare." This is an illustration of the power of criticism for evil and for good.

It is in the power of every critic, if not to bring to his task the comprehension of the great masters in an important department of literature, at least not to undertake such a task unless he is conscious of a sympathy with genius, and a reverential though discriminating exertion of study upon its manifestations. In such a spirit we commence a review of two tragedies which appeared in 1837 by a living author.

Nothing can be more unlike than the form of these tragedies. "Cosmo de' Medici" is very long; containing much matter unnecessary and even extraneous to the action, and combining within itself scenes properly belonging to the comic drama, to melo-drama, to broad farce, with many passages containing the finest elements of epic poetry. The "Death of Marlowe," on the other hand, is condensed to the utmost point. It is the very essence and sublimation of a tragedy; not a sketch or outline, be it observed, but the inward germ of gigantic nature. If lengthened, which it

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might be, all additions would ramify outwards from the vital spirit within. Opinion has varied as to "Cosmo de' Medici." Some of the hebdomadal authorities, from whom we should have anticipated at least the show of criticism on such a work — rare, to say the very least of it — passed it over with sundry off-hand remarks. Even the *Athenæum* evaded criticism with a few extracts. Amidst much praise and admiration, there have been many examples of the censure naturally provoked by so heterogeneous a form of tragedy. It is quite plain that the old romantic school is too strong and coarse a mixture for our delicate modern stomachs. The faults and prodigal redundancies of "Cosmo de' Medici" have been seized upon; and, lying on the surface, have hidden from many the grandeur of the main action.

The fifth act, alone, which is interrupted by none of these disturbing influences, has been nearly without a dissentient voice pronounced of the finest order of dramatic power. On the "Death of Marlowe" there has been no diversity of opinion. With one voice it has been proclaimed the genuine work of a great dramatic genius — a production nearly faultless. That "it is a masterly specimen of the concentration of a world of life, passion, and sympathy," the judgment publicly passed on it by the elegant poet and critic to whom it is dedicated, remains as its final verdict.

Had only one of these tragedies appeared, Mr. Horne might have been set down, either as a diffuse writer, one who was "utterly incapable" of that fine, close style of composition essential to the action of the drama; or as a poet who could only write for mental appreciation, on perusal, "utterly incapable" of working out his characters so as to fit them for the stage. Fortunately for the good cause, he has published both. A careful study of either would, however, have been sufficient for a true appreciation of his genius. The contrast between these tragedies is only in their outward form. With whatever difference in the elements of character and in the mode of working, they share alike the essential principle of the true tragic drama.

The grand principle embodied in the character of Cosmo is a passionate sense of justice, in combination with a high intellect, and a determined will to guide his actions unerringly by that principle. The tragic result descends upon this powerful nature, from its encountering another, equally individual, but totally opposite (that other being impulsive, sensitive to the highest degree, enthusiastic, imaginative); and, from circumstances fraught with anguish to both, driving them into collision. The strong and practical nature of Cosmo cannot sympathise with that of Garcia, which he consequently misinterprets at the very moment when the fate of the latter is placed in his hands. That fate is sealed unjustly. The error is discovered too late, and a profound tragic result becomes inevitable.

> "The tower of man within,
> Ravaged by storms that howlingly sweep through —"

had stood firm, based on its strong foundation of Right. The foundation is removed, and it falls a ruin; yet stately and noble in its fall.

This is the tragic principle evolved in "Cosmo de' Medici;" a principle, it will be observed, most noble in its conception, depending on the conflict of noble natures, without the intervention of vile and base passions, and worked out by the operation of mind upon mind, not by the accidents of outward circumstance. The unity of the passion and action is entire; the result is brought about by the natural and inevitable course of the passion. The abiding impression it will leave on the mind is that of power, fixed

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there by the contemplation of a grandly executed development of noble humanity, conveyed in a strain of lofty and impassioned poetry.

Examined in its parts, perplexing and unpardonable faults mix with high excellences. Some of the subordinate characters are mere excrescences, and whole scenes in which they figure might be removed without influencing the course of the action: others, however, of the subordinate characters are well conceived and sustained throughout; and even among the scenes which are unnecessary to the action, two or three possess so much merit as to forbid our regret that they are there; while others are totally out of harmony with the rest. At the worst, however, the action is only retarded by these redundancies; nothing confuses or interferes with its course. The style is vigorous: sometimes the versification is rugged, lumbering, halting, and unmusical; but it always swells and rises with the passionate scenes, and becomes salient as the waves of a coming storm as it pursues its impulsive course. One cause of a general want of melody is clearly attributable to the author's evident passion for crowding too many ideas into a single line. Similes, metaphors, and allegories, conveyed by colossal impersonation, are all at times associated with the very passion they are intended to illustrate, which is violently struggling beneath, and only not smothered by reason of its "inveteracy of purpose." The following portion of a speech of Garcia will explain our meaning: —

> "These blows do harden me, and make the deed,
> Appalling once, seem common as a cloud,
> Wherein great faces frown and fade; my heart
> Is as a stone that 's on the highway broken
> By wheels, men, cattle — and I almost feel
> With like occasion I could do 't again.
> Terror hath dash'd his torch before mine eyes,
> Till hell seems ashes; *paralysed despair*
> *Lies carved in ice, outstretch'd before my path.*"

The criticisms of Coleridge, on whatever subject, are generally exquisitely fine, though not always applicable. The following remark on the "Dramatic Scenes" of Barry Cornwall would have applied more closely to Coleridge himself in his dramatic poems, than to the individual for whom they were intended. "Dramatic poetry," says he, "must be poetry hid in thought and passion — not thought or passion disguised in the dress of poetry." This is a subtle truth, and explains one of the errors into which Mr. Horne has frequently fallen in this tragedy; for although the presence of thought or passion, or both, is always implicit, there are many occasions on which it is extremely difficult to disencumber them from their poetical imagery, which is frequently of a gigantic and substantial character, dashed in like some of the frescoes of Michael Angelo. The conclusion of the foregoing passage, where the prodigious image of icy Despair, erewhile so tyrannising and now prostrate and melting away before the feet of its late enslaved victim, — is a sufficient illustration. One more, however, as an extreme, not to say stupendous characteristic, we cannot omit. Cosmo, having determined to put his son to death by his own hand, utters this epic invocation —

> "*Cos.* The solid earth beneath me seems to rock;
> Yet will not I! — like Justice, will I stand
> Upon mine own foundation — steel'd in right!
> And thou — O, vast marmoreal arch above!
> Whereon the luminous host in silence range;
> Glorified giants and portentous powers,

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> Coeval, coeternal with the spheres—
> Who gaze with solar face on this my deed;
> O, spanning arch! yawn thou, and let heaven down
> To crush me ere I do 't, if I be wrong!"

The closing lines in which the heavens are called upon to open and "let down" all their "luminous host," presents a picture to the imagination such as might indeed have challenged the creative genius of the highest artists. It is a sort of inversion of the Fall of the Damned — more sublime perhaps, but certainly less dramatic; and not perhaps quite orthodox in one of such profound catholicism as Cosmo. The grand point, however, is the proof it affords of the great pride and mighty consciousness of strength possessed by the man who uttered such an invocation; the very fall of the heavens being made the condition of his individual error.

The dialogue is characteristic and well sustained. But the lighter parts bear no comparison, as to excellence, with the grander portions. In works "fashioned to endure" all subordinates would be strictly in keeping thrown into deep shadow as back ground, or brought forward as a relief; not made integral, and capable of exciting a detached interest of themselves, especially when that interest is of a lowering quality injurious to the great passions of the design. At all events, this is a requisition of modern art, however set at defiance by the Elizabethan dramatists.

The construction is faulty in many points. The whole is too elaborate, lengthy, and diffuse. The commencement of the action is too long retarded, and there are too many scenes in each act. Though the construction is bad, however, in these particulars, in others it is very fine. The action, though retarded, never flags after it has once begun; the interest always increasing until it reaches its climax in the fifth act, which is throughout a grand work of genius, worthy of any age of the drama. There is also a peculiar excellence in the management of the whole, consisting in a certain tone or atmosphere of art (incidentally referring to painting and sculpture, of which Cosmo was a most enlightened and liberal patron), which is thrown over it, suitable to the locality, the period, and the characters.

The plot is derived from the history of Florence, and laid in the time of Cosmo, the first Grand-duke of Tuscany. A train of tragic events occurred in the family of this great prince, the dark and hidden course of which has never been revealed, the historians of the period being only able to record a series of conjectures. The sudden death of two sons of the Grand-duke, immediately followed by that of their mother, have been generally attributed to the murder of one brother by the hand of the other, and the execution of the murderer by the hand of Cosmo himself, the Duchess suddenly dying of horror and grief. Mr. Horne has taken his own view of the motives as well as events, and has anticipated the period of Cosmo's death in accordance with the character which he has embodied in him.

The noble character of Cosmo is appropriately introduced in the words of his favourite son. Giovanni struggling with his own conflicting feelings, and the difficulties of his situation, re-assures himself with this recollection —

> "My father is in all things great: his nature
> Owns a vast soul of beauty, grace, and power,
> That, like the archangel's breath, might cover earth,
> And give man's blood a purer atmosphere."

There is a faulty repetition and sameness in the mode of the Duke's appearance in the first and second acts; but the quietude of the character until its depths are convulsed by overwhelming passions is necessary to its completeness as a whole, and, if altered for the sake of stage effect, the true dramatic

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power would be grossly injured. The third scene of the second act, in which Cosmo is seated with a poor scholar, who has been reading from a manuscript, is altogether a noble piece of composition. We quote a portion of it for its intrinsic excellence, observing at the same time that it is a scene utterly unsuitable to the present notions of stage effect: —

"*Cos.* Thou tak'st a high position; bold, yet good.
Read me once more the passage that describes
Sesostris' death.
"*Scho.* Your Highness, it runs thus: —

"*(Reads) — Not only was Sesostris worthy of being called the Mighty, in that his chariot rolled with intolerable power, like unto a second sun, over the vast tracts of Lybia and Ethiopia; in that he made the conquered Arabs uplift his name to a superstitious height, enthroned beside their ancient adorations; in that he made tributary the islands of the Red Sea, shaking the far-reaching lightning of his spears over the whole subjugated splendour of the East. Great as were the warlike deeds thus attributed to him, which seem at times to have dazzled his historians — wanting a high severity of mind — into glorious allegories and fables, where the extreme of admiration ends in smiles; Sesostris is worthy of a more imperishable fame. In this barbaric age he dealt mercifully with the fallen nations; in this barbaric age he ever strove to advance the noblest arts and sciences, and the progress of humane philosophy.*

"*Cos.* I like thine estimate of fame: proceed!

"*Scho. But now Sesostris approached the last degree of that orbit which endureth no second revolution of its body. After so many nations conquered, so many potent kings made subjects of his sceptre, so many cities and temples erected, and the periodical exuberance of Nilus checked, mastered, and applied according to his designs, Sesostris found himself in the presence of Old Age! Pain was opposed to infirmity; diseases environed, and his faculties deserted him; he would have looked abroad for comfort and relief, but he had become blind. His children began to conspire for his throne; his friends fled from his bed-side to feast with them; his bodily existence became burdensome, loathsome, and a mere sea-cave of misery for the wreck of his mind; and, with his last energy in both, he therefore destroyed himself.*

"*Cos.* Thou read'st a fearful moral to great kings.
But doth his end detract Sesostris' fame?
"*Scho.* With deference to your Highness, I think not.
All that had made him great was gone: moreover,
Assassination might have cut him off.
"*Cos.* We will discuss this question at our leisure."

Would that all histories might be written by poets! This scene, whether adapted or not for the stage, is highly dramatic from its position. It immediately precedes the fatal catastrophe which spreads desolation within and around the being, then so clear and unruffled: while the poet, with a subtle and intimate cognisance of the hidden mysteries enshrouded by the thick veil whereby our existence is enclosed, yet strangely discovering themselves at times, we know not whence nor how,—the poet has thrown into this scene a hushing foreboding of approaching evil; a sensation, not a perception. It is Sesostris' *death* which attracts the attention of Cosmo. His last question implies that some passing idea of suicide has suggested itself to him, although then at the height of fortune and prosperity. When he is left alone his mind works vaguely in the same direction. He reasons on life —

"Its cloud-like changes and sharp accidents"—

sees princes —

"Subject as *worms* before the *crown-pav'd* paths,
Where fate with iron foot-step blind-fold strides,
Or seeing, joys to crush our misplac'd pride:"

and then his thoughts fix themselves in

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"The death chamber, where all earth-born power
Struggles for moments, as the breaking chain
Swings o'er eternity."

The awful imagery of these passages worthily embodies the intense poetry of the conception. The firm nature of Cosmo quickly recovers its equilibrium without even a consciousness that it has been shaken, yet the effort is apparent: —

"Since I hold rule, I must first rule myself:
Sternly I've done it, — sternly will hold on;
Nor passion's self shall shake my balanced soul,
Thus with strong heart-felt justice counterpois'd."

Blotting out, in imagination, one of the supererogatory and very provocative scenes which intervene, we are now transported to a thick forest, where Cornelio, Dalmasso, and the hunters are searching in alarmed perplexity for the two princes, whom they have lost in the fierce confusion of the boar-chase; and next to another part of the forest, where Giovanni and Garcia suddenly enter, breathless and excited —

"*Gio.* I say 'twas mine.
"*Gar.* 'Twas mine, sir!
"*Gio.* 'Twas my spear
That through the haunches pierc'd him!
"*Gar.* Where 's the boar?
The savage hath escap'd us.
"*Gio.* I was close
When you did cross me in your headlong blindness
To make a random blow, and thus we lost him!
'Tis ever so with hot, misguiding haste!
"*Gar.* It was the wolf you smote.
"*Gio.* Mass! 'twas the boar!
"*Gar.* He sped this way. Look you at these moss'd trunks,
Torn white with 's tusks! — and here his hoofs with rage
Have spurn'd rough trenches! — on these *drooping* leaves
See the rank clotted foam! But he is gone!
"*Gio.* I hate thus to be foil'd! — seldom I use
These idle games — and now I must be foil'd!
"*Gar.* I'm vex'd as you — but we may find another.
"*Gio.* Nay, I'm fatigued — disgusted!"

* * * *

"*Gio.* Go — cease thy prattle!
I'm vex'd and tir'd, and in no mood to bear it.
"*Gar.* Then, sir, go you!
"*Gio.* Do not provoke me, boy!
"*Gar.* The forest 's wide — what care I for your mood?
Return and cool, and seek instead of books
Our mother's chamber, or Ippolita,
And of her learn to sweeten your ill-temper.
"*Gio.* Ippolita! — what mean you? ha! what mean you?
Dost taunt me with her name?
"*Gar.* Taunt you! — Ah, no!
She is too dear to me — too much respected,
And too much lov'd, to use for any taunt.
"*Gio.* — What 's this! — thou lov'st her as thy foster-sister,
Or as our mother loves her, or the Duke?
"*Gar.* More, more! — 'tis a strange moment for the avowal.
"*Gio.* Thou 'dst love her as a wife, then?
"*Gar.* Ay, most truly! —
But what is this to thee, that thus with eyes
Staring and flaming, with a *stiffening mouth*,
And working fingers, thou dost trembling stand?
"*Gio.* I love Ippolita!
"*Gar.* Thou!

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" *Gio.* And sincerely!
Nay more, she loves me better than her life —
Beyond her happiness!
" *Gar.* Can this be true?
But what a cruel palterer must thou be,
Knowing that thou 'rt to wed another soon,
Thus to seduce her love, — thus to rob me
Of her first feelings! Oh, 'tis base! — most base!
" *Gio.* Rail, boy, no more! I cannot, will not, bear it!
Give up thine idle thought, for she is mine!
" *Gar.* Thine! — idle thought! — why, what 's thy studious thought?
Hie to the Emperor's court and make your way —
Strut i' the market, and there strike a bargain
To set your sanctity on stronger bones!
My idle thought! — I love her as my soul,
And as the soul of all this Heaven above us!
" *Gio.* Unbearable! — fear not my sword's keen edge,
But with the flat o' the blade I will chastise thee!
[*Draws.*"

* * * *

Re-enter GARCIA, *with* GIOVANNI, *who staggers, and leans upon his sword.*

" *Gar.* What hast thou done?
" *Gio.* (*faintly*). Wrong, Garcia — wrong, and death must be the atonement.
" *Gar.* Death! — no, no! thou art not wounded deeply?
" *Gio.* Mortally!
" *Gar.* No! — it cannot, cannot be? [*Supports him.*
" *Gio.* I feel my life fast flowing into the grave —
The grass looks red and hazy — all 's confused —
And a sick atmosphere envelopes me —
A general shroud!
" *Gar.* 'Tis but a passing faintness —
" *Gio.* It will pass —
And I — with it. List to my parting words. —
[GARCIA *kneels beside him.*
Bear my best blessing to Ippolita,
Thus full of mine eternity: — thou 'lt do it?
" *Gar.* I will — I will do anything — merciful God!
" *Gio.* If thou shouldst marry her — be kind and loving —
And tell our father — tell him from me, dear Garcia,
That this unworthy end was the worst crime —
If crime can be where thought was absent — lost —
Wherewith my conscience is oppressed: farewell! [*Dies.*
" *Gar.* He is not dead! — he is not surely dead?
Giovanni, speak to me — speak but one word!
Make some faint sign — the least — that I may know
A thread of life remains! — save me from madness!
[*After a pause.*] Yes — he is surely dead — he must be dead!
No sleep was e'er like this — no trance — no fainting!
Those white and rigid lips — those dreadful eye-balls,
Turning me all to stone; — all but my soul —
Would *that* were stone too! — *God! make me a stone,*
Or make him animate! — these unnatural limbs —
These root-cold fingers — fallen jaw — *this hair*
Steaming the grass — all prove that Death is here;
For every vital thing i' the universe
Is quite unlike it! Where — where shall I go!
[*Exit, wildly.*"

The Turkish pirate Zacheo, who has been lying in concealment in that wild spot, and has witnessed the fight, coming out from his hiding-place, listening and looking round, gives the following thrilling and harrowing picture of the scene, its aspect, its sounds, and influences: —

" *How sharp the wind sings through the dead man's teeth,*
And jars mine, too, as coldly! Evening shades

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Creep o'er the quivering leaves. I almost fancy
I see strange forms like Afrits and pale Gouls,
Dodge round the dark trunks, while *the air seems filling*
With faces of men slain at sea, and those
Who sand-graves found ashore! Away! 'twas written!

Exit."

From this moment Garcia is utterly changed. No more bounding life and freshness — no more joyous sense of existence. Horror has shaken his being to its very depths, and his sensitive imagination multiplies the horror, and spreads it out, circling around him, until (for the truth of the poet's conception of this exquisitely wrought character works up to that point) the creative life within rises again, as it were from the grave, and soaring over desolation begins to seek, —

" New elements of hope to mould a world
Based on the trampled compost of despair!" —

but fate closes over him through the inexorable will of his no less just than terrible father.

It must be perceived, that extracts cannot convey any impression adequate to the comprehension of the reciprocal action and re-action of these two characters.

Garcia has hurried from the fatal spot, as if pursued by the Furies, and reaches the termination of the forest, still in the delirious confusion of despair. The consequences now begin to appal him: and here begins the weaving of a web of sophistry, which he coils round him, determining to conceal all knowledge of his brother's fate. The stern influence of his father is over him when he forms this fatal resolution, but he deceives himself with the idea that it is the result of affectionate care and solicitude.

Following the progress of the tragedy, we see Cosmo in the midst of his brilliant court in the grand hall of the ducal palace, at the celebration of the festival of St. Stephano. Nobles, cavaliers, ladies, are round him, and triumphal music sounds. The strange absence of the princes is secretly weighing on his spirits, when Dalmasso, " grey with dust," suddenly approaches him. He has found the body of Giovanni in the forest. We could pause over every word of this deeply dramatic scene; the thorough, instantaneous perception of the completeness of his irreparable loss evinced by Cosmo; the immediate self-command; the rapid questions exact to the point; the inference he draws, which, though incorrect, is borne out by every circumstance.

" *Cos.* Lies he there
E'en now?
" *Dal.* He does: the huntsman seated close,
With face as white. Near him this broken point
As of a sword-blade ——
" *Cos.* Whose is 't?
" *Dal.* I know not;
But by his side we found his own.
" *Cos.* Unsheath'd?
" *Dal.* Unsheath'd and stain'd, as tho' he had fought.
" *Cos.* No, no!
He hath been foully murder'd, and 'twas drawn
To cheat stern retribution — *who* has done it?
Where 's Garcia — where was Garcia when 'twas done?
" *Dal.* The Princes parted from us when the chase
Was at a headlong height; when he rejoin'd us
He came alone, nor knew he aught of it —
As it did seem.

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"*Cos.* Oh! I will find the truth,
Were 't from the very stones! My passionate grief
Shall breed an inspiration and a power
Oracular — executive!"

The calculation of probabilities made by Cosmo, who rests with proud consciousness on the accuracy of his judgment, here leads him astray, because powerful passion has now dethroned reason. He has lost his favourite son, the object of tender cares, sweet affections, laborious thoughts, and projects of aggrandisement, and lost him, too, evidently by the hand of that other son, whose nature had always thwarted and irritated him. He cannot see the strong probability of extenuating circumstances, accidents, a hasty quarrel, or an act of desperate self-defence: he sees only the lifeless corpse, and the criminal awaiting his doom. Mark his agonised and awfully imaginative invocation —

"Slaughter'd son! thy blood
Will rise up in a haze as wide as twilight —
Concentrate — form — and lo! the mighty image
Shall, like the solemn voice of desert winds,
Pronounce thy murderer's name!"

How deeply pathetic in the sublimity of its strength is his soliloquy! —

"What 's all this coil of state — ambitious hopes,
Wars, well-won honours, policies, designs,
Ponderings and weighings, aching sleepless nights,
Or acts decisive, breeding years of toil
To work out good results! — thus in a moment
Comes simple death, and all 's at once dispersed
Like straws before a sudden-open'd gate!
But what 's ambition's wreck to this my loss?
And lamentation startles into horror
At something that 's behind!"

Garcia then enters the corridor of the palace, on his way to join the guests at the banquet. The music sounding from within overturns, in a moment, his assumed indifference.

An incidental expression used by Cosmo at the festival is wonderfully pictorial, and gives, with the terrible simplicity of an Æschylus, a more vivid and accurate idea of Garcia on that night of misery than pages of description —

"*Cosmo.* Still Garcia comes not to explain? He has join'd
A group of dancers; but with such a look
As makes him seem most fearfully alone.
Horror sits in his hair, as grief in mine."

We find Garcia in another scene, seated alone at the foot of a statue in the chapel of San Lorenzo, where he is inwardly reasoning on his own state, conscious of the toils wherein he is caught, sickening over the perpetual evasions and subterfuges forced upon him, yet conscious, too, of the freedom of his own soul. His words involve a peculiar theory, the elements of which are continually observable in Mr. Horne's poetry.

"*Gar. He is no slave of circumstance whose will*
Is constant to his heart, yet must we oft
Act as if slaves — however free within —
Resolved on future franchise?"

Garcia is interrupted by the approach of the Duke, and his words describe, in accurate touches, like a fine painting, the habitual air and manner of Cosmo, and the change worked upon him by passion: —

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"Yonder's the Duke!
He sees me! and his stately step hath changed
Into most hurried —— he is calm again!
But with a solemn countenance prepares
To speak to me. Now, soul! endure this trial,
Come what may, after.

"*Enter* COSMO.

"*Cos.* Garcia, why art thou here?
"*Gar.* Sir, it is solitary, like myself;
Therefore I came.
"*Cos.* Why art thou solitary?
"*Gar.* Because alone.
"*Cos.* Thou need'st not be alone:
Many there are well worthy of thy friendship,
Of thine own age; virtuous and bright in talent:
Parents thou hast, and a most noble brother?
"*Gar.* All this, sir, I confess.
"*Cos.* Then, why alone?
"*Gar.* Your Highness knows that I have oft preferr'd it
To courtly scenes?
"*Cos.* Ay, in the forest's gloom ——
Perchance companion'd by your dogs and hawks;
But not in holy walls?
"*Gar.* Into the sanctuary
To-day I came, regretful of time lost.
"*Cos.* Where is Giovanni?
"*Gar.* We have been too much sunder'd.
"*Cos.* Answer me, Garcia?
"*Gar.* By my soul, I know not!
Unless i' the forest?
"*Cos.* Why swear'st thou by thy soul?
"*Gar.* *Because 'tis nearest God!*
"*Cos.* (*aside*). If he be guilty, it is nearer th' Accursed!
(*Aloud.*) Tamper not, boy!
Left you your brother well, or sick, or hurt,
When last you parted — speak?
"*Gar.* I left him well.
"*Cos.* He is not return'd: dost thou know that?
"*Gar.* I do, sir.
"*Cos.* What detains him? — ha?
"*Gar.* Heaven's will!
"*Cos.* (*aside*). *Can* he have done it? (*Aloud.*) Then, thou know'st naught more?
"*Gar.* Naught more: but I would gladly give my life
To see him now come back!
"*Cos.* Garcia —— no matter —
You need not stay here.
"*Gar.* Sir, I kiss your hands. [*Exit* GARCIA.
"*Cos.* If he *be* guilty, he hath fool'd my nerves,
Which I did think were lock'd in fortitude;
And *thus the judge's knees sometimes do tremble*
Before the criminal: such strength has crime
When nature finds excuse in potent minds!
If he be guilty, what a monstrous thing
Hath issued from my loins! But there remains
One trial! — if he bear it, being guilty,
He is not human! — if he be innocent,
It must be manifest; but if his sword
Hath slain his brother — proved beyond all doubt —
Judgment, with execution hand in hand,
Shall from its throne inflexibly descend,
And strike the serpent back into his clay.

[*Exit.*"

The tremendous force by which the two principal characters of this tra- restrain their passion is a distinguishing characteristic in its con-

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struction. It is the converse of almost all other tragedies, (which is doubtless one reason for the limited appreciation it has hitherto met with,) and marks the peculiar self-reliance of the author's power, and his implicit faith in nature. Outbreaks of eloquent emotion, floods of tears, situations fraught with pathos, all the usual incentives to terror and pity, are absent, or at least extremely rare. But we feel ourselves in the presence of that aching agony which always accompanies such reservation; and a fearful secret expectation is continually over us of the moment when outraged nature will burst its bonds. A sense of stifling weight loads the atmosphere. The Duchess who, together with Ippolita, is dragged along by the terrible events of the tragedy without being an active agent in them, exactly expresses this overpowering sensation —

> "My trembling frame
> Tells me some dreadful things are hov'ring round,
> Whose fall will make us shriek ere we know why!"

The final *Mass* still more finely gives it, but this we shall quote in its place.

Garcia's consciousness that he wears the outward guise of crime, while yet inwardly he knows he is innocent, evinces in the author *more* than comprehension of the ideal character. It is consummate identification with it. The dramatic faculty alone gives the power of such cunning workmanship as this —

> "Existence is become a sleepless fiend
> Within, and on the surface of the flesh.
> *Despite the efforts of my will, I feel*
> *My face is written over with the worst,*
> *Although a lie to reason.*"

We have said, and with truth, that passages of poetry exciting the tenderness of pathos and pity were rare in this tragedy. The following, however, in which Garcia pours out a lament over his lost youth, is one of the exceptions, — felt the more, because so extremely rare, and full, too, of beautiful imagery and most melodious rhythmus: —

> "*Gar.* Ah, me! I'm sick at soul! In these few days
> I am grown older, both in body and mind,
> By many a year; and my experience
> Of life and death has superseded youth,
> And all its flowers lie like a shower of stones.
> Even the sweetness of the air is gone:
> My fever'd breath has changed it. Not for me —
> Oh, not for me, comes music in the night,
> With ravishing cadence — dreamy pulse and pause —
> Revival, and far-dying. Nature wears
> A sack-cloth robe, with ashes in her hair,
> While time doth knot the cord."

We pass on (omitting to notice many passages and entire scenes, over which we would fain pause) to the second scene of the fifth act, in which the awful expedient of Cosmo to discover the murderer of Giovanni is developed —

> "*Cos.* Is my son's body placed as I directed?
> "*Atten.* It is, my liege.
> "*Cos.* The curtain hung in front,
> Effectually concealing what 's behind?
> "*Atten.* Closely your Highness; and beyond suspicion,
> Save to the second-sight of guilt.
> "*Cos.* Ha! — that is well! — woe to his body and soul
> Who knows what 's there without examining!

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"*Atten.* Shall I light tapers round the corse?
"*Cos.* No — no!
(*Aside.*) He who hath done it will not need a light;
For hell's reflexion on his startled soul
Will make all clear."

A critic of high authority in the *Examiner* objected to this scene as "undramatic," because it prepared the audience for that which follows, but which ought, on the contrary, to have come with the effect of a surprise. We entirely differ from this criticism, and find our view corroborated by Coleridge. In his "Characteristics of Shakspeare's Dramas, as distinguished from those of all other Dramatic Poets," the first he enumerated is, "Expectation in preference to surprise;" adding the following fine and most *Coleridgean* illustrations—"It is like the true reading of the passage, 'God said, Let there be light, and there was *light*;'—not 'There *was* light.' As the feeling with which we startle at a shooting star, compared with that of watching the sun-rise at the pre-established moment, such, and so low is surprise compared with expectation."

Omitting the fine and impassioned scene between Garcia and the Duchess, and afterwards with Ippolita, we pass to the antechamber of the Duke's private apartment: a "leaden-grey curtain" is drawn across the back of it. Cosmo issuing from behind it utters that stupendous prayer for, what we must designate as, a glorified annihilation, rather than the permission of his possible error in justice, which we have quoted,—and awaits the appearance of the criminal he has summoned —

"*Enter* GARCIA.
"*Gar.* (*after a pause*). Sir, I am here.
"*Cos.* (*advancing close, and fixing his eyes upon him*).
Art worthy to be here?
Shouldst thou not rather be within thy tomb?
"*Gar.* I rather would be there.
"*Cos.* Wherefore wouldst rather?
"*Gar.* Because, sir, I am sick of this vile life
Which I am made to lead by constant questions
Touching my brother's absence. Whereso'er
I turn, suspicions fang me; words are fangs,
And looks are words — therefore I'm sick of life.
"*Cos.* Thou dost anticipate me, and thy craft
Equals thy fix'd audacity.
"*Gar.* What craft?
"*Cos.* Come, let 's be brief: you know Giovanni 's murder'd!
"*Gar.* Murder'd, my lord! — impossible!
"*Cos.* *Thou* did'st it!
Thou art the murderer!
"*Gar.* What hideous liar
Hath blown this monstrous seed in your quick ear?"

* * * * *

"*Cos.* Boy! boy! no more! — thou utterest
Words, the base coin of self-deceptive fiends.
I have a picture here of ancient date,
Which looks eternal — placed beyond time's hand.
[*Leading him towards the curtain.*
It was thy mother's gift when first we married,
And hath been treasured since most sacredly.
A solemn lesson doth the subject teach
To erring mortals: recognize — acknowledge!
[*He throws aside the curtain, and discovers the form of* GIOVANNI *laid upon a marble slab.* GARCIA *utters no cry; but rushes down to the front, followed by* COSMO, *who points to his face.*

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"*Gar.* (*after a pause of horror*). I did it!
"*Cos.* Oh unnatural government,
That in a mental den lock'd up such deed!
How doth it force itself thro' the cold pores
Of that metallic mask, and curdle there!
Garcia! thy soul is lost!
"*Gar.* (*abstractedly*). It is the form
Of my unburied brother! — peaceful heaven
Cherish his soul, and let it plead my cause!
"*Cos.* Thy cause, oh murderous boy!
"*Gar.* I am no murderer!
"*Cos.* Now dost thou snatch the earth from under me,
And leave me grappling space! — hast thou not said
Thou did'st it?
"*Gar.* Father, it is true he fell
In our fierce struggle — else I had not been here
My chance to curse!"

* * * *

"*Cos.* But dream not
That as an impious and unequal judge
My people shall impugn me. It is better
That future times should call me barbarous
In this my private act, than as a sovereign
Weak and unjust. Therefore prepare to die!
"*Gar.* Under what awful impulse dost thou act?
"*Cos.* (*pointing upwards*). Under Authority!
"*Gar.* Life's worthless to me — but to end it thus ——
You do deceive yourself — yet hear me, father!
Show me the proof of this high mission?
"*Cos.* There! —
I am the father of that corpse!
"*Gar.* (*clasping his hands*). I know it, sir; and I — I am its brother!
"*Cos.* Dar'st thou so call thyself, who art his murderer?
"*Gar.* I'm no such wretch — and yet a wretch who cares not'
How soon he die!
"*Cos.* That moment now is come
[*He draws forth* GARCIA'S *broken sword.*
"*Gar.* Horrible death! by these cold, pausing steps —
Silent as heaven before the earth was made —
Yet thundering in the brain, as they advance,
Like slow, but final judgment! Do not kill me!
"*Cos.* Not final — save on earth.
"*Gar.* You will not kill me!
You cannot mean it! — I have done no wrong.
"*Cos.* How! with yon weltering witness?
"*Gar.* Heaven take me home!
I see it — see nothing else — Well, well, all 's o'er —
I care not, sir! I steadily tell you that!
Brother, I pardon thee! 'twas thy good chance
To die and not to suffer as I have done:
We shall be reconciled within the tomb!"

The whole of this scene is conducted with the highest artistical skill; — but this is its lowest praise. The passion of the two characters is wrought out with such perfect truth, that each excites for himself the kind and degree of emotion which in the heart and truth of things he ought to excite. We mourn over "fair-haired young Garcia," who had "that within him might have sunned the world," now about to become a mere "cold clay image;" all his life and energy, and bounding spirit sinking into the tomb through a fatal error. Yet, of Cosmo, we do not for an instant feel as an unnatural father, or a cruel or tyrannical sovereign: we see him as he is — a noble being led into the commission of an enormous wrong by the very strength

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and excess of his passion for right. This most difficult task has been accomplished by Mr. Horne with complete success.

In the scene immediately following, we are introduced to the trembling, terror-stricken Duchess: she is alone, and as she perceives the Duke approach, retreats in dread at his appearance (he has just killed Garcia), her words finely expressing his habitual strength of self-command by the excess of her astonishment and fear at the wildness he now displays —

> " The Duke! — with mighty bounds this way he comes!
> *And looks as though he had just seen a ghost!*
> What! — what! if *he* be moved to leap the earth,
> Earth's centre's lost!
>
> COSMO *rushes in.*
>
> " *Cos.* He 's saved from worse than death!
> His fame is sav'd — ' unto his father's hand
> He hath resign'd that life his father gave! '
> No horrible public exccutioner
> Hath seal'd disgrace upon our ancient house.
> My wife! — ha! — what 's the matter?
> " *Duch.* Oh, my lord!
> How — how is this? what can have made you thus?
> " *Cos.* (*recovering himself loftily*). How thus!
> " *Duch.* Where — where is Garcia? — where? —
> I left him recently in fearful state —
> His nature hath been gall'd — I fear he 's mad —
> For God's sake, tell me — tell me where he is?
> " *Cos.* (*agitated*). Good mother of my sons — we all at times
> Border on madness; nay, in sooth, we 're mad —
> And but it lasts not, men would call us so,
> And chain our damn'd magnificence of will!
> Retire — I will be left alone — retire!
> " *Duch.* My heart-strings strain — strain! — Garcia! where art thou?
> [*Exit* DUCHESS.
> " *Cos.* He'll answer her no more — save from the air!
> What if that echo be *his* voice, not hers?
> " (*Duchess calling within*). Where — where is Garcia?
> " *Cos.* With the all-merciful God!
> " *Duchess* (*calling within*). Garcia!
> " *Cos.* The walls do render back the sound!
> What if the earth should open at my feet,
> And he himself make answer, ' I am here! '
> Then should his mother ask, ' Who placed thee there? '
> Can I stand upright, saying who it was?
> I could! — but not to her — no, not to her! "

The agonised cry of the mother for her child, and the horrible conviction that in her state of maddened apprehension she will immediately rush into the presence of his weltering corpse, would produce a thrilling, overpowering effect in representation. Even in reading, the imagination seems to hear, with Cosmo, the sound of doom for his two sons, magnified by passion into a sense of universal doom, the earth being now no more for him —

> " A bell tolls in my brain as for earth's end;
> They are both dead! "

The death of the Duchess follows quickly —

> " *Chios.* She was found
> Extended senseless near the half-closed door
> Of the Duke's private chamber, *whence it seem'd*
> *She had just issued.* In his Highness' arms
> She breathed her last; but utter'd not a word."

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How finely do these half glimpses, and startling momentary sounds and sights, described by the attendants and retainers of the court, suggest the sources of the historical tradition concerning these sudden deaths, which the official records of the period all very dutifully attribute to a pestilence.

Still Cosmo falls not: supported by his inward strength and greatness of purpose, he stands firm. With Grecian simplicity and grandeur he is most graphically presented to the imagination in the majesty of his grief, by Passato the sculptor, as he appears in the gardens of the ducal palace at sunset; —

> "*Pass.* 'Tis Cosmo yonder! Darkly and tall he stands,
> Like an extinguish'd beacon of the night,
> Whose watchman hath been cast into the sea."

The following sublime soliloquy concludes the scene that ensues between them: —

> "*Cos.* On the grey slope of life, when friends fall off,
> And e'en the fresh flowers and the clouds look old;
> When natural sweets are bitter in the mind,
> Hope dying of sick memory soon as born,
> And beauty, like a lily's pure, cold urn,
> Standing in Lethe's waters, wakes no sense
> To ravishment, no thoughts to urge our steps;
> While grief, experience, and oblivion,
> In sequence old, come to dismiss the heart;
> Mighty revealings of an after-state
> Flit through the brain, and sobbings fill the ear
> From the great winds' quadruple origin,
> And make man fear himself. *But Justice reigns!*
> *Creation and destruction are the extremes,*
> *With all the heavens for centre.* Still, we shudder:
> Yet one power holds. Unwavering consciousness
> Of general practice in humanity,
> Is all that shores us up against the eye
> Of deep self-scrutiny; the only power
> Which can enable man, howe'er appall'd,
> To look his own being steadily in the face."

The tragedy approaches its consummation. The pirate Zacheo, (who witnessed the death of Giovanni in the forest, after the fight which he himself provoked, and madly commenced,) has been seized, and pardoned by order of the Duke, before whom he now appears to return thanks for his life, and through him the whole truth is revealed. Stunned and appalled, Cosmo hears his story, and his noble spirit folds its wide-spanning wings at the recital, with anguished words. He has now reached the final bourne of desolation. The passion which has carried him onwards, towering over all human weakness, and even human affection, now hurries him rushing downwards to the dark abyss of doom. His great pride is made low, his grand and stately course is proved crooked and uneven. His attendants mark the change; how artist-like and grand, and how affecting is this description: —

> "*Chios.* Within this hour he seems to have lost himself,
> Like Saturn wandering through a wilderness;
> Or he doth stand, a solid Dismay! How different
> He looked when Titian painted him!"

We quote, without comment, a portion of the last scene. It is in the interior of the chapel of San Lorenzo. Three biers are elevated in the

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centre. The priests and mourners, and Ippolita, the chief mourner, are present. Cosmo enters, "his face all pale, and with disordered hair."

"*Cos.* (*advancing slowly and abstractedly.*)
My lofty and firm motives that once held
United as the Alps, are changed i' the acting
To martyr'd ashes — staked humanity!
This world 's a bubble: see! where now it bursts,
And men and things fly off, and melt in air!
Yon spheres are temporal, and a yawn will end
The Ptolemaic dream! Our brain 's mere dust,
Moisten'd and moved by rays and dews from heaven:
Soon dark — dry — void — Creation's final lord —
Oblivion, crown'd with infinite blank stars —
Inherits all! I've done a hydra wrong!
Nor will its monstrous constellation blazon
My deed, till heaven dissolve!
"*Priest.* My liege!
"*Chios* Your Highness!
"*Cos.* (*still in abstraction*). Could I do otherwise? — I might have waited!
Peace, Garcia! — leave me!
"*Dal.* (*aside to* CHIOS). Hear you that, of Garcia?
"*Chios* Did he say, leave me?
"*Cos.* Still my soul is strong,
And fights up hill against an armed Conscience.
In vain! — the constant effort proves it vain!
Thus nature's secret single-combat mars
The strength of man, which else might brave the spheres
With Atlas neath his heel. Now, all is o'er!
"*Priest.* My lord!
"*Cos.* I am cast backward — ne'er to rise.
All that had made me great — is gone."

The reference made in the last line to the words of the poor scholar, in the scene we formerly quoted, is another of those intimate touches of the dramatic art, which may be truly called identification. The circumstance, marking as it does the deep impression made at the time by those words, and the application here, are deeply and intensely pathetic.

Cosmo now recollecting the desolate present, sees the biers and the preparations, and prepares for the commencement of the funeral ceremony, but refusing his chair of state seats himself in "a confessional." He is impelled there by a mental consciousness — a confession to be spoken, but not audibly nor to man's ear, since none of earth — be this expression noted — "can thoroughly *know* what's in the soul."

"MASS.

Celestial beams dry up our grief,
While these bright spirits now ascend;
Our hearts pour forth but for relief —
We know their life can never end!
No stain, no guilt is theirs:
Then purify our prayers,
And clear our souls ——

COSMO *starts forward. The Mass pauses abruptly.*

"*Cos.* This mass I like not! — it is vague — defective,
And most reproachful! Cease it on the instant!
How should my prayers be pure? Yet, wherefore not?
Giovanni died of pestilence — so did Garcia;
By a worse pestilence cut off — an error,
As monstrous, dark, and pagod-like in state,
As the united sense of right is vast
In all its bright proportions!

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" *Priest.* Good, my liege!
" *Chios* (*aside*). Grief hath disturb'd his brain.
" *Dal.* (*aside*). What he hath done
Is now too plain. How terrible a secret
For his appall'd successor's ear!
" *Chios* (*to* PRIEST). Speak to him.
Lo! where his heavy scalding tears pour down!
" *Cos.* (*with forlorn dignity*). Continue! Noble gentlemen and friends,
I cannot explain these things. My present state
Savours too much o' the elements. 'Tis a story
Such as in pealing thunder might be told —
Yet better lost in echoes o'er the sea,
Since none can thoroughly *know* what 's in the soul.
Pray ye, excuse me! I am not much in years;
And tho' this morn methought my hair look'd grey,
'Tis but a few nights' snows. Yet, sorrow is strong,
And I an unarm'd and a childless man.
Once more, your pardon. [*He advances to the lofty chair placed for him.*
Let the mass proceed! [*Seats himself.*

MASS.

From depths of gloom and grief
Seek not a vain relief,
Till the heart's heavy load o'erflow:
But grant us strength, O Heaven! to bear
This weight of agony and fear
That presses down the atmosphere,
And round our brows with searing glow
Clings like the leaden crown of Woe!

[*As the Mass concludes,* COSMO *falls back in the chair.*

" *Dal.* The Duke! — he faints!
" *All.* The Duke!
[Nobles *and* Attendants *rush towards him.*
" *Cos.* 'Tis well. Great God, *thou* knowest!
[*Dies.*"

We here close our extracts from this great tragedy, a work not more lofty in its conception than grand and majestic in execution. It is the pure, high tragic drama; dealing with the elemental passions of our being, elements most powerful, and no less fearful; involving in their terrible conflicts mighty woes, unutterable griefs, such as strong natures only can follow to their results, while the weaker, appalled, stop half way. Cosmo de' Medici is carried onwards uncompromisingly to the last; the whole course of the passion, the actions it involves, and their consequences, are unflinchingly gone through. This it is which forms the grandeur of the work, and will ensure it immortality of fame. Mr. Horne has accomplished the lofty purpose of tragedy; looking our being " steadily in the face," he has recognised its conditions, and has not shrunk from meeting them. With the truth of a high poetic imagination, and a strong dramatic genius, he has given himself up to his subject, and has followed it to its depths and its heights. Hence his work is, as we have said, a study of noble humanity, and from the study the heart rises chastened and purified.

Between the period when Cosmo enters " a solid Dismay," in the last scene of the tragedy, his great mind being shaken to its foundations, and the last words with which his spirit throws off the weight of mortality, how great a work is wrought? Ages pass over him in that short space of time; and, through him, over the spirits of those whose imaginations and sympathies can throw them into unity with his spirit. It is on his entrance to that chapel — there, in the presence of death, that he sees in its dark and dire

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completeness the gulph of desolation into which he has plunged. His being has become ashes, the mere residue and witness of the fiery torment through which he has passed. Out of those ashes, before the close of this wonderful scene, the renovated spirit, purified in the furnace of mortal agonies, rises regenerate, born again to the grandeur of humility, and the child-like peacefulness of faith. There are four great epochs in his spirit during the course of this scene. The first we have noticed: it is utter and conscious desolation; the second is remorse, with its fearful accompaniment of horror, standing aghast at the view it opens, when he starts forward and stops the *Mass:* the third commences when his soul recognises the strength of sorrow, and taking the lofty chair placed for him, and clothed in the dignity of forlorn humanity, he unresistingly faces his destiny; then it is when, —

> " *This weight of agony and fear,*
> *That presses down the atmosphere,*
> *And round our brows with searing glow,*
> *Clings like the leaden crown of woe* — "

then it is that the great work is finished —

> " 'Tis well. Great God, *thou* knowest. [*Dies.*"

We had intended to have gone entirely through the " Death of Marlowe," but our limits will not permit of this; and rather than bestow upon it an incomplete share of attention, or give short extracts which can convey no just impression of its fair proportions as a whole, we prefer quoting a criticism which appeared at the time of its publication, from the pen of a well-known philosophical writer and speaker; despairing of characterising it so truly in such few words: —

" An intensity of truth, passion, and poetry pervades this sketch, if such it must be called, which demonstrates the hand of a master. But the deep philosophy of the heart, the soul of purity in pollution, the rapid and resistless power of the catastrophe, — indeed the whole composition is catastrophe of a foregone and shadowed play, — and the strong imbuing of all with the genuine spirit of the Elizabethan drama, can only be understood by the qualified and appreciating reader."

We have fearlessly recorded our conviction that another great dramatic age has commenced; with such witnesses as we have here before us who can doubt it? We hail at such a moment the appearance of a second edition of Mr. Black's translation of the " Lectures of Schlegel on Dramatic Literature," worthily and appropriately accompanied with an Introduction by Mr. Horne, written in a spirit of the profoundest metaphysical truth. This is an earnest of an increasing desire and appreciation of just and enlightened criticism, one of the great requisitions towards the rise of our modern drama. But another desideratum still more important must be looked for in the reformation of our theatres, their restrictions, their faulty management, and gaudy Dutch-painting-like style of decoration. The theatre, with all its appurtenances, cannot satisfy the imagination, but must learn to excite it by passionate representations, self-dependent, and untrammelled by externals.

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INFLUENCE OF ELOQUENCE ON ENGLISH FREEDOM.

No. I.

HISTORY OF THE BAR. — GREECE — ROME — ENGLAND. — USES OF THE BAR. — ITS PRIVILEGE INDICATED. — RISE OF ERSKINE AND CURRAN.

We propose, in a series of articles, to direct the especial attention of our readers to the characteristics of those illustrious men who, in a line of unbroken succession from Lord Chatham, have conferred an imperishable glory on their country, by their matchless efforts of eloquence in the Forum and the Senate. The task is one of great interest and importance. At various times, and in different places, elaborate *separate* criticisms have been made upon many of our forensic and statesmen orators; but we feel that no Englishman has an adequate appreciation of the intellectual greatness of his country who is not familiar with them as a *group*, and has not attentively considered the unprecedented extent to which the gift of supereminent eloquence has prevailed in this favoured nation, and carried her, in this peculiar department of power, as in others, to the "foremost place of all this world." We speak advisedly when we say, that this gallaxy of statesmen orators, *Albani patres*, has no equal in history. The Greeks could boast one unrivalled, and several excellent, speakers; the surpassing fame of Cicero, in the annals of Roman eloquence, only has eclipsed the memory of men of great, though inferior, merit of a similar order, occasionally produced by the military republic. But where are we to find the people, among whom for seventy years there has been an uninterrupted succession of such men as have adorned the Senate and Bar of this country — more than one fit to stand comparison with the greatest men of antiquity — among whom, if we may be allowed the expression, the inspiration of the God of Eloquence has been never wanting, and the voice of his oracles has never ceased? Yet again, the great English orators have made their names immortal by their exertions on subjects of an universal interest, far surpassing any which animated ancient eloquence. To the Greeks, indeed, it was of the last importance to resist the invasion of Philip; we admire the efforts by which they were excited to it, and the noble principles asserted by Demosthenes. We feel that the bitter invectives against Anthony, fulminated by the Roman orator, were proofs, no less of his courage and patriotism, in the last days of his life, than of his eloquence. But the conquests of Philip sink into comparative insignificance, when contrasted with the independence of the United States, in relation to their influence on the destinies of mankind; and the second philippic, which cost Cicero his life, "*divina philippica*," as Juvenal calls it, was delivered to a people too lost to respond to its stirring appeals: it displayed the intellectual power and courage of its illustrious author, but it produced no effect on his countrymen. The doom of Rome was fixed — the greatest of her orators was the last of her patriots — and the fulness of time had come for the establishment of the Imperial sway. Moreover, the influence of Christianity, every where beneficial, has had a mighty effect, which is happily even yet daily and constantly increasing, in elevating the moral tone of nations; and the subject which has excited the greatest efforts of *our* orators, has been one which would have condemned the Greek and Roman to personal danger or deri-

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sion — the annihilation of slavery. Such is the animating and evident advance of our race: while, 2000 years ago, in the most brilliant era of the most enlightened nation then existing in the world, it would have been held an act of madness to whisper any complaint on behalf of the slave, some of *our* statesmen and orators have derived their greatest fame from their devotion to, not merely the mitigation of his sufferings, but the destruction of his bonds.

We therefore feel that such a scrutiny as we propose, — an examination as in a gallery, of the greatest masters of public eloquence who have adorned this land, — must be of deep interest to Englishmen, who feel a legitimate pride in the glory of their country. Nor is the contemplation of such great men matter only of deep interest, but of the highest utility. Man is made to be instructed from above. It is by the superior influences proceeding from the illustrious teachers of the race, that the world at large has advanced; and it is by such influences alone that each one amongst us can be instructed and elevated. It is only by the light and movements of the *stars* that we are able to trace our course, and ascertain our position, and navigate with safety, on the mighty waters of our *earth*.

We shall commence with the Bar, and shall select Erskine and Curran — men whose memory ought ever to be dear to the English people, for the dauntless courage and unrivalled power with which they, "in evil days," maintained the liberties of their country. But we shall preface our examination of those two ornaments of their respective bars, by a summary outline of the history and purposes of the forensic profession.

For the institution of the order of advocates we are indebted to the republics of Greece. Among the eastern nations no such class existed. The despotic character of their governments, which render the decrees of justice the mere expression of the arbitrary will of the prince, or of his ministers who adjudicate upon causes; the extent to which judicial among other corruption prevails, and ever has prevailed; and the indifference to individual life, liberty, and property, which marks Oriental annals, convince us that *no Bar* did or could exist. Some portion of the duty which is performed by advocates, when they exist, was evidently discharged by the judges. Thus we find, in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," tales of the administration of justice by the Kadees, where they take upon themselves the office of cross-examination. And in the only nation of antiquity, before the time of the Greeks, where life and property were respected and protected, viz. the Hebrew, it is evident that "of advocates, such as ours, there is no appearance in any part of the Old Testament. As cases were heard at the city-gate, where the people assembled to hear news, or to pass away their time, Michaelis thinks that men of experience and wisdom might be asked for their opinion, and might sometimes assist, with their advice, those who seemed embarrassed in their own cause, even when it was a good one." * This suggestion seems very probable, but at any rate, it is clear that the judges took upon themselves the duties of advocates, as among the other nations of the East. Thus, in the famous case wherein Solomon early displayed his penetrating judgment, we find, from the sacred volume, that the two women pleaded their cause in person. And again, in the sublimely simple and expressive narrative of Susannah, we have a similar account of the prophet Daniel, who evidently acted as a *judge*, when he demonstrated the innocence of Susannah, by a separate examination of the tempting and accusing elders. Shakspeare refers to this proceeding, when he puts into

* Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures, vol. iii. p. iii. s. 1.

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the mouth of Shylock the celebrated exclamation, which has now become proverbial, "A Daniel come to *judgment!*"

In Greece there was the *first* concurrence, in the history of mankind, of the *two* causes to which we conceive the origin of a Bar may be attributed, viz. a respect for individual life, liberty, and property; and the cultivation of eloquence as an art, in consequence of the important *political* results to which its successful exercise led. The first cause would confer on the administration of justice a character of impartiality, sobriety, and anxiety to sift the truth, which it would be vain to expect in Oriental despotisms; and, combined with the operation of the second, would naturally point out the institution of advocates. Accordingly we find "that both parties spoke set orations, which were composed, for the most part, by some of the orators; or, *if they desired it*, the judges granted them Συνηγοι, or advocates, to plead for them, who used to plead for a fee: and lest, by the length of their orations, they should weary the patience of the judges, and hinder them from proceeding to other business, they were limited to a certain time, measured by an hour-glass." * This custom was introduced by the Pompeian law into Roman jurisprudence, and, some of our readers, perhaps, may think, might find its way into our own courts with advantage.

The Bar thus formed at Athens was adorned by eminent men, whose memory has been preserved to us by Quintilian and Cicero, by the learned Isæus, and the flowing Isocrates. Here, too, the first youthful efforts of the glory of Grecian orators, Demosthenes, were made, and his emulation was excited and encouraged by the legal proceedings he carried on in person against his rapacious guardians: being one of the very few exceptions ever known to the rule which declares, that he who is his own counsel has a fool for his client. His greatest speech, too, in which the full maturity of his powers is displayed, and which has elicited the united admiration of the critics of all succeeding times, was delivered, as the advocate of Ctesiphon, on the famous prosecution "De coronâ." The illustrious band of Grecian orators, and especially their chief, produced the excellence of Roman pleading. Their superiority was fully admitted, as we see from the celebrated contrast between Greece and Rome, drawn by the greatest of Latin poets, in the most charming and elegant lines of all Latin poetry †, where he says, addressing the Romans, and writing of the Greeks, "*Orabunt causas melius.*" The assiduous study of their works created at last the consummate forensic power of Cicero: with him Roman eloquence attained its zenith, and with him it set. The loss of liberty, which is the vivifying power of eloquence, has ever yet been, and ever must be, followed by the downfall of that noblest of the fine arts. And grievous indeed was the fall at Rome! For we are informed by Dr. Adam, in his "Roman Antiquities ‡," that "under *the emperors*, advocates used to keep persons in pay to procure for them an audience, or to collect hearers, who attended them from court to court, and applauded them while they were pleading, as a man in the midst of them gave the word." Such was the brutalising tyranny of the Cæsars, that even in the Temple of Justice, the last sanctuary where flying Liberty makes her stand, the very *audience* itself was venal! It is easy to guess the honesty of the judges and the Bar.

The whole course of judicial history demonstrates that it is only in free states the profession of advocates has ever flourished. "Truly," says

* Potter's Grecian Antiquities, b. i. c. xxi.

† Æneid, b. vi. l. 850.

‡ B. i. c. 6.

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Giannone, himself an advocate, in his masterly "History of Naples*," "it is in *popular* states the Bar acquires its authority and fame."

The spirit of freedom in our government, and the love of liberty in the people, have ever made that profession a favourite object of patronage with the English nation. It has "grown with the growth and strengthened with the strength" of the constitution; and whenever *that* has declined in vigour, whenever it has been perverted from its legitimate spirit and scope, the disastrous epoch has been marked, among its other characteristics, by a base servility of the Bar. In the earliest ages of our judicial history after the Conquest, legal office and power were monopolised by the clergy, till, in the reign of Henry III., they were forbidden to appear as advocates in the secular courts. About that epoch our constitution began to assume a settled form. The House of Commons was created, or at any rate, without entering into any antiquarian dispute as to its foundation, commenced then to exercise a power that was felt, and made its voice heard in the national councils. And the state of the Bar then, and for some succeeding period, appears to have been one of considerable independence, especially as contrasted with its degraded position under the following dynasties of the Tudors and the Stuarts. Mr. Hallam† justly observes, — "This establishment of a legal system, which must be considered as complete at the end of Henry III.'s reign, might in some respects conduce to the security of public freedom. For, however highly the prerogative might be strained, it was incorporated with the law, and treated with the same distinguishing and argumentative subtlety, as any other part of it. Whatever things, therefore, it was asserted that the kings *might* do, it was a necessary implication that there were other things which they could *not* do. It is not meant to press this too far, since, undoubtedly, the bias of lawyers towards the prerogative was sometimes too discernible. But the sweeping maxims of absolute power which servile judges and churchmen taught the Tudor and Stuart princes, seemed to have made no progress under the *Plantaganet* line." Passing on, then, to those reigns of Tudors and Stuarts, the retrospect of the judicial history of that era presents a scene of degradation, pitiable indeed. The servility of the bench towards the crown, paid off by insolence towards the Bar and the unfortunate persons accused — the double sycophancy of the Bar, alike to crown and bench, compensated for in like manner — afford a picture of human nature, it must be confessed, humiliating in the extreme, esp cially when we remember that Lord Bacon and Sir Edward Coke are among the worst instances that can be found of the prevalence of that degraded system. Among the many blessings which we owe to the revolution of 1688, it will be difficult to find one of greater value than the destruction of this system of judicial and forensic corruption; and that happy event has rendered it impossible that the sacred bench of justice should ever be again polluted by a Jeffries or a Scroggs.

Since that era, the judges have been made independent of the crown, and the Bar has been moulded and supported by a public, who watch with intelligent interest the proceedings of the courts. Our immense and daily increasing commercial wealth — the vast undertakings which are conducted by its powerful operations — the important litigation which is the result of that capital and enterprise — and, above all, the vital questions of public freedom occasionally agitated in our courts — have rendered the existence of a *jury* an essentially necessary portion of our judicial tribunals. So long as that palladium of British liberty remains in the sacred citadel of the consti-

* B. ii. c. 6. † Middle Ages, vol. ii. c. 8. p. 471.

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tution, so long will a Bar, intelligent, learned, and independent, exist; and so long is the freedom of England, and, by consequence, her greatness, secure.

But this noble institution, so conducive to the ends of justice and to the liberty of the people, has, it must be owned, found detractors in writers of different classes. Thus our great satirist, Fielding, in one of his popular novels*, has drawn an amusing picture of Serjeant Bramble retained on the right side, and Serjeant Puzzle on the left, where the balance of opinion (so equal were their fees) alternately inclined to either scale. The sarcasms, however, of that great master of humour, are not to be taken, for they were never intended, to convey the precise results of his deliberate judgment. His office was caricature. But another writer, from whom a different opinion might have been expected (being a brother of a chief justice), has delivered apparently a serious judgment, hostile to the profession of advocates, although we confess we do not think it demands much sagacity to show how very inadequate and unsatisfactory are the reasons adduced by him in support of his opinion. We refer to that entertaining and gossipping biographer, Roger North, who, in his life of his brother, Sir Dudley, bestows a long panegyric on the system of Turkish jurisprudence; and one of the points which excites his warmest encomiums is the *exclusion of advocates*. For, says he, "men answering in person can scarce be brought to speak false: they must be strangely abandoned to all shame, that in the face of a court, without stammering and blushing, will do so; whereas, when they sit at home, *and leave their counsel to plead for them*, there shall be false pleas, for delay professedly, and no concern at all to their countenances." This argument, adduced by Roger North, is probably the most plausible and ingenious one that can be urged in opposition to a class of advocates: but it is, in truth, easily answered; for, let it be observed, in the first place, that the argument, if good for any thing, really points to this, — that the *parties* should be subjected to the ordeal of *personal examination;* and then any discrepancy between the statements of the counsel and the client would only recoil upon both. Whether the advantages of such a course would be outweighed by the disadvantages, is a question still agitated; into which, however, we do not intend to enter: it must be discussed by other reasoners than ourselves. We say, *that* is the real question raised by Roger North's plausible argument. And, in the next place, let us ask, what could be more unequal, and, consequently, more unjust, than to drag parties into court as combatants differing in age, sex, rank, talent, knowledge, and courage? Besides, the practical advantages arising from a fixed body of constant forensic practitioners are great and obvious. In the foremost rank may be placed the jealous and intelligent scrutiny which its members exercise over each other and over the judges, and which could *only* be exercised by an established class of men. In the next place, what is to become of regularity and order in the administration of justice and of the public time, if every case is to present a new pleader, who has a right to expect indulgence for his ignorance and inexperience? If justice is to be administered according to settled principles and rules, the waste of time would be endless, with a perpetual succession of untaught parties; and, even with the most astute judge, the confusion would be extreme. Without, therefore, going further into this question, we feel, with Lord Erskine, that, "*without the Bar*, impartial justice would have no existence."

The indiscriminate defence of right and wrong has also been made a grave

* Joseph Andrews, c. 9.

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subject of complaint by moralists against the forensic profession; and a case which occurred a few months ago, Mr. D'Israeli's, lately revived the controversy. Most of our readers are doubtless familiar with the reasonings on this disputed topic, in the writings of Paley and Dimond. We shall not here enter into the question, as our object, in this article, is rather to suggest hints, and to trace an outline of the history and uses of the forensic profession, than attempt the impossible task of completing the subject within the limits of a review. We shall therefore content ourselves with saying, that whoever wilfully utters falsehood, whether at the bar or not, whether wearing an advocate's gown or a priest's surplice, or walking in plain broad-cloth, is a degraded and immoral being; but that the great purposes of human society require and justify the urging of a line of argument, or of professional learning, by a body of men *known* to be addressing their judge only for the purpose of suggesting views to his understanding. The noble passage in which Lord Erskine vindicated his defence of Paine for publishing the "Rights of Man," and which cost him the attorney-generalship to the Prince of Wales, is as true as it is eloquent and brave. "From the moment that any advocate can be permitted to say that he *will* or will *not* stand between the crown and the subject arraigned in the court where he daily sits to practise, from that moment the liberties of England are at an end. If the advocate refuses to defend, from what *he may think* of the charge or of the defence, he *assumes the character of the judge*, nay, he assumes it *before the hour of judgment;* and, in proportion to his rank and reputation, puts the heavy influence of perhaps a *mistaken* opinion into the scale against the accused, in whose favour the benevolent principle of English law makes every presumption, and which commands the very judge to be his counsel."*

The union of qualities which should combine to make a consummate advocate, has unquestionably been of rare occurrence in the history of man; but some of the most valuable, possessed in great perfection, will insure the distinguished reputation of their gifted owner. Such a limited endowment only has been vouchsafed to most of those who may justly challenge the admiration of posterity, as bright examples of the forensic genius. The requisition which Cicero has made, in the heat of his enthusiasm, but in passages themselves of resplendent eloquence, when describing a perfect orator, will cause an indifferent, and even an impartial inquirer, to smile at the exaggerated estimate of the human capabilities, which his absorbing pursuit of his favourite art induced him to form. He claims for his hero a knowledge of every art and every science, and universal endowments, physical, intellectual, and moral. Even the strong common sense of Quintilian has not prevented him from adopting the same view. But both those great masters of rhetoric, while they vindicate the propriety of their mode of instruction, by referring to the example of the sculptors of the Olympian Jupiter and the Coan Venus, who collected a concentrated essence of majesty and beauty, which never *can* be seen in the human form, nevertheless are compelled to admit that such a man as they describe never did and never will exist. We must therefore be contented, even according to the admission of these enthusiasts themselves, with more limited endowments for the most excellent of human orators; and must be satisfied with men inferior to Demosthenes, although Cicero says he is *not*, even with that glory of them all!

The English Bar has been distinguished by a long line of men whose skill in their profession, and especially whose legal knowledge, has, perhaps,

* Erskine's Speeches, vol. ii. p. 90.

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never been surpassed by any similar body. About a century after the death of Bacon, it would seem from Lord Bolingbroke's complaint, in his "Study of History *," that the advocate of his day was nothing more, to use some of Tully's words, *nisi leguleius quidam cautus, et acutus præco actionum, auceps syllabarum, cantor formularum.* "But there *have been* lawyers," adds his lordship, "that were orators, philosophers, historians. There have been Bacons and Clarendons. There will be none such any more, till, in some better age, true ambition and the love of fame prevail over avarice, and till men find leisure and encouragement to prepare themselves for the exercise of this profession, by climbing up to the vantage-ground of science, instead of grovelling all their lives below, in a mean but gainful application to all the low arts of chicane." And he afterwards gives this direction to lawyers, ambitious of such fame as he has before held out to them; viz. "that they must pry into the recesses of the human heart, and become acquainted with the whole moral world, that they may discover the *abstract reason* of all laws." And even Sir William Blackstone †, writing forty or fifty years afterwards, and not given over-much to finding fault with his own profession, after strongly objecting to the system of instruction for the Bar then in use, viz. of a limited attention to the mere practical details of the law, observes, that "if that infatuation should prevail to any considerable degree, we must rarely expect to see a gentleman of learning and distinction at the Bar. And what the consequence may be, to have the enforcement of our laws fall into the hands of obscure and illiterate men, is matter of very public concern." Probably neither of the men by whom, in fact, the Bar was rescued from this mere attention to technicalities, this formality of pleading, — viz. Erskine and Curran, — was a person of the exact description which the learned commentator desired to see arise and vindicate the dignity of the Bar; but we, impartial bystanders, can easily see, from his complaint, that the advocates of that day were degenerating into mere formal pleaders, *cantores formularum*, and that those two great men did in fact animate the courts of justice with a spirit equally new and beneficial. And if the "enforcement of our laws" had been left to the judges of that day, and if their inclination to a despotic interpretation of those laws had not been stayed by the gigantic efforts of Erskine and Curran, we should probably have had to lament consequences more disastrous than even the destruction of the independence and genius of the Bar. They were equal to the great occasions which called for them and brought them forth. Nor need England ever despair of talents being found adequate to any exigency, which may demand even the highest. And from that period to the present there has been no cessation amongst us of the gift of forensic genius. Across the Channel we find the mingled logic and rhetoric of Plunkett, the chaste pathos of Bushe, and the powerful appeal to the jury of O'Connell; while, in England, we have had the wonderful talent for cross-examination of Garrow, the unrivalled tact of Scarlett, the elegant perspicuity of Lyndhurst, and the universal acquirements, the ever ready wit, and the withering sarcasm of Brougham.

Here, for the present, we pause. When we resume the subject, we shall examine the characteristic excellences of Erskine and Curran. Our object, in the present article, has been to present a summary, but we firmly believe a correct, history of the profession which they adorned. We have seen that it is an institution inseparably united to a free constitution of government; that it took its rise in free states; that it flourished in its fullest vigour

* P. 353. † Comment. vol. i. p. 33.

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during the zenith of those states; that it has ever, by a fatal necessity, declined when such states have lost their high moral tone; and, in short, that it flourishes or decays with public liberty. Long may it continue to adorn and protect the British constitution — its strongest bulwark — the last, but the secure stronghold of the people, when their parliaments have betrayed them, and their press has been awed into silence — their firm hope for the preservation of freedom in dark hours and troubled times, when the courage of the advocate is the only shield left to interpose between the vengeance of the crown and the oppression of the subject!

PHYSIOLOGY OF MIND.

To the Editor of the Monthly Chronicle.

SIR, — The point of view in which you placed some inquiries of mine, which formed the subject of an article in your Fourteenth Number, gave them a value which they had not before possessed in the eyes of their author.

But if *you* have tempted me to prosecute those considerations farther, I have some ground for hoping to find a place in your Journal for thoughts thus elicited, which will indeed be more likely to produce their desired effect under your cover, than under the protection of my own name.

I have endeavoured, in my "Pathology of the Human Mind," at once to widen and to give greater definiteness to the grounds on which this important subject should be discussed. Without inconveniently disturbing the use of language, I could not give to the word insanity, or any of its numerous synonyms or heads, a sufficiently extensive signification to cover all those states under which the mind must be treated as morbid. Neither would that broader view of the subject, which should class mental disease under the heads of Insanity and Idiocy, answer to my supposition of the real extent of mental disease. A form of aberration was left unprovided for by this division, of great magnitude and importance: this was of a moral kind. It is true that experienced physicians had suggested the existence of moral phenomena as occurring in the course of insanity; but the fact pressed upon *my* mind, that there exists a state of the moral department absolutely independent of insanity or idiocy, and yet as fit a subject of treatment, in being distinct in kind from the healthy condition of the human mind, as either of these.

For this state I have provided a philosophical place, and a name, though an uncouth one.

If I could establish its claims to being made the subject of deliberate attention, during those years of human life in which it is curable, or capable of being antagonised, how large a series of blighted prospects, and of broken hearts, might haply be saved to society!

In these points of view, my division of mental disease is threefold. One head of it embraces Insanity, properly so called; another head is designated Idiocy; and for the third I can find no better name than Brutality.

It is no part of my intention to trouble you with a defence of the above classification, which, in fact, no one has taken the trouble to assail, nor

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indeed of any other points in the work alluded to, which may lay claim to novelty; but I am desirous to furnish some of your readers with inducements to prosecute this kind of inquiry more widely into the regions of mind, and in some measure, perhaps, to facilitate their progress.

The tide of modern inquiry is not ethical; it is not metaphysical. It does not regard either the head or the heart as objects of steady research; and yet these terms express the central point from which all operations commence, according to the right or wrong constitution of which every other research must be well or ill conducted. I have endeavoured to illustrate the pathology of mind, that is, the history of its morbid states; a topic which naturally suggests the question, with what degree of success the same work has hitherto been effected for its physiology. Both these words I would be understood as using analogically to their meaning in regard to bodily states. When, in the latter sense, we talk of pathology, we allude, not to the ultimate composition of parts, but to their practical arrangement and uses, as affected by disease. Physiology regards the *healthy* state of parts in the same practical sense. And thus the physiology of the human mind would be studied, not in Locke or Berkeley, but in Bacon's Essays, in those of Foster, in Butler's Discourses, in some degree in Dr. Brown, and in a great degree in Dugald Stewart's "Moral Outlines," and corresponding lectures.

Splendid materials undoubtedly exist in these and many other works, but more is wanted; and, above all, a spirit is wanted fully aware of the extreme difficulty of effecting a practical arrangement and division of this subject, and of the aids required for this purpose.

But at a period at which physical science offers such splendid examples of successful exertion, it is difficult to tempt minds into this pursuit. Progress made in ethical or metaphysical inquiry is not easily tested or made good. Mystification is easily practised, and a degree of indefiniteness is scarcely avoidable, which makes our claims to discoveries vague and uncertain. Neither am I prepared to admit, on Mr. Dugald Stewart's authority, that the metaphysician wields equal power over his observations with that which the natural philosopher possesses over *his* experiments.

Still much might be achieved; and of the roads into this subject as yet insufficiently explored, I would suggest one as offering peculiar advantages; that, namely, which lies through an investigation of the structural phenomena coexistent with mental operations. If, in every process of thought, of moral preference, and of emotion, some corresponding change takes place in our organised structure; if, further, we have reason to believe that a change in this organised structure may even originate mental states of the above kind, it surely may be presumed that a systematic inquiry into these corresponding changes is essential to our acquaintance with the laws of thought, of emotion, and of moral preference.

What might not the curtain thus drawn up disclose! and how great would be the influence of this systematic procedure, in clearing up the real grounds of action and passion! A given individual undertakes a scheme, because, as he thinks, his understanding is convinced of its expediency. But how has he obtained this conviction? He has been to Brighton, or to Cheltenham, and his liver tells him that he will succeed. Some weeks afterwards he lays his scheme aside. Why? because his liver now tells him that he has no chance of success. Yet this person was not in a diseased state of mind under either of these suppositions, unless we compel the word disease to embrace the average condition of mankind. But if this is the normal condition of the human mind, in relation to its material

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appendages, who, that is unacquainted with their influences, can be a metaphysician? I am well aware that these truths, unduly appreciated, may sanction a notion of irresponsible and necessary conduct. But this is their abuse. We are entrusted with moral and intellectual powers, by which we can contemplate this occasional subjection of our moral to our physical constitution, and, if we please, avert it.

The following case may not be uninteresting, in reference to the preceding remarks.

A young gentleman aged twenty, being the son of an opulent and noble family, and having chosen the army for his profession, was naturally inclined by his age, his fondness for amusement, and his profession, to engage in those pursuits which involve active exertion of the body, and some exposure to danger. But it was observed that he engaged in hunting in a less adventurous way than might be expected under the above circumstances. This and some other points of timidity were mentioned to me, during an attendance upon him, by one who wisely considered that they might have some bearing on his general health. His friend was right; for there *were* points in his *case*, which would make a given exertion of activity, under circumstances of risk, considerably more difficult to him than to the average of his companions. My medical readers will appreciate this fact, when I state to them that his heart beat over a large surface of his chest; that it was highly audible on the right side, without any supposition of pulmonary disease; and that the quality of the systolic impulse, without being strong, was sharp and violent; in short, that hypertrophy, with dilatation of the heart, were in his case not improbable phenomena. I do not say that the difficulty which this imposed on excitement and exertion quenched the adventurous spirit of this young man's mind; but I do say, that it must have made courage a virtue of difficult exercise to him; and that the existence of this series of phenomena formed an important item in the account of suggestions either to be made or to be avoided on the regulation of his conduct. Now, the case of this young gentleman is precisely that of many an unfortunate boy, who is sent to be *hardened* at a public school, under physical circumstances which must make the "hardening" process destructive of his health, and calculated to defeat its own purpose.

It is very easy to detect imperfections in the system of the craniologists: but I confess extreme surprise at the averseness with which its general principles were met by philosophers at their first promulgation. Whatever faults, either of system or of execution, inquiry might have traced in it, I conceive it deserved a very different initiatory hearing; for it professed to fill up a chasm in our inquiries into mind of inestimable importance. The operations of feeling and thought are fugitive and hard to fix; they want an alliance with substance. Gall professed to give them this alliance: it had long been observed that they hold a mysterious relation to our bodily system; Gall professed to clear it up: yet, strange to say, at the instant a feeling against his system sprung up, which could not have been stronger, if his system, instead of proposing for solution the most valuable question which could be superadded to the previous pursuits of ethics, had been founded upon, as well as had seemed to proceed into, delusive views.

Had, however, Dr. Gall never written or never investigated, the extreme importance of the subject, which he takes in hand, would have remained unaltered. It would still have been true, that the phenomena of the material structure are likely to afford important light to the *immaterial* properties of which it is the organ. In whatever way the diversity of mental functions, clearly coexistent with unity in the mind itself, may have been arranged by

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the Creator, we should expect, consistently with analogy, to find important modification of the cerebral substance, either in form or in some other respect, according to the mental development.

On these points, Sir, I beg leave to refer your readers to the opinions expressed under the head Biologie, in M. Comte's "Philosophie Positive," a work full of the most original thought and comprehensive views, though drawn up with a more than necessary fondness for highly abstract expressions. He notices with justice the philosophical character of Dr. Gall's assignment of the affective properties to cerebral structure, rather than to the viscera of the abdomen, which Cabunis and Bichat preferred.

For Gall's "localisation" of organs, where structure supplies no definite corresponding marks, while he admits its unphilosophical character, M. Comte supplies a candid and liberal excuse, regarding it as at least a convenient hypothesis, from which further inquiry may proceed. If this hypothesis did not sit lightly enough upon its originators, it must be remembered how difficult it often is to part with an old friend; and how dear that hypothesis becomes to us, on which we have prosecuted interesting and successful researches.

The difference in point of value between Gall's hypothesis and his deductions has often struck me, when I have seen phrenological statements drawn up *secundum artem;* on one side of the sheet, organs measured with the precision of a Tunbridge-ware manufacturer, — on the other side a masterly view, and often a very just one, of broad features of character. I could scarcely blame the former view, in consideration of the latter, to which it had manifestly been subservient.

"Rien n'empêche," says M. Comte, "en raisonnant ici, à la manière des géométres, sur des siéges indeterminés, ou regardés comme tels, de parvenir à des conclusions effectives, susceptibles d'une utilité très réele;" an opinion in which I most cordially agree.* If, indeed, craniology, modified by these enlightened views, and assisted by that consideration of temperament which the writings of Cabunis and Bichat suggest, were made the basis of an inquiry into mental phenomena in their relation to material structure, and if the light thus obtained were applied to a larger and closer series of direct observations on the phonomena of mind *considered as such*, we might then indeed hope to see this invaluable branch of philosophy formed into a system, and arriving at definite results.

Allow me to add, that this subject has the claim of long prescription to find a place in the periodical literature of the country, which has largely contributed to keep it alive.

I am, Sir,
Your faithful and obedient servant,
THOMAS MAYO.

56. Wimpole Street, December 12. 1839.

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* Philosophie Positive, tom. iii. p. 816.

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THRALDOM OF THE BRITISH PRESS.

The title at the head of this article will startle not a few of our readers. "The Freedom of the Press" has long been the watchword of the popular party in England; and Englishmen have long boasted, as one of their proudest national distinctions, that in no other country has that freedom been more jealously and more effectually guarded. It shall be our task to undeceive them; and in so doing we believe we shall render a most important service to the public, of whom few, perhaps, are aware of the extent to which their boasted freedom of the press has in late years been curtailed.

In our January number, while casting a few hasty glances over the prospects of the coming session, we slightly touched upon the present condition of the metropolitan daily press. The subject, however, is one of vital importance to the well-being of the country, and as such entitled to something more than a passing notice. Our object is to provoke discussion, for discussion tends to elicit truth; and when the real condition of the press comes to be known to the public, it is scarcely possible that a long period will be allowed to elapse, without some effort to apply a remedy to an existing grievance of a most monstrous and mischievous character. A distinct knowledge of an evil is the first, and perhaps the most important step, towards the redress of it: our humble but well-meant endeavours will, we hope, go far towards enabling public opinion to effect the first move.

We recollect, about ten years ago, there was a generally prevalent opinion, that a very objectionable monopoly existed in the publication of newspapers; and it was thought that, by the reduction or abolition of the high stamp-duty then charged, the monopoly would to a great extent be overthrown. That the stamp-duty was at that time extravagantly high, and consequently operated as a powerful check to the diffusion of general information, we are perfectly ready to admit. We therefore rejoice that the reduction has taken place, and we sincerely hope that before long a farther reduction will be effected; but we much doubt whether, in effecting that reduction, the most prudent course was followed. Of one thing we are certain — the then existing monopoly, if indeed at that time any thing like a monopoly did exist, has not been broken up; but a real monopoly, most grievous and tyrannical in its operation, has since then been established — a monopoly that has done more to arrest the progress of Reform and national improvement than any one event that has since occurred — a monopoly to which is mainly to be attributed, not only the very imperfect manner in which the principles of the Reform Act have been worked out, but also the consequent disappointment justly felt by the nation at large with respect to that great measure — a monopoly which, unless a speedy remedy be applied to it, must prolong the weakness of a Liberal administration, and must continue to make that which ought to be a great national engine for the diffusion of knowledge, a mere machine for the suppression of truth, for the propagation of error, and for the fostering of all that debasing prejudice and bigotry, to which a really free press would ever be found the best and most effectual antidote.

The daily press of London then, which to a great extent gives the tone

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to public opinion all over the world, has within the last ten years, we maintain, become a monopoly of a most mischievous nature; and *the reduction of the stamp-duty*, owing to the mistaken measures by which that reduction was accompanied, *has had the effect of making that monopoly more stringent.*

The monopoly is created, in the first place, by a coalition which exists among all the daily morning papers, with the view to crush any new rival that may attempt to enter the field; in the second place, by the periodical publication of the stamp returns. It is to the second of these causes that we attach most importance, and shall therefore reserve it for a more searching investigation. But first a few words on the combination among newspaper proprietors.

The public who read the daily vilification bandied about by the papers run away, no doubt, with an idea, that something like personal hostility must prevail between writers whose constant occupation it is to ridicule and abuse one another. Occasionally, we admit, the temper of an individual editor may be ruffled by a more than usually severe dissection of his arguments, or by an unwontedly complete demolition of his sophistries; but such an occurrence is not frequent, and only exposes the sufferer to the ridicule of those of his own craft. In general, on the contrary, an abusive article is rather received as a favour by the *abusee*, and the personal friendship between the proprietors of two newspapers is often in direct proportion to the violence and frequency of those vilificatory courtesies which form no insignificant portion of the daily reading of the British public. Where it happens that two newspaper offices are situated within a short distance of each other, the proprietors seldom fail to take advantage of the circumstance to diminish their expenditure by carrying on a part of their business conjointly. Two papers, for instance, will agree to send to a public meeting, or to a court of law, only one reporter or one set of reporters; and in the evening, as fast as the copy has been set up at the one office, slips or proofs are sent round to the neighbouring establishment. Let us suppose the *Record* and the *Mail* to be two morning papers; the one a Tory, the other a Radical. Let us next suppose their offices to be situated in the same street, within a few doors of each other, something like the following arrangement will probably take place between them: — the *Record* will agree to send one reporter to the Court of Chancery and another to the Court of Common Pleas; the *Mail* to send one to the Queen's Bench and another to the Exchequer. In the evening each reporter returns to his respective office, to write out his account of the proceedings in the court to which he has been sent. Then, while the printers at the one office are composing the Chancery and Common Pleas reports, those at the other office are engaged on the Queen's Bench and the Exchequer. Later in the evening an exchange of copy takes place — the Chancery-men become Benchites, and those who were lately busy in the Exchequer transfer their practice to the Common Pleas. To each establishment, in the mean time, the salaries of two reporters have been saved; and as the same system of cooperation is extended to many other departments, both concerns, it is evident, are carried on in a more economical manner than could be the case without something of the friendly understanding of which we have here endeavoured to give some faint idea.

This system of cooperation is nowhere carried so far as in the case of post-office expresses, the expense of which is almost always borne conjointly by all the papers. The same express from Dover, every evening, delivers the Paris correspondence at the offices of the *Times*, the *Herald*, the *Chronicle*,

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the *Post*, and the *Advertiser*; and an expense which would fall most severely upon any one establishment, becomes comparatively light when divided among five. The same plan is generally adopted with respect to expresses from the different parts of the United Kingdom; thus, for instance, the same express brought to each of the morning papers the very elaborate accounts of the proceedings at Monmouth and Newport, with which, during the dead season of 1839 and the commencement of the present year, so large a portion of our daily reading was occupied.

To the advantages of this cooperation, it has now become a settled point, no new morning paper is to be admitted. A new candidate for public favour must, therefore, be prepared to support a much larger expenditure than any of the old establishments. The nightly express from Dover, for instance, costs from 30*l.* to 35*l.* every week: this one item of expenditure, therefore, would impose on a new morning paper an outlay of about 1600*l.* a year, while the *Times* or *Chronicle* secures the same advantage by an annual outlay of 320*l.* Now it requires only a moment's reflection to feel the immense disadvantage to which a new establishment is subjected, by being obliged to devote yearly 900*l.* more than any of its competitors to one particular branch of its expenditure.

Immediately after the reduction of the stamp-duty, an attempt was made to establish a new daily morning paper, under the title of the *Constitutional*. The failure of this undertaking was chiefly caused by its exclusion from the joint expresses. For awhile the proprietors supported the expense of a separate express on their own account; but, in an evil hour, they resolved to economise in this department of their expenditure, and from that moment, as the *Constitutional* was always twenty-four hours behind its rivals with respect to foreign news, the paper lost all consideration, though confessedly conducted with no ordinary ability, and, after a short and sickly career, died a natural death. On this abortive attempt, we have been assured, no less than sixteen thousand pounds were expended. A paper was afterwards started, under the title of the *Morning Gazette*; but as it scarcely lived beyond a week, it requires only a passing notice at our hands.

Since then another attempt has been made to establish a daily morning paper. In consequence of the regular despatch of morning mails which has lately very properly been adopted, the proprietors of the *Sun*, an evening paper of very large circulation, resolved to publish a morning edition. They seem to have thought that, as an old concern, they would be dealt with more leniently than the *Constitutional*; but they soon discovered their error. They have felt the effects of the same system of exclusion to which the *Constitutional* fell a victim; and until the proprietors of the *Sun* resolve to bear the expense of a daily express from Dover on their own account, they must consent to renounce for their morning edition all claims to the character of a *news*-paper; nor must they hope that public patronage will ever be extended to a paper which contains no foreign intelligence but such as appeared in the columns of all its rivals on the preceding morning.

This tyranny on the part of the old morning papers is a real grievance to the public, and one which the Government ought to lose no time in redressing. The remedy with respect to the French express is simple. On the arrival of the French mail at Dover, it ought immediately to be sent on to London, where it would usually arrive between ten and eleven o'clock in the evening, instead of arriving, as it now does, at about seven on the following morning. The newspaper offices, and those mercantile establishments desirous of the accommodation, might then, on payment of a moderate fee, re-

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ceive their letters, *viâ* France, the same evening; and as few of the foreign mails leave London before one o'clock in the morning, a most important facility would thus be afforded to merchants to forward information to their foreign correspondents several days sooner than they are now able to do. Even in a fiscal point of view, the proposed arrangement would be found advantageous; for as a whole day would be saved in the transmission of letters between France and Spain and the North of Europe, it is highly probable that in a short time a large proportion of all the correspondence between the southern and northern parts of the Continent would find its way through the British post-office. The over-land mail for instance, from Paris to Hamburg, occupies five days, and did, till lately, occupy six; but if the French mail on its arrival at Dover were immediately sent on to London, where in most cases it would arrive at half-past ten o'clock, and if the letters for Hamburg that arrived on the Tuesday and Friday evening were sent on by that night's mail, they would usually reach their destination in four days instead of five. There is no need of any argument from us to make merchants fully aware of the importance of saving a whole day in the transmission of their correspondence; but setting the mercantile part of the question on one side, the great facility which would be afforded to the establishment of new morning papers in London, by an arrangement something like that we have just suggested, ought to operate with Government as a sufficient inducement to its adoption.

The difficulties, however, which the morning papers are able to throw in the way of any new competitors that may attempt to rival them in public favour, are trifling compared with those which have arisen from the clumsy interference of certain well-meaning but short-sighted members of Parliament, who imagined they were doing a good service to the public press by establishing a court of inquisition for the investigation of all the most secret details connected with the management of each individual newspaper. It was somewhere about the year 1831 that the practice originated of laying before Parliament what were called the newspaper stamp returns, in which the exact number of stamps taken out by each paper is set down. The object of those who originally moved for these returns, was to show the much greater circulation of Liberal as compared with Tory newspapers. At that time the *Times*, *Herald*, and *Courier* supported the Liberal cause, from which they have since apostatised; the *Morning Post* and *Standard* were not conducted with the ability that has since distinguished them, and their circulation was much smaller than it has now become. These returns having once been granted, were repeatedly moved for, under an idea of showing the continued increase in the circulation of Liberal newspapers, that increase being looked on as a kind of political barometer, by means of which the real state of public opinion might be ascertained. We have at present before us the returns for the first three years, from which we have prepared the following comparative table. (*See Table, next page.*)

The information obtained from these returns was exceedingly deceptive. The several owners of newspapers, seriously annoyed at this inquisitorial examination into the state of their affairs, had recourse to a variety of expedients to disguise the real amount of stamps consumed. Of the fallaciousness and incompleteness of these publications some idea may be formed from the following note appended by Mr. Wood, the chairman of the Board of Stamps, to a return of the circulation of country papers: —

"In the instance of the London papers the account may approach to tolerable correctness, as the stamps are usually obtained by the parties directly from this office; but it may be observed, that these papers borrow

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A TABLE, showing the Number of Stamps issued to the principal London Newspapers in the Years 1830, 1831, and 1832, together with the Amount of Advertisement Duty paid by each.

	1830.				1831.				1832.			
	Number of Stamps.	Amount of Advertisement Duty.			Number of Stamps.	Amount of Advertisement Duty.			Number of Stamps.	Amount of Advertisement Duty.		
		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
*Times and Evening Mail	3,499,986	15,449	3	6	4,328,025	16,506	17	6	3,836,987	17,351	1	6
*Morning Herald and English Chronicle	2,310,500	7226	12	6	2,606,000	7446	1	6	2,598,491	7748	4	6
*Morning Chronicle, Observer, Bell's Life in London, and Englishman	2,131,799	4673	7	6	2,269,850	4450	12	0	1,886,124	3794	17	6
Morning Advertiser	1,157,785	5608	6	6	1,140,000	5591	1	6	1,131,500	5404	17	6
Morning Post	585,050	5586	0	0	684,500	5400	6	6	692,500	4899	9	6
*Public Ledger, British Traveller, and Weekly Times	574,000	4779	19	0	452,318	3746	11	6	302,718	3739	4	6
Courier	976,500	2701	9	6	1,037,000	2877	10	6	954,250	2083	0	6
Globe	957,000	1839	8	6	1,047,125	1803	7	6	1,102,500	1784	6	0
Sun	747,000	952	7	0	957,000	996	12	6	748,500	816	18	0
*Standard, St. James's Chronicle, London Packet, and Baldwin's London Weekly Journal	1,281,000	2066	15	0	1,372,600	1716	18	6	1,545,500	1603	0	0
John Bull	249,742	1104	15	6	307,600	988	1	0	305,000	834	15	0
Bell's W. Messenger	608,000	581	14	0	489,000	533	1	0	487,000	544	12	0
Weekly Dispatch	1,327,103	544	15	6	1,732,391	635	12	0	1,555,947	621	1	6
News	220,000	333	18	0	197,000	278	8	6	142,000	224	14	0
*Sunday Times and Kent and Essex Mercury	491,000	1034	19	0	506,000	965	13	0	439,500	897	8	0
Examiner	198,543	445	16	0	229,331	384	6	0	216,050	360	17	0
Atlas	277,200	812	14	0	234,500	670	12	0	185,000	576	9	0
Age	318,525	927	9	6	287,000	878	13	6	266,000	720	16	6

In the above table the papers marked (*) were the property of one person, in whose name the stamps were taken out; so that it was impossible to distinguish the amount consumed by each separate paper.

from each other: and we have also reason to believe, that agents of country papers have been induced by London printers to take out stamps in the name of the latter, which were intended for country use; so that, even with regard to the London papers, perfect accuracy cannot be attained.

"But in the case of country papers, still less reliance can be placed on these accounts. The supply of stamps to country papers is effected through London stationers and paper-makers, and sometimes also through country stationers. These persons take out large quantities of stamps, and furnish them, from time to time, to the respective newspapers as required. It is only from the returns made by those stationers that the number of stamps used by each country paper can be known at this office. The stationers furnish these returns with much reluctance and irregularity, and frequently omit them altogether. The Board have no means of detecting or punishing any misstatement; and it is believed that, even when furnished, little regard is paid to accuracy.

"The trouble occasioned at this office ought not to be a consideration, if the returns were really a source of useful and authentic information; but the preceding observations show that no useful results arise: on the con-

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trary, such returns occasion endless complaints from persons whose circulation is underrated, and on whom positive injury is thus inflicted.

"It is therefore worthy of consideration, whether similar returns should in future be allowed."

This reasonable objection to the utility and expediency of the returns did not deter the honourable gentlemen at Westminster from renewing their inquiries; and with a view to more complete accuracy, the expedient of a "distinctive die" was determined on. This distinctive die, by means of which the name of the paper is affixed to the stamp, came into force on the 1st of January, 1837; since when it may fairly be assumed that the stamp returns give the circulation of each paper with tolerable accuracy. The following table shows the circulation of the principal London papers, and the amount of advertisement duty paid by each during the last four years. During the year 1836, the distinctive die not being yet in use, the returns are still necessarily inaccurate. For the year 1839 the return comprises only the first six months, and does not include the amount of the advertisement duty:—

	1836.		1837.		1838.		1839. Jan.—June.
	Number of Stamps.	Advertisement Duty.	Number of Stamps.	Advertisement Duty.	Number of Stamps.	Advertisement Duty.	Number of Stamps.
		£		£		£	
*Times	2,795,291	8817	3,355,000	9600	3,650,000	11238	2,140,000
*Evening Mail		122	390,000	91	275,000	57	210,000
*Morning Herald	2,132,098	5217	2,078,000	4263	1,925,000	4796	910,000
*English Chronicle		33	132,000	44	126,000	39	60,000
*Morning Chronicle	2,033,562	4047	2,200,000	4079	2,075,000	4619	1,059,000
*Evening Chronicle		75	240,000	54	236,000	64	118,500
Morning Advertiser	1,402,317	3373	1,525,000	3376	1,565,225	3849	765,000
Morning Post	682,288	2980	797,000	2713	875,500	3191	496,000
Courier	442,096	1153	455,500	941	398,000	928	185,000
Globe	862,968	1201	936,000	1088	920,000	1163	450,000
Sun	750,500	731	896,000	406	1,344,000	949	627,000
*Standard	1,724,138	1286	1,111,500	1173	1,075,000	1221	527,500
*St. James's Chronicle		381	705,000	368	707,500	366	341,500
*London Packet		4	—	1			
Shipping Gazette	104,180	202	262,130	163	316,976	679	172,000
*True Sun	621,865	655	398,000	381			
Weekly True Sun		300	484,551	64	329,500	245	107,800
*Observer	995,604	884	369,000	369	275,000	364	
*Bell's Life in London		157	896,000	151	1,040,000	190	563,000
Sunday Times	217,600	337	535,000	291	695,000	439	320,000
Examiner	181,180	193	228,625	201	267,965	310	146,825
Atlas	117,500	247	110,000	221	140,000	241	65,000
Age	220,169	347	146,530	288	120,500	280	55,500
Spectator	142,000	238	147,000	211	158,000	233	46,000
John Bull	215,743	428	219,000	434	226,000	442	117,000
Bell's Weekly Messenger	688,238	311	876,000	288	898,250	304	451,000
Weekly Dispatch	1,670,540	454	2,656,000	495	2,691,000	528	1,250,000
Mark Lane Express	103,685	99	168,500	88	180,750	176	118,000
Weekly Chronicle	214,300	—	2,916,500	229	1,681,000	356	588,500
Satirist	192,600	279	178,200	247	154,500	331	71,500
Record	267,432	508	300,600	558	302,500	543	160,500
Planet	—	—	55,000	—	246,000	29	81,000
Patriot	174,250	210	249,500	220	238,500	264	137,500
Magnet	—	—	233,500	10	224,500	37	108,000
Metropolitan Conservative Journal	26,500	21	80, 850	147	113,500	136	36,500
London Mercury	68,500	9	208,000	18	—	17	
Jurist	—	—	108,600	12	108,000	17	37,500
Colonial Gazette	—	—	—	—	12,500	—	22,000
Charter	—	—	—	—	—	—	63,750
Chartist	—	—	—	—	—	—	81,250
Era	—	—	—	—	127,000	36	88,000

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By looking a little closely into these two tables, we shall obtain a tolerably correct idea of the mischievous effects which have arisen from their publication. The money received for advertisements constitutes the fund from which the profits of a newspaper must be paid; the money received for the copies sold, unless the sale be very large indeed, is seldom much more than enough to pay the expenses of paper and printing. Now it appeared from the return for 1830, the fallaciousness of which was not at the time suspected, that the *Times* as a morning, and the *Courier* as an evening paper, were the most widely circulated; and these two papers were naturally considered by advertisers as the best media for publicity. It will be seen that an immediate increase took place in the amount of advertisement duty paid by those two papers, while with respect to most of the other papers a sensible diminution occurred, from which even now few of them have recovered, although an immense increase has since then taken place in the aggregate number of advertisements published; and in the case of the *Public Ledger* and the *British Traveller*, and of two evening papers, the *Albion* and the *Star*, not included in the above tables, the effect has been to cause their entire discontinuance; for though the *Ledger* is still published, it has ceased to be a newspaper, and appears merely as a kind of brokers' catalogue, in which form it is probably, even with the diminished number of advertisements, a more profitable undertaking to the proprietors than when burthened with an expensive establishment of reporters and editors.

In 1834 the advertisement duty was reduced from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* on each advertisement; and in 1836 the stamp-duty on newspapers was reduced from four-pence to one penny. From the four-pence there was a deduction of twenty per cent., while from the present duty there is none; the real diminution, therefore, of the tax is not three-pence, but two-pence and one-fifth of a penny. On the reduction of the stamp-duty, the proprietors of the London papers reduced their publication price from seven-pence to five-pence, thus reserving to themselves the fraction as a bonus, a most important addition to their profits, when the great extent of their circulation is considered.

In 1832 a return was published, showing the number of stamps consumed by all the English and Scotch newspapers; it was as follows: —

Years.	Number of Stamps.	Years.	Number of Stamps.
1821	24,862,186	1826	27,004,802
1822	23,932,403	1827	27,368,490
1823	24,670,265	1828	28,097,335
1824	25,573,909	1829	28,691,611
1825	26,950,693	1830	30,158,741

In 1836 the reduction of the stamp-duty took place. It came into operation on the 15th of September, and the immediate effect produced by the change may be estimated from the following table: —

	Year ending 15th September, 1836.		Year ending 15th September, 1837.		Half-year ending 15th March, 1838.	
	Number of Newspapers.	Number of Stamps issued.	Number of Newspapers.	Number of Stamps issued.	Number of Newspapers.	Number of Stamps issued.
London Newspapers -	71	19,241,640	85	29,172,797	86	14,438,556
English Provincial do	194	8,535,396	237	14,996,113	223	7,366,842
Scotch do do	54	2,654,438	65	4,123,330	66	2,216,400
Irish do do	78	5,144,582	71	5,203,967	62	2,620,181
Total -	397	35,576,056	458	53,496,207	437	26,641,979

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There appears, consequently, to have been a large immediate increase followed by a considerable reaction. During the second quarter of 1839 there were published 109 London papers, 233 English provincial papers, 68 Scotch, and 78 Irish papers.

The increase in the London papers, however, is not even so great as would appear from the statement just made. Many publications now stamp a part of their impression, for the sake of transmission through the post-office, and some provincial papers are, for greater convenience, printed in London. The new papers are almost all weeklies; the daily papers, of which in 1831 there were thirteen, have been reduced in number to ten.

The following return will show the immense increase that has taken place in the number of advertisements, since the reduction of the advertisement duty: —

A Return, showing the Total Number of Advertisements, and Total Amount received therefrom in England and Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, respectively, for each Year since the Duty was reduced to 1*s.* 6*d.*, and for each Year during a corresponding period before the Duty was reduced.

	England and Wales.				Ireland.				Scotland.			
	Number.	Duty.			Number.	Duty.			Number.	Duty.		
Year ended		£	*s.*	*d.*		£	*s.*	*d.*		£	*s.*	*d.*
5th January, 1829	779,250	136,368	17	10	124,262	15,532	15	0	108,226	18,939	12	5
— 1830	777,445	136,052	18	10	119,885	14,985	6	0	100,527	17,592	5	7
— 1831	788,091	137,915	19	4	130,705	16,337	14	0	111,808	19,566	8	0
— 1832	787,649	137,838	12	3	125,380	15,672	10	2	108,914	19,060	0	0
— 1833	783,557	137,122	10	0	121,991	15,248	17	4	104,447	18,278	6	0
1834	Duty reduced to 1*s.* 6*d.* in Great Britain, and 1*s.* in Ireland, from 5th July, 1833.											
5th January, 1835	977,441	73,308	1	6	162,600	8,130	14	8	134,864	10,114	16	2
— 1836	1,038,041	77,853	2	9	169,360	8,468	12	2	141,171	10,587	17	0
— 1837	1,173,136	87,985	4	8	170,780	8,539	6	0	138,017	10,351	6	0
— 1838	1,206,680	90,501	0	7	173,580	8,679	4	8	152,518	11,438	18	0
— 1839	1,315,580	98,668	11	5	178,200	8,910	12	0	176,411	13,230	16	6

From the foregoing tables it appears, that the number of London daily papers has diminished, although the aggregate circulation of the daily papers has increased very considerably.

The aggregate circulation of English and Scotch papers has increased from 30,000,000 a year to 50,000,000 a year, although the increase in the number of provincial papers has been very trifling.

The chief increase has taken place in the number of those unstamped publications, of which a small number are stamped for the convenience of transmitting them through the post-office.

The profits on newspapers to the proprietors have increased, in consequence of a larger reduction in the stamp-duty than in the price at which newspapers are sold to the public; and a very large increase must have taken place in the profits of newspapers, in consequence of the immense increase in the number of advertisements.

The increased size of some of the papers has, no doubt, increased the expenses of the proprietors; but, in most instances, the increase in the size has been made only with a view to accommodate the increased number of advertisements.

If then the profits on newspapers have increased to so enormous an extent, without any material increase in the number of persons among

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whom those profits are divided, it follows that something very much like a monopoly must, in the mean time, have been established; and this monopoly, as we stated in the outset, has been formed, partly by the combination of the existing papers to crush any new competitor that ventures into the field, but chiefly by the publication of the stamp returns.

The publication of these stamp returns has given an unfair advantage to one or two leading papers; it has caused the entire discontinuance of several; and it deters from the establishment of new papers, by the difficulty which it throws in the way of obtaining an advertising connection.

These evils operate in the provinces as well as in London, for in the country, as well as in the metropolis, advertisers confine their patronage to the papers known to have the largest circulation.

A virtual monopoly having thus been formed, the Tory party have taken advantage of the circumstance, to buy up the shares of some of the most widely circulated Liberal papers, which have, in consequence, become the advocates of doctrines the very reverse of those which they formerly supported.

The London daily press, in a great measure, gives the tone to public opinion, not only throughout the whole kingdom, but perhaps all over the world. The diatribes of the *Times* and *Standard* against a Liberal ministry are copied into the newspapers of France, Germany, and America, and thus the poison is disseminated far and wide. And let it not be supposed, that the daily repetition of calumny and sophistry can long continue, without producing a powerful effect upon the public mind. Thousands of persons daily read the *Times*, because it contains the information which is of importance to them, in a more complete form than they find it in any other paper. They detest the doctrines, but having paid for the paper they read them; and being daily assured that Lord Melbourne is an idle voluptuary, and Lord John Russell the arrantest knave out of Newgate, they begin to suspect at length, that the one *does* neglect his duty, and that the other *ought* not to be trusted. Doubts, fears, and hesitation of every kind, are thus engendered, and the mischievous effects are felt when the polling-day comes round. In 1831, when Lord Grey fought the battle of Reform, the stamps consumed by the daily liberal papers were as thirteen to two, compared with those taken out on account of Tory papers; in 1838 the London daily press consumed about 13,000,000 of stamps, of which more than 7,500,000 were on account of the Tories.

This change in the spirit of the press was not produced by any change in the public feeling towards the ministry, though we believe it has since had a great effect in warping that feeling. The great defection, that of the *Times*, took place in 1834, when Lord Melbourne had only been a few months in office, when he was still universally popular on account of his admirable administration of the home office (no place by the bye for an "idle voluptuary"), and when, as a prime minister, he had not yet been tried.

The Liberal cause, then, has been weakened, perhaps seriously injured, by the transfer of so much newspaper property to Tory hands, a transfer that would have been comparatively harmless, had not such serious difficulties been thrown in the way of the establishment of new vehicles for the expression of public opinion.

An evil of this sort is one, we hope, that requires only to be made generally known, to insure its removal. We have seen that the existing newspapers are at present in the receipt of much larger profits than for-

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merly; the prize, therefore, to be contended for by a new competitor, is now much larger than it formerly was. There is a virtual monopoly, we grant; but that monopoly can instantly be broken through, or at least a participation in its profits can be secured, if a sufficient amount of capital be brought to bear against it. The amount required is large. The smallest capital with which a new morning paper could be prudently started, would be 50,000*l.*; but let public confidence once be gained, and the profits would be more than proportioned to the risk incurred. And the Liberal party are so seriously injured by the present condition of the daily press, that they are in duty bound, if they believe in the justice of their own cause, to make some effort for the establishment of efficient vehicles for the promulgation of their opinions.

It may be imagined by some, that a new Liberal morning paper would only divide the patronage of the public with the Liberal papers that already exist, and that the new competitor could raise his own sale, only by drawing away customers from those who are now fighting the battle of the people. If we entertained such a belief, we should still urge the expediency of strengthening the Liberal party by the establishment of a new organ for the expression of their opinions, for we believe that the emulation to which rivalry would lead, would give increased energy to the old advocate, while it stimulated the new one to the most unremitting exertion. But we have other motives for wishing to see the cause of Reform strengthened by the establishment of one or two new Liberal papers. We must not disguise it from ourselves, that the loss of the *Times* has been one of the most formidable blows that the Liberals have sustained since the passing of the Reform Act. But the blow has been so formidable, simply because there has been no paper in existence as a rival to the apostate. The *Morning Chronicle* for instance, is not a paper that affords the merchant the information he wishes for, and which he does find, though even there in a very imperfect form, in the *Times*. The latter paper, therefore, is read almost universally by the mercantile public of London; and this circumstance it is that makes its advocacy of such great value to the Tory party. The *Chronicle* and the *Post* rarely find their way into any hands but those of persons who have long held the opinions of the respective papers. The *Times*, on the other hand, not being read on account of its politics, but on account of the more judicious selection of its mercantile information, commands a large circle of readers who dissent from its doctrines, but who, if they are not persons of more than average intelligence, are gradually and imperceptibly influenced by the arguments daily forced on their attention. This is the evil to the removal of which the zeal of the Reform party ought to be directed. A Liberal paper to rival the *Times* is what we wish to see established, and if conducted with judgment, the undertaking is one than which we know of none more likely to yield an amply remunerating profit to its authors.

We have endeavoured to show that a virtual monopoly has been created in the daily press, but that that monopoly is one that may be broken through if a large capital be once brought to act against it. That capital, if too large to be risked by an individual, may be subscribed in small sums; and those to whom the institutions of their country are dear, would do well to inquire a little into the mischievous effects of the present state of things. It will be found on examination, that the discouragement and division of the Liberal party has given much greater strength to the revolutionary than to the Tory faction. The extreme Radicals evidently look upon Sir Robert Peel as a much less serious impediment to revolution than Lord John

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Russell; hence they have been for some time zealous to pull down the latter, and place the former at the head of affairs. If Reform were the object in view, this would be a most suicidal policy; but where Revolution is the thing wished for, we are by no means certain that the manœuvre is not calculated to attain the desired end. There is nothing that could tend more to promote the views of the Chartists and other anarchists, than the accession of a Tory ministry. Such, at least, is their own belief, and that belief it is which makes them so inveterate in their animosity against a Liberal administration. It is by enlarging the action of a sound and Liberal press, that this unnatural coalition between two extreme parties can be most advantageously counteracted; and to all those who wish to see Reform prosper and Revolution discouraged, we would address our urgent entreaties, that they leave no effort untried to re-establish that preponderance of liberal doctrines in the daily press, by the aid of which Earl Grey was able, in 1831, to struggle so successfully against a boroughmongering oligarchy; but for the apostacy of so large a portion of that press, the defeated oligarchs would not so soon have been able to recover from the blow they then received.

Should the press continue under Tory control, the Tory party will be strengthened, the Liberal party discouraged; and in proportion as the hope of Reform fades away, anarchy and revolution will become more and more to be apprehended. If our opinion on this point is at all well-founded, we think Government ought to inquire whether, by some new fiscal arrangement, means may not be found to relieve the press from the fetters by which it is at present "cabin'd and confined."

In the first place we would recommend Government to offer the most strenuous resistance to every future motion for the publication of the stamp returns.

Secondly, we would again urge the expediency of forwarding the French mail to London by express, immediately on its arrival at Dovor; and the same plan we would recommend for adoption with respect to the Lisbon and West Indian mails on their arrival at Falmouth, and with respect to the American steamers on their arrival at Portsmouth, Bristol, and Liverpool.

Thirdly, we would impress upon Government the necessity of keeping faith with the newspaper proprietors, by putting down the unstamped press.

Fourthly, and lastly, we would recommend for consideration, either the entire abolition of the remaining stamp-duty, and the substitution of a penny postage on newspapers; or, what would perhaps be more advisable, the adoption of a halfpenny or farthing stamp for papers of a smaller size, or for those published at a lower price than is now charged.

With respect to the mischievous effects arising from the publication of the stamp returns, we have already sufficiently expressed our opinion.

By the regular despatch of post-office expresses, in case of important arrivals at any of the outports, a very great facility would be afforded to the press, more particularly to newly-established papers; and thus would an important service be indirectly rendered to the public. The morning papers are now obliged to run these expresses on their own account, and it is by excluding new papers from the advantage of joining in the expense, that one great impediment is thrown in the way of a new establishment. The Dovor express alone, we have seen, imposes an extra expenditure of 900*l.* a year upon any individual, or company, that attempts the publication of a new morning paper. To this petty tyranny Government has it in its power to put an immediate end, without imposing one farthing's expense upon the

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public. Let a regular system of expresses from the outports be organised, and not only every daily newspaper establishment in London, morning as well as evening, but also a great many mercantile houses would secure a share in the advantage, by paying any moderate fee that the post-office would deem it just to impose.

To permit the continued publication of unstamped newspapers, is not only a gross injustice towards the fair trader, but an act very closely approaching to perfidy. The present Lord Monteagle, unless we have been misinformed, solemnly pledged himself that when the penny stamp came into force, the unstamped publications should be put down. His lordship's pledge, we grant, was perfectly unnecessary to show the crying injustice of winking at the open violation of an act of Parliament by one set of traders, while the law was rigorously enforced against another set. Let us take one of the most respectable of the unstamped press as an example. Is the *Court Journal* a newspaper, or is it not? If it is *not* a newspaper, why does its name occur in the periodical newspaper stamp returns? If it *is* a newspaper, why is it allowed to be openly sold unstamped in every newsvender's shop in the metropolis? The greater part of the impression is sold unstamped, but a small number of copies are printed on stamped paper, for the facility of transmitting them through the post-office. This is a fraud on the regular newspaper press, and a criminal neglect of duty on the part of Government, to whom alone the law reserves the right of instituting proceedings against the offender. And in this instance, not only does Government not enforce a law placed under its peculiar guardianship, but it even encourages the infraction. Either the stamp-duty ought to be enforced on all, or all ought to be relieved from it.

Our own wish would be to see all relieved by the abolition of the remaining duty. We do not believe the revenue would be any loser, for there would be a considerable increase in the advertisement duty, and a trifling postage on the transmission of newspapers, pamphlets, books, &c. would make up no inconsiderable portion of the deficiency. As, however, the revenue is not just now in a condition to allow of any doubtful experiments being tried, a middle course might be found advisable. The *Mirror*, a publication sold at twopence, will become liable to the stamp-duty the moment Government redeems its pledge by enforcing the law equally against all. But it would be extremely hard to make the diminutive *Mirror* pay the same stamp-duty as the gigantic *Times*. Why not have a graduated stamp-duty? A certain surface of printed matter is at present liable to a stamp-duty of one penny. Might not a paper one-fourth the size of the *Times* be ushered into the world under the sanction of a halfpenny or a farthing stamp? The enormous size of our daily papers is already a positive nuisance to most people; and the public, we are satisfied, would see with pleasure the publication of twopenny and threepenny newspapers, of a more wieldly bulk and a more judicious condensation. On the Continent, even in countries where no pretence exists of a free press, the stamp is scarcely ever so high as a penny. In France, the graduated scale has long been in force, the larger papers being liable to a heavier stamp-duty than the smaller ones. In Hamburg the stamp on all newspapers is a farthing, and in most other parts of Germany it is equally low; yet, when the difference in the amount of population is considered, the farthing stamp-duty in Hamburg, we have no doubt, produces an amount of duty quite as large as that derived from the penny duty in England.

The adoption of a graduated scale of stamps, regulated either by the

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size of the paper, or by the price at which it is sold, would break down the present monopoly in a very short time, and confer an important benefit on the public. The reduction to a uniform duty of one penny has had no effect in destroying the monopoly, but on the contrary, accompanied as it has been by a tyrannical and inquisitorial measure, it has created a monopoly where none before existed, or at all events none that can for a moment be compared with that which has arisen during the last few years.

We have destroyed the greater number of our old rotten boroughs, and we have allowed a power to arise in their place, that may in time be found more dangerous to the institutions of the country, even than the old nomination system.

The object of our remarks has been to direct attention to the existence of an evil, of which the public, we are disposed to believe, scarcely entertain a suspicion. The daily press of London may almost be said to form public opinion, and under a representative Government, public opinion is that before which every other power must in the end yield. Is it not monstrous then, that that which indirectly exercises the predominant influence in the country, should be the property of a few private individuals chiefly belonging to the Tory faction? But is it not yet more monstrous, that so anomalous a state of things should have been created by a Reform government?

A monopoly exists; a monopoly most mischievous to the interests of the public, and one which it would be the duty of any government, but which it is more particularly the duty of a Liberal government, to destroy. An individual, with the command of a large capital, would no doubt find it a most profitable investment for his money to start a new paper, but that would do little towards the removal of the monopoly; it would only enable one more partner to participate in the profits of the present system. There is room in the market for two or three daily papers more than we now have, and all of them if backed by a sufficient command of capital to enable their proprietors to support the loss of the first two or three years, would in the end, supposing them to be well-conducted, become very valuable properties; but that would not destroy the monopoly, to which an act of Parliament alone can give any thing like a decisive blow. We have indicated the measures by which we believe Parliament could unfetter the press; and if those measures, or others equally efficient, be not resorted to, the evil will increase in magnitude. If the present state of things continue, we shall not be surprised, in a few years hence, to find the proprietors of the *Times* and *Chronicle* contending for a vested right in the abuse, and demanding a pecuniary indemnity for such interference with the law, as the public interests may at length imperatively demand.

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ALGERIA.

NEARLY ten years have now elapsed since the commencement of the unfortunate undertaking of the French against Algiers, which, originally planned as an electioneering manœuvre by the government of Charles X., and carried on with a most insufficient knowledge of the country attacked, and the greatest uncertainty as to its ultimate object, could scarcely be expected to produce any more favourable results.

The professed intention of assuming only temporary possession of the territory of the Dey, by way of avenging the insult offered by him to the French Consul, might very probably have been sincere in the first instance; but the prize once grasped, the result was such as might have been anticipated. The lively imaginations of the French, always readily tickled with the idea of an extension of territory, were soon intoxicated by the descriptions poured into their willing ears, of the beauties of this sunny but mysterious land, over which, notwithstanding its vicinity to their own shores, an enchanted veil of darkness seemed for ages to have hung. It had rolled away before the thunder of their cannon and the city of alabaster, with its marble courts and sparkling fountains — its rich plains and gardens — its glowing fruits and seas of flowers, lay spread out before them, while visions of future dominion in the Mediterranean, and of a colonial empire to rival that of the English, arose to strengthen the temptation, and finally render it irresistible.

Instead of a merely temporary military occupation, it soon became manifest, that a regular scheme of colonisation was to be attempted, and the plea put forth in justification of so unwarrantable a step, was one by no means uncommon with those who feel they are about to do wrong; namely, that they "are no worse than their neighbours." The English it was said had behaved just as ill in India, and that our protest against the measure was dictated solely by jealousy of their brilliant prospects.

That any feeling of jealousy on the subject ever existed to any extent in the minds of the English people we believe to be a notion totally unfounded and absurd; and certain we are, that the disastrous news of the sufferings of the French troops, and the slaughter of the colonists was received in this country with emotions of unmingled sympathy and sorrow.

It is, however, impossible to look back without astonishment at the strange infatuation which could have led to the attempt to introduce into a country well cultivated, and abundantly peopled, rules of conduct that could be applicable only to an uninhabited wilderness. A plan of colonisation that could be carried into effect only by driving off the native rural population, and substituting a European one, should never have pretended to rest on any other ground than that of open military force; and it appears to have been between the attempt to combine an apparent attention to existing social order, with the real spirit of lawless violence, that the whole scheme has fallen so deplorably to the ground.

The rapidity of the first conquest, which occupied scarcely three weeks — though occasioned rather by the internal divisions in the city than by any want of warlike spirit — the Arabs fighting reluctantly for the Turks, and the Turks hoping, by a private capitulation, to obtain permission to retire from the country with all their property, — seems to have deceived the con-

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querors with the idea that they had encountered an enemy easy to deal with; and the expressions of slavish adulation lavished by the prostrate inhabitants on the victorious Infidels, whom they hated and despised, were received with rash and contemptuous confidence.

The situation of the soldiers is described, in the first accounts, in glowing terms: each man occupying a tent under a palm tree, by the side of a gushing rivulet of limpid water, and receiving daily a plentiful supply for all his wants; besides tokens of good-will and submission from the natives, and, moreover, continual manifestations of their unbounded respect for the French.

Only a few weeks more, however, had elapsed before it was discovered that this harmony was not so perfect and entire as had been at first supposed. Invisible enemies watched for every opportunity of wreaking vengeance on isolated individuals. One or two French soldiers were poisoned within the city, and any one venturing to separate himself from his comrades was pretty sure to pay for his temerity with his life. It was found necessary to obtain an order from the deposed Dey, that the life of every murdered French soldier should be paid for by that of twenty Arabs; and at the same moment that a dangerous conspiracy was discovered in the heart of Algiers, it was found that 60,000 armed Bedouins were approaching to the attack of the city.

All these awkward symptoms, however, did not prevent crowds of speculators of all kinds from pouring over from Europe, to obtain a share of the fancied spoil; and such was the rage for purchasing, that scarcely waiting to inquire by what title any land was held, or who in fact had a right to sell, from 25,000 to 50,000 acres were bought without having ever been seen — the celebrated gardens of Blidah and Koleah, without even the army having set foot in the towns.

The authorities, however, soon began to find themselves entangled in inextricable difficulties with respect to the rights of property. On taking possession of Algiers they had entered into an agreement to respect those already existing, and their own claims could, therefore, extend no further than to the various possessions of the late Dey and his government. Yet, notwithstanding their agreement, they showed a disposition to lay their hands on the property of corporations — some religious, some charitable — and to decide in cases of dispute by their own civil code, so totally at variance with the Koran, whose regulations, without knowing any thing of them, they had sworn to observe.

The natives, on their side, made this article of the capitulation the ground of defence for every kind of abuse.

The government adopted the system of allowing payments for real property to be made by a perpetual ground rent instead of capital; and this plan, by greatly increasing the facility of acquisition, created an enormous rise in prices, and fearfully accelerated the unnatural and feverish activity of speculation. The shops let at as high rents as those in the Palais Royal, and one *restaurateur* paid 9000 f. a year, for a first floor. In the mean time, though the immediate environs of Algiers were kept in tolerable activity, by the necessity of supplying its markets, the country, which was to be the real source of wealth to the colony, was lying desolate: no measures were for a long time taken to ascertain how far it was possible for colonists to exist in the fertile but often pestilential regions, stretching to the base of the Atlas, and that which had been considered as the promised land for settlers, proved to too many the abode of death.

The conquerors, however, proceeded at a rapid rate to convert the

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Moorish city into "something new and strange" to the native population, who retired from it, as fast as possible, into the interior.

Algiers was ventilated and cleaned; the dunghills abolished, the dogs killed, and an opera house built; to which the wealthy Moors were ordered to subscribe, that they might appear as patrons of the fine arts. Their ladies were provided with private boxes, and a handsome assortment of dancing masters sent out from Paris. Private letters stated, that if a bashaw disliked the new order of things he was straightway "dispossessed of his turban, pipe, and scimitar, and sent to study complaisance, and the manual exercise, under a French sergeant."

While the "most civilised people in Europe" were occupied in playing these fantastic tricks, there was one on whom they were at first inclined to look down as on a mere untutored barbarian, who was observing all their proceedings with the eye of a warrior and a politician.

Hadji Abd-el Kader Oulid Mabiddin, the kinsman of the Emperor of Morocco, and the son of a renowned Maraboot, appears to be one of those rare individuals, qualified by nature and called by fortune to influence powerfully the events in which they are destined to take a part. Educated with much care, and endowed by his father with all the learning that an Arab can bestow, he was, at the early age of eight years, invested with the sanctity which, in the eyes of his countrymen, attends one who has performed the pilgrimage to the holy city, and, while diligently applying himself to such intellectual sciences as were within his reach, he was acquiring no less skill in bodily and martial exercises. He soon obtained the reputation of being the best horseman, and the most distinguished orator in the Barbary States. The latter qualification especially is an immense advantage among the Arabs, and, as his half-spiritual character obliges him to say public prayers and preach daily, he has many opportunities of inculcating all such doctrines and maxims, of war and politics, as he may desire to impress on the minds of his countrymen. He is simple and unpresuming in his dress and manner of living, though he displays more pomp on a warlike expedition than when at home. He is temperate, and most rigidly correct in his private conduct, the husband of one wife only, to whom, as well as to his children, he is said to be attached with a strength and tenderness of affection uncommon in one of his nation.

He is now about thirty-one years of age, of middle stature, with mild expressive features, and very fine eyes. His manners are described by Le Pelissier, Klimmerath, and others, as in the highest degree agreeable, and even fascinating; and, although capable upon occasions of employing the sort of desperate promptitude sometimes necessary among a half-civilised people, he is usually as remarkable for clemency and humanity as for bravery.

Such is the formidable enemy whom the bad fortune or bad management of the French has raised up against them, and who has been for several years steadily pursuing his object, whilst their policy has fluctuated with every fresh governor sent out, and with every variation in the political barometer in Paris. Besides this advantage, of which he is fully aware, he has the incalculable one, of commanding a people who look up to him with devoted enthusiasm as a warrior and a saint, and who are ready to join with him as one man for the expulsion of their common foe. The singular agreement entered into by the French to furnish him with arms, powder, and sulphur, which his previous conduct made it certain would be used against themselves, and their subsequent careless infraction of their treaty with him, have furnished all that was wanting for the commencement of a struggle,

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whose issue, notwithstanding the immense disparity between the power and resources of France and those of an Arab Emir, we cannot but regard as doubtful when we consider the personal character of Abd-el Kader — the position in which he is placed — or the character of the inhabitants, the materials with which he has to work. That of the Arab tribes is generally sufficiently well known, but our readers may not be, perhaps, equally familiar with that of the Kabyl race — the formidable tribes inhabiting the mountainous districts of the Atlas — whose numbers, in the district east of Boujayah alone, where the French arms have always encountered the strongest opposition, are said to be considerable enough to furnish 20,000 fighting men, though this sort of calculation is very difficult to make with accuracy. These regions have been inaccessible to travellers since the Vandals took refuge in their fortresses from the conquering arms of Belisarius; and it is the unanimous opinion of all who have had any opportunities of becoming acquainted with their inhabitants, that they have sprung from the mingled blood of various nations,—Carthaginians, Romans, Numidians, and Vandals, settled at different periods in Northern Africa, first as rulers, and then driven into the mountains in their turn by succeeding invaders. In some parts of the country they are called Tuarick, and under this name they are mentioned by Captain Lyon, and others, as roaming over the great desert, and subsisting principally by plunder. He gives a striking account of the stately independence of their manners, of the high antiquity of their language, and of their being evidently sprung from a fairer race, as those parts of their bodies which are not exposed to the heat of the climate are as white as those of most Europeans.

In Hodgson's "Letters on Africa," in the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, it is stated that the word Tuarick comes from the original Berber language, in which it signifies tribes; and, as Kabail is the Arabian for tribes or families, it appears that the Kabyls of the Atlas have a designation corresponding to that of the Kabyls of the Desert. The great range of coast mountains of Barbary, from Morocco to Tripoli, are covered by their various races, and the dialects spoken by them belong evidently to a language which has no affinity whatever with the Arabic, although the Kabaili of Algiers, and the Amazirgh of Morocco are mutually intelligible.

The conjecture of their mixed origin is strengthened by the fact, that no general type of the race can be pointed out. The dwellers in the Aurus mountains are completely fair, with red and white complexions, so that Bruce, on first seeing them, took them for his own countrymen in foreign garb. The Kabyls, who work as day labourers in Algiers, bear an extraordinary resemblance to the southern Germans, especially to the Wurtemburgers. The Arabs were so much struck by this likeness, as to bestow on the sunburnt German soldiers in the French service the appellation of the Kabyls of France.

Between Boujayah and Bona, again, they lose this German cast of face; they are black-haired, and of a dirty yellow complexion. They usually live in villages containing about thirty huts, each inhabited by a single family, and are ostensibly governed by their Kaids and Sheikhs, who however have no great real authority over their unruly subjects. The influence of their Maraboots is very great both in temporal and spiritual affairs; and the white temples erected to the memory of these saints, on the summit of many a mountain, bear testimony to the veneration with which they are regarded. The Arabs and Moors are in the habit of making pilgrimages

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to such as are of distinguished reputation, to bring offerings, and obtain a blessing.

Before the breaking out of the war, more than 4000 Kabyls were employed as labourers in Algiers and its neighbourhood, living on bread and water, sleeping in the open air, and saving every farthing they could earn. As soon as their funds were equal to the purchase of a wife and a gun, they retired again into their mountains. They are said to be much more industrious than the Arabs, to understand the manufacture of gunpowder, and to be skilful in many mechanical arts, as well as agriculture, notwithstanding the excessive wretchedness of their appearance and dress, if it may be called by such a name, consisting only of one garment, called a *haikh*, often inherited from their grandfathers, and made up of a hundred odd bits patched together. Their notions of wealth are not exorbitant, and those who, besides a wife and a gun, can muster a yataghan, some goats, a mule, and a dog, are considered to possess an "elegant sufficiency."

Some great capitalists among them add to these possessions a horse and a house of stone, and pass their lives in dignified leisure, varied only by the noble and princely amusement of making war upon their neighbours; and as these feuds occur not only tribe against tribe, and village against village, but even hut against hut, there is little danger of their getting out of practice. On occasion of these little domestic wars, the Maraboots often interfere, and restore peace.

Some French writers, who have never had an opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with this people, have become enamoured of the liberty and equality prevailing among them, and have recommended their countrymen to seek their allies rather among them, than among the Arabs. Their general character for ferocity and treachery is however so firmly established among the Europeans, that few would venture to form any closer connection with them.

A German writer, who lately visited Boujayah, and other parts of the regency of Algiers, gives a melancholy picture of the uneasy and precarious position of the French garrison, and the few European inhabitants surrounded by these wild tribes, in this part of what is called the French territory.

The town of Boujayah comes in sight immediately after passing Cape Cearvallos. It lies in the centre of a crescent-shaped bay; and its roadstead is so much securer than that of either Algiers or Bona, that the deys were accustomed, during the bad season, to send their vessels thither for safety. Its situation is given with great exactness by Ptolemy, and it is also mentioned by Pliny. A recently discovered inscription proves it to have been the *Saldae Colonia* of the ancients. The present town is built almost at the foot of the mountain Guraia, and is divided by a steep ravine into two parts. The surrounding wall was formerly very extensive, but has been long fallen into decay, and the French, though they have thrown up new fortifications, have made no attempt to restore it. Three forts, — now strongly garrisoned, — stood there before the French occupation. The first, Fort Mussa, lies in the highest quarter of the town, on the east side of the ravine; the second, the Kasbah, built on the sea-shore, is of solid construction, and considerable extent; the third, Fort Abd-el-Kader, stands also on the shore, on the western side of the ravine.

The French have also crowned the bald head of the mountain with a strong citadel which bears its name, and, like an eagle's nest, looks down from the clouds on the whole surrounding country.

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Boujayah, in its present state, is one of the most wretched places in this part of Africa. The houses on one side of the ravine, against which the fire of the French cannon, on the taking of the place, was especially directed, are mere unsightly heaps of ruins of broken tiles and dry mud. The inhabitants, on evacuating the town, also assisted in its destruction, that the conquerors might find no shelter. Neglect, the injuries of weather, and the continual digging for buried treasure by the soldiers, have completed what they left undone; so that the remains of many Roman towns in different parts of the country, on which earthquakes, the wars of the Vandals, and the lapse of a thousand years have done their work, present many more compact masses than Boujayah, which was only abandoned six years ago. In the western part of the town some new houses have been built, mostly of wood, which are occupied by wine sellers and shopkeepers. The former mosques have been turned into military magazines, and an hospital built on the sea-shore, in an excellent healthy situation, is one of the finest establishments of the kind in the country.

In the year 1833, Boujayah contained a population of 3000 Moors, but after it was taken by storm they all withdrew, — some to Constantine — some to small towns in the interior, and many of the poorer class joined the Kabyls in the mountains. At the time of our author's visit there were only three Moorish families in the place, and the European civil population consisted only of 302 individuals, — 126 French, 106 Spaniards, 52 Maltese, 11 Italians, and 7 Germans, besides a garrison of about 1000 men, — one battalion of light African infantry, and some companies of the artillery corps.

The landscape around Boujayah is extremely beautiful, uniting the charms of fertile and flowery meadows with the gloomy grandeur of rocks and mountains; but the unlucky dweller in the town could even during peace only enjoy it in perspective; for the indulgence of a walk has frequently cost a man his life. The Kabyls lay in ambush all round, and would watch patiently for weeks and months for the pleasure of securing a victim at last. The river which bounds Boujayah on the east, called on some maps the Adous, is not known to the natives under this appellation. At its mouth it bears the name of the race which inhabits its banks, and further up that of the Summam: — it is the Nasaue of Ptolemy. About fifteen miles further to the east flows the Mansureah, which appears to have been the Sesaris of the ancients. Its banks in the interior are said to be very rocky, and its bed is so narrow, that it frequently overflows and inundates the surrounding country. The plain it traverses is covered with high trees of the noblest species, and oranges, lemons, pomegranates, &c., are frequently met with. All these beauties are, however, lost to the garrison, and the inhabitants of Boujayah, who remain shut up within their walls, get all their supplies by sea, and have no other communication with their fierce neighbours than consists in repelling their formidable attacks.

This is sometimes no easy matter. In June, 1834, General Duvivier had to repulse, with only 700 men, a body of 4000 Kabyls, who made a most desperate onset, climbed the palisadoes, and were only driven off with difficulty by the use of hand-grenades. Among these hordes women are often seen, as among the ancient Germans, animating the combatants by their cries and gestures.

Since 1835 these attacks had become less frequent, and before the breaking out of the war had ceased altogether. A mournful and ominous stillness reigned all around. As far as the eye could reach no living creature was to be seen in the surrounding country; the rich grass and gorgeously

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coloured flowers of the plains and valleys — the rocks and rushing waterfalls, reminded the traveller of many lovely spots in Switzerland and the Tyrol; but that in place of the many pleasant rural and pastoral sounds, which cheer the wanderer in the Alps, the ear was oppressed by a silence more befitting the sandy desert than so smiling a prospect. "It seemed," says the traveller before quoted, "like the accursed land of the Arabian fable, or like Eden after the fall; and I rejoiced when the sound of the paddle-wheels of the steam-boat announced my approaching departure from this dreary fortress, whose inhabitants turn from the sight of the fair plain, with its gushing springs, which they may not taste, and golden orange groves, blooming in vain for them, to gaze upon the melancholy sea, which parts them from their distant homes, and exemplify at once the fables of Tantalus and Prometheus chained to his barren rock."

Up to the last moment before the insurrection, the strange delusion of the French, with respect to the state of the country and the nature of their tenure in it, seems to have continued unaltered. The people, it was said, became daily more peaceful and friendly, and mutual congratulations were exchanged upon the vast moral effect produced by the unmeaning expedition, which "marched up the hill and then marched down again," and the prodigious awe and admiration of the great nation with which it had impressed the minds of the natives. But "a change came o'er the spirit of their dream." The publication of the report of M. Blanqui, a gentleman who was despatched by the Academy of Moral and Political Science in Paris, for this express object, and who was every way qualified for the task, established the truth of those unfavourable reports concerning the state of the colony, which had been hitherto treated as idle or malicious falsehoods. "The French have no more power over the Arabs of the plain," says the report, "than the Americans have over the savages of the Mississipi or the Ohio. They come in the morning to the market in Algiers to sell poultry and eggs, and in the evening lie in wait for the French, to rob them and cut off their heads. The commandant of the camp of Oued Lalley, within sight of Blidah and Zoleah, where there is a garrison of 2500 men, is obliged to have a telescope constantly at his eye to watch the incursions of the wild tribes of the plains, and drive them off. When at a few leagues from Algiers, I had two cavalry soldiers before me, two behind, and some at the sides, with their guns loaded, as if an assassin were to be dreaded in every bush." Close on the publication of this unpleasant intelligence followed its sudden and fearful confirmation. The treaty of Tafna was broken, it was said, by the late passage of the French army through the territory of the Emir, and the war again commenced by a torrent of hostile Kabyls and Arabs pouring down upon the plains of the Metidja, desolating the cultivated fields, burning the houses, and murdering their unprotected inhabitants.

The troops, ill supplied with provisions and enfeebled by sickness, could make but an ineffectual resistance. In one spot were found forty headless corpses of soldiers of the 41st regiment, who had been escorting supplies to the camp at Blidah; and every where the country was alive with swarms of fierce and fanatical foes. The season of the year, and the consequent inundation of the plains, have however put a temporary stop to the course of the victorious Ald-el Kader, and given time for the preparation of a force, whose strength affords the most striking refutation of the contempt expressed for the "paltry Arab."

Few nations, and perhaps least of all the French, would be inclined to see in these lamentable events only the natural consequences of their own

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unjust aggression; and the contest now commencing will probably be continued till the occurrence of some political crisis in France shall render inevitable the abandonment of the dearly-purchased conquest of Algeria, under circumstances far more derogatory to national reputation than any which could attend its voluntary resignation.

In the mean time, whatever allowance we may be disposed to make for the soreness of feeling occasioned by the late disasters, it is impossible to help blaming the attempt of some of the French journals to soothe the wounded vanity of the nation, by casting on the English the absurd imputation of having intrigued to outwit them; or to look on the determination announced from the throne, and echoed by the people, "*never* to abandon Algiers," in any other light than that of a brave bandit determined not to part with his booty.

The affected indignation at what is denominated the "insane agression" of the natives on their invaders, reminds one of that of the robber in "Fra Diavolo," who when the nobleman makes a present of some article of his recently recovered property, remarks to his comrade, in a tone of injured innocence, that "he is giving away *our things*."

No possible advantage that can be gained, even from success, can compensate the hundredth part of the sacrifices France must make for a chance of obtaining it; and such a result is scarcely to be looked for without the absolute extermination of the native population, and a frightful waste of the blood of her own sons. The rich plains of Algeria must be drenched with gore, and the "smell of death come reeking from those spicy bowers," long ere the husbandman can hope to gather in his golden fruits in peace, or a nation depraved by false ideas of glory learn that there is no greatness in persisting in a wrong, and that the speediest possible acknowledgment of an error is the best restorative for wounded honour.

GLEANINGS OF IRISH CHARACTERISTICS.

Screech the Second.

One who knew Donnybrook well describes it as a village situated within less than a mile of Dublin, on the banks of a pleasant rivulet, from which it derives its name, Donnybrook signifying literally a puny or dwindled stream. The scenery around it, continues our authority, is of a peculiarly gay and lively character, well suited to the comical extravaganza that used to be enacted there once a year; but in the distance is a threatening-looking ridge of barren mountains, scowling rather ominously on the lowlands; and they, too, suit the ideas which they inspire, for within their recesses dwell a pugnacious race, who, many years ago, thought fit, for some reasons best known to themselves, but hidden from the rest of the world, though, in all probability, just as satisfactory as most causes of war, to descend from their fastnesses, and, as they pithily expressed it, "bate the fair," and they carried their determination into effect with a vengeance. On the appointed day the invaders were seen entering the fair, not in a body, or with any note of martial preparation; — no, no, they were too "cute" for that, but in

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detached groups by twos and threes, apparently without any organisation or connection. During the forenoon, and while the daylight lasted, they conducted themselves with perfect decorum: never did troops behave themselves with more prudence,— and prudence is the better part of valour:—

> "They ate of the mate, and they drank of the drink,
> And found both mighty good to be sure, oh!"

But when evening came, with her treacherous twilight and dim shadows, the scene was changed. The forlorn hope, in the shape of a huge two-handed fellow, a regular Irish giant from the glen of Imal, opened the campaign by upsetting a table where a "parcel" of the "Liberty Boys," — not generous youths burning with zeal in the sacred cause of freedom, champions of the rights of man, but boys from a district called the "Liberties of Dublin," — were drinking. This, as the phrase goes, "riz a fight." The townsmen fled to the assistance of their fellows; the mountaineers, with the elevated spirit of their region, marched to the charge; and then began the "*certaminis gaudia*," as a gentleman of the name of Attila, who would gladly have taken a part in the affair, had he lived at the time, once said on a similar occasion. Tents were trampled under foot by the combatants, like standing corn by a drove of bullocks; booths disappeared with the scene-shifting rapidity of a pantomime, though certainly in any thing but dumb show; publicans and sinners bit the dust in promiscuous confusion; theatricals were at an end; the curtain dropped upon histrionic woe, and the real tragedy of broken shins and bloody coxcombs assumed the stage.

Such is said to have been the origin of the rollicking "scrimmages" of Donnybrook fair; and it so closely resembles the scenes that yearly took place at that renowned festival, until they were finally broken up by the interposition of Mr. Alderman Hodges, during the season of his mayoralty, that it is like enough to be a true version of the historical fact; but it is certain that while Donnybrook fair lasted it was the resort of all manner of men. Peers, horse-jockeys, aldermen, sheriffs, pickpockets, showmen, peasants, strolling players, Dublin jackeens, barristers, thieves, Orangemen and liberators, says our friend already referred to, all mingled in a universal saturnalia, all confounded in a mazy labyrinth of headlong jollity, without distinction of rank, fortune, or avocation. Rows of tents of every shape and description, disposed in streets, afforded accommodation to the endless succession of visitors; and during the day-time, the unaffected genuine fun of the scene would betray a puritan into laughter; but as night approached, the lovers of quiet and eschewers of broken heads gradually retired; the strains of the emulous fiddlers and pipers grew fast and furious; the tents were lighted up; dancing, drinking, and fighting commenced their joint and riotous reign, and then began a scene of uproarious merriment, to which the polyglott revelry of the workmen of Babel, if we could imagine them drunk with Irish whiskey, would be a sleepy and tranquil harmony.

The celebrated Daniel Donnely, or, as he was more familiarly designated by his associates, "Sir Dan Dann'ly, the Irish haroe," was, at one period the life and soul of Donnybrook. After he had won laurels in England, which the greatest pugilists of his day never succeeded in tearing from his "high-piled brows," he set up a tent in Donnybrook, and became the lion of the place. It was here that he used to detail to his wondering hearers the extraordinary adventures that befel him in his pursuit of glory, which derived from the sinister humour of his eyes, and the rich mellifluous inflections of his brogue, a degree of extravagant comicality that cannot be represented in description. One of the most remarkable of his stories was his

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account of the way in which he obtained the honour of knighthood from the Prince Regent, a circumstance which he never failed to relate as an incontrovertible fact. The following imitation of this curious narrative falls immeasurably short of the grandeur of the original, but it is the only record left of Sir Daniel's Donnybrook nights' entertainments.

SIR DAN DANN'LY'S ACCOUNT OF HIS INTERVIEW WITH THE PRINCE REGENT.

My jewels, I was lyin' in bed one mornin', restin' myself, in regard ov bein' dhrunk the night afore wid Scroggins an' Jack Randall, an' some more of the boys; an' as I was lyin' on the broad ov my back, thinkin' ov nothin', a knock came to my door. "Come in," says I, "iv you're fat." So the door opened sure enough, an' in come a great big chap, dhressed in the most iligantest way ever you see, wid a cockade in his hat, an' a plume ov feathers out ov id, an' goolden epulets upon his shouldhers, an' tossels an' bobs of goold all over the coat of him, jist like any lord of the land. "Are you Dan Dann'ly?" says he. "Throth an' I am," says I; "an' that 's my name sure enough, for want ov a betther; an' what d'ye want wid me now you 've found me?" — "My masther is wanting to spake to ye, an' sint me to tell you to come down to his place in a hurry." — "An' who the divil is your masther?" says I; "I didn't think ye had one, only yourself, an' you so fine." — "Oh," says he, "my masther is the Prence Ragin'." — "Blur an' ouns," says I, "tell his honour I 'll be wid him in the twinklin' of a bedpost, the minit I take my face from behind my beard, an' get on my clene flax; but stop a bit," says I; "where does the masther live?" — "Down at Carltown Palace," says he; "so make yourself dacent, an' be off wid yourself after me." Wid that away he went.

Up I gets, an' away I goes, the instant minit I put on my duds, down to Carltown Palace. An' it's that 's the place; twicet as big as the Castle or Kilmainham gaol, an' groves of threes round about it, like the Phaynix Park. Up I goes to the gate, an' I gives a little azy rap, to show I wasn't proud; who should let me in but the 'dentical chap that come to ax me up. "Well, Dan," says he, "you didn't let the grass grow under your feet; the masther's waitin', so away in wid ye as fast as ye can." — "An' which way will I go?" says I. "Crass the yard," says he, "an' folley your nose up through the house, ever till you come to the dhrawing-room door, an' then jist rap wid your knuckle, an' ye 'll get lave to come in." So away I wint acrass the yard, an' its there the fun was goin' on, soldiers marchin', an' fiddlers playing, and monkeys dancin', an' every kind of divarsion, the same as ourselves here at Donnybrook fair, only it lasts all the year round, from mornin' till night, I'm tould.

When I come to the house in I wint, bowin' an' doin' my manners in the most genteelest way to all the grand lords an' ladies that was there, folleyin' their own divarsion, the same as them that was in the yard, every way they liked — dhrinkin' an' singin', an' playin' ov music, and dancin' like mad! I wint on, on, on, out of one room an' into another, till my head was fairly addled, an' I thought I'd nivir come to the ind. And sich grandeur! why, the play-house is nothin' to id. At last I came to a beautiful big stairs, an' up I wint; an' sure enough there was the dhrawin'-room door, reachin' up to the ceilin' almost, an' as big as the gate ov a coach-house, an' wrote on a board over the door, "No admittance for strangers, only on business." "Sure," says I, "I'm come on the best ov business, when the prince is afther sendin' his man to tell me to come on a visit." An' wid that I gave

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a knock wid my knuckle the way I was bid. "Come in," says a voice; and so I opened the door.

Oh! then, ov all the sights ivir I see, an' it 's that was the finest! There was the Prence Ragin' himself, mounted up upon his iligant throne, an' his crown, that was half a hundred weight of goold, I suppose, on his head, an' his sceptre in his hand, an' his lion sitting on one side ov him, an' his unicorn on the other. "'Morrow, Dan," says he, "you 're welcome here."—"Good mornin', my lord," says I, "plase your reverence." "And what do you think of my place," says he, "Dan, now you 're in it?"—"By dad! your worship," says I, "it bates all the places ever I see, an' there 's not the like of id for fun in the wide world, barrin' Donnybrook fair."—"I never was at the fair," says he, "bud I 'm tould there 's plenty of sport there for thim that has money, an' is able to take their own part in a row."—"Throth, your majesty," says I, "your honour may say that; an' iv your holiness 'll come an' see us there, it 's myself that 'll give you a dhrop of what 's good, and show ye all the divarsion ov the place; ay, an' leather the best man in the fair, that dare say black is the white ov your eye!"—"More power to ye, Dan!" says he, laughing, "an' what id you like to drink now?"—"Oh, by gor!" says I, "I 'm afeard to take any thing, for I was dhrunk last night, an' I 'm not quite study yet."—"By the piper that played afore Moses," says he, "ye 'll not go out ov my house till ye dhrink my health." So wid that he mounted down off his throne, an' wint to a little black cupboard he had snug in the corner, an' tuck out his gardy vine an' a couple of glasses. "Hot or cowld, Dan?" says he. "Cowld, plase your reverence," says I. So he filled a glass for me an' a glass for himself. "Here 's towards ye, Dan," says he. "The same to you, majesty!" says I. And what do you think it was? May I never tell a lie iv id wasn't as good whiskey as ever you see in your born days, "Well," says I, "that 's as fine spirits as ever I dhrunk, for spirits like id; might I make bould to ax who does your worship dale wid?"—"Kinnahan, in Dublin," says he. "An' a good warrant he is," says I. So we wint on, dhrinkin' an' chattin', till at last, "Dan," says he, "I 'd like to spar a round wid ye."—"Oh," says I, "majesty, I 'd be afeard ov hurting you widout the gloves."—"Arrah, do you think it 's a brat ov a boy ye 're spaking to?" says he; "do your worst, Dan, an' divil may care!" An' so wid that we stud up.

Do you know he has a mighty purty method ov his own; but thin, though id might do wid Oliver, it was all nonsense wid me; so afore you could say Jack Lattin, I caught him wid my left undher the ear, an' tumbled him up on his throne. "There now," says I, "majesty, I tould ye how id would be; but you'd never stop until you got yourself hurt."—"Give us your fist, Dan," says he, "I 'm not a bit the worse of the fall; you 're a good man, an' I 'm not able for you."—"That 's no disgrace," says I, "for it 's few that is; but iv I had you in trainin' for six months, I 'd make another man ov ye;" an' wid that we fell a dhrinkin' agin, ever till we didn't lave a dhrop in the bottle; an' then I thought it was time to go, so up I got. "Dan," says he, "before you lave me, I 'll make you a knight, to show I have no spite agin ye for the fall."—"Oh," says I, "for the matther ov that I 'm sure ye 're too honerable a gintleman to hould spite for what was done in fair play, an' you know your reverence wouldn't be azy until you had a thrial ov me."—"Say no more about it, Dan," says he, laughing; "but kneel down upon your bended knees." So down I kneeled. "Now," says he, "ye wint down on your marrow bones plain, Dan; but I give ye lave to get up Sir Dann'ly, Esquire."—"Thank your honour," says I; "and

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God mark you to grace wherever you go." So wid that we shook hands, an' away I wint.

Talk of your kings and prences, the Prince Ragin' is the finest prence ever I dhrunk wid!

From Donnybrook and its lay humours, let us change the scene to a country chapel, and the humours of the clergy. The characteristics of the following discourse — supposed to have been delivered during the by-gone experiments of the Bible societies to convert the people — will be more readily recognised even than the jibes of Sir Daniel. As there is, or ought to be, a purpose in all sermons, so there is in this, which may be entitled, for brevity,

WHICH IS THE TRUE CHURCH?

Scene — a mountain chapel of the poorest description — half of the roof wanting — and the whole in a state of dilapidation. His reverence mounted on a frail platform of boards, surrounded by a dense crowd, stretching out in all directions in the open air round the holy ruin.

SACERDOS LOQUITUR.

When I begin to spake, boys, you must all listen to me, or where 's the use of my wasting my breath upon you. And I hav'n't much of that same to spend upon the likes of ye.

[Never mind, Mr. Corrigan, if I don't trouble you one of these nights for a little of your peppermint-water for my asthma. And have you got none of the belly-bacon hanging up beside the hob? Then I 'll wait till next year, when the pigs are all at home with you again, for I know they 're on their way, Mr. Corrigan. You 've a pretty snug spot in it, and more 's the pity that you don't know how to save your bacon.]

But I was going to bring you all to tax for a mortal sin. Do you know the raal difference between mortal and venal sin? To be sure you don't; where would the likes of ye learn any thing about it? Well then, I 'll tell you: mortal sin is of two kinds — words and deeds; when you daar to say a word against the true church, and when you don't pay up your dues, that 's mortal sin: as for venal sin, that 's a matter to be settled at confession; it dipinds entirely upon myself, and it 's cute ye are if I don't find you out. May be you think I don't know what you 're all doing when there 's nobody looking at you; you might as well say that I don't know what Abraham is saying to the poor crature that 's lying, like a bug in a rug, in his *buzom* this thousand years.

[Stand out of the doorway, Judy Kelly; I can't see the pratees growing outside for the head of ye: I suppose you think you 're a mighty fine spy-glass.]

In regard to the mortal sin, I 'm tould you all wint to hear the heretics praching up at the Methodist chapel t'other mornin'. Now, whether you did or not, sorrow an' absolution will you get from me until you do penance, every one of ye that 's got a red cow, or a barn-door. Sure if you didn't go, it 's no reason but you might go, and that 's all the same.

[Tim Byrne, I hear that you bought a yellow waistcoat and a pair of bran new brogues, last Tuesday, at Ballybrougheen pathern; where did you get the money, Tim? Sure it was never known that you had ever a hide on your dirty feet before, except your skin, and why wouldn't that

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content you still? Were you afeard of spattering your iligant knee-breeches? If you come by such a sight of money honestly, Tim, you ought to come to me, and ax me what you ought to do wid it. But it 's true for me that you had a hand in the convarsions. If your soul isn't as white as a jug of crame, mind what I tell you, there 'll be a ruction before long, and the jubilee 's coming on. You 'll be trying to palaver me out of an indulgence by-and-by, when the money 's all spint, and you 'll be so poor, that if ould Nick was to dance a jig in your pocket there wouldn't be as much as a halfpenny for him to brake his shin-bone over. But you 're playing blind-man's-buff with your salvation, and you 'll knock your nose against a stone wall. It wasn't for nothing that I took that pint of liquor with you t'other night at Dan Cumming's; when the dhrop of dhrink 's upon you you 're as tinder as a rotten turnip; I 've only to squeeze you between my finger and thumb and out comes the juice.]

I was talking of the Methodist chapel, when this spalpeen interrupted me.

[Jemmy Riley, just put your hand to that boord a bit, and shove it over the tub.]

The Methodists are all made of iron and broad-cloth, boys: they 're not like us, good flesh and blood; and that 's the reason they want to bring you over to them. Did you ever see a Methodist like Peggy Martin? To be sure you didn't, I needn't ax you. Hould up your head, Peggy, and don't keep spoiling your praskeen. I'm tould the childer are in the typhus; well, it 's one comfort that it 'll prevent the procthor and the pracher from coming near you. *Betheshin!* — not one of them comes as we do; rain or shine, well or ill. I hope you'll all have the true typhus — its grace I mean — to keep the heretics away from you. They don't care a traneen for ye, if you'll only let them read the Bible to ye. And sure the Bible 's good reading, may be, but it 's not fit for the likes of ye. If you want Bibles come to me; I'm Bible enough for ye.

[It 's late you 're after coming to my discoorse, Masther Mike Garret. Never a heed you heed me until you can't help yourself. May be you think half a loaf is better than no bread at all; but if you were to say that to the angel at the door of Heaven, he'd pop in your head, and jam your legs out; then how would you look, Mike? Did you ever come to the jug till you finished your noggin of punch? To be sure you didn't; but that 's no reason why you 'd be letting other people dhrink your liquor for you.]

Is that the sun that 's splitting the ould sod roof of the place? What else would it be? And isn't that a lesson to you, to show that the Roman church is the true church — don't you see how it 's burning the heads of ye? Did you ever know the equal of it in the heretics' house? How could you, because they daren't look the sun in the face, and put ugly slates on the top to privint him from looking in to see what they 're doing. My drame 's out — I knew we 'd have a sign to show them before they snaked off with their tails between their legs, like a dog with a flea in his ear. They say that theirs is the only true church; but I 'll tell you a story that 'll settle that dispute.

There was once upon a time a great man that wanted to build a big house — it 's no matter about the name upon him, for it doesn't concern us. Well, what does he do? He gets a Protestant builder, because, of course, the Protestants have every thing their own way, and must always have the best pickings that 's to be had, by the manes of their roguery. The car-

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penter was a Prasbytarian, being the next to the Protestant; and it 's no lie to say that he was just as proud as the builder, because he was as big a blackguard. But then, boys, who do you think the humble hod-man was? What would he be but a dacent Catholic, one of the right sort? For you know, that when there 's work to be done, it 's the poor Catholic that 's put down to do it; and that 's why none of you have a skreed to your backs worth mintioning.

One day the Protestant says to the Prasbytarian, "I want to go up the ladder, to see what 's doing above." — "At your pleasure, sir," says the Prasbytarian. "Stay below, fellow," says the Protestant to the humble hod-man, "until your betters are sarved." With that he mounted the ladder as gay and impudent as if he was Lord Castleraigh himself. But there was them watching him that wouldn't see the Catholic hod-man treated in that manner. The Prasbytarian followed after; and the last upon the step was the humble Catholic. Them that 's low upon this earth is the highest in Heaven. Isn't it harder to shoot a gull than a magpie?

[Darby, don't forget your pipes to-night at the christening, you divil! and I 'll give you lave to play "Moll Roe" for the ladies.]

Jist as the Protestant got to the top of the ladder, and the ruffane of a Prasbytarian was in the middle, and the humble hod-man was on the bottom rung, there comes such a whistle of wind as never was heard before. The storm that blew down Killala Castle was a fool to it. Hoo! there was the very mischief among them; and then we were to see which was the best off. May be it 's the Protestant that didn't tumble down from the top of the ladder, and get such a murdering fall that it was the marcy of Providence, that he didn't fall down through and through the earth, until he stuck upon the spit in ould Nick's kitchen! But it was bad enough as it was. He fractured his skull, broke every bone in his body, and what was worse than that, he was kilt stone dead upon the spot. There was no more use in trying to waken him, than if ye were to talk Latin to a goose.

[Phil Fleming, where 's the turkey you promised me at Christmas? Sure you needn't be ashamed to send it to me, even if you're obliged to throw in a couple of pouts along with it.]

But the Prasbytarian got the clanest fall of all. Where do you think he fell? I suppose, now, you think he fell on his head, or his arm? No such thing: he fell upon the ground. And what do you think he did when he got there? Nivir a single thing to swear by, except lie like a drunken baste upon the earth.

[The top of the morning to you, Molly Doyle; I hope your early rising will do you no harm.]

Well, the Prasbytarian, boys, was nearly kilt; his mouth was split open, like a poor man's lease, from *ear* to *ear;* and, although he was one mortal fracture from head to foot, he might have done well enough for all there was of him, but he got into a terrible passion the next day, because they wanted to cut off the wrong end of his leg, and he burst a blood-vessel and died, — that was the end of the Prasbytarian. I tould you that the humble hod-man was standing at the bottom, bad cess to the much lower he could be; so when the others fell down, the poor Catholic slipt as azy upon his *hunkers*, as if he was sitting down to pratees and butthermilk. He was no more hurt than I am, — and why? Don't you see the rasin forenint you? He was one of the true church, and there wasn't a hair of his head put out of joint. But I haven't done with the story yet.

[Where are you going, Paudgeen Daly? Is them the manners I taught you, jist to come in for a mouthful of larning, and go off again without

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saying "By your lave," or "What 'll you take?" It 's the bad thing you 're doing, Paudgeen.]

When the Protestant was kilt, as I tould you, nothing would satisfy him but that he should go, jist as he was, without waiting for the wake, up to St. Peter, for he thought there was no end to his grandeur, and that St. Peter was one of his own kidney, and must immediately open the gould gates for him.

But you see there 's an end to the Protestant the minute he dies; he hasn't a rood of ground, not as big as Phelim White's cabbage garden, in that beautiful place which entirely belongs to the Catholics. There you never hear of rack-rents and distress; we have it all our own way there; and why not, since they won't let us have any way here?

When the Protestant got up to the gate, with his face all cut, and his caubeen broke, and his skreeds as dirty as if he was rolling the whole day in the mud, — "Open the door!" says he to St. Peter, who was sitting at his aze reading a book. "For what," says St. Peter, "should I open the door?" —"Don't keep me standing in the cowld here!" says the other, "but open it immediately." — "It 's lately come to you," says St. Peter, "to teach me my business! — who are you?" — "Don't you know me?" says the Protestant builder. "Know you!" says St. Peter; "I don't think the mother that owns you would know you with that ugly face upon you." — "I am the Protestant builder," says the other. "I 'm glad you tould me that," says St. Peter; and with that he whips out a shillelah that he had behind him, and with one crack of it upon his crown, sent him down two thousand miles inside the walls of hell. "Put that in your pipe, and smoke it!" said St. Peter; and he went back to finish the book he was reading, which was Friar Haye's Sarmons. The never a more was the Protestant builder heard of, for you know, boys, that the divil is no chicken at this time of day to let him out.

The next day the Prasbytarian thought that he should go to heaven direct, and just went up to St. Peter in the same manner. St. Peter this time was pulling on his boots. "Well, what are you?" says St. Peter, as civil as you plase. "I am the Prasbytarian carpenter, that died this morning," says the other. That was enough: it would do your hearts good to see St. Peter lifting up his leg, and giving him a kick with his big boot, that sint him like a snipe with a slug under his wing, tumbling over and over down through the air. "Stop!" says St. Peter, as he was half-way down; "I give you lave," says he, "to call at purgatory on your way, in regard of your not being so impudent as the Protestant."

[Did you pickle the cabbage yet, Mrs. Delany? Indeed you have the natest little pantry in the whole parish. Phil, Phil! what are you saying to Peggy in the corner there? You 'll come to no good yourself, Phil! You 're one of the clear-skinned family, for I can read the gallows in your face.]

A great many years after these things took place, the humble Catholic hod-man died: and there was a dacent laying out, and plenty of eating and dhrinking, and a hearty welcome for the neighbours. But you see he wouldn't go up to St. Peter until he had the last rites of the church, and until he had a new suit of clothes and a nightcap for the occasion; then he went up as genteel as any gentleman in the land. St. Peter was sitting at his door, all alone, dhrinking a tumbler of the best Innishowen. "Many happy days to your honour!" says the humble hod-man; "and I 'm glad to see your reverence looking so well this blessed evening!" — "I think I know you, Pat," says St. Peter; "you 're the humble Catholic hod-man!"

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"Divil a word of lie in it," says the humble hod-man. — "It's yourself that's welcome," says St. Peter; and with that he shook hands with him, and was as glad to see him as if he was his own brother.—"It's a good step from your place to this," says St. Peter, "and as you're tired a bit, just sit down and take a snifter with me before you go in."—"It's a kind word you say to me," says the other; and he sat down, and they both drank all the Innishowen that was in the bottle. "There's more where that comes from, Paddy," says St. Peter. "It's too many your honour is for me," says the humble hod-man; "I'm afeard it'll get into my head, as I'm not to say very strong yet, and I wouldn't like to have the sign of liquor upon me when I go into the new place; so, if your reverence plases, I'd like jist to go in and rest myself." Upon the word, the gates opened like a clap of thunder, and the humble Catholic hod-man walked in, St. Peter bowing, and houlding a light to him all the time.

Now, boys, which is the true church?

THEKLA; OR THE MAIDEN'S COMPLAINT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

"Die Blume ist hinweg aus meinem leben,
Und kalt und farblos seh'ich's vor mir liegen."
Wallenstein's Tod.

The bloom is vanish'd from my life, and cold
And colourless the prospect lies before me.

The clouds gather fast, the oak-forests moan;
A maiden goes forth by the dark sea alone;
The wave breaks with might, with might on the shore,
And she mingles her sighs with the nightwind's roar,
Whilst her eyes are all-wishfully roving:
"My heart it is dead, and the world 's void and drear,
And there 's nothing to hope or to live for here.
Thou, Holy One, call back thy child to her rest;
In the pleasure of earth I 've already been blest —
In the pleasure of living and loving."

Vain, vain thy regrets; vain the tears that are shed
O'er the tomb; no complaints will awaken the dead.
Yet, oh! if there 's aught to the desolate heart,
For the lost light of love can a solace impart,
'T will not be denied thee by Heaven.
"Let the soul still sigh on, its tears gently fall;
Though life, love, and rapture they cannot recall,
Yet the sweetest of balms to the desolate breast
For the lost love of *him*, whom on earth it lov'd best,
Are the pangs to his memory given."

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SKETCHES OF SPANISH GENERALS, CARLIST AND CRISTINO.

No. III. — O'Donnel.

" Vous trahissez enfin vos enfants malheureux,
Que vous précipitez sous un joug rigoureux !"
Phèdre, Acte I., Sc. III.

The country with which the Irish people seem to claim a similar origin, and to which they actually bear a striking resemblance, had been always regarded by them as a refuge from the ferocious intolerance of their rulers in other days; and to those whom a principle of pride, or a sense of duty, preserved attached to the religion and manners of their forefathers, Spain presented a safe asylum, where not only their presence was tolerated, but where the same facilities were afforded to them, as to the natives of the soil, of attaining to the highest rank that fidelity, intrepidity, or talent could win. Amongst those families which had acquired, in other and distant climes, " that repose which at home they had sighed for in vain," not the least distinguished was that of the ancient chiefs of Tyrconnel. The profession of arms was that which was for the most part embraced by these independent adventurers, and the distinction which they obtained in foreign service recompensed them for the sacrifice they had made in abandoning the country where they were regarded as " aliens in blood and aliens in religion."

The family of General O'Donnel has been settled in Spain since the commencement of the last century. His father was a distinguished officer of artillery, in which service he rose to the rank of commander-in-chief; and his military skill was considered of such value, in this particular branch of the service, that he was esteemed, after Andreossi, the most scientific artilleryman in Europe. The chivalrous, but mistaken fidelity by which the old Irish families were bound to the cause and fortunes of royalty, in the person of that contemptible tyrant, and odious bigot, James II., lost none of its enduring force by its transfer to so congenial a soil as Spain; and the feeling of loyalty and honour which, under more favourable auspices, would have consolidated and ornamented the throne of the new dynasty which was established in Great Britain, was forced to seek other principles of action in the strange country of its adoption.

Don Leopoldo O'Donnel, general of division, and lately captain-general of the province of Guipuzcoa, is the third son of the late Juan O'Donnel, general of artillery. His age may be about thirty-one years. In person he is very tall, and, in proportion to his stature, rather slightly than robustly made. His complexion is fair; and, though the lower part of the face is of a heavy and rather massive contour, yet the upper features are well-formed, and are by no means deficient in expression. His forehead is lofty, broad, and purely white, and in his grey eye may be remarked a daring as well as decisive character. With regard to intellectual attainments, the acquirements of O'Donnel are very respectable, and his acquaintance with the literature of his native country, as well as with that of France, is much more intimate than, from the activity of the pursuits of his past life, one would be induced to believe. He is also a good scientific, as well as classical, scholar, and his observations on matters connected with such subjects are replete with intelligence, originality, and vigour. Neither

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is he ignorant of the history or the reverses of the country of his ancestors; and though O'Donnel is free from the vulgar prejudices entertained against strangers by his countrymen, yet, when the conversation — the social conversation of the fireside — turns on the policy of England in past times, he seems to remember, with a feeling of bitterness, not diminished by time or absence, the cruel oppression under which his ancestors suffered, and the sanguinary ferocity of that code which drove them from their homes, and forced them to become wanderers in other lands. In his private character he is most amiable, and his manners are those of a high-bred gentleman; whilst in military talent he certainly is superior to the generality of the Spanish chiefs who have made themselves remarkable on the side of the Queen, since the breaking out of the civil war, with the exception, perhaps, of Cordova, or Gurrea.

Independent of these qualities, which, in the present state of Spain, might seem to ensure reputation and rank, and for which such political convulsions alone afford favourable occasions, the interest which attaches itself to his name, on account of the peculiar history of his family, as well as from his own position, equally peculiar, may be sufficient to render him an object of public regard. His father died very soon after the second restoration of Ferdinand VII., when Cadiz was surrendered to the French, and the army of the constitution was scattered amongst the mountains. He left a family, consisting of a wife, one daughter, and four sons. His wife, the mother of Leopoldo, who is still living, is a lady of ancient but reduced family, in the south of Spain; and, at the period of her husband's death, held an appointment, as lady of honour in the household of Amalia the third wife of Ferdinand. Juan, the eldest son, succeeded, as *mayorasco*, to the whole of the small patrimony left by the father. Charles, the second son, obtained a commission in the Guards; and Leopold, the present general, entered, at the age of fourteen, the service in which his father had gained such distinction. An attachment of the strongest nature subsisted between Madame O'Donnel and the Princess Maria Francesca, wife of Don Carlos, and it is certain that she was an active, and, as far as her opportunities and situation afforded her the means, a useful instrument, in most of the intrigues which were well known to have been incessantly carried on in the apartments of the Infante, within the walls of the royal residence itself, against the person of the King.

The death of Ferdinand brought on the crisis which was so ardently longed for by the apostolical party, and the insurrection spread itself at once, and with the rapidity of lightning. In this emergency, the mother of O'Donnel did not long hesitate in following up the line of conduct she had long before determined on. Her second son, Carlos, was then captain in the Life Guards. Him she forced to abandon the cause of the Queen, and to join the banner which was unfurled by Zumalacarreguy on the mountains of Navarre. Carlos O'Donnel was esteemed, after Sarsfield, the best cavalry officer in Spain. When the insurgent army was created by the organising genius of the Guipuzcoan chieftain, he was appointed to the command of a regiment of the lancers of Navarre. Juan, the eldest, had been married to an Andalusian lady of large fortune, and, not partaking in the military tastes which distinguished his brothers, nor yet in the extreme political feelings which characterised his mother, had settled quietly in France, and seemed happy and contented in passing his life in the bosom of an interesting family.

The feelings of affection entertained by Madame O'Donnel for the brother of Ferdinand, were by no means diminished by his fallen fortunes,

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and she was determined to make use of every effort to induce the members of her own family to take up arms in the cause of the Pretender. She at once proceeded to Paris, to awaken her eldest son from the tranquillity of domestic life; and, unfortunately for him, her exhortations prevailed. He broke up his establishment, and leaving his young and beautiful wife at Bayonne, with two infant children, passed into Navarre, and received a high command under Ituralde, one of the originators of the insurrection. She had not as yet, however, been able to decide Carlos, who still served with his regiment in Madrid, to abandon the cause of the queen, and her prayers, and threats, and entreaties were entirely lost on Leopold, the present general, who would listen to no overtures made with the view of changing his allegiance. The example set by the eldest brother at length overcame the wavering resolution of Carlos, who soon threw up his commission, and passed into France.

In a skirmish which took place between a party of the faction in Catalonia, and the *urbanos* of Barcelona, Juan O'Donnel was made prisoner by the Cristinos, owing to the treachery of the infamous priest Tristany, who purposely abandoned him in the moment of danger. The contest had not as yet been rendered so generally revolting by the massacre of prisoners on either side; and O'Donnel was placed in the citadel of the town, to await the period of the usual exchanges amongst those who had fallen into the hands of the contending parties. In the skirmish alluded to, five or six *urbanos* had also been made prisoners by the factious, and it was rumoured that mutilations of a horrible kind had been inflicted on them by their captors. The ferocity of the Catalans, but more particularly of the inhabitants of Barcelona, is well known. The friends and relatives of the mutilated men called on the governor to retaliate on O'Donnel the tortures which their fellow-citizens had been made to suffer. He used every effort to save the prisoner, but in vain. One of the *urbanos*, who had succeeded in escaping, suddenly appeared in the square of Barcelona, at the moment when the excitement was at its highest pitch. He presented a spectacle of horror — his ears, nose, and lips were cut off, and one eye had been bulged from its socket. The most uncontrollable fury spread amongst the populace; they rushed in thousands to the residence of the governor, and threatened death and destruction to him and all the authorities, unless O'Donnel was instantly led out to execution. The chief magistrate had no alternative but to comply with their demand, and the prisoner was accordingly led forth to be shot in the Prado, outside the gates. The moment a glimpse was caught of the unhappy young man in the streets, the frenzy of the multitude could no longer be kept within bounds; he was torn from his guards, and, in an instant, a hundred knives were sheathed in his bosom. The first wound split his very heart in twain; his body was dragged by a rope attached to the feet, through the filth and mire of the town; his head was wrenched from his shoulders, and, in the madness of demoniac vengeance, kicked as a football along the streets!

Carlos, the second brother, had proceeded to Bordeaux, where he found Moreno and Urbistondo Eguia, who were, themselves, awaiting an opportunity to join the Pretender at San Estevan. The watchfulness of the French police had defeated their projects during a considerable period: and O'Donnel, as well as Eguia, was tried before the court of assize, and convicted of having, contrary to the laws, travelled with false passports. The former was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. After regaining his liberty, he renewed his efforts to escape into Navarre, and at length succeeded in making his way across the frontier, and in arriving at the head-

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quarters of Don Carlos. Shortly after reaching San Estevan, he was appointed to the command in chief of the small body of lancers, which then formed the entire cavalry force of the insurgents. His exertions, combined with his perfect knowledge of military discipline, soon enabled him to place the troops under his command on a respectable footing; and this corps soon became effective and formidable. O'Donnel distinguished himself in all the skirmishes which took place between the Queen's troops and the Carlists; and the headlong impetuosity of his valour carried dismay into the ranks of the Cristinos. His career, however, was destined to be a short one. Charging, at the head of a squadron of lancers, some battalions of the Cristino army in the neighbourhood of Pampeluna, he suffered himself, in the ardour of the onset, to be borne along, to a considerable distance, from the main body, and to become separated from his own men. He was about to sabre a soldier, who had, in like manner, been left almost alone, when his arm was stayed by his supplication for quarter. O'Donnel was no less generous than brave: he yielded to the prayer of the suppliant, and spared his life. He was in the act of beckoning to his men, whom he saw galloping towards him, when the Cristino, observing his own battalion also approaching, levelled his musket, and fired at the man who had yielded to his cry for mercy a moment before. His aim was but too unerring, — O'Donnel bent in agony over his saddle bow, and fell from his horse. The battalion was routed by the squadron that just came up, and the treacherous wretch, who had thus repaid the boon extended to him, was pierced with a hundred lances. The victim of this bad faith was taken back to his quarters; the ball had entered the abdomen, and carried into the intestines several fragments of the leather and brass mountings of the saddle. He expired in excruciating agony the same evening, in a miserable hut by the road side. We are generally inclined to ascribe the occurrence of important events, as well as their success or failure, to some accident of a trifling nature, which ordinary precaution might have obviated, or prevented. The servant of Carlos O'Donnel had been always accustomed to strap his master' riding cloak to the pommel of his saddle, on every occasion of his mounting on horseback. This practice was never once forgotten or neglected, until this fatal morning. Had this usual precaution been taken, it is certain that the bullet which deprived him of life would have been buried in the thick folds of the mantle, without inflicting any injury. But his hour had arrived.

Two sons had now been sacrificed to the cause of Don Carlos. Though Madame O'Donnel might permit the feelings of nature to prevail over her fanaticism, and though she may have wept in secret for the loss of her gallant and too obedient children, yet, to the eye of the observer, she appeared pleased at the event; and she everywhere proclaimed the happiness she felt at the glorious end of her son Carlos. One she had aroused to avenge the murder of the other; and she declared, that, if she had a thousand children, they should all be offered up in the same cause. To complete her plans of vengeance, as well as of loyalty, there now remained her son-in-law, Luis de Coy, the husband of her only daughter, and her youngest child, Enriquez, a youth about nineteen years old; as Leopold firmly, and constantly, resisted all her entreaties to abandon the cause which he had embraced. Yielding to her prayers, the son-in-law waited but the *accouchement* of his young wife, to set out for the Carlist army. He left her with one child about two years old, and another, her last, only eight days, and crossed the frontier, accompanied by Enriquez, his brother-in-law, the youngest of this devoted family. They both joined the expedition of

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Gomez, in the unsuccessful attempt made by that chief to collect resources for the army of the North, and to excite the South to insurrection. Luis was killed in the very first action which took place with the Cristinos, and Enriquez was drowned in the Ebro, during the retreat of the Carlists!

That nothing should be wanting to complete the desolation of this unhappy mother, the only son of Count O'Donnel Labisbal, the brother of her husband, was made prisoner by the faction. He had, as well as Leopold, remained faithful to the cause of Isabel II. His death was glorious. He was taken prisoner at the head of his squadron, when protecting the retreat of General Valdez, in the province of Alava, who was flying in confusion before Zumalacarreguy, who had taken all his positions, and beaten him back to Vittoria. The insurgent general manifested an inclination to save his prisoner, on account of the calamities sustained by his family in the cause of Don Carlos; but those intentions, if he really entertained them, were changed, on account of the execution of some prisoners who had been taken by Valdez. He was entrusted to the care of the Baron de los Valles, and was allowed his personal liberty, on having pledged his word not to escape. The fatal order came at length, and O'Donnel was taken out before the camp and shot.

History will not easily furnish many instances of such complete destruction falling on one single family. We can scarcely attempt to explain the feelings of this widowed and childless mother, whom her own furious violence of party animosity has left in a condition so desolate. Her cup of sorrow was not, however, yet entirely full. Her only daughter became a lunatic, when the tidings of her husband's death reached her, — a fate which befell him in a few months after commencing his military career. Her daughter-in-law, violent in political feeling as herself, married a second time, and left her; and the flight of the Pretender, with the dispersion of the mimic court of Tolosa, during the recent events, has thrown her entirely on the world, friendless and almost childless; — as her only surviving son is considered by her, on account of the discrepancy in their opinions, as little better than one of the departed. Her present residence is Bayonne; and as yet she seems determined not to avail herself of the terms of the amnesty offered by the treaty of Bergara. It is one of the most amiable characteristics of General O'Donnel, that he has, throughout, evinced the most delicate, and the most tender, attachment to his parent, even when her fury against himself was most violent. He never ceased to write to her, during her residence at Tolosa, in the most endearing manner; and, as her resources were limited, and sometimes straitened, he has frequently supplied her wants from his own means, which, until his late marriage with the widow of a Catalan merchant, were by no means abundant. He many times entreated her to grant him an interview at Bayonne, where they might meet on neutral ground, and forget, for one short hour, every thing, but that she was his mother and he her son. The bitterness of her hatred towards both the person and the government of Cristina amounts to a sort of madness; and this detestation is not alone confined to the widow of Ferdinand, but extends to all who entertain political feelings even a shade less intolerant than her own. With all such she has invariably refused to hold any communication whatever, even in the form of the common relations of conventional intercourse.'

Notwithstanding the ultra illiberalism of every member of his family, and the horrible massacre of his eldest brother, the Queen Isabel II. has not a more faithful, a braver, or a more honourable defender of her throne and dignity, than Leopold O'Donnel. His blood also has been oftentimes

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shed, but in the cause of liberty; it being a remarkable circumstance that he scarcely ever goes into action without being wounded. At the battle of Mañeru in 1835, his arm was broken by the fragment of a shell; and at Mendigorria he was so badly wounded that, for a long time, his recovery was despaired of. The consequences of this last injury unfitted him, for a considerable period, for active service. He received, on that occasion, the grade of colonel effective; and, after the second siege of Bilbao, he was again promoted to the rank of Brigadier. Subsequently to the capture of Hernani, Irun, and Fuentarabia, by the gallant but ill-requited British Legion, the Count Mirasol, who had defended the capital of Biscay against Zumalacarreguy, was named Captain-General of Guipuzcoa, and, as a matter in course, commandant-in-chief of the division stationed in the province. Mirasol was a brave and daring man, but, in the enforcement of military discipline, he was a severe and uncompromising martinet. After the capture of the towns alluded to, it became necessary to repair the old fortifications, as well as to construct new ones, throughout the whole extent of the lines occupied by the Cristinos. The points which claimed, principally, the attention of the engineer, were those in the immediate vicinity of Hernani, which commanded the high road to San Sebastian; and it required long and uninterrupted labour, on the part of the troops to place them in a state of defence proper to resist any sudden attempts, made by the enemy, to recover possession of that most important position. The soldiers were, therefore, kept constantly employed in digging deep trenches, erecting parapets, and transporting heavy mould, huge stones, and piles of timber, to the summit of high, craggy, and almost inaccessible, rocks. The weather, too, was intensely hot, and the urgency of their situation did not permit any relaxation. The severe manners of the general, and his harsh and ungracious mode of enforcing discipline, augmented the dislike felt by the men against such labour; and, in a short time, murmurs and discontent spread amongst the overworked and ill-treated soldiers. It was, unfortunately, an epoch when great demoralisation prevailed throughout the entire Spanish army. The massacre of Quesada, at Madrid, seemed to have been the signal for letting loose the vengeance of the troops against their superior officers. Escalera had been murdered by his own guard at Puebla; and the soldiers of Navarre soon after steeped their hands in the blood of Sarsfield and of Mendivil. Scarcely a day passed without bringing tidings of the crime of assassination being committed on the persons of the officers by the soldiers; and those who were highest in rank were generally selected as the victims of popular fury. A conspiracy had been just discovered in a battalion stationed at San Sebastian, the object of which was to plunder the houses of the peaceful inhabitants during the hour of divine service

This feeling of discontent and revolt was shared by the troops under the orders of Mirasol, and was increased in its malignity by the aggravating circumstances alluded to above, as well as by the non-payment of their arrears. A battalion of the Princesa regiment, stationed in the town of Hernani, refused to turn out from their quarters to perform the usual routine of labour at the fortifications; and, when an attempt was about to be made to enforce obedience, they drew up, in regular order of battle, in the square of the town. Mirasol made his appearance at the balcony of his apartment, and a hundred muskets were levelled at him. A young English officer, named Ebsworth, who had served in the British Legion, and who, only a few days previously, had been appointed to the general's personal staff, was shot through the heart by his side, and a Spanish aide-de-camp, Colonel Rendon, was dangerously wounded. The fury then became universal against

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Mirasol; the house was attacked, and the General was forced to conceal himself in a cellar underground. They threatened to burn the entire town unless he was given up to them. No one dared to approach them, as they were maddened with disappointment at the withdrawal of their victim.

It was the twilight of a summer's evening, and the number of the insurgents was fast increasing as night approached. Terror and consternation were spread in all directions. In the midst of this universal dismay, and when the frenzy of the troops was excited to the highest pitch at not being able to make themselves masters of the person of their general, O'Donnel rushed amongst them, alone and unattended, as they were about to commence the most dreadful depredations. He had been always popular with the men, as his conduct had been ever marked by gentleness and justice. He addressed them in a bold and determined style. He threw his hat on the ground; and, unbuckling his sword belt, flung the weapon from him. He tore open the breast of his coat, and, baring his bosom, besought them, if they really entertained the intention to murder their chiefs, to begin with himself; he should make no resistance against the commission of such a crime; one brother had been massacred by Cristinos in Barcelona, another assassinated at the gates of Pampeluna, and he was there to gratify the revenge of the murderers in the square of Hernani! This address produced a favourable result. He was answered by shouts of "*Viva nuestro Brigadier! viva O'Donnel!*" The rioters retired peaceably to their own quarters, under his guidance and direction, and the tumult was abated.

There is one circumstance connected with this revolt which, for the honour of Ireland, it would not be fair to omit. When Mirasol had succeeded in escaping from the first outbreak of fury, about half a battalion of the Princesa regiment proceeded along the high road, towards San Sebastian, in order to prevent his escape in that direction; and they stationed themselves, at regular intervals, in small parties of about twelve or fourteen each. Though the tumult had been quelled for the moment, yet the same desire for vengeance on the person of the obnoxious general, continued in full force. His only hope of avoiding the doom threatened, was to reach an English steamer which was stationed in the bay of San Sebastian; and, without a sufficient escort, this was of course impossible. To entrust him to the care of his own countrymen would be to consign him to destruction; and even those of the troops who were friendly towards him did not dare to undertake so dangerous a charge. A battalion of an Irish regiment belonging to O'Connell's legion happened to be stationed at the village of Astagarraga, at a short distance from Hernani, in the advanced posts to the left. A company of this regiment, consisting of about sixty men and two officers, volunteered, with the reckless bravery so characteristic of their country, to escort Mirasol from Hernani to San Sebastian, and to place him in safety on board the English vessel. Each man provided himself with sixty rounds of ball cartridge, and, with fixed bayonets, proceeded to the hiding-place of Mirasol. He had refused to entrust himself to his own countrymen, but delivered himself up, without any hesitation, to the Irish. They placed him in the midst of their little body, whilst he was leaving the town; and, in the most regular order, marched along in the direction of San Sebastian — rear and advanced guards, and flankers, thrown out at each side, to prevent the possibility of a surprise. On their way some disposition was manifested by the detached parties of the Spaniards to obtain possession of the general; but the determined appearance, and the audacious demeanour, of these sixty Irishmen, deterred them from the attempt. In this manner a single company of Irish soldiers conducted him

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in safety through the entire of the Spanish force, who were furious that their victim should thus escape; and they never lost sight of him, even for an instant, until they placed him, sound and unhurt, on board the vessel. They returned, peaceably and quietly, to their quarters; and the next day got drunk, in the most amicable manner, with the Spaniards, who regretted much having killed an English officer by mistake; they kissed, sung Irish and Spanish love ditties to each other, of which neither party understood a word, and continued ever after the best friends.

As a reward for his determined and courageous conduct on this occasion, O'Donnel was named to the command in chief of the army in Guipuzcoa (Mirasol having retired from the service), as well as to the captain-generalship of the province, which office he held until summoned by Espartero to head-quarters in January, 1839.

The possession of so many fortified points, subsequently to the taking of Irun, Fuentarabia, and Hernani, in May 1837, required a proportionate force for their defence; and, though the greater part of the interior remained still in the hands of the faction, there were few or no attempts made to advance further into the country. The active operations which were going on elsewhere prevented the augmentation of the reserves of Guipuzcoa to such an extent as would be considered sufficient to make encroachments on the enemy's territory, and, at the same time, leave the Cristino lines in a proper state of defence. The opportunities, therefore, which were offered to O'Donnel, during this period of independent command, of exhibiting his talents as a general, were few and unfavourable; and his efforts were merely confined to making an occasional advance on the Navarrese frontier, for the purpose of creating a diversion of some trifling importance, in favour of the commander-in-chief, whose head-quarters were at Logroño. So that, if we except a *reconnaissance* repeated about a dozen times, and some attempts, more or less successful, to capture forage, or stores, within the hostile lines, we shall not find more than one occasion on which a movement of any extensive nature was undertaken; and the melancholy result of that affair was sufficiently disheartening to discourage O'Donnel from attempting a similar manœuvre with troops who could be so little depended on as Spaniards. ' We allude to the melancholy affair at Andoain in September, 1837; in which the remnant of the British Legion, at that time under the command of General O'Connell, became the victims of Spanish cowardice and indecision.

In order to narrow, as much as possible, the lines occupied by the faction in Guipuzcoa, and to aid the intended operations on Estella of the Cristino army, the general-in-chief ordered a movement on Andoain. This town is situated on the banks of the Orea, a small stream which flows into the sea at Guitaria. It is distant from San Sebastian about three leagues, and about one and a half from Hernani; and commands the high road leading to Tolosa, which, at that time, shared with Oñate the honour of being the capital, as well as the head-quarters, of Don Carlos. Well fortified by nature and by art, the possession of such a place must have been an object of the greatest interest to the army of the Queen. The disposable force in the province amounted to about 7,000 men; which number, supposing the attention of the Carlists to be sufficiently occupied in the province of Alava, as well as Navarre, would be strong enough to make a good footing in the interior of Guipuzcoa. O'Donnel made a movement from the lines of San Sebastian in the month of August, 1837; and, after some skirmishing, succeeded in making his way to Andoain, where he established his head-quarters. The first object to which his attention was

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directed was the reparation of the fortresses which had been destroyed by the faction, as well as the construction of new ones sufficient to protect him from any sudden attack.

The main road from Andoain to Tolosa passes through a most beautiful valley, the soft character of which is diversified by several mounds, or hillocks, of earth, on one of which the town is situated. The houses extend from the summit in picturesque irregularity, to the banks of the little stream which winds its brawling course at the base of this rising ground. The valley is shut in on both sides by high mountains, which are wooded almost to the top. The church, the town house, and the priest's residence, crown the summit of this gentle eminence; and though Andoain may be said to be situated on the declivity of the hillock, yet its straggling character brings it down nearly to the edge of the rivulet, which is crossed by a one-arched bridge of ancient structure. It was at the foot of this bridge that the gallant Gurrea met his death from a Carlist bullet, in June, 1837, when accompanying General Evans in a military *reconnaissance*, shortly after the fall of Irun.

Though O'Donnel had taken possession of the town, yet the factious still maintained themselves at the other side of the river, about 200 yards distant, parallel to which they had constructed a line of parapet and breastwork, to the height of six feet, pierced with numberless loop-holes, through which they were enabled to keep up a galling fire on the town. This well-manned, and well-fortified, barricade was formed somewhat in the shape of a horse-shoe, in order to follow the winding course of the stream; its convex side was turned towards the town, and, at its extreme left, was erected a sort of guard, or picket, house, which was bomb-proof. The stream which flowed at the base of the eminence we have described, was narrow, but, in several parts, deep and rapid; and this circumstance, together with the holes by which it was partially intersected, the height of the banks, the extreme narrowness of the bridge, and the unfavourable nature of the ground, rendered any attempt to cross, a work of difficulty and danger. The intention of O'Donnel was to have placed the town in such a state of defence as to render it perfectly safe for him to fall back on, in the event of his making any movement in front, with the object of gradually feeling his way towards the principal town of the interior. The works, which had been commenced with spirit and energy, were many times entirely interrupted by the incessant fire which was kept up with good aim, and with deadly effect, from the parapet; and the men who were employed in the fortifications, were rapidly falling before a fire which they were unable to return with any thing like the same precision, from a few scattered houses, or from isolated patches of open space, where they were entirely exposed, and from which little or no result could be produced, as the Carlists scarcely showed themselves from their high breastworks. A ravine, formed by the deep bed of a mountain torrent, wound itself into the bowels of the mountain, and, approaching the parapet nearly at right angles, had its edges protected by detached masses of rock, the interstices of which were shut up by casks filled with clay and stones. This ravine was terminated by the picket-house above alluded to, and was so completely covered in, that the advanced guards could be relieved, and reinforcements sent to man the parapet, without much danger. There was, however, one spot to the right of the town in possession of the Cristinos, which almost commanded the enemy's trenches; here was stationed the artillery of the British Legion; and from this place only it was evident that the factious could be seriously annoyed, whilst the breaches which were made from time to time, in the breastwork, showed that the round-shot

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and shells did not fall altogether harmless. The practice, indeed, was so good, that, on more than one occasion, the bodies of the Chapel Churris were actually lifted into the air, bleeding and mutilated, from the effect of the explosion of those dreadful missiles. This check, however partial, enabled the soldiers of the Legion, who, in their routine of duty, were then employed in the trenches on the declivity of the hill, to proceed with the works. The great bulk of the Spanish troops, amounting to about 7,000 men, was distributed to the right and to the left, facing the enemy's lines, and commanding them; a battalion of the Legion Rifles was stationed in several posts along the bank of the river, and two nine-pounders, and one twelve-pound howitzer, were mounted a little to the right of the town. The Carlists did not show themselves in any large bodies, and, from the general knowledge of the disposition of their force in the province, not more than 3,000 men were supposed to be in front; whilst the Queen's troops mustered much more than double that number. In this situation matters remained until the night of the 13th September, and the operations in the town seemed to progress with improved regularity.

The weather had been extremely favourable, and the night of the 13th was most beautiful. The moon was voluptuously full and glowing, and not a breath of air disturbed the stillness, nor the shadow of a mist darkened the blue depth of the silent heavens. The hush of midnight was only wounded by the brawling of the streamlet, as it forced its way over the pebbles at the base of the green hillock, where the shadow of the one-arched bridge shrouded it from the moonlight, or by the whisper of the sentinel on either side, as he gave the password to the soldier relieving him from his watch, or when he challenged and demanded the countersign from the officer of the night going his rounds. The deep valley, the luxuriant hillocks, crowned with the richness of autumnal beauty, the frowning and majestic mountains, the ruined convents, the two camps, all lay hushed and breathless in repose beneath the influence of the gentle planet that was sailing along in her own high and happy domains, where the wickedness of human passions and of earthly ambition is not known. It was an hour in which the fiercest foes might forget the animosity which divided them, and in which friendship might become more endearing, and love itself more pure and unearthly. It would have been difficult to believe, that, within so short a distance, human beings were reposing, whose trade was murder, and whose glory consisted in the destruction of each other, and that the first ray of dawn would awaken the destroying demon: — even so it was.

The morning mist had not entirely crept away before the early dawn, when a twelve-pound shot, fired from the opposite bank of the river, awakened the Cristino camp to the fact that the Carlists were beginning a serious attack. In an instant all was life and motion; and it was soon discovered that, during the silence of the night, and suddenly, as if by the operation of that enchantment which raised the palace of Aladdin, two embrasures had been constructed within the parapet in the enemy's lines, from which two pieces of artillery now threw their heavy metal with much precision and effect. The Legion artillery returned this fire even in better style; for in about an hour after daybreak, one of the enemy's guns was disabled. During the whole morning, the fighting on both sides was chiefly confined to the artillery, the Carlists still remaining behind their intrenchments, and merely keeping up a dropping and irregular fire of musketry from their loopholes. About mid-day, the volumes of smoke which filled the intervening space, and hung heavily in the atmosphere, began gradually to melt away, and, to the extreme left of the Cristinos, a glimpse was caught

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of large masses of men, who were silently, but rapidly flanking us in the direction of the mountains. As soon as the enemy had advanced a considerable way on the left flank, without any attempt on the part of the Spaniards to repulse them, the embrasures became suddenly silent. A momentary pause followed, when the centre column of the Carlists, leaping from their parapets, dashed towards the bridge, over which, after much difficulty, from the narrowness of the path, they succeeded in forcing a passage, and, in a few minutes, notwithstanding the gallant defence made by a single company of Chapel Gorris, they made themselves masters of the lower part of the town. At this moment a party of Spanish soldiers who were procuring rations from the church, learned that the Carlists had already taken possession of the place. They instantly fled, without waiting to ascertain the truth, or attempting the slightest resistance. The panic thus commencing, spread with rapidity, and, in a short space of time, more than 6,000 Spaniards were flying, without even having fired a shot; the greater part flinging away their arms through sheer terror.

The Chapel Gorris, though doing all that men could do, were beaten back to the upper part of the town. In this tremendous moment, when the enemy were rushing on with the rapidity and accumulating violence of the mountain torrent swollen by the heavy rains, how did the English act? — Colonel Clarke, a gallant old British officer, formed them into column, coolly and calmly, in the rear of the town-hall, and then placed himself on horseback at their head, to await and resist the shock of the enemy. The Carlists were dashing down the hills with irresistible fury. A body of three hundred men, Scotch and Irish, alone met this shock. They fired not a shot, but, raising their war shout, charged with fixed bayonets, and drove the ferocious rabble to the water's edge! — Here, however, they were surrounded by the masses that the Spaniards allowed to flank us from the left, and their retreat up the hill was completely cut off. They fought with frantic desperation, and performed prodigies of valour, men and officers, but could neither drive the Chapel Churris beyond the bridge, nor yet cut their own way back to the town. In the action of the 16th March previously, Clarke had been severely wounded, leading a charge, and had his right arm shattered by two musket balls. The wounds had been almost healed, but the arm had become useless. The last sight of him caught by the writer of this article, on the fatal 13th September, in Andoain, was when, with his horse's rein in his mouth, and his naked sword in his left hand (the right arm was suspended in a sling), he led on his men to the thickest of the fight, in the midst of thousands of the enemy. In a few moments after he fell from his horse at the foot of the bridge: he was made prisoner, and shot the next morning in the same square which he had so gallantly defended a few hours before!

The Legion artillery still remained on the eminence, and dealt destruction amongst the hostile ranks; but the right column of the enemy now came rushing down to the left, with the intention of blocking up the main road. It was evident that there was no longer any hope, as the Cristino troops had now completely disappeared from the scene of action. Two companies of the Rifle battalion of the Legion had been distributed in pickets and advanced guards. The officers commanding them had refused to stir from their posts until they should receive orders to do so; and, as all communication was cut off from the main body, this became impossible. Every man of them was made prisoner where he stood, and shot the next morning. The other portion, that had been stationed as a reserve in the town, remained to protect the artillery, and they behaved so well, that the guns were retired, stopping,

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however, now and then, to send a farewell bullet amongst the advancing Carlist column, which was many times almost within pistol-shot distance. A troop of Legion lancers was drawn up on the main road, and a company of rifles thrown out on either flank in the fields. Was it for the purpose of resisting the enemy only? — no, it was to prevent the panic-stricken Cristinos from flying. The sergeant-major of the lancers, a giant in strength and stature, cut almost to the chine a Spanish colonel who was amongst the first to run. The captain commanding the troop drove his lance to the haft through one officer of rank who was in the act of escaping, and the subaltern dashed his schako into the face of another, and struck him across the chest with his sabre, for the same act of cowardice. All these efforts of desperation were of no avail. O'Donnel had his horse shot under him, as he was endeavouring to rally his men, and he fell overpowered by the tumult and the rush, into a deep trench. His own men dashed past him, and not one would stop to lend a hand to lift his general from that perilous situation. For the honour of this country be it told that, in this moment of danger, it was a Scotchman, Colonel Arbuthnot, who has been in the Spanish service for the last thirty-five years, and who now commands the finest regiment in Spain, who saved the commander-in-chief. He relieved him from his dangerous position, and gave him his own horse. The panic had now become so universal, that any further attempt to allay it would have been only an act of madness, and it became the object of each man to save himself in the best manner he could. Those of the English who had not been taken prisoners in the town, forced their way through the enemy's ranks, and escaped over the mountains. Many who lost their way amidst those passes were massacred; some who had been weakened by former wounds sat down by the road-side, and died, and others fell lifeless from mere exhaustion. Though repulsed many times by the artillery and lancers, the Carlists continued their pursuit quite close to the town of Hernani, on approaching which their ardour slackened, and they commenced retiring. Seeing this, the cavalry and artillery turned about, and followed them to the village of Urnieta, which they took. It being, however, late in the day, the general saw the impossibility of advancing, or of holding the town; the order was therefore given about five o'clock in the evening to retire to Hernani.

About twenty-five men of Colonel Clarke's regiment who had not been able to escape from Andoain, shut themselves up in the church. It is a vast building, and, on that occasion, had been used as a storehouse for the army. In it had been deposited many hundred thousand rounds of ball cartridge, as well as rations of biscuit, wine, and spirits, for 8000 men, for three days. The walls of this building were too massive to yield to the artillery which the enemy could then bring against them. That handful of men held out until the third day, when a flag of truce was sent by the Carlists, who promised them quarter if they surrendered, and pledged the word of honour of the general of the province to that effect. These twenty-five men, believing in the sincerity of the promise thus given, opened the gates, and surrendered. They were butchered the next day!

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE poetry of Shelley is beginning at last to make its way to the universal heart, after a dark period of doubt and indifference. Of Shelley it may be said, that his fame was European before it became English, and that the influence of his genius was felt in other countries before it was acknowledged in his own. He received the noblest homage through strange tongues; while the language in which his creations were immortalised was made the vehicle of the basest detraction, and the falsest criticism. But the truth is, that in poetry, as in some other things, our judgment is enslaved by insular prejudices — we approach original manifestations and new truths with fear and suspicion, and leave posterity to do justice to every writer who ventures to deviate from the beaten track, and think for himself. Milton and Shelley are remarkable instances of the persecution inflicted by this narrow and bigoted spirit; and time will ultimately vindicate the glorious attributes of the one, as it has already vindicated the other. It might be inferred from the collected editions of the works of living poets, Southey, Campbell, Rogers, and Milman, which are now in course of publication, that some slight improvement was taking place in the spirit of contemporary awards; but we have no great confidence in the extension of such graceful amenities to poets who keep on the safe side of national conventionalities; and, without derogating a particle from the claims of these distinguished writers upon the good will of the world, we cannot help suspecting that if such a poet as Shelley were again to arise — one equally bold and honest, outstripping his own age, and raising with intrepid hand the veil of the future — he would be treated with exactly the same measure of coarse malignity and injustice. Perhaps the recollection of the fate of Shelley, and the reaction we have witnessed in the recent honours bestowed upon his poems, might mitigate the cold levity and galling contempt of the critics; but until the popular mind shall have been educated up to the point of intellectual sympathy requisite to the reception of such intelligences, it is in vain to look for the full spirit of love and appreciation which can alone understand and value them.

In Shelley's poetry we have ample evidences of a soul exquisitely tempered, fraught with benevolence, and capable of the greatest sacrifices; the character, however, of the man was never thoroughly developed until his Letters and Journals, edited in a worthy and congenial spirit by his widow, were given to the public.[1] We have no right to ask why these memorials have been so long withheld; but we very inadequately describe the impression they have made upon us when we observe, that deep as our admiration has always been for the moral grandeur of Shelley's nature, we are indebted to these volumes for a more complete image of the individual than we have hitherto been enabled to derive from any other source whatever. His poetry, spiritual as it is, is less spiritual than the devotedness of his life; and these careless but truthful traces of his attachments, his feelings, his acute sensibility, and lofty enthusiasm, always tending towards the enlargement of the freedom and happiness of his fellow-creatures, are an hundredfold more touching than the finest idealisms of his poetry. He is here delineated as he lived — not in a world of imagination, surrounded by the

[1] *Essays, Letters from Abroad, Translations, and Fragments, by* PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Edited by MRS. SHELLEY. Two vols. London: Edward Moxon. 1840.

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bright creatures of his fancy, uttering marvellous incantations, and conjuring up visions of beauty; but in the world of every-day realities, with his heart rent by the sufferings of humanity, and melting to relieve them,— with affections as pure and confiding as we can believe to have existed in the primeval times, before sin had stained the innocence of nature, and darkened the hopes of man,— gentle, chastened, and beneficent; for ever yearning after some remote good, and still believing, with the fresh and elastic credulity of youth, in the certainty of its attainment. This character — so delicate in its texture, so firm in its resolves, so strenuous in action, and so clear in its integrity — is not depicted by the hand of flattery; it is unconsciously revealed by Shelley himself, in fragments of unfinished essays, and in journals and letters which were never intended for publication. The volumes are essential to a true and intimate knowledge of the man; they exhibit the tenderest humanity in its most loveable aspect; and they reveal, in the secret beauty of his life, the sweet and prodigal spring of virtue from whence the charm of his poetry was drawn. All those who knew Shelley personally, need not be told this; but to those who know him only in his works, the portrait is suggestive of thoughts that will confirm their faith in the inspirations of genius.

The first volume of this deeply interesting publication is occupied by essays, fragments, and translations from Plato. Amongst these papers we have a "Defence of Poetry," distinguished by critical acumen and comprehensive investigation — "An Argument on the Punishment of Death," equally sound in its philosophy and its humanity — and some miniature disquisitions on metaphysics, which afford a glimpse of the power Shelley would have brought to these recondite inquiries had he lived long enough to mature his views, and combine them into a system. The translations from Plato are perfect specimens of what such translations ought to be — giving us, as accurately as our less powerful language will permit, a close transcript of the sublime eloquence and pregnant logic of the original. Shelley's prose is singularly felicitous — every word fits exactly into its place — there is nothing superfluous — the diction is varied, rich, and musical — and the effect of the whole is analogous to that of a piece of antique tapestry, in which the colours, retaining all their early lustre, have become harmoniously blended by time into one solid and gorgeous surface.

The second volume contains the "Journal of a Six Weeks' Tour on the Continent," written by Mrs. Shelley, and possessing something of a biographical as well as descriptive interest; and a variety of "Journals and Letters." It is in this division of the work that the personal fascination lies: the former part will be read with avidity, because it is filled with reliques of Shelley's prose writings, with which the world is not yet sufficiently acquainted; the latter, because it is filled with details concerning the poet, which bring him familiarly before us "in his habit as he lived."

The letters to Mrs. Shelley are peculiarly expressive of the writer's nature — there is so much truth in them, such earnestness and tenderness. In these communications his spirit was free and happy, trustful and unselfish, and wholly inspired by that absorbing love which he was so capable of receiving and repaying. At every temporary separation that occurred, during their residence in Italy, we find him urging her to cheerfulness; making a thousand little inquiries and arrangements about her comforts and occupations; and describing, item by item, the way in which his time was spent in her absence. Thus, on one occasion, he says —

"Well, my dearest Mary, are you very lonely? Tell me truth, my sweetest, do you ever cry? I shall hear from you once at Venice, and once on my return here. If you love me,

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you will keep up your spirits; and, at all events, tell me truth about it; for, I assure you, I am not of a disposition to be flattered by your sorrow, though I should be by your cheerfulness, and, above all, by seeing such fruits of my absence as were produced at Geneva."

In another place he arranges her whole journey, instructing her minutely how she shall travel.

"Pray come instantly to Este, where I shall be waiting in the utmost anxiety for your arrival. You can pack up directly you get this letter, and employ the next day on that. The day after, get up at four o'clock, and go post to Lucca, where you will arrive at six. Then take a vetturino for Florence, to arrive the same evening. From Florence to Este is three days' vetturino journey," &c.

Many such passages might be cited to the same effect, showing the domestic purity of Shelley's character in its pellucid depths; but we have space only to indicate, not to illustrate, these delightful volumes. Some readers will possibly consider these and all similar instances of his generous and kindly emotions very frivolous and inconsequential; but such revelations are more precious, notwithstanding, than the most elaborate evidences of mental supremacy.

Shelley speaks incidentally of Lord Byron in his confidential letters, but evidently without much desire to dwell upon the subject. Drawn together by certain points of poetical sympathy, never were there two individuals more utterly dissimilar in disposition. The haughty reserve and capricious feelings of the one were broadly contrasted with the open bearing and ardent enthusiasm of the other; and had there been a tinge of selfishness or egotism in Shelley, they must have separated. Shelley saw the vulnerable weaknesses of his friend, and kept aloof from wounding them. He regarded his failings with regret, and sought to cure rather than censure them. In one of his letters he even expresses his belief that Byron was reforming his reckless and perilous mode of life.

"He has had mischievous passions, but these he seems to have subdued; and he is becoming what he should be, a virtuous man. The interest which he took in the politics of Italy, and the actions he performed in consequence of it, are subjects not fit to be *written*, but are such as will delight and surprise you. He is not yet decided to go to Switzerland; a place, indeed, little fitted for him: the gossip and the cabals of those Anglicised coteries would torment him as they did before, and might exasperate him into a relapse of libertinism, which he says he plunged into not from taste, but despair."

But this was the only reform he ever ventured to hope for in Byron. There was one fault which was nourished in his blood, and could not be eradicated.

"Lord Byron is reformed, as far as gallantry goes, and lives with a beautiful and sentimental Italian lady [the Countess Guiccioli], who is as much attached to him as may be. I trust greatly to his intercourse with you [Leigh Hunt, to whom Shelley was devotedly attached] for his creed to become as pure as his conduct is. He has many generous and exalted qualities, *but the cancer of aristocracy wants to be cut out.*"

Looking back upon the life of Shelley — his purity, his capacity for good and great things, and his unvarying efforts to promote the welfare of his species, — it appears inexplicable, even at this short distance of time, while many of his contemporaries are still living, that such a man should have had enemies, or have been treated with a malignity which is reconcileable only with the most implacable hostility. In reply to a friend, who wished him to return to England, he observes, —

"I believe, my dear P., that you wish us to come back to England. How is it possible? Health, competence, tranquillity — all these Italy permits, and England takes away. I am regarded by all who know, or hear of me, except, I think, on the whole, five individuals, as a rare prodigy of crime and pollution, whose look even might infect. This is a large computation, and I don't think I could mention more than three. Such is the spirit of the English abroad, as well as at home."

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But all these calumnies are now forgotten, and Shelley's poetry has become a household treasure in the homes of England; expurgated, perhaps, agreeably to the measure of individual tastes, yet enough of it remains to make his name universally known and honoured. This is a great concession to the spirit of his writings; but another cycle of time must revolve before their influence, consecrated by tradition, shall have embraced the wide sphere they are yet destined to fill.

Of all the charming books William Howitt has conferred upon his generation, we are disposed to give the first place to his last — "Visits to Remarkable Places."[2] The object of this volume is, as its title implies, to trace the scenes that are rendered illustrious by tradition — the birth-places of poets, the residences of the distinguished men of former times, the strongholds of the feudal ages, the halls of chivalry, battle plains, and ruins. To Germany alone, perhaps, does England yield in the riches of a storied antiquity; and we know not where that spirit is to be found better qualified, by a fine appreciating temperament and a suggestive imagination, to explore these memorable spots, and to seize and preserve their vanishing tints in a poetical atmosphere, than the author of this book. He brings to his pleasant labours the most fascinating lore: the literature and the life of the past are ever present in his pages — the events of old, the heroes and the ladies of the tournay, and the minstrels who sung them — the quiet pastoral woods sacred to the footsteps of the Saccharissas and Amorets, real and fictitious — the cottage of Anne Hathaway and the house of Shakspeare, fatigued with panegyrics, and seeking repose in the tranquil retirement of his native village — the seat of the Sidneys — the graves of Culloden — the scenery of Marmion — English landscapes and castles — picture galleries and monuments — and a thousand other enchantments of by-gone times, — the times of Drayton and Sidney, of Cowley, Milton, and Hampden, and of many more worthies who stand out in our history from the promiscuous struggle of advancing civilisation. The fifteen sections into which the work is divided are dedicated to Penshurst, Combe Abbey, Flodden Field, Bolton Court, Hampton Court, Compton-Winyate, Tintagel, Staffa and Iona, Edge Hill, Stonyhurst, Winchester, Wotton Hall, and Kilmorac. From this enumeration it will be seen that the scope is extensive, and crowded with glorious memories. At Wotton Hall we fall upon the track of Rousseau (who, by the way, during his residence in England, lodged for a few days in the house of a baker at Turnham Green, close in the neighbourhood of the little church-yard of Chiswick, where Hogarth and Ugo Foscolo are buried). At Stratford we are led over the stiles and fields Shakspeare used to cross when he was wooing Anne Hathaway, and are conducted, nothing loth, into the old hall of Charlecote. At Penshurst, we have Waller, and Ben Jonson, and the ancient bowers, and walks, and portraits; and learn here for the first time that Shelley the poet was descended from the Sidneys. At Bolton Priory we have an account of the scenery of Wordsworth's "White Doe of Rylston;" and Wykeham's College, where more poets and soldiers were educated than the grudging records of fame have commemorated, is restored as it stood in the days of its flourishing state. The whole book is written with the enthusiasm of a poet and the knowledge of an antiquary; and we are doubtful whether we owe more to Mr. Howitt for the pleasure enjoyed or the instruction received in the

[2] *Visits to Remarkable Places; Old Halls, Battle Fields, and Scenes illustrative of Striking Passages in English History and Poetry.* By WILLIAM HOWITT, author of "The Rural Life of England," &c. London: Longman & Co. 1840.

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perusal. But never was antiquarian information set in so tempting a framework. Who but a poet could write thus about architecture? —

"Gothic architecture, as we must call it, for want of a better name — the architecture of Christian Europe — is, in fact, the poetry of architecture. Every great and perfect cathedral is a great and perfect religious epic. Its stained windows, each of which

'Shoots down a stained and shadowy stream of light,'

are so many cantos of the loftiest poetry of the Christian faith, the gracious temples of the Saviour, or of quaint traditionary narrative; every statue in its niche is an historic episode; every exquisitely wrought canopy, every heaven-seeking turret, every fair pendant, or crocketed finial, is a beautiful simile, presenting to the admiring eye the loveliest revelation of nature, —

'In strange materials and an unknown mode.'

And the more we comprehend their real designs — the more we discover of the imaged personages in the splendid cathedrals which are scattered over Europe, but especially in Germany, the Netherlands, and France — the more we find that they are, in fact, actual monuments of the progress of these nations; histories in stone, and of which every individual part is but the eloquent component of a glorious and consistent whole."

The volume is richly embellished with exquisite wood-cuts; one of the most poetical of which — a vignette of Wolsey blessing children — is from a design by Miss Howitt, who, in this beautiful gem, discovers a refined taste and graceful invention, from which fresh honours may be predicted for the name she bears.

Sir De Lacy Evans has recently published a small work on the Spanish contest[3], in which he presents a slight historical view of the causes that led to the present, as well as late, state of parties; but which chiefly consists of a defence of his own conduct as a military man, whilst at the head of the force. Some of our late numbers * have been partially occupied with observations on the same points which he lightly touches, and we shall not, therefore, dwell on the introductory portion of the work, which is divided into the different remarkable epochs of modern Spanish history, from the invasion by Napoleon in 1808 to the arrival of the English auxiliaries in 1835. In a literary point of view, the present production is a plain, unaffected, and, as far as it goes, lucid narrative; not overladen with unnecessary disquisition, nor interrupted by tedious digression. The style is simple and flowing; the diction in good taste; and, on the whole, these *memoranda* may be depended on as a not inaccurate outline of the principal occurrences of the last seven or eight years.

Believing that he has succeeded in defending himself, on some material points, from the attacks made against him, there are, however, a few passages, which, did our space allow, we should feel inclined to comment on:— as it is, we must content ourselves, for the present, with noticing one or two omissions. A work professing to be a defence of the military career of the author, should leave no point unenlightened which had become a subject of doubt or censure. General Evans has given no explanation of his first important movement from Bilbao, the apparent eccentricity of which so much attracted the attention of every one at the time.

In order to render his intended operations around Vittoria, in the autumn of 1835, of as much effect as possible, Cordova, who then commanded in chief, ordered the Legion to join him at that city by the nearest and shortest road. From Bilbao to Vittoria, the distance by the main road is about

[3] *Memoranda of the Contest in Spain.* By Sir De Lacy Evans, M. P., Lieut.-Gen. Spanish National Army. London: Ridgway. 1840.

* See *Monthly Chronicle* for October, November, and December, 1839.

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fourteen leagues, or two days' march; and the way lies through Durango, Ouchandino, and Villa Real. The English should have left Bilbao on the 21st, and, consequently, arrived at Vittoria on the 23d of October. The only force which might have attempted to intercept the movement was said to be one of about five or six battalions, under Gomez, at Durango. To withdraw their attention, Cordova moved on the road to Durango, as far as Ouchandino, which is distant about one day's march from Vittoria; thus leaving only nine leagues to be performed by General Evans, previous to his communicating with the commander-in-chief: — this movement having the additional advantage of placing Gomez between two fires; Durango being nearly mid-way between Bilbao and Vittoria. The Legion, exclusive of *Jaureguy's* brigade, counted eleven regiments of infantry, besides one of cavalry, and artillery. Cordova waited their arrival at Ouchandino until the 1st November. The route selected by General Evans, appeared, at first, to have been that by the Balmaceda road, by which it would be extended to forty-seven leagues; but, on the third day's march, and when the force had accomplished about two leagues of the main road to that town from Castro, a retrograde movement was ordered, and the march was continued over the mountains, by Ampuera, Villarcaya, Oña, and Breviesca, from whence they arrived, through Tancorbo and Miranda del Ebro, at Vittoria on the 3d December; in this manner making a circuit which occupied five weeks, instead of two or three days. We regret that the cause of this has not been explained as fully as that of the reverse of the 11th July, at Fuentarabia, in the following year, or the retreat from Hernani on the 16th March, 1837.

Giving credit to General Evans for being a man of honour, and knowing him to be so gallant and cool in the field, we yet lament one other very material omission in his defence, which has not a little astonished us. Having been aware, for some time past, of his intention to publish a complete vindication of his conduct, we expected to find that he would have considered it his duty, not alone to defend his military talents, but, what is of infinitely more importance to the survivors of the expedition, to publish to the world an account of the strenuous efforts he has made to compel the faithless and dishonest Spanish government to pay the arrears due to the Legion. We should like to know the reasons of that inaction, on account of which they have been forced to entrust the advocacy of their claims in Parliament to those who had always reviled and calumniated them. General Evans was entertained at dinner by the officers of the Legion, on the glacis of San Sebastian, the 9th June, the day previous to his departure for England; and, on that occasion, he solemnly declared that the cause of his leaving so abruptly was in order to strain every nerve at home to effect the liquidation of the arrears of the Legion. In what manner has he redeemed that promise since his return? How often has he arisen in his place in Parliament to originate a motion on the subject? What meetings of officers has he called together, or attended? What deputations has he headed, or made a part of? Does he persuade himself that the places, or honours, bestowed on a few leading officers of the Legion are a sufficient recompence for the blood of thousands; or that enough has been done in silencing, or removing by such rewards, the "heads of departments?" General Evans is a Commander of the Bath, and a Colonel — General Reid is Governor of Bermuda —General Shaw is titled, and is Chief Commissioner of Police — General Le Marchand is a Lieut.-Colonel, and a Knight of the Bath — General MacDougal the same — General Fitzgerald is Consul in Minorca: — General Chichester is Inspector-General of Militia in Canada. Does the

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Member for Westminster suppose that such reflected honours are sufficient to satisfy those who have shed their blood in the cause of the Spanish government? No — no — these *memoranda*, addressed to the electors of Westminster, are not complete. The public are sufficiently acquainted with Spanish wars, and Spanish cruelties. It is rather too late, after a lapse of two years and a half, to publish this work; at least without a full explanation upon this vital point of the inquiry. We believe General Evans himself is a creditor, to a large amount, of the Spanish government; and we know that, with their characteristic dishonesty, they have lately disallowed his compensation for service, granted to every one else, on the miserable quibble that he is a lieutenant-general in the Spanish army, and therefore not entitled. But a patient submission to injustice on his part is no rule for others; nor is it a justification of indolence, or timidity, or over-prudence.

The independent electors of Westminster will be surprised to learn that not a farthing of the arrears due at the 10th June, 1837, has as yet been paid to the Legion. They will also, no doubt, be astonished at the absence of any allusion to the subject in the *memoranda* addressed to them; and we confidently trust that they will, on the earliest occasion that presents itself, demand an explanation of this omission, and require to know what measures have been taken by their gallant representative to procure the fulfilment of those engagements he himself had sanctioned.

We dismiss then, for the present, this work, lamenting its incompleteness on the point alluded to, and hoping that, should it reach another impression, the author will perfect it by the additional *vindiciæ* to which we refer.

The admirable biographies of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth, by Mr. Forster, originally published in "Dr. Lardner's Cyclopedia," have been collected into a separate form, and issued in five volumes, with a new Introduction to the study of the Great Civil War[4]; which, for the convenience of the purchasers of the original work, has also been issued separately.[5] The reading public is already acquainted with the merits of the Biographies, which upon the whole present the most complete view of that stirring period of English history that has hitherto been accomplished. It is not a little remarkable that the lives of the majority of those men who, in their age, were amongst the foremost men of the world, have never been written before, and that even the memoirs which were attempted exhibit but very imperfect estimates of the characters and labours of their heroes. Mr. Forster has supplied this desideratum, not merely with great industry of research, but in a spirit of profound enthusiasm worthy of the great theme. Vane, Pym, Cromwell, and the rest, are resuscitated in these animated narratives, with all their glories fresh upon them, and the individual nature of each is finely discriminated and elaborately pourtrayed; and the toils of the senate and the field are depicted with such energy and truth in those eloquent pages, that we seem to live amidst the scenes which the genius of the writer has so vividly restored. Nor is this the highest merit of the work, that it realizes to us the figures and attributes of the patriots of the commonwealth, enabling us to take a personal interest in their proceedings, and to trace their acts clearly through the whole troubled period, menaced and controlled by their lofty intelligence; it is a still greater merit that

[4] *The Statesmen of the Commonwealth.* By JOHN FORSTER, Esq., of the Inner Temple. Five Vols. London: Longman & Co. 1840.

[5] *A Treatise on the Popular Progress in English History, being an Introduction to the Study of the Great Civil War in the Seventeenth Century.* By JOHN FORSTER, Esq., of the Inner Temple. London: Longman & Co. 1840.

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the work is everywhere pervaded by the noblest sentiments, and that it is eminently calculated to diffuse a healthy tone of political philosophy amongst the masses of the people.

The Introduction presents a rapid and succinct view of the progress of popular rights through the successive reigns that followed the Norman conquest, showing the gradual advances that were made from time to time in the recognition and establishment of constitutional freedom; the union that grew up between the crown and the people in a common resistance, essential to the security of both, against the encroachments of the aristocracy; and throwing out in bold and striking relief those momentous events which marked the increasing conquests of civilisation and liberty, leading insensibly to that tremendous revolution which precipitated the king from his throne to a scaffold. This introduction is written with great power, and has some passages which are hardly surpassed in splendour of diction and refulgent truth by any similar excerpta in English literature. As an instance, the only one for which we can make room, take the following appalling picture of the last lusts and expiring tyranny of that bloated monster, the eighth Henry.

"This broad and vicious body of Henry VIII. was as the bridge between the old and the new religions.

"It is fearful, but not unsalutary, to cast a parting glance at it after its great work upon the earth was done. It lay immoveable and helpless, a mere corrupt and bloated mass of dying tyranny. No friend was near to comfort it, not even a courtier dared to warn it of its coming hour. The men whom it had gorged with the offal of its plunder hung back in affright from its perishing agonies, in disgust from its ulcerous sores. It could not move a limb, nor lift a hand. The palace doors were made wider for its passage through them; and it could only then pass by means of machinery. Yet to the last it kept its ghastly state, descended daily from bed-chamber into room of kingly audience through a hole in the palace ceiling, and was nightly, by the same means, lifted back again to its sleepless bed And to the last, unhappily for the world, it had its horrible indulgences. Before stretched in that helpless state of horror, its latest victim had been a Plantaganet. Nearest to itself in blood of all its living kindred, the Countess of Salisbury was, in her eightieth year, dragged to the scaffold for no pretended crime, save that of corresponding with her son; and, having refused to lay her head upon the block (it was for traitors to do so, she said, which she was not), but moving swiftly round, and tossing it from side to side to avoid the executioner, she was struck down by the weapons of the neighbouring men-at-arms; and, while her grey hairs streamed with blood, and her neck was forcibly held down, the axe discharged at length its dreadful office. The last victim of all followed in the graceful and gallant person of the young Lord Surrey. The dying tyrant, speechless and incapable of motion, had its hand lifted up to affix the formal seal to the death warrant of the poet, the soldier, the statesman, and scholar; and on 'the day of execution,' according to Hollinshed, was itself 'lying in the agonies of death.' Its miserable comfort, then, was the thought that youth was dying too; that the grave which yawned for abused health, indulged lusts, and monstrous crimes, had at the same instant opened at the feet of manly health, of generous grace, of exquisite genius, and modest virtue. And so perished Henry VIII."

The fourth and last volume of the Works of Sydney Smith has just been published[6]; and this volume is as rich in subtle wit and significant sarcasm as any of its predecessors. It embraces a great variety of subjects, the Church — the Poor Laws — the character and policy of Charles James Fox — fashionable novels — Turkey — Denmark — New South Wales — and several speeches upon Reform and the Catholic claims, all teeming with that spirit of radiant sense for which the productions of this writer and orator are distinguished above all his contemporaries. The reviews are models of criticism — racy, comprehensive, just, and philosophical. We know not where so much practical knowledge is to be found conveyed in so felicitous a vein. The irony is perfect, and the most refined taste presides all throughout over the most severe and scathing derision.

[6] *The Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith.* Four Vols. London: Longman & Co. 1840.

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The new edition of the Works of Humphrey Repton on Landscape Gardening and Landscape Architecture, which has been in course of monthly publication under the able editorship of Mr. Loudon, is now completed.[7] These works, with their rich and valuable illustrations, originally occupied one folio and three quarto volumes; but in their new form they make one solid handsome octavo volume, considerably enlarged and improved in matter by Mr. Loudon's notes, and issued at considerably less than a tenth of the price of the original. The volume contains two hundred engravings, reduced in size from Mr. Repton's plates, of which they appear to be accurate copies. The price of the edition with the plates coloured (which we have not seen, but which are stated in the prospectus to be close imitations of the first edition) is, of course, much higher; but the plain wood engravings are amply sufficient for all practical purposes. Mr. Repton's Works on Gardening expound the principles of design, and the endless resources of the art, with such fulness and perspicuity, that they form the most complete and instructive code extant on that subject. But the great price at which the original costly editions were published rendered them inaccessible to landscape gardeners, and the public generally; and Mr. Loudon has conferred a real benefit on both in this elegant and economical publication.

A new Lexicon of the Greek Language has been published by the Rev. Mr. Giles[8], the peculiar features of which are — first, the reduction of explanations in the Greek-English part to the primary significations of words, saving much space that is wasted in most similar publications upon matter which the student is not only enabled, in the course of his reading, to discover for himself, but which becomes more deeply impressed upon him by the very process of inquiry into which he is thus led; secondly, an English-Greek Lexicon of greater amplitude than any that has hitherto appeared, embracing the spoils of many volumes, and much new matter in addition; and thirdly, the economy of price, which brings the work within every person's reach. Mr. Giles has also judiciously introduced a Greek Grammar; so that the student has before him, in this volume, every thing that he requires. The work may be strongly recommended for its comprehensiveness and accuracy.

"An Essay on the Institutions of Offa, King of Mercia,"[9] which procured in 1836 an honorary premium, granted by Mr. Alderman Copeland, may be commended as a curious and suggestive treatise on a portion of history that has not yet been sufficiently explored. The period of Offa's reign — the latter part of the eighth century — is one of the most interesting in the Anglo-Saxon records. Offa was the contemporary and correspondent of Charlemagne, and the learned Alcuin was one of the lights of the age in which he lived. Mr. Mackenzie, the author of this volume, has brought no inconsiderable erudition to his task, and has produced an agreeable essay; but the subject is far from being exhausted in his pages, and might well have supplied a much more elaborate work.

[7] *Repton's Landscape Gardening and Landscape Architecture. With Notes, Biographical Notices, and copious General Index.* By J. C. Loudon, F.L.S., &c. London: Longman & Co. 1840.

[8] *A Lexicon of the Greek Language, for the Use of Colleges and Schools: containing, 1. Greek-English Lexicon. 2. English-Greek Lexicon.* By the Rev. J. A. Giles, LL.D. London: Longman & Co. 1840.

[9] *Essay on the Life and Institutions of Offa, King of Mercia.* By the Rev. Henry Mackenzie, M.A. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1840.

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The drama, considered in its relation to the literature and morals of the country, is daily attracting more and more attention, and a great effort is visibly making to relieve it from the shackles of a monopoly by which it is both restrained and corrupted. We discern, in the frequent publication of unacted plays and spirited essays on dramatic poetry, manifest symptoms of this deep and increasing interest. The former constitute, in effect, an appeal from the blocked-up stage to the public at large, while the latter are filled with eloquent and indignant expositions of the difficulties and discouragements to which the dramatist is exposed in the cultivation of his art. We have never ceased to point out the oppressive monopoly enjoyed by the patent theatres as the chief spring of these evils; and it affords us no little satisfaction to find that its abolition is uniformly regarded by those who are best qualified to form a practical judgment on the subject as the first indispensable step towards the regeneration of the stage. There are, no doubt, other impediments in the way of improvement, that will require to be broken down; but the drama must be liberated before any thing else can be done. Then it will be time enough to take into consideration the "starring system" and other mischievous usages of the theatres, if, indeed, the liberation of the drama will not of itself, by throwing open the art to universal competition, cure all the other evils. A little pamphlet is now before us which is especially addressed to the present state of the drama, and to which the reader may be directed for some valuable suggestions upon different points of the inquiry.

"Stage Effect," by Mr. Mayhew[10], developes the working of a play in representation, and contains a clear explanation of the artistical agencies employed in its production. The rules laid down for the management and distribution of scenes are for the most part strictly correct, and will be useful at least to the tyro in writing for the stage; but there are some trifling exceptions to be taken to Mr. Mayhew's principles, which, perhaps, are hardly worth pointing out here, but which ought to be noted in a future edition of his *brochure*. His objections, for instance, to the use of what are technically called "situations" are eminently just, so far as they refer merely to pitiful clap-trap and artificial effects; but he is not sufficiently explicit in distinguishing such situations from the higher and finer consummations of art which concentrate the passions of the scene in grand and striking results, and which still come within the meaning of stage situations. The word is confessedly bad, because it is ordinarily abused in its application; but this only renders it the more necessary to be exact in our definitions. Mr. Mayhew commits, also, an error in advising dramatists to avoid dialogues of two, which he considers the easiest and weakest form of composition. The noblest scenes in dramatic poetry are dialogues of two, of which the plays of Othello, Hamlet, Macbeth, and the Revenge may be cited as examples. And it must unavoidably be so where the emotion is of a profound, serious, and metaphysical character. But this opinion — like the others to which we have referred — only requires modification. Mr. Mayhew is not dogmatically erroneous; he is rather too loose and general in the statement of his views, and not sufficiently critical in his details. The spirit of his pamphlet is highly praiseworthy, and exhibits a uniform tendency to purify and elevate the stage. His remarks on the monopoly are close and unanswerable, putting the injurious influence of the patent in several novel points of view. The argument on the whole is conclusive, and well worth attention.

[10] *Stage Effect: or, the Principles which command Dramatic Success in the Theatre.* By Edward Mayhew. London: C. Mitchell. 1840.

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Mr. Wade's British History, chronologically arranged[11], is a great boon to that numerous class of readers that cannot find time, or are otherwise unable to consult the original authorities, or devote the requisite attention to the voluminous labours of Hume, who, at best, is not a very honest guide. The leading characteristic of Mr. Wade's history is its comprehensive condensation of all the material facts in the annals of the country. In a comparatively brief compass he exhibits every circumstance necessary to be known, carefully stripped of all extraneous details, and perfectly free from sophistry in the relation. The other features that may be said to be peculiar to this instructive volume are, the strict preservation of chronological order, by which the actual progress of events is clearly traced, step by step, and the analysis which the author prefixes to the different reigns and periods into which the work is divided, exhibiting in a purely philosophical and practically useful spirit the traits and tendencies of every age in succession. We are thus conducted, by a most luminous path, through the actual history, not merely of the princes, public measures, and events of the country, but through its intellectual, industrial, and commercial operations from the earliest time to the present moment. In some respects, this work bears a resemblance to Dr. Henry's History of England — but it is more complete, more uniform, more tangible in its matter and arrangement, and reduces the whole narrative, with all its varied portraits and incidents, into a more succinct form. We need not add any further testimony of our entire approval of this laborious and able production, except to recommend it, which we do confidently, to the attention of the public.

We are so rarely indebted to the literature of Holland for works of any paramount value, that we are the more obliged to Mr. Earl for the pains he has taken in translating the Voyages of Lieutenant Kolff, a Dutch officer, through the Moluccan Archipelago, and along the unexplored coasts of New Guinea.[12] Lieutenant Kolff's book is not written with much skill; but, on the contrary, betrays some inaptitude for a task which he was prompted to undertake, rather because he believed it would be useful, than because he desired to reap any literary honours from it. But his book is full of varied and curious matter, and in some measure resembles the inartificial but pregnant narratives of the old mariners in the days of golden fleeces and El Dorados. The islands that lie between the Moluccas and the northern coasts of Australia were, it appears, originally discovered by the Dutch towards the middle of the seventeenth century, and several of them were taken possession of by the government for the sake of the rich traffic which they promised in pearl and spices. After a time, the Dutch began to grow weary of their spoil, chiefly because the English, stimulated by the rigorous monopoly of the original conquerors, had set up an opposition to them at Sumatra, and the French, in the Isle of Bourbon; and so by degrees their merchandise languished, until at last they abandoned the islands altogether. The vicissitudes that happened to these poor islanders subsequently, after having been permitted for a time to form a

[11] *British History, chronologically arranged; comprehending a Classical Analysis of Events and Occurrences in Church and State; and of the Constitutional, Political, Commercial, Intellectual, and Social Progress of the United Kingdom, from the first Invasion by the Romans to the Accession of Queen Victoria.* By JOHN WADE, Author of the "History of the Middle and Working Classes," &c. London: Effingham Wilson. 1839.

[12] *Voyages of the Dutch Brig-of-war Dourga, through the Southern and little-known Parts of the Moluccan Archipelago, and along the previously unknown Southern Coast of New Guinea, performed during the years* 1825 *and* 1826. By D. H. KOLFF, Junior; Lieutenant Ter Zee, Ie. Klasse, En Ridder van de Militaire Willems orde. Translated from the Dutch. By GEORGE WINDSOR EARL, Author of the "Eastern Seas." London: James Madden & Co. 1840.

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connection, productive alike of good and evil, with a distinguished European nation, need not be detailed. After a long lapse of time, the Dutch government became desirous of re-possessing themselves of their ancient island fields of barbaric pearl and aromatic vegetation, and they accordingly commissioned M. Kolff to make a voyage of navigation, with a view to ascertain the present condition of the Molucca groups. The results of that voyage are described in the volume translated by Mr. Earl, who, to make the subject complete, furnishes us with an historical introduction, comprising all the facts antecedent to M. Kolff's expedition. The account of the islands is extremely interesting. In some places the Dutch flag was still preserved as a sort of national trophy by the simple-minded natives; in others the utmost ferocity was exhibited towards Europeans: in some there was only a vague tradition of the early settlements; in others the Christian religion had taken root, and continued to be held in respect; while, in one case, the inhabitants presented the extraordinary anomaly of being utterly destitute of any form of worship whatever, and yet acted towards each other with the strictest morality and a most accurate sense of the rights of property. There has hitherto been so little known concerning these islands, that the book in which these particulars are recorded will be very useful to navigators; while the narrative itself will be found well deserving of the consideration of those lovers of maritime discoveries, who, travelling over the world in their arm-chairs, "make the great circuit, and are still at home."

Amongst the illustrated works of the day, the new edition, in parts, of Gulliver's Travels, embellished from the designs of Grandville[13], is one of the most sumptuous. The plates are numerous and highly characteristic. The poppet Lilliputians — the skiey and moon-faced Laputans, and the Titanesque Brobdignagians, are presented in these engravings with a humour almost equal to that of Swift himself. There are four parts already issued. When the work shall have been completed, it will deserve at our hands a more elaborate notice.

The rage for illustrations has extended to the Rock of Gibraltar. After Spain, France, Italy, and even Ireland, — not to speak of England, dissected and cut up on countless surfaces of wood and copper, — have been explored for landscape annuals and picture-books without number, Major Hart has laid Gibraltar under contribution for a very imposing volume full of the lightest possible description of stories and sketches, and some local views taken on the spot by a brother officer.[14] In neither of these departments is the work remarkable for any thing more than the good intentions of its producer. The engravings are of a very indifferent character, and the gossiping framework of fiction and tradition Major Hart has woven together as a pretext for their introduction is as flimsy as the most languishing boarding school girl could fairly hope for. The book, however, is of royal dimensions, and has been got up with such prodigality of style, that it is admirably adapted "to lie on the table."

[13] *Standard Edition of Gulliver's Travels*, Parts I—IV. To be completed in eight parts, containing four hundred wood engravings. London: Hayward & Moore. 1840.

[14] *The Rock.* Illustrated with various Legends and Original Songs and Music, descriptive of Gibraltar. By Major Hart, Eighty-first Regiment. With Drawings taken on the spot by William Lacey, Esq., Lieutenant, Forty-sixth Regiment. London: Saunders & Otley. 1839.

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A metrical romance, by Mrs. Thomas, entitled "Sir Redmond,"[15] exhibits rather a novel attempt to reduce the fascinations of a tale of chivalry into the dangerous trammels of heroic verse. How far the author might have succeeded, had she chosen a less responsible form of poetry, we cannot venture to determine; but we are afraid the majority of her readers will be of opinion that she has failed in sustaining the grandeur of the measure she has so inconsiderately adopted. The story is not wanting in a lively romantic interest, and there is a certain fluency in the verse, that is here and there melodious and agreeable, but the general effect is monotonous, arising from a deficiency of vigour in the structure of the lines, which fail for lack of variety and strength in the colouring.

A very admirable little book, highly suggestive, and full of important revelations on the subject of education, has appeared in the shape of an inquiry into the labours of the celebrated De Fellenberg.[16] At this moment, when the question of national education has assumed an attitude which renders it formidable to its opponents, and as invincible as the imperishable truth on which it is based, this book ought to be widely circulated amongst all classes of the people. It is not unlikely that some parts of it would be rejected in a scheme of education designed to embrace a variety of sects, but it is quite certain that the comprehensiveness of De Fellenberg's views, and the sagacity with which he anticipated all the difficulties and necessities of such a project, enabled him to lay the basis of a plan which, modified according to circumstances, might be acted upon with advantage in every Christian community.

M. Lepage has drawn into one volume his well-known publications — the "Echo de Paris," "Gift of Fluency in French Conversation," and the "Last Step in French," comprising them under the general and appropriate title of "The French School."[17] He also gives us a "French Master for the Nursery,"[18] consisting of early lessons which combine all the advantages of variety and simplicity. These little publications are well executed, and skilfully adapted to the use of learners.

"A Pocket Guide to Chemistry," by Dr. Hope[19], is a complete manual of operations, and forms an easy guide to the study and practice of the most attractive of all the experimental sciences. By the aid of this *brochure* any intelligent person might readily acquire a sufficient knowledge of chemistry to enlarge in a considerable degree the sources of his own daily pleasures, even were actual utility out of the question.

The reprints of old established works that are now constantly issuing from the press afford a gratifying evidence of the improvement that is at work in the public taste, which will at last, we trust, utterly reject the morbid and deleterious fictions that have latterly occupied so large a share of popular

[15] *Sir Redmond; a Metrical Romance.* By Mrs. Edward Thomas, Author of "Tranquil Hours." London: Saunders & Otley. 1839.

[16] *What De Fellenberg has done for Education.* London: Saunders & Otley. 1839.

[17] *The French School; comprising the "Echo de Paris," &c.* By M. Lepage, Professor of the French Language. London: Effingham Wilson. 1839.

[18] *The French Master for the Nursery, or Early Lessons in French.* By M. Lepage, &c. London: Effingham Wilson. 1839.

[19] *The Practical Chemist's Pocket Guide; being an easy Introduction to the Study of Chemistry.* By William Hope, M.D., Operative Chemist. Glasgow: W. R. M'Phun. 1839.

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attention. We may especially note amongst these the reproduction of the entire works of De Foe in monthly parts, printed with neatness and accuracy, at a very low price[20] — the poetical works of Shelley in a handsome volume, with an exquisite portrait and a vignette of the poet's tomb[21] — and the works of Campbell in a similar style of elegance.[22] All these may be particularly recommended for the judgment exhibited in their selection, and the pains that have been bestowed upon their revival.

A very useful practical work, to be regularly continued, has been commenced by Mr. Brady, the author of several valuable legal summaries. It contains plain abstracts of all the acts of parliament passed in the second and third sessions of the present reign[23], and as it will hereafter be issued yearly, so as to keep pace with the progress of legislation, it will become an indispensable manual for men of business.

Four numbers — from sixteen to nineteen inclusive — of Outlines of Ancient and Modern Sculpture are before us.[24] The specimens appear to be well selected, and are carefully engraved. But it is impossible to judge of the scope of the design from these specimens: we must see the whole before we can venture to pronounce fully upon its claims.

We have looked over the first volume of the "Literary World,"[25] a new cheap periodical, and have been highly gratified by the taste, merit, and general ability developed in its pages. It is one of the very best — if not the best — of its class: its embellishments are numerous and costly; and its matter is varied and judiciously selected.

"Gilbert's Modern Atlas,"[26] the first part of which contains a clear, carefully coloured map of the world, may be recommended for the accuracy of its engraving, and the brevity and fulness of the descriptive letter-press.

[20] *The Pulteney Library (The Works of De Foe. Colonel Jack).* London: Clements. 1839.
[21] *The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley.* Edited by Mrs. Shelley. London: Edward Moxon. 1840.
[22] *The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell.* London: Edward Moxon. 1839.
[23] *Plain Abstracts, for popular Use, of all the Acts of Public Interest passed in the Session 2 & 3 Victoria,* 1839. By John H. Brady. London: H. Washbourne. 1839.
[24] *Outlines from celebrated Works of the best Masters in Ancient and Modern Sculpture.* London: Charles Murton. 1839.
[25] *The Literary World: a Journal of Popular Information and Entertainment.* With numerous Engravings. Conducted by John Timbs. Vol. I. London: G. Berger. 1839.
[26] *Gilbert's Modern Atlas of the Earth.* With descriptive letter-press. By Henry Ince, M.A. London: Grattan & Gilbert. 1839.

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THE

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE NIGHT OF THE QUEEN'S MARRIAGE.

The city is astir; each crowded street
Is like a river swollen with winter rain
Or sudden thaw, which poureth to the sea
Its deep dark rolling tide. The hum of men
Into the silence of the night doth rise
Like the hoarse murmur of a wild sea shore;
And every wall and window is a-blaze
With flashing stars and coronets of fire,
Mottos of flickering flame and dazzling lamps,
Which flaunt upon the darkness, and affront
The pale moon and the placid face of Night.

Why is the mighty city thus arrayed
Like one huge festive hall? and why do these,
Her restless millions, hurry to and fro?
Of myriad sons and daughters of the earth,
Who marry and are given in marriage, two
Are joined this day in wedlock — a fair girl
And fair-haired stranger youth. And the fair girl
Is England's Queen: therefore in England's realm
'Tis holiday, and many hearts are glad.

Oh Thou! who raiseth up these two on high
Like stars in heaven, so that all eyes do gaze
Upon their fortunes, guard them with thy grace,
And grant that to the nation they afford
Example bright of pure, domestic love.

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PROGRESS AND PRESENT STATE OF PARTIES.

THE year 1840 has commenced under most favourable auspices for the Liberal cause. The resignation of Ministers in May last may be likened to one of those crises which mark the turning point in dangerous diseases, and from which, if once fairly surmounted by the inherent vigour of the patient's constitution, the period of rapid convalescence begins. Most critical, indeed, or rather well nigh desperate, did the condition of the Liberal party appear at that period, to all who did not trust with unshaken confidence in the inherent vitality of principles based on truth and reason. The reflux of that triumphant tide of popular opinion which at the memorable era of the Reform Bill swept all before it, had ever since been setting steadily against the Whigs, and bearing them to leeward at every tack; while the bark of Toryism, after long battling with the bitter storms of opposition, seemed at last "to hold gladly the port," and be wafted on by favouring gales to the wished-for haven. The union of the Liberal party, by which alone they had been enabled to make head against the combined forces of the Church and Aristocracy, appeared for the time to be irretrievably destroyed. One section of Reformers openly longed for the advent of the Tories to power, preferring certain danger to the agonies of inaction and suspense; another section, alarmed at the violence and disgusted at the wrong-headedness of the extreme Radicals, were ready, if not to go over to the enemy's camp, at least to offer a sort of tacit support to a Peel administration. The great body of Reformers, in parliament and throughout the country, distracted by disunion, and dispirited by a constant succession of reverses, had fully made up their minds to the prospect of a Tory government, as an inevitable evil.

Such was the aspect of affairs in May last, such the elements of success which offered themselves almost spontaneously to Sir Robert Peel, when, on the resignation of Lord Melbourne, he was entrusted with the task of forming a ministry. The game, to all appearance, was in his own hands — he threw it away by the most extraordinary mismanagement, the most unparalleled want of common sense and courage ever exhibited by a public man. The conduct of Sir Robert Peel on this occasion is enough of itself to show that he has none of the elements of a great man, or even of a great party leader, in his composition. Plausible, dexterous, and accommodating, with a judgment unclouded by any of the prejudices of genuine bigotry, he makes an excellent general, as long as a defensive policy and Fabian tactics are the order of the day. But when the moment for action comes, when the solemn plausibilities of House of Commons and Tamworth orations will no longer avail, and a great emergency calls for the decisive daring of a statesman, he is found wanting. Too cautious, too fearful of committing himself, too destitute of strong earnest feeling and fixed principles, he doubts and hesitates, he trims and temporises, till the golden moment for action passes by.

The point on which he allowed the negociations for the formation of a Tory government to break off is thoroughly characteristic of the man. Rightly considered, it was nothing more nor less than an attempt to make the Queen act a lie, for his benefit. She was required to dismiss her chosen associates, in order to delude the people of England into the belief that she regarded her Tory ministers with a degree of friendly confidence

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which no one better than Sir Robert Peel knew that she did not really feel. Oh Cant! thou goddess who varnishest over the solemn plausibilities of life, and delightest in specious respectabilities and parliamentary explanations, and breathest ever an atmosphere which is neither truth nor falsehood, but some ambiguous, vapid, inane mixture of both! what a triumph was thine when the dexterous orator rose, with studied phrase and well acted anxiety, to disclaim the imputation of having attempted to dictate to Majesty!:—"Thou canst not say I did it"—no, not a man of them could say he did it, though that it had been done was manifest to all; and thus, amidst *hear, hear*, with wave of hand, and glance of triumph over his shoulder, to benches of applauding partisans, the Right Honourable orator sat down, in parliamentary phrase, triumphantly acquitted.

Not so, however, thought the nation. The heart of many an honest man and woman beat high when they heard how the true woman-heart of a young girl had baffled the arts of veteran politicians. From that moment the tide began to turn. Loyalty, though somewhat on the wane, is still one of the deepest feelings in the breast of every true-born Briton. Love of fair play and hatred of humbug are still, thank Heaven, characteristics of Englishmen. These feelings all testified aloud against the attempt of the Tory leaders to dictate a disingenuous falsehood to their youthful Queen. And when the party, in their impotent rage, threw off every restraint of decency and moderation,—when Bradshaws, amidst applauding crowds of wine-warmed parsons, bid their Sovereign remember the fate of exiled monarchs,—when ribald Robys pointed the obscene jest against their virgin Queen, and officers high in rank and station sat by, approving and consenting parties,—when pulpits rang with denunciations of the woman Jezebel,—and in every private circle was heard the venomed lie, the slanderous inuendo,—then arose a burst of loyal indignation from all that was honest and sound-hearted in the land, which made the rascal rout of libellers and slanderers quail before it. Infinite is the damage which this outburst of disloyalty did the Tories; not only has the court been rendered hostile beyond all hope or possibility of reconciliation, but the country has been disgusted, and the character of the party injured in the estimation of all moderate and right-thinking men.

This is one of the results of Peel's miscarriage in May—another no less valuable for the Liberals has arisen from the same cause. Furious at its disappointment, the blatant beast of bigotry burst its muzzle, and raged once more at large throughout the land. Orangemen and zealous Tories, disgusted, as they well might be, at the result of Peel's time-serving caution, broke loose from their allegiance, and determined to carry on the war after their own fashion. Baffled in their hopes of reducing the fortress by blockade, they resolved to make a desperate effort and force their way back, like Moloch, over the battlements, "armed with hell flames and fury"—the flames of religious hatred, intolerance, and every bad and malignant passion. Loud was the cry to arms—loud beat the drum ecclesiastical—ministers, miscalled of peace, were seen hurrying to and fro, bearing aloft the blazing cross to summon the clansmen of intolerance to the unholy warfare. Sad to Christian men was the unseemly sight of pastors stirring up their flocks in the name of the gospel of peace to hate those whom God has commanded them to love. Religious prejudice, national animosity, pride of race, recollections of former enmity, all were invoked, and were invoked in vain, to make the Protestants of England embark in a crusade against the rights and liberties of their Irish Catholic brethren. Thanks be to God, the attempt failed—failed so signally and entirely, that the very men and journals

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who laboured most strenuously in the unholy work are now foremost to denounce and disclaim it. It is a consolatory fact, this signal failure of the No Popery cry, and one which marks the silent, steady progress of truth and right amidst, the ceaseless war of words, and tumult and hubbub of contending parties. Twelve years ago, when the Emancipation Act was carried, it is almost certain that if the Tory leaders had flung abroad the banner of No Popery to the winds, and appealed to the English people in the name of intolerance, they would have obtained a temporary triumph. Now, they can rally round them only a despicable handful of crack-brained fanatics, political priests, and designing adventurers. The very men who hounded on the Greggs and O'Sullivans, find it necessary to disclaim their connection, and set up for champions of civil and religious liberty.

While the Tories were thus damaging themselves in the opinion of the country, by the fanatic and disloyal escapades of sundry unruly members of their party, Ministers, instructed by the experience of past errors, strengthened by the infusion of fresh life, and aided in some measure by the accidents of fortune, were steadily gaining ground, consolidating the half-disrupted union of the Liberal party, and laying the foundations for future success. They returned to office, after their temporary retirement in May, a stronger and more efficient ministry than they had been for years. The fatal question of the ballot, which separated them from the great body of their supporters, was at length conceded. The additional strength and confidence derived from making this an open question were incalculable. It is the fashion to abuse open questions, and sneer at them as expedients by which weak ministers contrive to retain, at the same time, their seats and their salaries. Those who argue thus overlook the change which the Reform Bill has introduced into the constitution of the country. In the good old days of Pitt and Castlereagh, when a ministry could, under ordinary circumstances, command an *ex officio* majority in both Houses, open questions were doubtless a sign and source of weakness. But now, when members of the House of Commons represent numerous and enlightened constituencies, instead of old trees and park gates, to say that there shall be no difference of opinion in the cabinet, is about tantamount to saying, that there shall be no difference of opinion in the country. Every advancing question must in the nature of things pass through the stages of a proscribed and open question before it is finally adopted as a ministerial measure, and made the rallying cry of the whole party. The real mistake on the part of ministers was not in making the ballot at last an open question, but in delaying to do so one moment after it had become plain that it had the support of a large majority of their adherents. The truth is, that the real objection to open questions is not so much that they make the ministry *weak* as that they make it *strong*. That the Tories should declaim against them is natural enough. Whatever tends to draw together different sections of Reformers, and make the existence of a liberal administration possible, is not likely to find much favour in their eyes.

Nor was it by the wise and statesmanlike concession of the ballot question alone, that Ministers strengthened their position. This was but an earnest and pledge of the adoption of a more vigorous and decided policy. The disclosures of Lord Howick have shown, that from that moment the Ministers, with the single exception of himself, made up their minds to throw themselves frankly upon the support of the middle classes and great body of reformers. Lord Howick's plan of seeking additional strength, by retracing their steps, was unanimously rejected, and his consequent retirement from the cabinet left it a compact, united, homogeneous body. The

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accession of Mr. Macaulay and Lord Clarendon more than compensated for any loss sustained by the withdrawal of Lord Howick. Since the star of Brougham has sunk, no name carries with it more weight among the thinking and educated middle classes than that of Macaulay. His fame, fairly earned in the field of honourable competition; his success in life, untarnished by a single act of meanness or apostacy; his brilliant powers of oratory, and, above all, his name stamped on the records of his country's literature, as one of the best writers and deepest thinkers of his day, — give him a moral influence which the mere politician and debater can never attain. Lord Clarendon also stands deservedly high with the country as one of the first of her foreign statesmen, a man of powerful and accomplished mind, enlarged and liberal views, decided and energetic character. His conduct throughout the difficult and delicate task which he had to accomplish at Madrid, earned him a name among the first European diplomatists of the age, and contributed not a little to consolidate the throne of the infant queen, and enable the cause of constitutional liberty in Spain to surmount the difficulties with which it was surrounded. The interest which used to attach to foreign policy, is now in a great measure lost amidst the more absorbing consideration of domestic difficulties. Still the brilliant success with which the measures and policy of the Whigs have been crowned, in India, in Spain, and in the East, did not fail to produce an impression on the public mind. There is a great deal in the mere prestige of success, and more especially when that success is obtained, as in the present instance, by the result of a long and ably prepared train of previous policy. Men the most unacquainted with the relations of foreign states and continental politics, could not help contrasting the position in which England stood at the commencement of 1840, after ten years of a Whig foreign secretary, with that which she occupied in 1830, when the reins of government dropped from the impotent hands of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel. Never had the star of England sunk so low as at that inauspicious moment. The pusillanimous abandonment of Turkey in her last death-struggle with the overwhelming force of the Russian colossus, had, in fact, destroyed the balance of power in Europe, and paved the way for a war, in which England would have to contend single-handed for her very existence. The manly, straightforward, and truly national policy, pursued steadily, consistently, and successfully, since the accession of the Whigs to office, has in a great measure repaired the errors of their predecessors, and retrieved the sullied honour of England. Without firing a shot, without incurring the sacrifices of war expenditure, — nay, more, while carrying into effect retrenchments in every department of the public service, and extensive reductions of taxation, the balance of power has been restored, the independence of Turkey preserved, and Russia obliged to postpone her schemes of aggrandisement, and modify her pretensions, so as no longer to threaten at every instant the peace and tranquillity of Europe. In India, the success of British arms and policy has been even more signal and decisive; the measure, equally bold in conception, and prompt and decisive in execution, of re-establishing in Affghanistan the throne of the exiled Shah, has placed an insurmountable barrier between our Indian possessions and hostile aggression, while the moral influence of the gallant exploits of Ghuznee and Khelat has exercised a powerful effect over the population of India and of the East. In Canada, the milder arts of temper, moderation, and good sense, have prevailed over obstacles of a different nature, but perhaps as difficult to surmount as the mountain passes of Candahar and Cabool. The Governor-general, whose appointment threw the whole Tory party into a

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frenzy fit, has, in less than three months from his arrival in the country, obtained the consent of the Upper Canadian legislature to the union of the two provinces, and so far composed the elements of discord by his tact and good management, that, unless his plans are thwarted like those of his predecessor, Lord Durham, by the obstructive arts of a selfish and unpatriotic faction, the noble provinces of British America may at last look forward with confidence to the blessings of assured and permanent tranquillity.

These successes, however, which in former days would have been sufficient to insure the popularity of the ministry under whose auspices they were achieved, are now almost lost sight of and forgotten, in the more immediate and absorbing interest of domestic questions. The rise and progress of Chartism has been the great phenomenon of the past year; and it is by a reference to the conduct which Ministers have pursued with regard to the Chartists that their claims to public support are measured by a majority of the nation. What is Chartism? It is curious how much nonsense has been talked, and how many discordant answers have been given, to this very plain and simple question. Chartism is nothing new: it is but one of the periodical manifestations of the deep-seated discontent and suffering of the labouring classes. And why do they suffer — why are they discontented — and why do they manifest their suffering and discontent in such blind, outrageous, and utterly unreasoning fashion? Ask those to whom the destinies of the British Empire were intrusted while the present generation of Chartists were being born and educated. Educated, do we say? say, rather, while they were allowed to grow up like the brute beasts that perish, with every means of instruction and self-guidance sedulously and systematically withheld from them by the selfish policy of their rulers. If we were told of a country whose rulers had squandered 1,000,000,000*l.* of the national capital in an unjust and unnecessary war — of a country burdened with 25,000,000*l.* of annual taxation over and above the necessary expenses of government — of a country crippled, moreover, by an oppressive impost on the first necessary of life for the benefit of a privileged order, should we wonder if discontent and misery were found to obtain only too extensively among the mass of the population? But if, moreover, we were told that for the last half century the principle of what Carlyle so happily terms *laissez faire* had been acted on in every thing except taxing bread and protecting pheasants — that the population had been allowed to double itself, machinery to effect enormous revolutions in every department of industry, Manchesters, with their thousand mills, to spring as if by enchantment from the soil—and all without so much as the semblance of an attempt on the part of those whom God had made rulers over the nation to perform any one, even the least, of their high functions of guiding, instructing, and leading in the right path the multitudes intrusted to their care — should we, we ask, if we were told of such a country, be surprised to hear that ignorance, unreason, bitter animosity, and discontent were rife throughout the land, and ever and anon broke forth in some such frightful form as this which we call Chartism?

And such, alas! is our own case; such the bitter fruits we are condemned to eat for the sins of our forefathers; such the seeds of the evil which all feel and lament, but which, as years of bad government have gone to the sowing, so years of good government can alone eradicate.

The more immediate and superficial causes of Chartism are to be found doubtless in the agitation against the New Poor Law. It is in fact a logical deduction and corollary from the doctrines preached by incendiary Oastlers, and patronised, to serve electioneering ends, by men high in station and au-

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thority. What said the opponents of the New Poor Law? was it not this, that the legislature is bound to provide the labouring man with labour, to insure to every one throughout the land a fair day's wages for a fair day's work? There is, and there can be, but one answer to this—that the thing is impossible. Granting it to be possible, which by all those who have joined in the clamour against the New Poor Law is in fact assumed, what possible excuse can be given for the legislature which neglects this, the first of all duties? Admit this premise, and we shall be the first to say with the Chartists, "away with them! for it is not fit that such fellows should live upon the earth." Nay, to look deeper into the matter — perish all distinction of classes and the institution of property itself, if they be found incompatible with this, which, *if possible*, were the first fundamental law of every human society, the unalienable, unalterable right of every human being.

Such are a few of the conclusions which the Chartists, reasoning better than many a mitred bishop and conservative statesman, have drawn from the premises thrown among them, like firebrands among dry tinder, by the very men who now call out, to quench the conflagration in torrents of blood.

It is not, however, with a theory of Chartism that our concern is here, but rather with the manner of dealing with the immediate and practical evil. How Ministers have acted is now before the country; their policy may be summed up in a few words. It has been, to disarm Chartism by a mixture of lenity and firmness; to trust to the powers given to them by the law; to keep strictly within the letter and spirit of the constitution; to throw themselves, without hesitation, upon the good sense and good feeling of the country; and, above all, to conciliate the affections of the middle classes, and of the Irish millions, to the cause of order and government. The success of this wise and humane policy is now placed beyond a doubt. Chartism, lately so formidable, has dwindled away literally for want of a little persecution to keep it alive. The National Convention has dissolved itself amidst the laughter of the nation; and if occasional outbreaks and acts of outrage still take place, it is because the numbers of the disaffected are reduced every where to a handful of desperate and disappointed men. Nor is it all, that the danger has been for the present removed. The success of a merciful and humane policy insures us for the future from the repetition of the disgraceful scenes which stain so many pages of our past history. Thank Heaven! we shall have no more Peterloos, no more dragonnades, no more suspensions of the Habeas Corpus, no more sending of spies to goad the excited people to insurrection, no more Attorney-Generals going about like roaring lions seeking whom they may devour. The trial of Frost and his colleagues, in open court, by a common jury of their countrymen, before the ordinary judges of the land, defended by able counsel of their own choosing, is an era in the history of civilisation which will not be forgotten.

Thus far have we, from the vantage ground and standing-place afforded us by the late debate on the motion of want of confidence, cast back a hasty glance over a few of the more prominent circumstances which have marked our political history, since the reconstruction of the Melbourne ministry in May 1839. The great advantage of this debate is, that it has placed, as it were on record, and made part of history, the events and changes which have taken place during this period. It is at once the proof and the result of the decline of the Tories in public favour, and the steady continued advance of the Liberal party. The decisive triumph of the division, — the compact and cheerful union exhibited by all grades and

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classes of Reformers, and still more, perhaps, the ill-concealed dissensions and weak, evasive, bitter, and yet desponding tone of the Tory speakers, show that in the present parliament Ministers have nothing to fear. Their existence no longer, as in May last, when their majorities upon vital questions had dwindled to five and two, hangs by a single thread. On the other hand, the improved tone of public opinion, and the triumphant success of the Liberal candidates, in the recent elections at Southwark, Edinburgh, Birmingham, Devonport, Newark, and Falmouth, hold out the fairest hopes of success whenever it shall be thought expedient to appeal once more to the nation, and stand the test of a general election. Such are the present prospects of the Liberal party; promising, no doubt, and as compared with the condition of affairs less than a twelvemonth ago, in the highest degree satisfactory, but still calling for unceasing vigour, exertion, and, above all, union, among the friends of liberal principles. Ministers have played their part well — much better than many of those who cry out against them for not doing impossibilities; but ministers, it must be always remembered, are but the leaders of a party, and can only act as they are supported and assisted from without. That in their own executive department, where they are free to act, with no other obstructions than such as the factiousness of party may from time to time throw in their way, they will continue to conduct the affairs of government with credit to themselves and advantage to the nation, we see little reason to doubt. But for any thing beyond this; for great legislative reforms, for the modification of oppressive and unjust corn laws, for the ballot, and other measures necessary to insure the fair representation guaranteed by the Reform Bill, and, above all, for the vital and all important measure of national education, the people of England must look to themselves. The maxim "*Aide toi et le ciel t'aidera*" can never be repeated too often to the friends of the Liberal cause. Bestir yourselves, organise, register, — in a word, do all that in you lies to secure the return of a strong majority of staunch liberal candidates at the next election, and depend upon it, the difficulties which now seem so formidable will vanish like the morning mist. Depend upon it, Ministers will not be found wanting, if you strengthen their hands; but if, on the other hand, you prefer sitting still lamenting over the times, exaggerating difficulties, quarrelling with your friends, and grumbling at those who are working strenuously and faithfully to the best of their abilities, in defence of the common cause; do not complain if you find Ministers weak, the enemy rampant, and things going on not exactly as you have a mind to see them. Once more we repeat, the aspect of affairs is promising; Ministers have done their duty, and struggled manfully and successfully with unnumbered difficulties; the Tories are baffled, disunited, and desponding; a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, and the cause of reform is safe. Let every Reformer seize hold of the rope where it first comes to hand, and pull like a man.

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LEIGH HUNT'S "LEGEND OF FLORENCE."

A Legend of Florence; a Play in Five Acts. By LEIGH HUNT. London: Edward Moxon. 1840.

IF it be the imperative condition of seeing through a millstone that there be a *hole* in it, to the calm speculator it would no less appear that the condition of a right appreciation of a drama were the *understanding* of it. The modern Lynceus and modern critic (*Arcades ambo*), however, both magnanimously dispense with these conditions, and continue pertinaciously to *see* through stones, be they never so thick, and to *criticise* dramas of every calibre, with a calmness of nerve and strength of heroism by no means to be overlooked. Nevertheless, to understand a drama, and to understand *your notion* of it, are by no means convertible terms, though the Zoilus of the newspaper, or even of "Quarterly," seem to consider so. To understand one drama requires some accurate knowledge of the drama in general — its aim — its scope — its means — and its laws; but this knowledge, even in a slight degree, is not only not possessed by the majority of professed critics, but unfortunately is not by them regarded as necessary. Criticism with them is not, as with Longinus (vi.), πολλης πειρας τελευταιον επιγεννημα, but simply a dashing, off-hand, knowing method of praising or blaming; often witty and workmanlike of its sort — the sort, alas! questionable. To add to this evil they have the excuse of *haste.* They see a new play, and the next morning their account of it is greedily read by thousands. The necessity for this extreme haste we really do not see — they might wait a night or two, as on the Continent, to mature their consideration; but even granting it necessary, — "*fugit irrevocabile verbum,*" — that which is said in haste, is read in leisure and believed! The prodigious and mysterious authority of the "We" impresses so much more than "I, John Ignoramus," to which, in fact, it reduces itself!

That this evil, as many other evils, of criticism does very perniciously exist, no one can doubt. This magazine has uniformly raised its voice against it, and endeavoured, it is hoped not unsuccessfully, to introduce a new procedure with a higher feeling for art and for the office of criticism; but this feeling will be expended on vague generalities, and induce the most detestable of all styles, *fine writing*, if it be not directed to some goal — this goal is *Æsthetics.* It may not be novel, but it is strictly necessary to announce that Blair's *Lectures* and Lord Kaimes's *Elements* are quite other than useful; and the enquirer must throw them aside, and turn to Germany, where Æsthetics is one of the received philosophical sciences, towards the completion of which Kant, Schelling, Hegel, Göthe, Schiller, the Schlegels, Jean Paul, Novalis, Tieck, Solger, Gans, in fact all the illustrious names, have contributed. To say nothing of dictionaries, cyclopædias, and essays, Jean Paul, Solger, and Hegel have cast it into rigorous philosophic classification and division; and we regard the three ponderous volumes of Hegel as the study of a life in mastering, verifying, or correcting its principles.* Without staying to answer the charge of "transcendentalism," we conceive it sufficient to point to the *results* as shown by their critics. Where do we look for information on the Greek, Roman, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese literatures — nay, even on our own Shakspeare — but to Germany? From whence do our periodical essayists get their principal matter? We do not

* *Vorlesungen über die Æsthetik.* Berlin, 1838.

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by this wish to introduce into our newspapers elaborate dissertations in the place of criticisms; but we wish to awaken the attention of men to the startling fact, that, in England, every trade, profession, or species of writing, imperatively demands previous *training* — except criticism! simply one of the most difficult — "the last result and fruit of abundant experience!" And to the other fact, that a science does exist — a training *is* obtainable which shall handsomely repay the student in measure to capability and industry — that a *fundus* is to be had by those who will.

Criticism must, in these days, be handmaiden to art. A very visible movement in dramatic art has of late been noticed, and we are apparently in a transition state to one of high excellence. Criticism has a prodigious influence on the *taste* of the public, and must therefore be jealously watched. Let it hail the manifestations of Genius, correcting its errors with a loving hand, not petulantly, or with knowingness seeking to show *its* superiority.

Macready has done wonders for the drama, Madame Vestris a great deal more. The reign of Bunn and the zoological drama, one may hope, is no more — consigned for ever to the Regent's Park and Surrey Gardens, where the curious may wonder at it. Bunn had a long reign: it was then with us as with the degenerate Athenians, whom Athenæus so sternly reproaches with having given up the stage to puppets, where the tragedies of Euripides had worked the audience to a pitch of noble enthusiasm, and of erecting a statue to a ventriloquist by the side of the majestic Æschylus. *Αθηναιοι δε Ποθεινῳ τῳ νευροσπαστῃ την σκηνην εδωκαν αφ' ής ενεθουσιων οι περι Ευριπιδην. Αθηναιοι δε και Ευρυκλειδην εν τῳ θεατρῳ ανεστησαν μετα των περι Αισχυλον.**

But that among the regenerators of the English drama we should have to hail Leigh Hunt as a foremost man is not a little singular; and it is worth observing, that, no later than 1825†, he publicly declared his conviction "*that he had no sort of dramatic talent whatever.*" But it seems the graceful moralist, the charming essayist, the benevolent and discriminating critic, had "treasures that he knew not of," lying unproductive in the fertile pasture of his brain and heart — at which his friends are no less astonished. The appearance of this single-hearted and (in a worldly sense) most unsuccessful man in a new character, one would have supposed would have set aside all political animosities, and elicited universally the best and most matured criticism. It did so in many instances, (honour to the true and brave!) but there were others, and in influential quarters, who erred more in ignorance than anger we would hope, yet egregiously erred, as we shall have occasion to show, and which particularly called forth the preceding remarks.

And, first, as to the *originality* of the story. Several have noticed that the "Legend of Florence" is not original — an assertion which, if it had any weight, would demolish the whole Shakspearean drama, as well as that of the Greeks, Italians, and French. It is in the Spanish drama alone that originality in the story and its conduct is the principal merit, and simply because the developement of human passion is not their object, but the delighting of an audience by the bustle of intrigue, the interest of situations, and the charms of poetry.‡ In our drama, on the contrary, every thing is subordinate to passion. What is the *story* of Hamlet?

* *Athen.* i. 35. † *Lord Byron and his Contemporaries.*

‡ It is surprising that Schlegel should have so utterly mistaken the spirit of this drama as to class it (under the vague term of *romantic*) with that of Shakspeare. The resemblance is only one of *form* — the inner life is altogether different. Boutterwek justly says, the Spanish drama is the *dramatised novel.* Indeed, Schlegel's account of the Spanish drama is so vague and unsatisfactory as to be almost useless.

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In proportion as the drama seeks its success on the novelty of the story, and what are technically called *situations*, it approaches melodrame. Not that the story is to be neglected; on the contrary, it must be sedulously constructed with the utmost regard to interest, as the *stratum* whereon the whole is to be raised. But to demand *originality* in the story, is to drag the poet down to the level of every susceptible "contributor" to "annuals" or "magazines." Fancy an Aristarchus railing to an Athenian audience at the oft-told Labdacidan tale!

Shelley says, "There is this difference between a story and a poem, that a story is a catalogue of detached facts which have no other connection than time, place, circumstance, cause and effect; the other is the creation of actions according to the unchangeable forms of human nature." — (*Defence of Poetry.*) The story of the Legend of Florence, then, being old, "novel development of character was not," according to the *Times*, "to be expected." We cannot estimate the value of "expectations," nor purchase their reversion; but to the *fact* we think any more quick-sighted man than a critic could not well be blind. Further, the "language was not remarkable for its poetry," — this is *not* surprising. The language is not of the tricksy claptrap tinsel school to which we have so long been subject — mere jingling words supplying the want of imagery, — nor abounding in those abortions "*golden* fruits" and "*silver* blossoms." It does not describe love's home, *par excellence*, as a marble palace, having "*glossy* bowers," where "*perfumed* light steals through the mists of *alabaster lamps;*" no, it is of a quite other sort than this. It is the *passionate* poetry of the drama, compressing into half lines imagery that would more than cover a page of the other school; but then it is precisely this that stage people in general, and critics with them, do not understand; they know no poetry but the descriptive and metaphorical, which is (except in some instances) the curse of the drama; and until people leave off *raving* about Shakspeare and the old dramatists, and conscientiously *study* them, they will, we fear, be as "tenderly led by the nose as asses are," and ever mistake glittering tinsel for sterling ore. A certain proof of this is, that Antonio's apostrophe to Night is so generally selected as a "favourable specimen of the poetry," when, in sober truth, it is the most *un*like of any single passage in the play; but it is poetical — obviously so; it addresses the heavens, the moon, the stars, &c. in beautiful set phrase; but it is *descriptive*, and an exception. The *metaphorical* poetry — this piling of image upon image — sounding word on sounding word — or (to view the matter in its more favourable light) this fashion of completing a metaphor through all its significations — of giving many images for one — is in truth a far easier matter than to give, in a few words, the vivid inextinguishable picture. Shakspeare, for instance (to select a hitherto neglected one), instead of giving us in one word that exquisitely droll picture of the owl with his imperturbably grave face and staring eyes wondering at the pranks of the fairies *, might have run riot on it for half a dozen lines; but the image, though more attracting to our attention, would not so much have gratified it. So Leigh Hunt might have amplified —

> "*Methinks he casts a blackness*
> *Around him as he walks.*" — p. 3.

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* "The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and *wonders*
At our quaint spirits." — *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II. Sc. III.
Or the irresistible apostrophe of the Fairies to Bottom:—
"1*st Fairy.* — *Hail, mortal!*
"2*d Fairy.* — Hail!
"3*d Fairy.* — Hail!"

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Or this —

> " *It was as though her mind retreated*
> *To some blest serious thought, far off but possible,*
> *Then ended with a sigh.*" — p. 24.

Or —

> " My bosom is so full, MY HEART WANTS AIR;
> It fears even want of utterance."— p. 43.

Or —

> " Hark! not a sound but when the riot swells!
> So still all else, *that I can hear the grass*
> *Whisper, as in lament, through its lorn hair.*" — p. 56.

Or the graphic —

> " *She holds my mother's hand, and loves her eyes.*" — p. 64.

Or this —

> " *I live, as though the earth held but two faces,*
> *And mine perpetually look'd on hers.*" — p. 65.

Or, to conclude —

> " Therefore mine eyes
> *Did learn to hush themselves, and young, grow dry.*" — p. 77.

These from a play not remarkable for its poetry!

But we are tired of noticing critics. We have done so because we think the evil demands cure. They have a pleasant kind of dogmatism, highly instructive and useful, which is seldom disturbed. It is so easy for the *Standard* to say, " This play possesses many beauties, *and many striking faults*," and then conclude without noticing one of these faults! We shall anlayse the play, and where we praise, or blame, shall at least hint " a reason for the faith that is in us," whereby our conclusions may be tested.

Act I. Scene I. — It opens with a scene between Da Riva and Colonna, wherein a sprightly dialogue unfolds to us the character of Agolanti and his suffering wife, as also that she had a lover in the person of Antonio Rondinelli. This scene, according to a just conception of the drama, which admits of no superfluous scenes or characters, is altogether faulty; it is not only ineffective as being pure dialogue, but even the dialogue does not advance the action one step. Let the poet never forget that δραμα, not ἐπος, —*action*, not *narration*,—is his business. Shakspeare does not so open Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, Romeo and Juliet, &c., but proceeds straight to the business. The opening of the *Legend of Florence* is precisely similar to the prologues of the Greek drama *, telling us what we are going to see, instead of letting us see it at once.

Scene II. — We learn from the page Giulio that Ginevra has returned unopened the letter of Antonio. Agolanti enters and detects the letter — demands it—reads it—and dismisses Giulio from his service as a go-between. Here, then, the action of the piece begins. Of Agolanti we shall speak hereafter. This page we think wholly superfluous — all that he does towards the plot might have been accomplished without him. There is also a decided æsthetic fault in this scene which we cannot pass over. The interest which is excited on the reading of the letter, the blood stirred by the commencement of the action, is suffered to subside by a dialogue of fifty lines, in which Agolanti goes back to the time of his taking Giulio into his service, lecturing him on his conduct, and drawing a dismal picture of the

* *i. e.* those of Sophocles (the *Ajax* for example, the introductory conversation between Minerva and Ulysses), for in Euripides, as Schlegel observes, they resemble the labels in the mouths of the old German pictures. But, with the Greeks, the prologue was a necessity: with them, it was all narration, no action (on the stage), and the prologue was to prepare the public for the legend the poet was about to present.

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future; when, in dramatic propriety, the page should have been swiftly dismissed. This is no matter of individual taste, but an arbitrary law founded on the calculation of the tides of emotion in an audience flux and reflux.

This objection we stated to the author, which, with his usual delightful candour, he at once admitted, saying, that he had introduced it in order to develope another phase of Agolanti's character; viz., that his generosity was merely that of the *purse*, and that, upon mere contradiction to his will, he would dismiss the child he had befriended, a beggar into the world. A point is here involved which is liable to much dispute; we can only hint our notions on it. As it is impossible that in the space of a five-act play every phase of "mixed humanity" should be developed and brought into action, it devolves on the poet to select, not merely the more elementary characteristics, but those *which are essential to the action of the piece itself, or are naturally developed by it* — and only those: for it must be observed, that any given course of actions does not call every phase of a man's mind into requisition; and those which it does not, or which do not positively contribute towards the action represented, are superfluous. "Characterisation," says A. W. Schlegel, "is merely one ingredient of the dramatic art, and not dramatic poetry itself. *It would be improper in the extreme were the poet to draw our attention to superfluous traits of character, when he ought to endeavour to produce other impressions.*" * That the development of ἦθος must be subordinate to that of πάθος, is acknowledged by Aristotle himself; for, as he remarks, a tragedy is not *a representation of men, but of actions*, a picture of life in prosperity or adversity. Here this developement interferes with the action, although in fact it *arises* out of the action — a paradox which is to be settled by a higher reference. It is true that this phase of Agolanti's character arises from the action of the peculiar *scene;* but then it interferes with the *progress* of the *play*, and is rendered superfluous as an additional glimpse of his character by the previous declaration of Da Riva, that he has a

> "liberal hand
> *As far as purse goes;* albeit he likes
> The going of it to be blown abroad by trumpets."

Hence we see, that although it arises naturally from the scene, yet as it itself has no further influence on the progress of the plot than can be really gained from Da Riva's words, of which it is but a confirmation, it is superfluous. This may be called hypercriticism; but to us it is a vital point in the artistic construction of a drama; and the *poet* will acquit us of hypercriticism.

Scene III. — In the next scene we have Ginevra, and her friends trying to persuade her to join the festivities. There is also a little too much dialogue here. Agolanti enters. His "lavish courtesy" to the stranger, not only as a stranger, but as one attached to the pope, — as also to Da Riva, whom he hates, thus hiding his own uneasiness and irritation under conventional politeness, — with the pretended fondness and anxiety in which he addresses his victim —

> "How fares it with my love *these last three hours?*"

are admirably done; as well as his persisting in seeing malice on her part in her friends asking him to grant them his window for the spectacle —

> "At every turn my will is to be torn from me,
> And at her soft suggestion;"

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* *Dramatic Literature*, vol. ii. p. 135., *Trans.*

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and then, when his rage can no longer contain itself, he says fiercely aside to her, —

> " Be in the purple chamber
> In twenty minutes. Do you hear me *speak* ?
> (*He wrings her hand sharply, and she makes signs of obedience.*)"

and thus ends the first act, very effectively.

Act II. Scene I. — Dialogue — admirable, it is true, and redeemed from heaviness by those two capital hits about marriage, and the prophecies of poets; but æsthetically faulty — it is quite *beside* the plot.

Scene II. — We now come to the finest scene in the play, and one which we have no hesitation in saying might have been owned with pride by Shakspeare in his bloom of power, for subtlety and depth of passion, and artistic arrangement. It is a grand lesson in ethical anatomy. There is no single subtlety in it equal to Iago's —

> " But for the satisfaction of my thought,
> No further *harm*."

Thus, by the very word " harm," which he is pretending to deprecate, quickening Othello's jealous fears; for Othello had, up to this moment, no suspicion of harm. In fact, it is not equal to that magnificent scene: but, with this exception, we do not remember its superior in this point of view; and as it is here that the two characters are pre-eminently brought out, we shall pause a while to consider them.

Agolanti is a man of whom, unfortunately, there are thousands. He stands here as the incarnation of two foul blots upon our nature—Selfishness, with self-deceit and Conventionalism.

Of all the moral curses — of all the *blind deplorable instincts* which wring the tear from the contemplating moralist — that practical Atheism, selfishness, is the worst, the most incurable, and the most loudly demanding cure. Alien alike to love, to genius, to moral beauty — blindly *missing* its aim from too greedy and confined a desiring of it, — selfishness renders man dead to the happiness lying around him, because he will not seek it through sympathy; he *will* isolate himself amidst a world of fellows, creating a dark solitude amidst an infinite brotherhood! " The great secret of morals," said one worthy to comment on such a doctrine, as he was its great exemplar, " is *love*, or a going out of our own nature, and an identification of ourselves with the beautiful which exists in thought, action, or person not our own. A man, to be greatly good, must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another, and of many others; *the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own*." * But Danté has, in his all-too-terrible words, branded this selfishness as the deed of those who, in the awful strife of God, sided neither with God nor Satan, but lived for themselves alone!

> " Mischiate sono a quei cattivo coro
> Degli angeli che non furon rebelli
> Nè fur fedeli à Dio, *ma per se foro !*"
> (*Inferno*, iii.)

But the selfish man who, as Agolanti, does not possess that sharp cunning, that one-sided intellect, which, knowing its own vices and the vices of others, concludes that the whole world is composed of fools and knaves, the watch-word of society being " cheat, or be cheated;" but, on the contrary, joins self-deceit and the fears of superstition to his selfishness; continues ever a

* Percy Bysshe Shelley.

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moral man, to whose sense of right and wrong every action must be referred. Iago, for example, as a fine specimen of the want of the moral sense, does not disguise to himself his actions; yet mark Shakspeare's unerring knowledge — every man must needs preserve his self-respect; and how Iago contrives to preserve it may be seen throughout, and potently in that soliloquy — "Who says I play the villain?" &c. Agolanti, on the other hand, so far from chuckling over his villany, would be shocked and horrified were he even to suspect himself; and hence his frequent self-justification — this quieting of the "still small voice" — this anxious seeking of a tangible fault in her whereon to lay the blame of deeds which he is secretly conscious are not right. Hence, also, the conventionalism of his character. It is known that the more the *spirit* is neglected or misunderstood, the more the *form* is clung to; hence the extravagance and pretended sanctity of the bad and the ignorant. The very *secret consciousness* of dereliction, or ignorance, forces the soul to cheat itself with ceremonies and forms; catching at the straws, that *there* at least they may not err, and that fulfilment of *this* may excuse the other.

All this is laid bare to us in its intricate workings with the most frightful fidelity, and reads us the deepest lesson which the stage has attempted for many a long day. Agolanti is "lavish of courtesy," bows to every one, pays every one, flatters every one, — in short, being extremely anxious for men's good opinion, as are all conventionalists, out of a very consciousness that he cannot on bare merit win it, and that it will not endure, he is scrupulously alive to every single vote; he says, with a touching pathos, of the wretchedness of his situation —

> "Times are there when I feel inclined to sweep
> The world away from me, and lead my own
> Life to myself, unlook'd into with eyes
> That know me not; but use and sympathy,
> Even with those that wrong me, and the right
> Of comely reputation, keep me still
> Wearing a show of good with a grieved heart."

Here, as indeed elsewhere, there is a pity mingled with our feelings to modify our hatred; we think of him with a sigh for poor humanity, or rather, as the poet's subtlety has it, —

> "Human inhuman nature in this man."

This is the triumph of the poet — the παθηματων καθαρσιν of Aristotle — the purifier of our passions! Most strangely is this point blamed by the *Times*. The critic complains that Agolanti is redeemed by virtues, and that we pity him: "The author treats all his characters like old familiar friends." We trust that after this the word Zoïlus will be swept from our catalogue of sublime ignorami. The very excellence, above all others, that should have been hailed, as departing from stage-traditionary-men, and plucking them living, breathing, thinking out of nature, — substituting a wonderful *live* man for our anatomy, with all his organs in full action, for a cheap old wooden doll on spring wires, anatomy of which only gives doll-nature as its poor result!

But Ginevra! — what words, except the poet's own, with their mysterious intensity burning as from a central ever-living fire, can paint that real-ideal, — that sweet, gentle, suffering, patient creature, — that star above the storm, — and yet

> "A creature
> That now for fifteen years from childhood upwards

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> Till this hard moment, when the heavens forbid it,
> Have known not what it was to shed a tear
> Which others met with theirs; therefore mine eyes
> Did learn to hush themselves, and young, grow dry."

This *initiation* of suffering was requisite for so frail a creature to support even for a week —

> "The miseries which, because they ease himself
> And his vile spleen, he thinks her bound to suffer;
> And then finds malice in her very suffering."

Home to her is not home, but hell, the αοικον εισοικησιν of Philoctetes, in which thousands daily are condemned to linger out a fretful, wearisome existence, and which cries out, however inarticulately, in shrieks or silent plaint to the still more silent heaven, demanding swift alleviation. How much the painful, bitter truth, came home to thousands, the audience felt, and warmly testified; they hailed the bold moralist, who dared to speak out what they felt and durst not speak.

The *Morning Post* is "at a loss to conceive" what is the "moral" of this play. Posts are not celebrated for clearness of vision, — a gentle tinge of density is supposed (by popular prejudice) to cling to its wooden nature, — a log upon the soul; but such absolute obfuscation — such extreme blindness, we were quite unprepared for. Why, the moral is as staring as the sun at noonday, and penetrates with its "arrowy beams" every part of the play. The moral of our drama is the moral of human passion, and no further demand can be rightfully made; but in *this* drama there is the specific purpose of exposing selfishness, self-deceit, conventionalism, and the domestic tyranny, and its "unconventional elementary morality," to use the fine language of the *Statesman*, "made its way to the common heart." But we forget: it is a losing game arguing with Posts!

To return to this second scene of the second act: it is one of fearful bitterness on his part, coupled with the most wilful misunderstanding; and of patient suffering on hers, with the one exception of her *momentary* anger It is perfect throughout. He enters with these strange words —

> "Every way she opposes me, even with the arms
> Of peace and love."

This is one remarkable feature in his character, though a natural one. He utterly misunderstands her; his extreme selfishness cannot admit of a sympathetic knowledge. He cannot, therefore, understand her conduct, and, what is more, he *will* not. His will, as we shall see, stands in the way, and obstructs every path to sympathy and understanding: he knows she loves him not —

> "Me, whom she *should* love; whom she was *bound*
> And *sworn* to love ——"

(a striking glimpse of his conventionality!) and yet she bears all his irritability, all his sarcasms, with meekness, patience, and forgiveness. This is something so foreign to every thing that rules *his* philosophy, so alien to every feeling of retaliation and spite he feels within his own breast, that he is unable to image it rightly to himself; but as he knows there is a motive for every thing, and as he *must* attribute a bad one, both out of *justification to himself*, and from the incapability of his conceiving it to be a virtuous one, he morbidly seeks to pick out from the catalogue of vices one that will at least be plausible, and finds it in *her love of power*. She triumphs over him by her very weakness as opposed to his violence; she pretends

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> " To make such griefs of every petty syllable
> *Wrung from myself by everlasting scorn;*"

and his impatience at non-sympathy, even in anger, bursts out thus: —

> " O let all provocation
> Take every brutish shape it can devise
> To try endurance with; taunt it in failure,
> Grind it in want, steep it in family shames,
> *Make gross the name of mother*, call it fool,
> Pander, slave, coward, or whatsoever opprobrium
> Makes the soul swoon within its rage for want
> *Of some great answer terrible as its wrong;*
> And it shall be as nothing to this miserable,
> Mean, meek-voiced, most malignant lie of lies,
> *This angel-mimicking non-provocation*
> From one *too cold to enrage* and *weak to tread on.*"

Ay, here is the secret! *His continual violence places him in a very galling footing of inferiority before his calm victim*, and this continual sore only instantly irritates him to wring some anger from her, which, when he succeeds in, he taunts her with, savagely and exultingly, and calls forth that beautiful and touching reply from her,—

> " I but spoke in consciousness
> Of what was weak on both sides; *there's a love*
> *In that, did you but know it and encourage it.*"

But he *will* not know it, — he *will* not encourage it; were he to do so, — were he to encourage a sympathy between them, and believe her pure and good, his own sense of inferiority would be trebled by the appalling consciousness of his wrong. Hence his determination to quarrel with her, and to check every advance made on her part to this sympathy: hence every concession she makes to him he eagerly attributes a vile motive to; even her weakness he will not admit:

> " *I've known you weaker, madam,*
> But never feeble enough to want the strength
> Of contest and perverseness."

Well may Ginevra exclaim, —

> " Dear Heaven! what humblest doubts of our self-knowledge
> Should we not feel when Tyranny can talk thus!"

But every line in this scene is instinct with subtlety, which we should never end commenting on. The introduction of the organ, the divine influence of which "loosens her heart," and draws relieving tears from her, is as effective as it is poetical and romantic. It gives her courage, —

> " *Meeting what must be*
> *Is half commanding it!*"

and so she braces up her soul for endurance with a strength of resolution which must have peculiarly delighted Thomas Carlyle, whose noble head graced the boxes on its first performance.

Act III. — Alas! there is such a thing as *space*, let metaphysicians argue how they will: magazines refute them! and to space must one confine one's self, however reluctantly. Even Shakspeare can call forth but "articles!" so we must hurry over the scenes with swift reluctance.

Scene II. — Antonio writes to demand an audience of Agolanti, wherein he warns him of the state of Ginevra's health. As a matter of nature, Antonio is doubtless overdrawn; so calm, so respectful, so virtuous a lover,

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may be questioned even in an Englishman of phlegm sublime (but in an Italian certainly so) as a matter of fact, but the poet's unerring instinct has given us the character in perfect propriety with art. Had he been represented as an impetuous, jealous lover, he would not only have added to the miseries of Ginevra beyond a bearable degree, but as *he* would forget virtue, so should *we* with him, and should have in secret disliked, as coldness, that which we now admire in her as virtue, the feelings of the audience always being for happiness in love; and they would not have listened to his passionate entreaties without comparing him to the husband, and wishing her to elope with him. An inferior poet had assuredly done so; but here, as he does not demand it, we admire the extent of his sacrifice, and the virtue of both. *In every piece the characters must be chosen and drawn in harmonious relation to the ruling idea, which idea must also regulate their prominence.*

The poet has here, with profound skill, obviated any artistic feeling of improbability, by representing Antonio as a remarkably cool, self-possessed, phlegmatic character, whose will is in entire subjection to his reason. This view, which the reader may verify for his own private satisfaction, as seen throughout the play, is in this scene very prominent, — the very idea of a lover demanding an interview with his husband-rival, and schooling him about his wife!

The end of the act is thrilling. They are in loud brawl; their swords clash; when cries of "Agolanti" are heard; the servants rush in to tell him that Ginevra is dead!

A trait of Antonio's self-possession here must not be overlooked. At the tolling of the bell they all reverently uncover, except Agolanti. Antonio vehemently reproaches him, —

> "Uncover thee, irreverent infamy!"
> *Agolanti.* "Infamy thou, to treat thus ruffianly
> A mute-struck sorrow!"

And Agolanti is right. Here, even in the deepest affliction, Antonio does not lose his self-possession; while the superstitious vehement Agolanti is so absorbed in horror, that even religion ceases to work on him! Is not this development of character? — "What say ye, my masters?"

Act IV. — Ginevra is dead, and the dirge sounds her burial. The dirge has concluded, and our tears flow for the departed one, when they are arrested by the hurried entrance of Da Riva, bearer of gladder tidings than he who came to sad Electra, ἡδίσθον ἔχων πόθων ὑπηρέτημα *; he gives us the hope that, from certain signs remarked, she is not dead, but only in a swoon. Our hearts tell us that she cannot be dead, and we revive, hopefully smiling away our tears.

It is a dramatic law — strikingly proved by the murder of Agamemnon in Æschylus and Sophocles, and Duncan in Macbeth — that it is not the *event*, but the *expectation* and *imagination* of it, which befit tragedy. If Agamemnon or Duncan had been murdered on the stage, it would have been melodrame; it is the working of the imagination which gives these scenes their terrible effect: hence the propriety of the preparation for the appearance of Ginevra as a living woman. An author less poetic had assuredly made some "*coup de théâtre*" out of her first ghost-like appearance; but we are from the first in expectation, and the excited fancy wanders through every possible path leading to the right goal; nor is the effect, when she does appear, in the least diminished, for we see that Agolanti believes she is a ghost, and we sympathise with him.

* *Sophoc. Electra* (*dulcissimum habens pedum ministerium*).

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Scene IV.—The beauty of the opening soliloquy has been much insisted on, and justly; but as an extract it loses half its beauty. The peculiar contrast it presents to the horror of Agolanti we have just left, and to his own subsequent terror, gives it a double charm. It is a subtle stroke in the poet to make Ginevra say, after Antonio has so passionately kissed her,—

> "Oh! Signor Rondinelli! oh, good Antonio,
> *Be all I think thee*, and think not ill of me,
> Nor let me pass thy threshold *having a fear*
> Of the world's speech, to stain a spotless misery."

Act V. — In this act we have Rondinelli intoxicated with happiness, and Agolanti bowed down by grief. He has suffered intensely; he loved her as much as his selfish nature could love; he is conscious he ill-treated her, and that he half-killed her: he is a bad, but, as before said, a moral man; and, as if to add to the stings of conscience, supernatural horrors (as he supposes) have wrought on him. The *Times* objects to this, because it is the true stage-traditionary fashion to "go" the extreme possibilities of pork (*porcus indivisus!*) with bad men, and to make them thoroughly bad, so that, according to "poetical justice," the audience should hate him; but Leigh Hunt, (glory to him!) who more than any living man "sees a soul of goodness in things evil," has here, with a profound Shakspearean spirit, made us "*hate the evil, not the evil doer!*"

The divine forgiveness of Ginevra is immediately touched by the relation of the change in her husband, —

> "When I said 'never' to that word 'return'
> He had not suffered thus; had not shown sorrow;
> Was not bowed down with a grey penitence."

But in this scene, we submit that Antonio's self-possession is provoking, and his virtue outrageous. Some jealousy and despair might have been wrung even from him *aside*, and yet not prevent his doing his duty.

Scene the last. — The Gordian knot is to be cut, or untied, but how? — our interest thickens with every line. Agolanti and Colonna are in loud brawl, when Ginevra appears ready to accompany her husband home; but the dormant devil has been roused in Agolanti, and he triumphs over them with scorn. This comes like a thunderclap to Ginevra; she finds that though he has suffered, he has not changed. *She sees a whole future rise before her like the past*, and she will *not* return to that "unsacred house." The "white wrath festers" in Agolanti's face; the wounds of his self-love are ripped open: he attempts to stab Antonio, rather than she should be supported in *his* arms. Colonna interposes to save his friend; the infuriated lion turns upon his opponent, and is slain!

Thus ends one of the finest plays that has been produced since Beaumont and Fletcher, and which beats even their happiest efforts in characterisation, however inferior in abandonment of passion, variety of incident, and beauty of language. There are one or two things which appear to us faulty, which unacquaintance with the stage excuses. We have freely noted them out of the very intensity of our admiration for the rest; but of the many beauties, apparent and concealed, we have but noted a few,—enough, however, to convince our readers what ore is to be worked out if they seek it with hearty appreciation and goodwill. In bidding farewell to one of the bravest, gentlest, and most sympathising of men — in joining in the plaudits and sympathies of success — we cannot but urge him to continue this career so nobly begun — to read us new lessons from "the red tablets of the heart," and to add fresh impetus to the reviving drama of England!

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NOTES OF A TOUR IN NORTHERN EUROPE.

PART THE FIRST.

SOMEBODY has wisely remarked that the world is like a large book, and that those who remain in one spot resemble an individual who restricts himself to the perusal of a single page. Perhaps this very apt illustration of the advantages of travel may have tempted me into an occasional summer excursion beyond

"The blue confines of our island home."

But in these days it is wholly superfluous to set out with any excuses for travelling, since everybody travels more or less, and takes notes into the bargain. When Tom Coryat published his "Crudities" in the seventeenth century, he was regarded as a distinguished man in society (notwithstanding all his eccentricities) because he had seen the Italians use silver forks, and the Germans eat *saur kraut;* but *now* one obtains notoriety for *not* having seen such things, and a great deal more: so, without further prelude, we commit our travelling bag to the deep.

A journey to the North of Europe ought not to be commenced later than the end of June, or the beginning of July, if the tourist be desirous of enjoying the advantages of genial temperature, verdant scenery, and almost uninterrupted daylight; yet, although I was perfectly aware of that fact, I lingered irresolutely until the middle of August before I found myself on board the Hamburgh steamer, only provided with a passport, portmanteau, and companion, — not forgetting some of those excellent introductory billets which Messrs. Herries and Farquhar so liberally furnish to their friends abroad.

Our vessel contained the usual varieties of travellers of nearly all races, climes, ages, and characters. Amongst the rest an English diplomatist, a Queen's messenger, and a scientific lecturer from Edinburgh, who was going on a mission to Stockholm and St. Petersburg for the purpose of illustrating the principles of ventilation and acoustics in the northern capitals. I could not help secretly wishing that he might succeed in his objects, especially in the latter, so as to clear the autocrat's ears to the voices of Lords Palmerston and Dudley Stewart, freighted with the wrongs of Poland!

At the appointed time our steamer landed all her inmates in good condition at Hamburg; indeed, in ordinary weather, the punctuality of these vessels, from the great power of machinery they have recently adopted, is such, that they may be fairly considered as Old Ocean's timekeepers; and I have no doubt that, on some districts of our coast, the people of the sailing vessels look to the arrival of the various steam-packets for the time of day, much in the same manner as Londoners are in the habit of referring to the general regulator at the Horse Guards. Had steam-boats with their paddles, and railways with their locomotives, been known to the ancients, it is not improbable that the wings of Mercury would have sunk in their heathen god-like favour, and that the classical as well as the practical emblem of speed would now have been an iron chimney crested with dark and flowing plumes of smoke.

I had almost forgotten a little incident which occurred just as our vessel reached the mouth of the Elbe opposite to Cuxhaven, and which created general merriment amongst the passengers. A row-boat, which had come

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off from the shore with sundry articles of fresh provision for our steamer, received in return the English mail for Cuxhaven and its neighbourhood. One of our passengers, it appeared, was connected with the Post Office establishment, and being in charge of the mail he required a receipt for it from the Cuxhaven boatmen, which was, of course, regularly delivered to him; but the boat had scarcely left us, too late, however, to rectify the error, when it was discovered that the document, instead of being a receipt for the mail, was in fact a receipt which the steward of the vessel had given to the boatmen a few minutes before for sundry legs of mutton and baskets of vegetables, which they had supplied for the ship's use. The Post Office functionary was horribly disconcerted at the mistake, to the great entertainment of everybody else. If the receipt was in the German language, however, as I suppose it was, there was a reasonable chance that it might be submitted, without much risk of detection, to the usual routine of official examination.

The roughness and discomfort of our voyage across the North Sea gave, no doubt, a zest to the enjoyments of our first evening at Hamburg. Paris itself scarcely offers a more gay and animated evening scene than the fashionable quarter of the city presents. The neighbourhood of the *Aloter Zee* in particular, brilliantly illuminated, and surrounded by numerous cafés and pavilions, which nightly breathe forth their musical invitations to the gay sons of commerce, and umbrageously enclosed by avenues of trees thronged with pleasure-seeking people, is a scene of almost fairy-like gaiety. On this occasion we were particularly fortunate in having the brightness of a full moon reflected from the smooth surface of the lake, so that after being satiated with music and the aroma of cigars in the cafés, it became quite refreshing to stroll along the less frequented bank of the basin, and to muse on the beauties of the natural and artificial attractions by which we were surrounded.

On leaving the Sun Hotel for Kiel at an early hour of the morning, we met with one of those undesirable marks of distinction which are so frequently bestowed on English travellers, namely, extravagant charges in our bill, which was considerably higher than that of our friendly Danish fellow-traveller, who entered the house along with us, and who had fared exactly like ourselves in all respects, except in the honour of being imposed upon. In Hamburg such *marks* of attention require to be satisfied in *marks* currency, a mode which is by no means agreeable to one's feelings either of justice or economy.

Immediately on leaving Hamburg we entered Denmark, and, on reaching the first custom-house barrier, were obliged to submit to an examination of our baggage, an operation, however, which was conducted in a gentle and very unexceptionable manner. Amongst the *passagiers* of the mail-post was one of the Joe Millers of Hamburg, who, on being asked at the custom-house whether he had any thing contraband about him, confessed that his limbs were full of rheumatism, and as he was determined not to pay any duty, he begged that the officer would be pleased to stop it. Our humorous friend was a picture-dealer of Hamburg, and amused us not a little; but my ignorance of German prevented me from profiting much by his quaint remarks, as it was only the more striking things he gave utterance to which I could prevail on my companion to interpret for me.

This dealer in paintings and curiosities was *en route* for Copenhagen, for the purpose of attending the sale of a large gallery belonging to a nobleman in that city; and as we were proceeding through the fertile district of Holstein, he occasionally condescended, on approaching any portion of the

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landscape more verdant, or better wooded than usual, to compliment nature by comparing the scene to the productions of Claude Lorraine or Ruysdael. He appeared to me to be a person peculiarly adapted for his vocation, and quite capable of converting, in so far as the authority of his personal assertion could do so, any daub into a *chef d'œuvre* of art.

After having devoted the greater part of his life to the fine arts, our odd fellow-traveller informed us that he was now about to devote his ingenuity to the more useful arts of life, having made an extraordinary discovery of some mysterious substance, valueless in itself, but which, by the application of a few handfuls to the heath-covered moors of Holstein, would make them abound in fertility, and rich in productiveness; and all that this gentleman's modesty required was, that the King of Denmark should place at his disposal some half a million of dollars, for the purpose of making an experiment. It was quite in vain that his fellow-travellers endeavoured to argue against the probability of such a result being produced by such simple means. Our "Sir Oracle" had so often succeeded in passing off landscape daubs for Claude Lorraines, that he seemed to be confidently persuaded that he could exercise a similar power of transmutation over the worthless heaths of Holstein.

The country through which we passed between Hamburg and Kiel is moderately wooded, and apparently as productive as a light sandy soil can be reasonably expected to be found. The fields are very generally divided by bushy untrimmed hedges, and towards Kiel the country assumes an aspect of variety and fertility, which might even bear a comparison with some of the better districts of England. Kiel itself is pleasantly situated on a beautiful inlet of the Baltic, presenting a surface of tranquillity as calm and pellucid as an Italian lake. The population of Kiel is estimated at 10,000; and its University, which has a respectable reputation, is that principally resorted to by the youth of Holstein, who here receive their academic instruction in the German language.

The steam-vessel which plies between Kiel and Copenhagen is furnished with comfortable accommodation for a moderate number of passengers, and is fitted up with English engines, which are under the management of a Scotch engineer.

The chalky cliffs of the Island of Moen, near which we passed, appeared with a bright morning sun shining on them quite dazzling; these cliffs are at intervals separated from each other by wooded glens, which form an agreeable relief to the glare of their whiteness, and in some places their chalky projections assume a variety of fanciful forms. The superstitious legends of the country allot one of these cliffs to the spectre sea king of this district as a throne; and even further relate, that in stormy weather he and his royal brother of the opposite island of Barnholm were wont to career over the ocean, amidst the strife of elements, mounted on sea chargers, with breath of flame, and speed rivalling that of lightning. These ocean potentates have, however, I am afraid, abdicated their ancient thrones, since those democratic usurpers, steam and the schoolmaster, have of late been so much abroad on both sea and shore. Copenhagen is certainly admirably situated for a commercial and naval depôt; but when considered as a capital, it seemed to me wanting in elevation, and that aspect of importance, as approached from the sea, which it is desirable a regal residence should possess. After having passed by the strong Three Crown Battery, which played so conspicuous and to British life so fatal a part during our attack on the city in 1801, we were speedily landed from the steam-vessel on the Custom-house quay, where our luggage was treated with all reasonable delicacy. The

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placid tone in which one or two of the Danish gentlemen who were on board the steam-vessel spoke to me of both our unprovoked attacks on their capital, was certainly such as to prove either most forgiving dispositions on their parts, or an excessive degree of politeness towards our feelings as strangers and visitors. Indeed, some of their remarks would almost have led me to suppose that they considered it an honour to have been attacked by our great sea lion, Lord Nelson; and one young gentleman repeated to me, with as much apparent enjoyment as any English midshipman could have exhibited, the anecdote of his lordship having placed the telescope to his sightless eye, in order to avoid seeing the signal of recal which the admiral in command had made.

The liberal politicians of Denmark, of which number we had one rather distinguished person as a fellow-passenger from Kiel, appear to consider the independence of their country not entirely secure from the powerful and still increasing Colossus of the North, and they evidently regard England as the natural protector of their liberties in the event of a collision. Should the nationality of Denmark, however, be hereafter assailed, of which there is certainly at present no prospect, I am disposed to suspect that the attack is more likely to come from Prussia, to which the Danish territory of Holstein lies in such tempting proximity. But, in times of peace, Denmark occupies so very insignificant a place in European politics, that the recollection of even her existence seems chiefly to arise from the large national debt which she owes (principally, I believe, to English subjects), and by the black mail, as it may not improperly be called, which she continues to levy on the other powers of Christendom, under the denomination of Sound dues. To these unenviable sources of notoriety may, however, be added one claim yielding unalloyed honour, namely, that of her having given birth to the most illustrious of living sculptors, Thorwaldsen.

In consequence of the extent of the Danish debt, and the somewhat profuse expenditure of his present majesty in military matters, the taxation of the country is necessarily high; and one of the landed aristocracy of the kingdom, whose general intelligence gave considerable weight to his authority, assured me that Denmark is, in proportion to its wealth (or perhaps we ought to say its poverty), more highly taxed than any other country of Europe.

My informant was, indeed, himself a victim of the system alluded to, and offered as an illustration of it the fact of his being annually compelled to pay to the Government, as a land-tax, a sum equal to 500*l.* sterling; which amount, considered as an impost, bore, I fear, a somewhat undue proportion to his net income. He also complained, with some reason, of being compelled to pay this taxation in money, while his rents were received in grain and other produce, which is frequently unsaleable. An excursion through Denmark might thus, I conceive, tend, if any evidence could do so, to convince some insatiable English landlords of the peculiar advantages of their position, in not only having three fourths of the general taxation of their country borne by its commercial and manufacturing classes, but also in having it in their power, according to the present constitution of the three kingdoms, to levy solely for their own pecuniary benefit a still greater and more grievous tax on the industry of these very classes, under the ingeniously evasive title of a corn law. Thus, while the landowners of Denmark and Holstein would be most unfeignedly thankful for permission to supply our English cities with their wheat at 25*s.* per quarter, and to receive manufactures in exchange for it, our own landowners have, by an interested system of legislation, succeeded in enacting a law which practically declares

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that 50s. is the minimum price at which the people shall be fed. If we consider, therefore, the landed aristocracy of Britain, as they themselves claim to be considered, in the light of the most humane and conscientious class of the community, it is to be presumed that the motive for such an enactment could only proceed from some erroneous notions of political economy, leading them to dread some great physical or moral evils to the community as the inevitable result of its repeal. What those evils are, whether cholera, or immorality, repletion, or rebellion, has not hitherto been explained; but I do not remember to have met with the expression of any opinion in either Dr. Combe's "Physiology," or Dr. Smith's "Theory of Moral Sentiments," that any such evils were likely to arise from the simple circumstance of food being moderate in price. On the contrary, it might be most logically argued, that many of the worst evils which afflict humanity are more likely to be cured than caused by the cheapness and abundance of the necessaries of life. As our landed legislators indignantly disclaim having been actuated by interested motives in regard to their corn law enactments, they are surely bound to show, on what newly devised system of justice it is that the people of England are, and have so long been, compelled to pay double prices, as compared with those of other countries, for all the descriptions of home-grown food which they consume. It is, however, strongly to be suspected, that any process of reasoning, by which they may have arrived at a conviction that such a state of things is according to the immutable laws of justice, is only susceptible of being appreciated through the mental vision of a landowner, and therefore it may be in vain for others to attempt its analysis.

It was singular enough to observe how very often the Danish gentlemen I met in travelling, endeavoured to impress on my not unwilling ear their opinion of the mutual advantages that would result both to England and Denmark, by an unrestricted exchange of the grain of Holstein for the manufactured productions of Britain.

Though I am unable to state either the precise amount of the Danish debt, or the extent of the taxation which is so loudly complained of, yet I may, without impropriety, mention some general remarks which were made to me on these subjects by natives of the country, which sufficiently prove that neither is inconsiderable. One of these gentlemen, holding a high position in the public service of the kingdom, assured me that the people only submitted to the existing rate of taxation from the desire that his present majesty, Frederick VI., might not be annoyed in his old age, and while suffering from bad health, by any public convulsion; but that on his demise, more stringent and economical conditions would certainly be imposed on his successor. Another informant, a nobleman of Holstein, was of opinion that the king ought to declare the nation bankrupt forthwith, but for the circumstance of the public debt being chiefly owing to British subjects, which he imagined would of necessity involve Denmark in a war with England. On my remarking that the British Government never resented in that manner the non-payment of either debts or dividends owing to her subjects by foreign governments, he seemed much pleased with the discovery, and the unexpected facility with which the king might in consequence release the nation from its foreign engagements. Such is the loose sense of public faith which a Holstein noble, of an apparently amiable disposition, exhibited on the subject of the national honour — a sentiment happily so sacred in England, that no one could profess to disregard its dictates without at the same time losing personal character.

When nations continue almost annually to contract fresh loans during a

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period of profound peace, as is the case with both Denmark and Holland, it becomes evident that they must be in a very unstable condition. After the credit system, therefore, has been fine-drawn to its utmost extent, so that it is found impossible for these nations any longer to levy contributions on Great Britain under the name of *loans*, but really intended to defray their ordinary current expenditure, the bubble must burst, and English capitalists will of course, as usual, be the chief sufferers by each convulsion.

The internal improvement of Great Britain and her numerous colonies, surely affords a safer and more legitimate field for the employment of British capital, than is to be found in a reliance on the loose sense of national honour of such rickety kingdoms as these.

His Majesty of Denmark appears to be personally popular, and, when in health, is stated to have been in the habit of frequently walking about familiarly among his people. Prince Christian, the next heir to the throne, seems also to be favourably regarded.

The royal family of Denmark is, I believe, among the most ancient of Europe; and its various branches within the kingdom, numbering nearly forty individuals, are considered somewhat more than sufficiently extensive by the people on whose means and industry they are pensioners.

At the Treasury in London, what is technically denominated "the dead weight" is, I believe, felt as one of the most hopeless items in the chancellor's budget; but at that of Copenhagen I suspect the burthen of living royalty occupies fully as prominent a place in official anxieties.

Whenever, therefore, the establishment of a new kingdom, either in Europe or elsewhere, may require a prince of ancient lineage to honour its people by ascending a throne, certainly no country can better afford to spare one than Denmark. The king has of late years evinced a rather unfortunate taste for military display: I say unfortunate, because, in the first place, his million and a half of subjects cannot well afford to support the costly pageantry of a numerous army; and, in the second place, because it would seem to be a hopeless task to endeavour to convert his short squat sailor-like subjects into a respectable-looking soldiery. If it be legitimate, as I conceive it is, to judge in such a matter from the personal appearance and well-known habits of the people, the defences of this kingdom should certainly be naval. His Majesty of Denmark possessed, and, I believe it may be said, still possesses, absolute authority; for the elective chamber which he some years since created has in reality no power whatever, and merely boasts the privilege of offering its counsel to the Crown, which remains as before the sole source of legislative, as well as of executive, authority. Whether this chamber may have originated in a sincere desire on the part of the king for a real house of representatives, or whether it has merely been organised as a sop to the Cerberus of Liberalism, which was generated by the French Revolution, time will show; but meanwhile it somewhat resembles the kind of parliament that Mehemed Ali proposed to a recent English traveller to establish in Egypt — a set of powerless automata, in short, who, if permitted to think at all, are expected merely to echo the sentiments of his majesty's government.

One fruitful source of discontent in Denmark arises out of the circumstance of many of the nobility of Holstein being possessed of the privilege of importing duty free all such articles of foreign production as their domestic establishments may require. As might be supposed, the confusion, ill-will, and smuggling, to which such a state of things gives rise, are very considerable; but hitherto the Government has not been able to succeed either in the purchase or the annulment of this dangerous and much abused privilege. The commercial system of the Danish Government may, from all accounts,

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be considered as the extreme reverse of our free trade doctrines, insomuch that it refuses even to profit by the result of its own experience in matters of this nature.

For example, the important article of coffee was, until very recently, so highly taxed, that the quantity consumed by the people of the district of Kiel in particular was, as nearly as may be, entirely supplied by professional smugglers. The clandestine introduction of this article from Hamburg having, however, at length been sufficiently proved to the Government to be both glaring and extensive, the duty has latterly been reduced to a reasonable scale; and during the first year after this change the quantity legally imported was, according to my informant, actually increased fifty-fold. Notwithstanding, however, the favourable result of this first experiment towards liberalising the commerce of the kingdom, no other step of a similar nature has yet been taken; and all the old-established obstacles to commerce are likely, unless some propositions for improvement should emanate from other countries, to remain in full force for many years to come. Denmark would therefore appear to be now in a state peculiarly favourable for the arrangement of a commercial treaty between her and England, she having as yet made no progress in manufacturing industry; and it is to be feared that, should the opportunity of securing by treaty a regular supply of grain from this country in exchange for our manufactures be much longer neglected, Denmark will be compelled in self-defence, either to manufacture for her own consumption, or do what would be equally injurious to our interests — become a member of the German Commercial League. A few years since, the permanent supply of the German market with British manufactures might have been readily secured by a reasonable modification of our corn and timber duties; that opportunity has, however, I fear, been lost for ever, and Germany is herself in consequence becoming eminent as a manufacturing country. Whether Denmark, Sweden, and the districts of the North, are to be driven to the adoption of a similar course, is therefore, at this moment, a question that urgently demands serious consideration on the part of the British minister of commerce.

Though Copenhagen possesses the usual proportion of palaces, churches, and public buildings, yet its general effect is by no means elegant: its streets, though spacious, have a deserted aspect, and grass very generally shows itself between the stones of its pavements instead of asphalte.

The change we so suddenly made from the gaiety of Hamburg to the dull monotony of this city was, indeed, too great to be agreeable; for here there are scarcely any carriages to be seen moving about; and as to the people, whether the fault may lie with nature or themselves, their tailors or their milliners, I shall not presume to decide, but they are certainly entire strangers to the air *distingué;* indeed, I would almost say, to ordinary gentility of appearance.

The modern palace of Christiansburg, which is exceedingly extensive, and not wanting in a certain tone of grandeur, contains a very large collection of paintings; but they are not generally such as can afford much pleasure to any visiters who may happen to have a recollection of the galleries of Dresden, Vienna, and Munich, fresh in their memories. Among the works are some good landscapes by Linglebach, and some, either inferior originals or successful imitations, of Ruysdael and Both; likewise many large coarse pictures by Jordaens, as well as two or three by Rubens. In addition to these there are several names of a superior order in the catalogue; but I am disposed to believe, that were the shades of these mighty masters of the art appealed to, they would indignantly disown the works which are thus liberally attributed to them.

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RECENT NOVELS.

Marian; or, a Young Maid's Fortunes. By Mrs. S. C. Hall, Authoress of "Lights and Shadows of Irish Life," "Uncle Horace," &c. Three vols. London: Henry Colburn. 1839.

The Czar: a Romance of History. By the Author of "Manuella," "Antonio Foscarini," &c. Three vols. London: Edward Smallwood. 1840.

The Monk and the Married Man. By Miss Waddington, Authoress of "Misrepresentation," "Janet," &c. Three vols. London: Saunders & Otley. 1840.

On the left-hand side of Ludgate Hill, not many doors beyond the crossing,

> "Where Waithman's fountain, pointing to the sun,
> Like a rank bully, still doth spout and run,"

the pedestrian, just after he has passed the Old Bailey, will discover a plain, sedate, high-screened front, with an indented glass door, on the side pillars of which are inscribed, in remarkably neat, choice Italian characters, the words "London Coffee House." This house, so well known in the annals of civic festivity, so famous for turtle and cold punch, whitebait and brown bread, and so rich in traditions concerning the wealthy merchants of the ancient city whose name it bears, is not less worthy of commemoration as the place where the publishers of London meet at regular periods to transact their business. Here the "trade," to use its own phrase, "subscribes" new books:—that is to say, each publisher submits to the meeting specimens of his forthcoming novelties, with all necessary particulars of terms and modes of publication; and the rest "subscribe" for copies. Here the magnificent bibliopoles of this over-wrought metropolis assemble in solemn conclave over quartos, octavos, and duodecimos: the popularity of our living authors is here reduced to figures, showing that

> ——— "the value of a thing
> Is just the money it will bring."

Here Mr. Bentley sets up Theodore Hook to auction against Mr. Colburn's Trollope; rival Napoleons contest the field of glory; the Duke of Wellington, with more lives than a cat, looks out for the Prussians from a dozen tinted covers; History puts up cockades, in the shape of embellishments, to attract recruits from her gay rival, the last new novel; and in the course of an hour, or two the nucleus is formed of operations probably as extensive as are carried forward at that great clearing-house of European literature, the annual fair of Leipsic.

If the reader will suppose this conclave in full sitting — the green cloth covered with infinitesimal specimens of modern productions — and, by a slight effort of the imagination, suppose the ghosts of De Foe, Fielding, and Goldsmith to rise suddenly up out of the floor, just as "Jack Sheppard" is making the round of the table, he will have a tolerably striking melodramatic effect in the Blue Chamber of the Publishers. What these ancient masters of fiction would have said, had such a work been "subscribed" in their days, is more than we can guess; but we may conjecture that they would have looked "unutterable things."

At a time when we are sending missionaries among the Hindoos and the South Sea Islands, and the remotest forests of the heathen world — when the Church, convulsed to its centre by the Oxford tracts, the Plymouth

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Brethren, and the Manchester Socialists, exhibits an almost superhuman activity in the suppression of false doctrines and demoralizing views of the practical duties of life — when the Prime Minister is baited in the House of Lords for introducing Mr. Owen at the levee, and the Protestantism of his royal highness the Queen's consort is tested by a discussion and a vote — when penal inflictions are suspended over the heads of omnibus cads for using their mother tongue too freely, and the morals of the pavé are confided to the rigorous surveillance of the police; — at such a time one might suppose that England had become sensitive to a fault upon questions of moral culture and social discipline; and that, with all her difficulties, her slaughtered Lascars, her funded debt, her poor-rates, and her pensions, she had arrived at a very enviable state of domestic purity. That at this time the novel of "Jack Sheppard" should have appeared, is something to wonder at; but that it should have invigorated the bulk of the population with a new life of slang and vice, filled the theatres with Newgate horrors and felonious heroics, and so fascinated the sympathies of the lower orders as to make them fall in love with burglaries and murder, is something that leaves wonder a long way behind.

If any ingenious gentleman were to compose a treatise upon the advantages of shop-lifting, considered as a branch of political economy; or in defence of the right of husbands to beat their wives, for the proper maintenance of family order; or in illustration of the utility of picking pockets, cheating at cards, sacrilege, swindling, cutting and maiming, or obtaining money under false pretences, — he would probably be prosecuted according to law, and sent to the tread-mill. But if, instead of promulgating such doctrines in a serious and declaratory shape, he throws them into the form of a lively and dramatic narrative, full of exciting scenes and extravagant descriptions, rendering them thereby a thousand times more dangerous and attractive, he receives the usual honours that are paid to the popular author of the hour. And this is the morality of England, for which we have so much reason to be grateful to the labours of our Blomfields, our Philpotts, and our Agnews!

We should have little hope of the correction of this monstrous evil, if we relied solely upon the reaction which might be anticipated from its gross immorality alone. Fortunately, it affects the public also as a matter of taste; and it is to this aspect of the Jack Sheppard mania that we look for the means of bringing the people back to their senses. Of the multitude who are indifferent to the vicious tendencies of such publications, or who, perhaps, like them all the better on that account, there are very few who would not repudiate their *vulgarity*. The taint of low language, the Billingsgate of the kennel, and the gutter fashions of Saffron Hill and Ratcliffe Highway, are luckily abhorrent to the genteel aspirations of the crowd. Nobody likes to be thought capable of an inelegance; and this sentiment is felt most deeply where it is least understood, for the most intense vulgarity in the world is that which prides itself upon the horror of being vulgar. Mr. Ainsworth, conscious of all this, has endeavoured to reconcile his readers to the inevitable slang of his hero, by providing him with high connections; but the odour of the stews clings to him notwithstanding, and, with all his fine airs, and his French flourishes about the baronetcy, he can never get rid of the fact that he is the son of a man who was hanged. To be sure, he tries to make hanging a mark of distinction; but it is not so easy to carry the general assent upon the creation of so novel a collar of merit. When the charm of the Trenchard title has lost its influence, the mind reverts to the breeding of Jack, and nothing can save

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him from contempt in the long run. Had he, indeed, been born with a knowledge of his spangled kindred, and nursed amongst escutcheons and banners, then his grand birth might have conferred dignity upon "Nix, my Dolly pals! fake away!" But the discovery comes at the wrong end; and the consequence is that his "fake away" education reflects indelible discredit upon his aristocratical friends. He was not one who stooped from fortune's height and became a vagabond from choice, shedding a sort of grace upon disgrace; — he was born and bred a vagabond, and the discovery of his relationship with gentle blood only makes his innate and original degeneracy the more palpable and offensive. Your exquisites of the *canaille* don't like this sort of contamination — they are for an inbred touch of superfine manners; and, as soon as the first splash of romance is over, they will pronounce Jack to be a common coarse-grained thief, with a genius immeasurably below the level of the swell mob. It may be all very well that the fame of the author should survive to future ages, and that

> ——— "as long as ale is ale,
> Jack Sheppard lives in that 'ere gemman's tale;"

but this is not the immortality that will suit the taste of the multitude. They yearn after finer spirits and more approved models of gentility. They may take delight in the licentious play of criminal desires, and exult in the adventures of prison-breakers and highwaymen; but there must be paste ornaments to set them off, or their influence is as perishable as a *galantie* show. The soiled and stripped brigand, ferocious, bloody, and brutalised, may work up a passing agony in his audience; but it is only when feathers nod in his bonnet, ribands flash from his knees and shoulders, and he presents a blaze of foil, with the carriage and the picked idioms of a sort of *pseudo*-gentleman, that he really makes a deep or permanent impression. Now, of all villains, Jack Sheppard has the least pretensions to this picturesque character, either in his actions or his manners; and, being not merely common-place, but despicably vulgar, even in the eyes of the vulgarest of mankind, there is a chance that the politer instincts of a low taste will reject him by and by for some more insinuating culprit.

While, however, it must be admitted, to the manifest disgrace of idle and thoughtless readers, that this Old Bailey story has produced a strong "sensation," and held a lease of notoriety that must have perfectly astonished its author; it is pleasant to observe that it has had no imitators — that it stands utterly alone — and that, whatever evils of another kind it may have produced, it has not inoculated our current literature. This may be partly accounted for by the natural aversion with which subjects of that polluting class are almost universally regarded by all men gifted with the intellectual powers requisite for authorship, and partly by the inadequacy of Mr. Ainsworth's genius to create and sustain a new school. At best, as a work of invention, "Jack Sheppard" is singularly meagre, unnatural, and inartistical. The incidents are always extravagant, frequently improbable, and sometimes impossible; the characters are huge monstrosities, expanded with false stomachs and horned heads, like the ogres and witches in the prelude to a pantomime; and the dialogue is of the precise pattern of a Surrey melodrame, — inflated, hysterical, and ridiculous in its magnitude of bathos. There is nothing to imitate in this, except an unparalleled exuberance of absurdity, which the humblest writer would scarcely be ambitious to emulate. We have somewhere seen the names of Mr. Dickens and Mr. Ainsworth associated, as if they belonged to the same order; but this confusion must have arisen from ignorance of the writings of the one or the other.

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No two writers can be more unlike. Boz, it is true, has descended into the haunts of guilt and depravity; but he brought back no foul airs with him, and, by a marvellous delicacy of perception and treatment, has described vice faithfully, without shocking the moral sense of his readers by the coarseness of the portraiture; while a close observation of life, enabling him to enamel his narratives with incidental bits of profound truth, spreads over his fictions a tone of nature and reality, of which there is not a gleam to be detected in the tea-tray pictures of "Jack Sheppard:" besides, there is a cordial humour, a cheerful humanity, and a healthy purpose in the productions of Boz, which we look for in vain throughout the pages of Mr. Ainsworth.

It is fortunate for the million that the influence of such works is limited and defined, and that their popularity is not of that encouraging kind to tempt other writers to follow in the same track. What would become of us, if the "romaunt" of "Jack Sheppard" were contagious? What rogues and cut-throats would be disinterred for the entertainment of the public!—what illustrated annals we should have of Tyburn and Hounslow Heath, of the orgies of Fleet ditch, the lepers of Hockley-in-the-Hole, and the frugiferous delinquencies of their spotted broods! It is well that the disease is local, and must die out; and in the mean while it is grateful to note, amongst the prolific race of contemporary fictions, a total freedom from its fatal symptoms. The three works we have cited at the head of this article may be taken as representatives of three different classes, and as presenting a fair reflection of the predominant characteristics of each. We gladly leave the dismal swamps of the night-birds to enter upon their purer atmosphere.

Mrs. Hall's "Marian" is a tale of the simplest domestic interest; the individuals who figure in it are drawn from the ordinary world of the middle orders; and the structure of the story, with some allowances for a little spice of improbability, is compact and natural, the events flowing easily and obviously out of each other, yet conducted with so much skill that the most experienced novel-reader might be at fault in speculating upon the conclusion. Marian is an orphan, who has been discovered on the area steps of a house in Sloane Street, and adopted by Mrs. Cavendish Jones, a vulgar, sentimental woman, who, having no children of her own, and, being capriciously fond of pets, is for a time pleased with the growing beauty and intelligence of her little charge. The real care of the child's infancy, however, devolves upon Katty Macane, an Irish servant, in whom the devotedness, sagacity, and rich humour of her country are felicitously portrayed. By Katty's clever management of her affected and fickle mistress, the orphan is well cared for; a grand, noisy party is invited to the christening; and Marian's girlhood gives fair promise of a happy maturity. The account of the christening party is exceedingly life-like and minute in the details. The sketch of Lady Bab Hesketh—a popular authoress, the lioness of the scene—will be recognised at the first glance.

"There was a buz and bustle at the door, and Lady Bab Hesketh, followed by Mrs. Cavendish Jones, and a whole train of starers, entered.

"Among the guests were four inveterate, hardened whist-players, who did not look off their cards; the others immediately directed their eyes to the learned lady, *who flourished herself into a seat without farther ceremony.* She was a little, ugly woman, with a mirthful yet sarcastic expression of countenance, an evident affectation of manner, and, whatever her other qualifications might be, endowed with a superabundant portion of self-esteem. Were it possible that a woman could be made the literary idol of the universe, she would incur far less risk of being spoiled than she does by being installed president of a coterie. Lady Bab had unfortunately attained that distinction some years previous to her appearance in the salon of Mrs. Cavendish Jones; her aptness, oddity, impudence, and affectation, had rendered her amusing long before. She even thought of aping the instructive. She assumed a liberal tone in speaking and writing, *because such a tone suited her temper rather than her*

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judgment, and because she had a magnificent desire to be considered a sort of miniature Madame de Stael. Her conversation was amusing, but seldom brilliant; she talked a great deal without saying anything worth remembering, and, when you tried to recal what she had chattered of unceasingly, you wondered how it was you had been even amused. She loved conversing of fine people; she loved patronage and patronising; was most gracious in her promises of support and protection to all juvenile blues; but the moment a blue attained her majority, and set up for herself, her ladyship's friendship fell below zero. She had none of those ennobling qualities which emanate from a great and generous mind; and now, when younger and better spirits were springing up around her,—when female talent was becoming less a matter of astonishment than it had hitherto been,—she fell back upon a less refined set than had formerly worshipped round her throne; and finding it impossible to exist without admiration, was obliged to be content with the attention of those whom, strange enough to say, she despised,—urged, doubtless, by the same weakness which makes a fine, intelligent actor bow to the clappings of a vulgar gallery."

The moral is severe, but just. When literary women were scarce, such a person as Lady Bab was a sort of intellectual phenomenon; and when her real merits were in the inverse ratio of her pretensions, she became a mere creature of puff, egotism, and affectation, aping masculine habits on the strength of the singularity and publicity of her position. But a more discriminating age has set in; knowledge has become more diffused; female writers have increased in number and in power; their true and proper province is more clearly marked and better understood; and Mrs. Hall, herself, affords a gratifying illustration of the practicability — to use her own words — of a female exercising "distinctive and creative talents, without destroying the delicacy and grace which are the most charming and attractive characteristics of the sex."

One of the most commendable qualities of this novel is, that the characters are all human,—the best amongst them having some foibles or errors to be set off against their virtues, and the worst having some touches of a retrieving goodness. Mrs. Hall does not deal in angels or demons. Even her pretty Marian discovers a wilful and passionate temper at an early age, which, it may be supposed, is not a little worked upon by the perpetual contradictions of her unreasonable patroness. And this leads to the consideration of an important point in the education of the young, — the necessity of observing the clearest truthfulness and consistency in our conduct towards them. Mrs. Hall gives us a forcible example of the danger of attempting to deceive the quick and penetrating discernment of childhood by transparent sophistries.

"The little maid was also exceedingly vain. She perceived that a considerable parade was made about dress, and her mind imbibed a love of finery, which, though Mrs. Jones condemned as *pernicious* by word of mouth, she cherished by example.

"'You are too fond of dress, Lolla,' she said to the child, who had pulled the end of her sash round to admire its beauty; 'I shall order Nurse to put you on a stuff frock.'

"'You will not love me in a stuff frock, Mamma,' was the reply.

"'Oh, yes, if you are good.'

"The child shook her head.

"'Why do you shake your head?'

"'Because I heard you say you would not walk with Mrs. Grayfield, though she was very good, because she looked so *shabby*.'

"'The case is altogether different,' said Mrs. Cavendish Jones. 'I am a grown-up lady, and may do as I please; you are a little girl, and must not love finery.'

"'Why not, if you may, Mamma?'

"'Do not ask foolish questions, or be so troublesome, but go to your nurse, Lolla, and take off that sash.'

"Such was Mrs. Jones's reply to an intelligent and inquiring child; and such is the reply of many governesses, mothers, and nurses, who either will not take the trouble to inform, or are incapable of doing so."

It is essential to exhibit to children, whenever it is practicable, the

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rationale of every precept urged upon them, so that their understanding may be convinced into submission, rather than coerced against its convictions. To take advantage of the strong hand, simply to save oneself the trouble of explaining the reason of a thing, or to require the obedience of children to the rules which we are, ourselves, constantly violating in their presence, is one of the surest methods of generating distrust, hypocrisy, and discontent. Obedience in such cases is sullen and insincere—no real impression is made upon the affections or the understanding—and the young, who are thus unreasonably treated, are much more apt, when an opportunity occurs, to imitate in excess the faulty and self-gratifying examples of their elders, than to act upon principles which are thus enunciated in theory and disregarded in practice. Marian could not comprehend why the love of finery should be so right in her mamma, and yet so wrong in herself; the love of goodness coming in so oddly to perplex the question. There are ten thousand children in the same predicament every hour in the day; nor is it very wonderful that it should be so, when the system of education — especially female education — in this country is taken into consideration.

Mrs. Hall introduces us behind the scenes of one of those "establishments for young ladies" which are so numerous in England, and so fruitful of pernicious effects. Marian is consigned to a seminary of this description, — one of those "public evils," observes Mrs. Hall, "which ought to be put down by act of parliament, as injurious to the health, intellect, and morals of Englishwomen." Manifold and alarming are the dangers of such institutions, where school-girls are "initiated into a regular routine of tricks, falsehood, and meanness," and where the middle classes get their children half starved and ill educated for a saving of two or three pounds per annum.

"'God preserve our girls,' ought to be the English parent's prayer, until a totally different system of female education is established among us! The mania that possesses many rational persons in middle life to send their young daughters from their comfortable homes to a third or fourth rate starving and perverting academy, that they may imbibe a little bad French and a little tuneless music, which is of no earthly use afterwards, is truly a matter for marvel; still more wonderful is it that in these 'reforming days' the legislature does not enact some law by which *persons should be examined, to ascertain if they are in every way qualified for the task of instruction, before they are permitted to open schools.*"

This suggestion, which we have frequently urged upon public attention, strikes at the root of the evil. It is incredible that, in a country like England, possessing such ample means for founding and carrying into full operation, if not a system of national education, at least some responsible machinery for testing the qualifications of teachers,—it is almost incredible that the most ignorant or profligate person in the community may set up a school; that, under the cloak of tuition, the most nefarious deceptions may be practised upon the community; and that neither the nation nor the government have ever adopted any measure whatever for the protection of the morals, or the culture of the minds, of the young. The mischief that is done by quack schoolmasters is enormous, nor is the injury inflicted by incompetent governesses less glaring. In the latter case, mental capacity is scarcely thought of, and rarely investigated. The daughter of a broken-down merchant, or of some deceased gentleman, who can give respectable references to show that she has been "well brought up," and accustomed to "genteel society," is generally received as an acceptable and proper person to take charge of the education of two or three young ladies in an opulent family. The "respectability" of her connections is the one thing insisted upon; it being wholly overlooked that the very circumstances and manner of her education, instead of being favourable to the pursuit necessity has forced her to take up, have,

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in all human probability, rendered her wholly unfit for it. None can teach effectually, who have not been duly disciplined for that onerous and anxious office; and certainly the class of governesses to which we have referred do not belong to the number. They manage these things better in France, as Laurence Sterne says. *There*, no person, male or female, is permitted to open a school, or to officiate in the labours of education, until they have received a diploma from the University of Paris, after a regular course of instruction and examination. Nor does the care of the state terminate with this certificate of capability. Every school in France is amenable to the discipline of the University, is constantly visited by qualified inspectors appointed for the purpose, and all the pupils are required once in every day to undergo a certain scrutiny at the college of the town or department in which the school is situated.

But we must return to Marian, who, on reaching the school, is received by Miss Kitty, the teacher (not the schoolmistress), an emaciated creature, with soddened complexion, and frizzed hair thinned by premature age.

"Miss Kitty held Marian's soft hand within hers, and led her to that desolate school-room, without one feeling of pity for the tears which rolled down her cheeks, or one sympathising thought as to the sufferings she must undergo. A single shovelful of coals was burning in the grate, which was walled in by a high green wire fender, and it must be confessed the bars were much brighter than the fire; the floor was destitute of carpet, the windows of curtains or drapery; two long, narrow, deal tables were fixed in the middle of the room, and equally long deal forms, narrow and hard, flanked either side; on the table were piled sundry slates, boxes, and heaps of school-books; there was a reclining board behind the door, two pair of stocks, and two or three back-boards; the floor was mottled with spots of ink, and the table had sundry marks expressive of the propensity which young ladies, as well as young gentlemen, sometimes have of writing and drawing in wrong places.

"Over the chimney-piece, in a square black frame, were several rules and regulations, fines and maxims, all very good, taken separately, but, like most maxims, unfit for general society or general use. Indeed, it would have been impossible to select or arrange an apartment more completely at variance with every idea of comfort and home, than that which Miss Womble ostentatiously designated, in her advertisements, a 'spacious and lofty school-room.'

"Miss Kitty left Marian standing in the middle of this cheerless apartment, desiring her to sit down. The poor child looked timidly round; it was evident, even to her, that but few of the pupils had arrived. One, however, was sitting upon her trunk, which had not yet been carried up stairs, crying very bitterly; two others (Indians) were standing over a basket filled with winter fruits and cakes, which they were dividing and devouring much to their own satisfaction; a fourth, a lanky girl, was seated, in a sort of half-melancholy, abstracted mood, looking at the fire she dared not approach, her long nose and red fingers being admirably matched, in a red, purply tint, denoting extreme cold. Mary glanced round on her companions, but, meeting no returning glance, did what strangers always do in a strange house — she walked up close to the fire-place.

"'Musn't go there,' said the long girl; 'read the rules — "Every young lady placing her hands on the fender to pay one penny to the poor box, *and learn an additional column of French spelling.*"' [Making learning a tax and a punishment.]

"Mary moved to sit in a comfortable easy chair, which I forgot to enumerate in my catalogue of the school furniture, and which stood in solitary dignity between the windows.

"'Musn't sit there; that's the governess's chair. Read the rules,' persisted the purple young lady — "The pupils to keep their regular seats except when in the stocks, on the reclining board, or in class; any young lady taking other than her proper seat to pay a penny to the poor box, *and do one extra sum in arithmetic.*'"

"'But I have no seat yet,' remonstrated Marian.

"'Do as you like,' replied the long young lady; 'only, no one ever sits in that chair except the governess, or Kats!'

"'Cats!' echoed Marian.

"'Yes, Kats,' repeated the thin girl. 'We always call Miss Kitty, Kats,—she's so cross. Mind, little one, you don't tell. I've been here five years, and mum's our word!'"

The death of Mr. Jones makes a complete revolution in the uncomfortable home where poor Marian was brought up. Mrs. Jones is one of those persons who fancy they become a widow's cap, and who have hardly dried

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their eyes after the death of one husband, than they set them twinkling again on the look-out for another. There are several suitors — for her money; and the most impudent of them succeeds. This fellow afterwards turns out to be a married man; and we have the ultimate satisfaction of seeing the selfish, frivolous, and humour-pampered Mrs. Cavendish Trufit punished by a little real calamity for the heartlessness and thanklessness of her prosperity. But the house grows too hot for Marian. Mr. Trufit brings home boon companions with him, and riots at the expense of his wife's cellar, until the good lady well nigh loses her senses: and Marian is insulted, because one of these guests — a young gentleman of the name of Peronett — seems to take an interest in her situation. In a moment of despair, she makes her escape from Sloane Street, and takes refuge with her kind old nurse, who had long before been dismissed from the service. Poor Katty's low, damp room in a narrow street, diverging across Chelsea Common, is one of those suburban interiors with which every one is familiar, who has plunged into any of the close dingy labyrinths of houses that cluster thickly round the outskirts of London. The turn-up bed — the white bowl on the table filled with starched muslin (for Katty is sadly reduced in circumstances, and lives by "a day's cooking, and a trifle of clear-starching now and agin") — the scarlet tea-tray on the chest of drawers — the camp-kettle and the Duke's picture (for Katty had been in the army, and her head is filled with military reminiscences) — the chest — the two chairs — the small cupboards at either side of the fire-place — and the fat, muscular, and most disreputable-looking cat, "Blucher," sitting on the low straw boss — are in perfect keeping, and bring the scene accurately before us. We must make room for a specimen of Katty herself, the very "model" of a genuine Irishwoman.

"Blucher was fidgeting on his seat, not purring — he was a cat of too much consequence to be easily pleased, — but sticking his long horny claws in and out of the 'boss' — casting one eye occasionally at his mistress, who, having pulled an iron from the fire, was holding it at her cheek to ascertain its heat.

"'Och, bother!' she exclaimed. 'See there, now, if I haven't burnt the skin off my thumb with ye, for a baste of an iron! — the weary's on me for not making an iron-houlder, and I thinking of it these six months. Lie down, Blucher — ye thief, do! — and don't be making crows' nests out of my boss; that's the thanks I get for rescuing you from the bogs in the Five Fields, whin it was like an uninhabited island, and it now setting up for the pick of the quality. Well, there's no good of my thinking of ironing these fine things to-night; they'll take an hour to dry; I'll never heed the ironing till the morning, but get 'em damped down early, and my *colleen das* shall have her pelerines and frills before twelve.'

"In conformity with this resolution, Katty laid by her irons in the cupboard, took out a couple of potatos, which she put to heat on the embers of her miserable fire, and filled a mug with a liquid which looked very much like milk and water. These preparations were closely observed by the cat; though, when Katty reseated herself, he had a very dissatisfied aspect and air.

"'I see ye well enough, cat O!' she said, while diving her hand into her capacious pocket; 'I see you well enough; but if it 's fresh mate, or mate of any kind, ye want, ye must go and catch it yourself; there 's lots of mice, and rats too, to be had for the trouble of watching in Chelsea Common;— the pork is it ye 'r twisting yer lip at? Many thanks to ye, my brave pusheen! Why, thin, *that* must do us for dinner three or four days yet, may be — for sorra a bit of silver in my *right hand pocket*. — You know, Blucher, I always keep the *running gale* in my right hand pocket, and the reserved guard in my left; — let 's see what 's there, cat O!'

"And the military nurse dived unto her *corps de reserve* immediately. She withdrew her hand, after much rummaging, with a disappointed expression of countenance, and turned over and over again within its palm all she possessed in the world of the useful metals of silver or gold — two under-sized sixpences and one new shilling.

"'One of you must go for tapes, and bobbin, and darning-cotton at Mrs. Flynn's — for *her* things must go home dacent; she wears a sight of holes in her stockings, a trotting up and down after that ould lady's vagaries; I didn't care if it was wholesome exercise. And then, Mrs. Katty Macane, you have eighteen-pence to go on with; — well, you owe nobody nothing, except twopence halfpenny to Mr. Cooper for tobacco — and murdering bad stuff it

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was; Miss Marian would go mad, if she thought I ever took a "shock of the pipe;" I'd lave it off if I had any other comfort. Well, but, ould Katty, the worst of it is, nobody owes you any thing. And my two or three good families are out of town; — well, never heed that; they'll soon be back; and it's only a little starvation, pusheen gra! Augh! ye turn up ye'r lip at that — ye'r a mighty uneasy cat, never content except when ye'r stuft out like the people after an election;—what fine times we'd have, if we could get fat on the same materials! Ah! sure, it's only the ups and downs, cat O! And ye'r too closely tied with what's called civilized society, my ould residenter, not to have your share of it. Ye understand, my fine mouser, it's only up the gutter and down the gutter,— that's all.'

"And Katty, having concluded a sort of conversation, if so it could be called, where the talking was all on one side, fell into a reverie, turning her small property over and over in her hand, and looking from the Duke's picture to her browning potatos, and from her browning potatos to the Duke's picture."

General Peronett's faultless filagree villa on the banks of the Thames, near Twickenham, is another sketch equally remarkable for its fidelity in a different style. Every thing in this little "perfumed Paradise" is laid out with unerring precision; the velvet lawn — the walls tasselled with roses and fuchsias — the narrow conservatory — the dining-room opening into the library — the fairy-drawing room, with its Wilton carpet of pale sea-green spotted with pink and crimson, and as bright as if it had never been touched by a foot — and the rich miniature embellishments of gilt arrows supporting watered satin curtains, Sèvre vases, and stuffed birds. This ornate residence is the retreat of Major-General Sir Henry Peronett, by whom the minutest points of discipline are observed with the habitual regularity of a martinet. A glance at his breakfast table discovers him in the full bloom of his humours.

"The old officer's appearance was as singular as his dwelling. No one could have mistaken him for an ordinary person. He was exceedingly small of stature, and of delicate proportions; his feet and hands as minute as those of a beautiful woman — and there is no perfection of beauty when they are not exquisitely moulded. His features were prominent, though not large; his nose high and arched; his lips thin and compressed; his eye black as jet, and only seen distinctly when he elevated his thick shaggy brows, which were of snowy whiteness, and hung completely over his eyes; his forehead was high and wrinkled, surmounted by an abundance of white hair, which, instead of lying straight and smooth, as it generally does in old age, curled and bushed about his head, in a way that showed it was much cared for by his valet.

"A staid respectable-looking woman sat opposite to her master, and prepared his tea, which she handed to him as he sat, or rather sunk, in his cushioned chair. His dress was in keeping with his house. His stockings were of white ribbed silk; his shoes highly polished; his waistcoat was of white embroidered silk; and the skirts of his brocaded dressing-gown were spread upon his knees; while the ermine collar appeared as if never disturbed from its position round his throat. His cravat was trimmed with lace, and fell upon his bosom; and the loose sleeves of his dressing-gown, as they fell back nearly to his elbows, showed that his shirt was of the finest linen, and his sleeve-buttons composed of superb brilliants. A beautiful Persian greyhound had laid its head upon its master's knee, and looked wistfully up to the face which, severe as it was in its ordinary expression, smiled kindly, if not sweetly, upon Hafiz.

"'Has this paper been wiped and dried?' inquired the old gentleman, as he looked at the 'Morning Post.'

"'Yes, Sir Henry; it is perfectly dry and clean, I assure you.'

"'It is very odd, Mrs. Upton, that you never remember to put the paper on the right hand side of the muffineer.'

"'I beg your pardon, Sir Henry, I did place it on the right hand, but Mullins displaced it; I should have seen to it.'

"'Thank you, Mrs. Upton. You are sure it is not damp? Very good — very good!'

"And he forthwith commenced reading a paragraph, and then taking his tea, toast, muffins, and cold pie, in rotation, and in a manner which proved him to be quite an adept in the art of good living. When the General had finished his repast, Mrs. Upton poured some cream into a cup of water, and presented it to Hafiz; and then the old General smiled, and, folding the paper, handed it, with a courtly inclination of his head, to Mrs. Upton, saying, as great newsmongers generally do, after reading from the title to the printer's name, 'There is nothing in it.' The housekeeper curtesied her thanks — the breakfast things were

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removed — the old gentleman's chair wheeled round to the fire, and his reading table placed by his side.

"'Please, Sir Henry,' said the urbane Mrs. Upton, 'would you be so good as to tell me if you expect any one down to-day, and what you would desire for dinner?'

"'I dare say,' replied the General, 'I shall see my grandson this morning. When I was his age, I would have been a-field before this hour; but times are changed — times are changed!'

"'Master Peronett's a fine youth, though, Sir Henry — a very fine youth; so much handsomer than Master Godfrey, his cousin! I suppose the soup, soles, haunch of mutton, and some light things, will be enough?'

"'Quite, thank you — quite enough, Mrs. Upton. You think Henry better looking than Godfrey? Well, I can't say I do, Mrs. Upton. Godfrey has the Peronett eye — the Peronett eye: very peculiar that! I never saw any person, not a Peronett, have the eye, and few Peronetts without it. Now Henry has not *the* eye.'

"'But the *nose*, Sir Henry! Master Peronett has a nose!'

"'God bless my soul, Mrs. Upton, to be sure he has! — a nose very like his poor father's! But a nose is of little consequence; the eye — the eye is the thing!'

"'Undoubtedly, Sir Henry, the eye is the distinguishing feature.'

"'In noble families,' said the little man, crossing his legs with evident self-complacency, 'the eye always *is* the distinguishing feature; in the Peronett family, as you have before heard me observe, it is peculiarly so. The eye is the window of the soul. No; Master Peronett's eyes are not like Godfrey's: I am sorry for it; for I should have liked the property and the eyes should go together, as they always have done heretofore; but it can't be helped. I wish Mrs. Gibbs would take back these bantams — they are not of a size; now, I like to see five or six of those white bantams exactly of a size: will you have the goodness to get them weighed, to ascertain? Good morning, Mrs. Upton. By the way, I forgot to tell you that I fear the housemaid is incorrigible; I assure you the towels in my dressing-room were again folded in three.'

"'I will see to it myself, Sir Henry,' said the housekeeper.

"'Thank you, Mrs. Upton; but this is not what I desire; it would never do to set a drill-sergeant to do private's work. You understand me?'

"Mrs. Upton curtesied again, and had got as far as the door, when she was called back."

This General Peronett turns out to be the uncle of the young roysterer encountered by Marian at Mr. Trufit's; and here the story begins to be a little complicated, and we must unravel it by anticipating the discovery with which it winds up. Young Peronett is a changeling, and Marian is the niece of the old General, her mother having committed her to the area steps in Sloane Street, and adopted a boy in her place, to secure the inheritance of the family property, which was limited in its descent to heirs male. Of course there is some confusion in getting at this mystery, and, as it would be hard to deprive Marian of the ordinary compensation to which all heroines by common custom are entitled, she is married to her cousin, the legal inheritor of the title and estates, — her interests and her happiness being thus provided for by a very easy process.

The contrivance of substituting one child for another cannot be much applauded for its ingenuity. The probability of such a cheat is, perhaps, hardly less questionable. Such extraordinary stratagems have been resorted to in cases where large properties were concerned; but so rarely, that it is difficult to regard them as furnishing legitimate materials for a novel of real life. This is the only point on which the tale is open to censure; and it is all the more censurable because Mrs. Hall need not resort to any extraneous expedients to sustain the interest of a fiction. The purity and freshness of her pictures of society — the perspicuity with which she delineates home-bred and natural character — and the artistical skill she exhibits in the treatment of her incidents, and the conduct of her narrative, — yield an abundant harvest of pleasure, without having recourse to the intricate mazes of a laborious plot. Her strength lies in truth and simplicity; like Miss Austen, she succeeds best when she draws upon her own experience; and over this, the highest domain of the novelist, she evidently

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exercises complete control. "Marian" is the most successful of all her works, because, with the slight exception of the scrap of mystery with which it opens and concludes, its scenes are thoroughly faithful to life. Whoever has mixed much with the world must have met Mrs. Cavendish Jones, and will recognise old acquaintances in the good-natured Dr. Darling, the amiable Dean, and the composed, high-bred, and gentle Lady Isabella Gascoigne. These are the final proofs of the power and *vraisemblance* of a novel: — Do we remember it vividly after we have laid it down? Are the characters realised to our imagination? Should we know them if we met them in the street? Are we familiar with their voices, their manners, their modes of thinking and acting? The impressions left upon us by the perusal of "Marian" are all of this distinct kind, which we take to be the greatest merit by which a fiction, so promptly tested by every-day intercourse, can be distinguished.

The next work on our list is an historical romance. The author has selected for his hero the most remarkable monster in the records of modern Europe — Ivan the Terrible, of Russia. Having made choice of so disastrous a subject, we expected that he would have elicited some useful moral from the portrait to compensate for its unmitigated ferocity, and thrown a new light upon a character which cannot be contemplated in the grave pages of history without horror. But in this anticipation we have been utterly disappointed. The work consists of nothing more than a bare succession of atrocities, relieved slightly by minor figures, who play too unimportant a part in the narrative to give it the colouring and variety of a romance. The principal authority relied upon for the revolting facts is Karamsin, the Court historian, whose well-known work terminates with the reign of Dmitri in the seventeenth century; and in his account of the criminalities of Ivan, the author is generally so accurate as to present us with nearly a literal version of the original — literal, at least, as to the naked circumstances, but condensed in description, and incomplete as an entire record of the most marvellous passage in the annals of the Czars.

The *whole* character of Ivan is not delineated in this romance, which is consequently defective in the only matter of interest that could be supposed to possess any attraction in so repulsive a topic — the development of the elements which composed that miracle of moral depravity. We see Ivan in the furious career of his incomprehensible passions, — slaying, torturing, destroying, — but the influences that affected him, and the progress of his nature from blameless youth to guilty manhood, must be sought elsewhere. The romance opens with the arrival of Sir Thomas Randolph at the Kremlin, charged with an embassy from Queen Elizabeth, bringing in his train Tuberville, the rhymer, and Jocko, the monkey, who makes a conspicuous figure in the burlesque scenes of this tragedy of slaughter. From this point the narrative advances through the subsequent records of the reign; and isolated scenes of bloodshed — murders of boyars and priests, the letting loose the bears upon the assembled populace, the disgusting orgies of Alexandroffsky, wholesale massacres of the people, the carnage at Novogorod, the murder of the Czarowitch, and the awful death of the tyrant, with his palsied hand on the chess-board — entertain the reader to the end. In the treatment of these harrowing events, there is very little skill displayed; the romantic portions, where the author has drawn upon his imagination, are dull and lifeless; and the historical parts are so close to the unembellished chronicle, as to stand out in a sort of horrible reality

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from the fiction with which they are so clumsily connected. As a work of art, "The Czar" is wanting in power and dramatic energy; and as an historical portrait, it is not merely imperfect in details, but unphilosophical in design. What is required in such an undertaking is to solve the dark problem of a savage nature, invested with unlimited means, and annihilating all human affections, sympathies, bonds, and responsibilities in the fiery indulgence of its unbridled will. But this romance, instead of assisting us to some intelligible solution of this fearful enigma, only makes it darker and darker by the Blue Beard melodrame of superstition and blind destiny to which it consigns its hero. Yet there were gleams of humanity and a foundation of nature in the life of Ivan, that might have been employed with advantage by the biographical novelist.

Ivan was only three years old at the death of his father, when the reins of government were assumed by his mother — a woman possessed by the grossest and most abandoned passions. His early youth was nurtured in a licentious court, where profligacy and tyranny were perpetually threatened by the vengeance of a barbarous aristocracy conspiring against the throne. His mother, after a short career of guilt, was taken off by poison; and a council of rival boyars usurped the government during the minority of the prince. The Schuisky and the Gluisky (euphonious lords!) contended for the ascendancy, which each held in turn; each educating Ivan after their own particular tastes. While the Schuisky were in power, Ivan was wholly neglected, designedly kept in ignorance of public affairs, and treated personally with contumely and opprobrium. The effect of this ignominious cruelty was not lost upon him — the iron had entered his young heart — and, prompted by the Gluisky to his first crime, he caused Schuisky to be worried alive by dogs in the open streets. Now came the regency of the Gluisky, who taught him the divine right of oppression; and, in order to maintain their influence over him, encouraged his headlong desires to the utmost latitude of vice. His minority was thus rendered, from various causes, a continued scene of evil-doing; and when he attained his majority, and ascended the throne of his ancestors, the whole empire was convulsed with disorders. Inflamed by their wrongs, the people set fire to the city in several places, and Ivan awoke in a conflagration, that, on the sudden, recalled him, in an agony of fear, to a full sense of his enormities. The magical revolution which this event produced in his feelings was wisely turned to account by one or two virtuous men about his person, and still more by his beautiful consort Anastasia, to whom he had been recently married. A new era opened from this moment for his oppressed country. The monstrous excesses of his wild and violent youth were at an end, and his whole energies — capable of great things — were devoted to the enlargement, consolidation, and improvement of the empire. The army was reorganised, the assessment of the fiefs was placed upon an equitable basis, frontier forts were erected to protect the boundaries from aggression, and Christianity received a new impulse from the zeal of the sovereign. During this hopeful and memorable period, the labours of Ivan for the good of his subjects were productive of results that may fairly challenge comparison with some of the noblest achievements of Peter the Great. Kazan was subjugated, and its Tartar mosques converted into Christian temples — the kingdom of Astrachan was annexed to the Russian empire, leading to commercial advantages of incalculable importance — Siberia was discovered, and its rich resources appropriated to the enterprise of the people — Archangel, an advanced point, from whence the future aggrandisement of the

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empire was to be worked, was established — the revenues of the clergy were regulated — the laws were revised — the fees of the governors of the provinces were abolished, and equal justice was administered gratuitously — foreign artists, in every branch of practical utility and refining civilisation, were introduced from Germany; and, to crown the catalogue, it remains to be added, to the immortal honour of Ivan the Terrible, that, in this interval of grace, he imported the first printing types, established the first presses, and printed the first Bible, that were ever seen or used in Russia. But the benignant Anastasia, whose sweet and gracious influence exercised such providential sway over his nature, died; and the incarnate fiend, released from the pure presence of her controlling genius, burst out afresh, exulting in renewed freedom and accumulated strength. For thirteen years she inspired him with high and worthy thoughts — for thirteen years his reign was fruitful of blessings; the rest of his life — the only part illustrated in the romance before us — was a succession of barbarities over which the mind sickens, and which are unparalleled in the records of the most sanguinary monsters of antiquity.

It is superfluous to observe, that an historical narrative which gives us but one aspect of such a character, — selecting the dark and appalling, without reference, except, perhaps, incidentally, to the bright and compensating side, — must be utterly inadequate to convey a true conception of its extraordinary attributes. Whatever Ivan was, it is quite certain that he was not wholly what he is here represented; and that there were passages in his life so anomalous and irreconcileable with its ultimate tendency, as to suggest a deeper inquiry than the author of this romance has ventured upon. To paint him as a mere raw-head-and-bloody-bones may make a startling tale for children; but men demand graver pictures of a tyranny so vast and overwhelming.

Although "The Czar," however, is a failure on this lofty ground of portraiture, and cannot be admitted as a just or comprehensive panorama of Russia under the reign of Ivan, it is not wanting in merits of a subordinate kind. The descriptions scattered throughout of the architecture, costume, and habits of the people, display an intimate acquaintance with the country; and are interesting alike from their correctness and their novelty. As a specimen, take a sketch of the festivities of the Easter week, in the city of Moscow, in the sixteenth century.

"A large reservoir was erected, filled with a hundred hogsheads of mead; the steps leading up to it were piled with loaves of bread, hams, fowls, and geese. Then, at an appointed signal, came the push of the people to scramble for eatables; and in a moment the steps were cleared for the amateurs of the wine-basin, who 'weltered in it till the whole was consumed.'

"Here were booths erected, with a display of painted representations of the saints; the venders eluding the prohibition of the sale of them, by asking no price, but not parting with them till the bidders had laid down a tempting value.

"At another spot were boxing matches; the boxers wearing stiff mittens, and, although displaying little science, occasionally inflicting serious punishment.

"Farther on, a group of girls were linking together in a dance, something after the manner of thread the needle; whilst others attracted beholders by the more graceful evolutions of the golubetz dance.

"Peasants playing at the game of swatka, and others at babki and skittles; whilst the majority repaired to the amusement of katcheli, or swings, which were on various principles and in great numbers.

"The dresses of the citizens gave a lively effect to the scene. Here and there a bashkir, in his dress of nettles and Asiatic slippers; now a Tartar woman of Kazan, in a robe of fine cloth embroidered with gold, her bonnet covered with coins and medals affixed to it, one over the other, like the scales of a fish; or a damsel of the Nagai tribe, with rings in her ears, and one so large in her nose that it touched her lips. Others again, from the Khaba-

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dan frontier, proud of their carroty hair; or the more imposing costume of the females of Kalonga, whose brilliant and lofty head-dress was studded with pearls and jewels, wearing a jerkin of crimson silk embroidered with gold, over a brocaded petticoat.

"But the stiff coif of the Moscow belles lost none of its attraction in the comparison; and the long chains of pearls and precious stones that wound about it were of extreme richness; whilst the Tartarian veil of tissue, of silk, silver, and gold secured to it, and thrown back upon the shoulder, gave dignity to their step."

The knowledge of Russian history, of the prominent families, and of the internal machinery and constitution of the empire, indicated in these volumes, shows that the author did not come unprepared to his task; and with greater powers of turning these stores to account, with a more facile style, and a deeper insight into human nature, he must have produced a work of no ordinary interest. Even as it is, the English reader will find here some Russian characteristics that he is not likely to discover in more elaborate productions. The national peculiarities — strange and various — are well preserved, and many of the scenes have all the accuracy of drawings taken on the spot.

Of the novel of "The Monk and the Married Man," it would be superfluous to say more than that it belongs to the superannuated school of verbose and lifeless fiction, where humanity is so drenched and diluted in weak description and insipid dialogue as nearly to lose altogether its original flavour. If men and women were to act and speak according to Miss Waddington's scheme of existence, life would pass away in one long dream of dialogue and speculation; we should be in want of excitements to stir our blood, of high aims to animate our labours, and conscience itself would crave the luxury of repose. The grand defect of such works is that they describe a non-entity — there is no reality in them. They do not present a picture of the actual, moving, world around us — they merely carry on the tradition of that elderly novel in which all humanity was perfect and prosy. That there may be such people as the actors in this story, we do not doubt, — but they do not come before us in this manner — we never meet them as we meet them here — we never hear them speak as they speak here — if they be true, we cannot recognise them or sympathise with them, and the impression they make is so feeble and mazy, that we certainly should not know them again in real life. Stories of this class are drawn, apparently, not from practical observation, but from books; and it would seem in this instance not the best books either, since a very considerable portion of the interest depends upon the conversion of a priest, for the sake of enabling him to embrace at one and the same time the orthodox faith and a pretty wife. Such themes afford favourable opportunities for extensive disquisitions — but yield very indifferent bases for entertaining plots. Between the theology and the elaborated sentiment, the work is as dull and vapid, but not half so amusing, as any of the lenten pastimes of the Goddess of Leadenhall-street.

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SKETCHES OF SPANISH GENERALS, CARLIST AND CRISTINO.

No. IV. — Jaureguy, *el Pastor*.

" — L'homme qui combat pour la raison, pour la patrie, ne se tient pas si aisément pour vaincu. Celui qui a la conscience d'avoir bien mérité de son pays, et surtout de lui être encore utile; celui qui ne rassasie pas une vaine célébrité, et qui dédaigne les succès d'un jour pour la véritable gloire; —— cet homme porte avec lui la récompense de ses services, le charme de ses peines et le prix de ses dangers." —*Mirabeau à ses Accusateurs.*

It was about six o'clock in the evening of the 4th of November, 1835, that the writer of this notice found himself, after a toilsome journey of more than twelve hours, painfully ascending the summit of Los Tornos, the most stupendous mountain of the Biscayan chain. The sun, whose autumnal warmth is extended to a more lengthened period in that climate than in our less genial skies, was yet lingering on the horizon. From the calm heavens a flood of golden light was gushing over the vast expanse of mountains, which were spread out in limitless profusion. The luminary retained all the magnificence, without the oppressive heat, of his midsummer beams; and a slight hoar-frost imparted a depth and clearness to the sky, which melting away towards the west, in those varying and imperceptible shades that the pencil of Claude could alone have caught, became at length lost in the dying glory of sunset. Far to the north an indistinct haze was clinging around the giant-limbs of the Villa Sana crags, subduing to softness, though not concealing, the naked boldness of their outline. The heavens had been all day chequered by those light patches of fleecy cloud which were now turned to a deep crimson. To the left, the pale and melancholy moon appeared above a grove of dark pines yet at the distance of a league, and in the bosom of which we hoped to enjoy the repose that a few hours' bivouac might afford. As we moved along, the daylight was rapidly declining; and the hamlets in the valley, which lay many hundred feet beneath us, with their vast and gloomy convents and their massive churches, were nearly buried in the deep shadow of the mountain over which we were passing, whilst from its bosom arose, slowly, the mellowed roar of the bell announcing the hour of the *Angelus*.

The point we now occupied was a portion of the main road carried over the solid rock, which shot forward over a precipice so profound, that its misty depth could not be pierced by the eye, and from the brink of which we were separated only by a sort of rude parapet, raised scarcely breast-high. The voice of the torrent formed by a thousand mountain streams was heard coming up the steep with a muffled shout from the dark abyss, and the eye sometimes caught the flashing of the angry foam as it leaped over the crags which were impeding its frantic course. At this hour, and in this spot, with his arms folded in his cloak, leaning over this narrow breast-work, and apparently gazing on the gulf below, the celebrated Jaureguy, better known in his own province, as well as throughout Spain, by the name of *Pastor*, or the shepherd, was beheld for the first time by the author. His formidable Chapel Gorris, the Cossacks of the South, lay in groups along the crags which lined the right of the road.

The Chapel Gorris, so called from the red caps which they wear, are the bravest troop in the Spanish army, and the most loyal to the cause in which they fight. They were originally raised by Jaureguy immediately

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after the breaking out of the civil war; and the battalion, as at first formed, was entirely composed of Guipuzcoans, who looked up to their fellow-countryman and general with the affection cherished by clansmen to their hereditary chieftains. From their being generally employed on the most dangerous expeditions, and on occasions where the most daring valour as well as the most consummate prudence and skilful caution was required, they were allowed certain privileges, together with a more enlarged relaxation of the ordinary strictness of military discipline than the regular Spanish army, and their pay was somewhat greater.

These circumstances offered a temptation to foreigners to enrol themselves in the corps. Promotion, too, was more rapid and more frequent than that bestowed in the more regular service. An objection was at first taken to admitting strangers into this chosen band; but the contingencies of the war, and the numerous casualties occurring from their more exposed situation, made it necessary that the corps should be recruited in a manner different from that at first intended. The jealousy existing between the Basques, and all those living to the south of the Ebro, had been of ancient standing, and had acquired a strength and virulence which nothing could weaken. Castilian haughtiness regarded the Northerns with dislike, on account of their alleged barbarity of manners; whilst the fierce Navarrese and the proud Biscayans looked down with contempt on the effeminacy of those who luxuriated on a more genial soil and beneath a warmer sun. The intermingling of these discordant elements would have been followed by evil consequences; and it was considered a much safer measure to admit the natives of a strange nation into their ranks, amongst whom local jealousies, the bitterest of all others, would not destroy the harmony of the corps.

The political convulsions which, about the same period, rent asunder the bonds of the old despotism of Europe, imparted to many who had contributed to its overthrow feelings of restlessness, which urged them to seek adventures in other lands. The imperfect attempts at insurrection in Lyons and other towns in France, after the establishment of the new dynasty, had sent forth many wanderers to the neighbouring country, who at home would have been made the victims of their ill-success in an effort which, in 1830, would have entitled them to share in the immortality of the "Three Days." The discontented of Belgium, also, followed in the footsteps of their masters in revolution. Poland too, who had vainly hoped that her hour of redemption was at length arrived, beheld her children depart to display that valour in another land which was useless at home, and which otherwise might have pined amidst the snows of Siberia. The Italians, dreaming of the glories of the past, and expecting the revival of those sympathies and bonds of brotherhood which, in the most glorious and most ennobling epoch of Napoleon's history — his first Italian campaigns, bound the Cisalpine republic to France, struggled to free themselves from Papal as well as Austrian bondage. It is unnecessary to repeat how all these hopes were dashed to the earth. Thus Frenchmen, Poles, Germans, and Italians, became enrolled in the free corps of Guipuzcoa, and assumed the red bonnet and the hempen sandal of the Basque soldier; and in a short time the two battalions of Chapel Gorris, with such additional recruits, numbered 1500 men — the bravest, the most daring, and the finest light infantry in Europe.

Ferdinand VII. of Spain died on the 29th of September, 1833. His decease was known on the 3d of October at Bayonne; and on the 6th, Santos Ladron in Navarre, and the Curé Merino in Castile, raised the

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standard of rebellion. In the cities of Bilbao and Vittoria, Don Carlos was proclaimed king by the monks and all others who were influenced by their example. On all sides the Royalist volunteers were called to arms; and in little more than eight days the insurrection was spread throughout Old Castile, Alava, Guipuzcoa, Biscay, Navarre, and Catalonia. Owing to the shameful disorganisation we have already remarked as existing in the Spanish army, the Government of Queen Cristina found itself at that period in a most helpless condition. The most important towns and fortresses of the kingdom had been left without defence. This criminal neglect could scarcely have existed without intention. The intrigues of the Apostolical party had been incessant for many years previous to the king's death, and the space of time which elapsed between his first alarming illness at San Ildephonso and his demise might have afforded sufficient means to have resisted, at least, the earlier efforts of the faction. In the northern provinces particularly, the hot-bed of the revolution, this want of precaution became most apparent, and was most fatally felt. Not a soldier was found either at Vittoria or Bilbao: the 11th of the line protected the garrison of San Sebastian: the 12th regiment was stationed at Pamplona: Castile possessed only two battalions; whilst along the coast, and in the interior of Catalonia, the military force amounted to about five regiments. The Royalists had taken their measures well, whilst the Government found itself surprised on all sides.

The bravery and patriotism of Lorenzo, colonel of the 12th regiment, inflicted a blow on the insurrection in the very first outbreak, which, if followed up with the same spirit, might soon have laid it prostrate. Santos Ladron, formerly a chief in the army of the Faith, and subsequently viceroy of Navarre, of which province he was a native, had assembled a band of 300 rebels in the neighbourhood of Los Arcos. Lorenzo, placing himself at the head of 100 men, marched against him, cut the brigands to pieces, and took with his own hands their chief prisoner. He was brought to Pamplona, and shot on the 13th of October. The Royalist party were stunned by this event; they were, besides, maddened with rage. Eraso, colonel of *carabaneros* of the frontiers at Burguetta, roused them anew to rebellion, and proclaimed Don Carlos on the 17th. The gallant Lorenzo again flew to attack the enemies of his country; and, on the 19th, the French frontier received the defeated Carlists with their chief and fifteen officers. The failure of the attempts in Navarre did not, however, discourage the partisans of the Pretender in the other provinces. Revolutionary *juntas* were established in Biscay and Alava; and the administrative, acting in the name of Don Carlos, summoned the country to arms, and organised the insurrection. Burgos was blockaded by bands of rebels. The tremendous name of the old priest of Villaviado was shouted from the Ebro to the banks of the Douro, and that name became a rallying sign and a watch-word to the banditti of Castile. Wild Biscay flew to arms. The bloodhounds of Alava were again awakened. Guipuzcoa alone remained faithful for a space; but that tranquillity was owing to peculiar circumstances.

The man who retarded for a while the spread of the insurrection in that province, whose high honour and unalterable fidelity in days of old to the monarchs of Spain earned for it the well-deserved title of the "very noble and very loyal," was Gaspar Jaureguy el Pastor. This well-known appellation stands in honourable companionship by the side of that of Mina, Quiroga, Riego, Lopes Baños, and the band of patriots whose names made the tyrant tremble on his throne, and the monk shrink within his cell.

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Jaureguy is a native of Villa Franca, a small town, or rather village, of Guipuzcoa. He is born of an obscure family, being the son of a peasant or small farmer. His boyhood and a portion of his early youth were passed in tending sheep and goats, whence his appellation of Pastor; and in this humble occupation he continued until the period of the French invasion. The young Gaspar shared in the universal enthusiasm with which the provinces responded to the voice of the great Navarrese leader, who had already roused the North to arms. The *guerilla* bands of Navarre had been just organised, and the Basque provinces soon followed the example set them. The mountaineers of Guipuzcoa were formed into a band, amongst the ranks of which the Pastor enrolled himself as a volunteer. His bravery, his perfect knowledge of the country, his superior intelligence, exhibited in various difficulties and important expeditions against the French, his consummate skill in the peculiar warfare of the mountains, contributed to procure him a speedy advancement in his new career. He did not long remain a simple volunteer. Promoted from rank to rank, he in a short time obtained the grade of chieftain of the *guerilla* bands of his province. It was at this period that he became the patron of Zumalacarreguy, who was then serving in the ranks under the command of Jaureguy. The acuteness of intellect even then displayed by this celebrated Carlist was remarked by the Pastor, who soon gave him the appointment of military secretary, the duties of which his superior education (Zumalacarreguy having studied the profession of an advocate) perfectly qualified him to fulfil. Before the termination of the struggle against the invaders, this dangerous *protége* was, by the favour and interest of Jaureguy, promoted to the grade of captain, a rank which he retained in his transfer to the regular Spanish army.

At the restoration of Ferdinand the remnant of the *guerillas* was amalgamated with the Spanish army, and the officers who had commanded them obtained corresponding ranks. Jaureguy was named commandant, and, after serving a few years, retired to his native province on half-pay in disgust, and in disappointment of those hopes which the restoration of their faithless monarch had excited in the bosoms of all whose swords had been drawn, not only to repel foreign invasion but to restore constitutional liberty to Spain. The history of that period is too well known to require any observation; and the falsehood of the infamous monarch is too thoroughly hated, to render necessary many additional expressions of detestation.

It happens fortunately for mankind, that deep malignity of purpose is not rarely allied to mental imbecility, by which the suggestions and desires of a depraved heart become counteracted by impotence in execution: and, from an equally wise dispensation, tyranny of the most unrelenting kind not unfrequently undoes its own work by the very excess of its intended outrages against mankind. Were it not so, vice would indeed predominate, and freedom would be a gift from Heaven in vain. Strong attachment to the person of their kings has been always a characteristic of the Spanish people. Notwithstanding, however, the efforts made by the nation to repel the invader, and the sacrifices endured in order to bring back the legitimate monarch, Ferdinand had scarcely found himself secure on the throne, when the badness of his heart broke forth. His promises, his obligations, his oaths, his reverses, were alike forgotten. Despotic cruelty exhibited itself in the most unmitigated forms. The dungeons of the Inquisition again re-echoed to the groans of the captive, and victims were again immolated to glut the vengeance of an unforgiving and merciless superstition. Those whose bosoms had exulted in the hope of the regeneration of Spain, were

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forced to fly from that soil which was reddened with the blood shed to bring back the monster of perfidy, who then occupied the palace of San Ildephonso. It may be well doubted if history can produce a character more thoroughly base than that of Ferdinand VII. of Spain. Viewing him in all the relations of life, we shall scarcely discover a single point on which our regards can dwell with pleasure or esteem. Throughout almost the whole of his wayward and eventful career, he appears equally unworthy of sympathy. In prosperity he was insolent, and in power cruel to ruthlessness. In adversity, and when the hand of misfortune was heavy upon him, he was mean, cowardly, and crouching.* As a son he was rebellious and unnatural, guilty of repeated attempts not only to dethrone but even to take away the life of his good-natured but weak-minded father.† As a subject, he was disloyal and perjured. The consort of his youth was treated with brutality. The imputed infidelity of his second wife was revenged on the amiable but fanatical Amalia, whose gentle heart was broken by neglect and ill-treatment. As a man, he was devoid of honesty; and, as a gentleman and a Castilian, he knew not what was honour. In the gratification of his passions he was low, grovelling, and selfish. His manners were abrupt and vulgar; and with him exterior elegance did not even thinly gild, as in the case of our George IV., the baseness and corruption of the heart. In person he bore, it is said, a striking resemblance to another detested tyrant of antiquity; and his features, as well as his vices, recall to us the memory of Nero. His fanaticism — the name of Religion must not be polluted — was gloomy and ferocious, sympathising with the revengeful frenzy of the zealot, but uninspired by the unworldliness which oftentimes stamps on it an almost sacred and redeeming character. He was terrified at the retributive dispensation of another life, not from an humbling conviction of the weakness of our common nature, by which the best and wisest are unfitted to partake in the purer happiness of a higher and more perfect state of existence, but from fear, the offspring of remorse, under which its victim suffers by anticipation the hell it trembles at. Tyrannical to those who existed only in his favour, and who prospered only by his will, — crawling in the dust before those who became for the time his masters.‡ A thousand

* Ferdinand was deficient in both physical and moral courage. Even the gloomy bigotry of Don Carlos, his brother, was redeemed by the possession of a personal intrepidity which he occasionally manifested. When under durance at the Château de Marrac near Bayonne, in 1808, he dared to brave the wrath of Napoleon, who wished that the infantas should renounce their rights to the crown of Spain, and accept the kingdom of Etruria in exchange. "Le timide Ferdinand avait été effrayé des menaces de Napoléon; l'avis d'Escoiquitz fut de céder à cette volonté de fer. Don Pedro Gomez Labrador, qui faisait aussi partie de ce conseil, montra en vain toute la fermété de son caractère; mais Carlos, à peine âgé de vingt ans, se prononça contre toute conçession deshonorante pour sa naissance; il protesta hautement contre la violation de ses droits, et s'écria avec un accent de dignité qui produisit un grand effet: '*Mas vale morir que vivir sin honor, yo no consiento.*' Il vaut mieux mourir que de vivre sans honneur; moi je n'y consens pas." — *Un Chapitre de l'Histoire de Charles V.* par le Baron de los Valles (*M. L. Xavier August de Saint-Sylvain*).

† On the arrival of the King and Queen of Spain at Bayonne in 1808, Charles IV. refused not only to be reconciled to his eldest son, but even to see him. Ferdinand succeeded, by a stratagem, in obtaining a sight of the father whom he had so often injured. The old man, on beholding him, remembered all his wrongs and all his misfortunes, and bursting into an agony of tears exclaimed, "Infame! no has bastante ultrajado mis blancos cabellos? — sal de mi presencia, y ocultame la vista de un monstro!" Wretch! have you not sufficiently outraged my grey hairs? — begone from my presence, and take from me the sight of such a monster. — Norvin's *Napoléon*, ed. 1838. Paris.

‡ See his letters addressed to the French ambassador at Madrid, as well as those written to Napoleon, supplicating in the most abject manner the Emperor to choose a wife for him in his own family; or, if that honour should be considered too great, or his prayer too presumptuous, to name some female amongst the family of one of his marshals with whom he might be permitted to ally himself. The last letter, addressed from Vittoria in 1808, is a perfect specimen of the utmost cowardice and meanness of soul. — *Ibid.* vol. ii.

On his second restoration, not content with the violation of every oath he had taken to grant a constitution, he caused the scaffolds of Madrid to be crowded with political victims. It is said that

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times perjured, the obligation of the most sacred oath was to him a mockery. Though mean in intellect, yet his acts of cruelty were characterised by occasional snatches of that low cunning by which vice is still more degraded. Grossly sensual in his passions; repulsive in his manners; slavish in his superstition; unnatural as a son; infamous as a man; false and tyrannical as a king; unfeeling and cruel, or mawkishly uxorious, as a husband, we may search history in vain for many counterparts. Amongst despots, those pests which Providence doubtless for its own wise purposes afflicts this earth with, and which man, in expiation of his crimes, is made to endure, few can be found more completely devoid of a redeeming virtue than Ferdinand VII. of Spain.

With regard to the events which took place in the latter part of his reign, through which so many organic changes have been, and are yet to be, effected in Spain, he was but a passive instrument in the hands of those who, by the force of events, were in favour at the moment; and who were enabled to exercise that moral influence which must prevail, more or less, in every country where the battles of freedom have been many times fought, though without success. The Spanish nation, the intelligent and respectable middle classes — when one speaks of the nation, the contemptible nobility is scarcely to be thought of — were prepared to receive favourably the first impulse; and the repeal of the Salique law, or rather the revival of its repeal in 1789*,

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he was in the habit of standing on the balcony of the palace, playing on the guitar, and singing the words of a satirical song, "Cara de pastel," or "Pudding-face," which had been written on himself, in order to mock the dying agonies of the Constitutionalists who were hanging at the distance of a few yards from where he stood.

* The Salique law was introduced into Spain by Philip V., grandson of Louis XIV. of France, in virtue of an act promulgated by that prince on the 10th of May, 1713, a short time after his accession to the throne of Castile. A memorial was addressed by the Cortes of the kingdom in 1789 to Charles IV. praying its repeal, and demanding a return to the ancient usages and laws of the country, which had been in existence during a period of 700 years previous to the accession of the house of Bourbon. The decree annulling this law was passed almost unanimously in the parliaments of the kingdom on the 30th September, 1789, and was approved and signed by the king a few days after. It bears the title of the "*Pragmatic Sanction.*" The French Revolution which was then breaking out, and the almost uninterrupted wars of which the Peninsula was subsequently the theatre, rendered the carrying out its provisions impossible. The "*Pragmatic Sanction,*" which owing to these circumstances had been dormant during forty years, was revived and formally promulgated by Ferdinand VII. on the 29th March, 1830, long before the birth of his daughter Isabella, the present Queen of Spain.

The term "*Salique*" is derived from the old Saxon word *sala*, which signifies a house; and the *salique land* was the portion of ground attached to the house. The ancient Germans, according to Tacitus [1], did not dwell in cities or towns, neither did they connect together their houses. Each family lived separate and apart. Around each habitation was a piece of inclosed land, which was tilled for the subsistence of the proprietor. No individual, however, could possess this property for a longer period than one year, at the termination of which it became common. The holding consisted only of this house, and the ground attached to it; and it was the patrimony which was inherited by the males. It was denominated the *Salique land*, and the law which regulated its appropriation was called the *Salique law*. The same appellation was bestowed on the territory won by the Franks, after their conquests, in Gaul. The terms of the original law regulating the succession to the Salique lands were—1. If a man die without children, his father or his mother shall succeed to him. 2. If he have neither father nor mother, his brother or his sister shall succeed. 3. If he have neither brother nor sister, the sister of his mother shall succeed. 4. If his mother have no sister, the sister of his father shall succeed. 5. If his father have no sister, the nearest relation in the male line shall succeed. 6. No portion of the Salique land shall pass to females [2]; but it shall belong to the males, that is to say, the male children shall succeed to their father.

The first five articles of this formula regard the succession of a man who dies without children;

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[1] "Nullas Germanorum populis urbes habitari satis notum est, ne pati quidem inter se junctas sedes. Colunt discreti et diversi, ut fons, ut campus, ut nemus placuit. Vicos locant, non in nostrum morem connexis et cohærentibus ædificiis, suam quisque domum spatio circumdat." — *De Moribus Germ.*

[2] "De terrâ verò salicâ in mulierem nulla portio hæreditatis transit; sed hoc virilis sexus acquirit, hoc est, filii in ipsâ hæreditate succedunt." — Tit. lxii. § 6.

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opened the door to other reforms of a salutary nature, and became the first of a series of events by which Spain will yet be regenerated.

The temporary repose of Jaureguy was broken by the attempts made to restore freedom to the Spanish soil in 1821; and his name is allied in glorious fellowship with that of Quiroga, Lopez Baños, and others, whose hatred of tyrants was as enduring as their love for liberty was ardent. The second accession of Ferdinand, brought about by French bayonets, became the signal for the dispersion of all who desired to reserve their lives and energies for some future and more propitious occasion; and the blood which, in violation of amnesties and of oaths, crimsoned the scaffolds of Cadiz and Madrid, warned all whom the love of country and detestation of the Inquisition had rendered particularly obnoxious to fly from their native soil. He who had been the friend of Mina, and who had been colonel under the Constitution of Cadiz to which Ferdinand had sworn, would not have been the most ignoble victim, and Jaureguy became exiled from his native land for years. For a while England was to him, as to so many others, the first place of destination. He did not, however, remain long in this country. The scantiness of his early education prevented him from following any peaceful occupation whereby he might gain a livelihood; and the independent Guipuzcoan could not stoop to subsist on the cold and uncertain charity of strangers. The love of country too, for which the Basques are remarkable, lingered around his heart, and hindered him from trying his fortune in more distant lands. He returned to France, and, fixing his residence near Bayonne, resolved to await the first favourable opportunity of once more beholding those valleys which had witnessed his youthful struggles for liberty. He subsisted on the produce of some small property possessed by his wife at Villa Franca, and on the occasional assistance conveyed to him by his relatives. The revolution of 1830 imparted, as is well known, the highest hopes to all who were enthralled in every part of the world, but in no more than two instances was the struggle against tyrants permanently successful. None were more elated than the exiles of 1823, and they thought that the hour had now arrived for the regeneration of their country. The attempt made by Mina to arouse Navarre once more was participated in by Jaureguy. The result was unsuccessful; and the failure of the enterprise caused a new dispersion of exiles. The shepherd chieftain betook himself again to his solitude in the neighbourhood of the Low Pyrenees, not yet given up to despair, but watchfully attentive to the slightest breath that was wafted across the narrow stream which is transversed by the bridge of Behobia, and which divides the two kingdoms.

The death of Ferdinand in 1833 became the signal for action. The man on whom the hearts and eyes of the patriots of Guipuzcoa were fixed in the emergency which arose, was Gaspar Jaureguy. He was idolised amongst his native mountains. The inhabitants of Tolosa, Mondragon, Aspeitia, and other towns to which the insurrection had not as yet reached, united in imploring him to cross the frontier, and come to the assistance of his countrymen. But these demonstrations of love and attachment for the *guerilla* chief, warm, unanimous, and ardent as they were, fell far short of the welcome which greeted him in San Sebastian. No description could do

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and the sixth regulates the succession of him who leaves children. It would seem erroneous then to suppose, that the descent in the female line was totally excluded from the holding of property; and it appears strange that the perpetual succession of males to the crown of France should be based on the above articles. The *Salique law* did not exclude the daughters of the *Salique land*, but only in the case where they were excluded by the existence of brothers. —See Montesquieu, *Esprit des Lois*, l. xviii. ch. 22.

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justice to the joyous fervour with which his name was shouted along the streets of that city. Neither the fear of punishment, nor yet of death, restrained them.* Castañon, the captain-general of the province, though witnessing these manifestations of attachment to the person and principles of the Pastor, did not dare to repress them. The rapid spread of the insurrection had deprived not only him, but almost the whole of the military commandants-in-chief, of the means of action, and they all seemed like men bewildered. Jaureguy did not long resist the call of the people; and though still under sentence of banishment, and liable to suffer the penalties inflicted on him who returns without permission or pardon from his exile, he without hesitation repaired to San Sebastian. An attempt was made by the crafty Zumalacarreguy to entice him to pass into the interior of the province, on his route to San Sebastian, in order to make him prisoner, as he well knew the influence which his name and his example would have in keeping the Guipuzcoans in their allegiance to the Queen. But the Pastor had not warred amongst the mountains of the Provinces in vain; neither was he to be caught so easily. Instead of passing by the mountains, he arrived at San Sebastian by sea from Socoa, and thus not only avoided the snares laid for him by his enemies, but also the triumphant entry intended for him by his friends. Three hundred of the youth of San Sebastian, attended by bands of musicians, proceeded through the pass of Lanchusqueta, with banners flying, to meet him at the bridge of Behobia, and escort him to the capital of the province. They were disappointed for the moment, but quickly returned to greet their chieftain. Every demonstration of attachment and love awaited him on his arrival. Illuminations, balls, the balconies decorated with tapestry, serenades, visits of ceremony from the public authorities, greeted him; and it seemed as if the return of the Pastor was sufficient to guarantee the establishment of the throne of *Isabella Segunda*, and to restore the Constitution.

Jaureguy immediately offered his services in a formal manner to General Castañon, who, without any authority from the Government, and acting solely on his own responsibility, at once accepted them, and directed him to proceed at the head of a small force through the province, for the purpose of disarming the Royalist volunteers. This was one of the first steps taken against the rebels, and, if followed up with equal energy by the other officials, might have had the effect of arresting the insurrection. It will be scarcely believed that the Government were infatuated enough to censure the conduct of Castañon in giving a command to such a man, though they did not dare to counteract his orders, nor remove Jaureguy from his post, nor yet from the country!

The movement had commenced at Oñate, and the Royalists of that town took the field under the commandants Alsax and Lardizabal, the moment the tidings reached them of the death of the King. Numbers flocked to their standard, through fear as well as inclination. In their first encounter with Jaureguy's Chapel Gorris they were defeated, and one of their leaders killed. Success, however, did not long continue on the side of the Cristinos. The Pastor and Castañon were both repulsed with loss at Aspeitia, and obliged to retire to San Sebastian: the insurgents advanced and entered Tolosa: the garrison of Irun was obliged to seek refuge on the French territory. The insurrection spread with rapidity, owing to the incompetence and inaction

* The name of Mina and his companions in arms was held in such detestation by Ferdinand, that no one dared to mention it without incurring the risk of exile or imprisonment. If by chance it was spoken, the nearest and dearest friends breathed it in each other's ears in the softest whispers.

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of the Cristino generals-in-chief; and, in a short time, the Queen Cristina possessed between the sea, the Pyrenees, and the Guadarama, only Pamplona, San Sebastian, and Burgos.

In the beginning of the following year Castañon was removed from Guipuzcoa, and the command given to General Butron, a restored emigrant; and at length the Government became so convinced of the eminent services which might be rendered by Jaureguy, that the rank of brigadier was conferred on him. The force, however, which he then commanded, did not amount to more than about 1500 men.

Shortly after the arrival of the British Legion at San Sebastian in August, 1835, an attack was attempted to be made on the town of Hernani by General Evans and Alava. Jaureguy, at the head of his Chapel Gorris, attacked with great vigour the advanced posts of the Carlists, and succeeded in driving them back. Proceeding onwards to the rugged heights of Santa Barbara to the left of the town, they met a check. The English supported them in the effort made to gain possession of the fortress, but in vain. The night coming on, it was deemed better to return to San Sebastian. Bilbao being at the time in a state of blockade, the English soon after left for that city, from whence they again departed in October, 1835, on the summons of Cordova to General Evans to join him at Vittoria. The brigade commanded by Jaureguy accompanied them on that painful march, and it was on that occasion the writer of this notice first beheld the Pastor, and to which allusion is made in the commencement of this article. In the Basque Provinces, but more particularly in Guipuzcoa, his services were found of great utility. His perfect knowledge of the country, the language and the habits of the people, gave him a decided superiority in those districts. No man was ever regarded with more respect and affection than the Pastor. The young men of his province, who fought in the ranks of the Chapel Gorris, looked upon him with whom their fathers served during the War of Independence, rather as a father whom they loved, than as a chief whom they obeyed. His constant regard for the protection of property, even within the enemy's lines, gained for him the most perfect confidence. The slightest injury done by the soldiers to the house of an absent proprietor, was punished with exemplary rigour; and the unhappy peasant living within the Carlist territory, but who was subject, from time to time, to have his repose disturbed by an incursion of the Cristino soldiers, inquired with anxiety if Jaureguy were in the neighbourhood, as in that case he knew that neither his house would be plundered, nor his family injured or insulted. It would be scarcely an exaggeration to assert, that the affection entertained for him by those on the same side, was not greater than that felt for him even by the faction of the province. It is a fact well known, that on many occasions the Carlist soldiers of his own province have refused to fire at him in action, and when, by exposing himself in too rash a manner, several opportunities were presented for killing him. For this reason it sometimes occurred, that no other man dared to approach so near the hostile lines in a reconnoitering expedition, as Jaureguy.

Though accustomed to war and to a wild life from his boyhood upwards, no human being possesses a kinder heart, nor one more overflowing with human affections and tenderness. In December, 1835, two companies of Chapel Gorris had been sent to the pursuit of a party of the faction in the province of Alava; not content with driving the enemy from their position, they entered a village, named La Bastida, the alcalde of which they suspected to be a Carlist. They put the old man to death, and perpetrated the most outrageous violence upon his family. They murdered the curate of

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the parish, who they supposed had favoured the escape of some prisoners, and plundered his house. After having committed similar enormities in the town, they violated the sacredness of the church, they drank wine out of the sacred vessels, scattered the fragments of the Host on the pavement, and committed other acts of sacrilegious irreverence.

A report on the subject was made to the Government, and the minister at war censured, it is said with severity, Espartero, who then commanded the division to which the Chapel Gorris were attached. Amongst the other qualities of this wild soldiery, fidelity to each other is a remarkable one; and neither rewards, nor threats, nor temptation of any kind, could induce them to discover the actual perpetrators. To allow such a crime to pass unavenged was not possible. The mode of punishment adopted in this emergency was dreadful and summary. The two companies were decimated as they stood on the parade ground, and shot to death on the instant, without trial of any kind. The only indulgence allowed them was a respite of about a quarter of an hour, to receive the consolations of religion administered by the chaplains of the brigade.

In the execution of this act of wild justice, it happened that no more than two or three of the really guilty persons were punished, the others not only not having participated in the outrage, but several of them not having been with the party at all on the same day. Amongst these victims to the wickedness of others was a young lad, a native of the village where Jaureguy was born. When the firing party had discharged their pieces, and his companions fell dead around him, he received two bullets, one in the shoulder and the other in the neck, neither of which was mortal. He had, however, the uncommon presence of mind to fall on his face, as if he had been shot to death, and remained motionless whilst the whole of the troops, as usual, marched past the bodies in single file. The chaplain was the only individual who noticed the occurrence, and, after the army had quitted the ground, he communicated the matter to Jaureguy. The good-natured brigadier immediately repaired to the spot, and as soon as night fell, had him brought secretly to his own quarters to Vittoria, from whence he was transferred to the convent of San Francisco, and placed under the care of one of the monks, where the tenderest attention was paid to him, and where the Pastor did not fail to visit him as often as possible without exciting suspicion. Jaureguy never abandoned him until his wounds were healed, when he sent him back to his native province, where he remained until the British Legion again returned to San Sebastian to fight the action of the 5th of May, on which occasion he once more joined his ancient comrades.

Jaureguy was married during the constitutional struggle in 1821, but has been separated from his wife for many years past. The domestic differences which led to this result were caused, it is said, no less by the love of gallantry, possessed in common with his countrymen by her husband, than by the political feelings of the lady, which have been, during a long period, quite opposed to his. To such an extreme has she carried her fanaticism in favour of Don Carlos, that it is asserted she has, on more than one occasion, offered a reward to whosoever should succeed in shooting Jaureguy. None, however, have been as yet found to perpetrate the deed.

As a general, in the comprehensive signification of the term, the talents of Jaureguy are limited. He seems even to disregard, or not to comprehend, the nice complication of scientific military movements; and appears to be completely out of his element when employed in working out the difficult problem of deeply calculated and intricate combinations. He has never disavowed his inaptitude for the tactics of regular warfare; and in this re-

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spect he has, on more than one occasion, carried his modesty to too great an excess. In 1837 he refused an important command which conferred high rank and corresponding responsibility, on the ground that he knew himself not to be fitted for the peculiar service imposed on him by its acceptance. The wild warfare of the mountain is his glory and his pride. In combining plans of operations, and directing half-predatory excursions amongst the hills and valleys of those provinces where the legions of Napoleon were annihilated by the hand of an unknown and invisible foe, no small amount of skill is exercised; and in the best qualities of a *guerilla* chief, and they are not few, nor of a mean kind, Jaureguy stands inferior to no man. In perfect knowledge of the country, in the power of taking advantage of the points most favourable to annoy his enemy, in promptitude in selecting the most propitious moment for attack, and in the art of making his force appear far more numerous than it really is, — in fine, in all those qualities which constitute an accomplished leader of mountain warriors, Jaureguy may have been rivalled, but certainly never has been excelled, even by Mina.

The numerous scars on the body of the Pastor attest his personal bravery, if there were wanting any additional proof of that which is known to all who have heard his name mentioned. Indeed he does not seem to know the meaning of the word "fear;" and in the field he constantly exposes himself more than the meanest soldier under his orders. From the period of the resignation of his command in 1837, until the treaty of Bergara in September, 1839, he continued to reside alternately at Fuentarabia and Irun, his chief occupation being the chase, of which he is fond to excess. Almost his sole income consisted of the very moderate and ill-paid half-pay allowed to a Spanish brigadier. The attempt made by Muñagorri to revolutionise the Guipuzcoans, in 1838, interrupted for a space his more peaceful pursuits; and it was believed that, if the scheme met with serious encouragement from those principally interested, Jaureguy would once more have taken the field at the head of the Fuerists. Though not actively employed for some time, his services, his skill, his experience, and his local knowledge, were invariably at the service of the Queen's generals when required; and in the excursions made by O'Donnell, during his command in Guipuzcoa, the Pastor was found to be of most material benefit. The pacification of the Provinces, consequent on the separation of Maroto from the Pretender, again brought him into active service, as Espartero entrusted him with an important command; and he has since received the rank of *Maresçal del Campo.*

Jaureguy is about fifty-six years old. In person he is a fine-looking portly man, and has a decidedly military cast of countenance. His features, covered with the thick black moustache and large whiskers, present the picture of a fierce and unfeeling leader of *guerilla* warriors; yet, on closer examination, there may be observed about the corners of the mouth an expression of easy good nature and even gentleness, which accords rather strangely with the determined and massive character of the face. His limbs are cast in the strongest mould, and, previous to his becoming corpulent, his figure was well and even elegantly formed.

His general appearance, however, such as when we beheld him for the first time, surrounded by his Chapel Gorris, amidst the wilds of Los Tornos, presents a strong contrast to his real character. His exterior is rather uninviting and even forbidding; his interior is honesty, gentleness, and amiability. His habits are simple and unpretending; and in manner he is frank, unassuming, courteous, and polished. He is universally and deserv-

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edly popular; and whether we regard the enemies against whom he fights, or those of whom he is the companion in arms, we may safely say, that no human being ever had fewer personal foes, and certainly none ever possessed more numerous and attached friends, than Gaspar Jaureguy, once a poor shepherd's boy of Villa Franca, now a distinguished general officer in the armies of Spain, and a member of the imperial senate.*

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

No. III.

"No, William, do not sing that song; it always does you harm. Do not sing that song; it will hurt you, William, dear! When he sings that song, he can never sleep at nights!"

Nevertheless, the old man, though thus addressed, pitched his voice, and seemed determined to sing the song. His wife renewed her earnest entreaties, but he pitched his voice again and with greater force, and seemed still more determined to sing it.

"Oh dear! What shall I do? He is going to sing it, and I know how it will be. When he sings that song, he can never sleep at nights! Pray, ladies, tell him that he is not to sing it!"

The old man pitched his voice again still louder, regarding what was said as little as if he heard it not. The eldest of the three sisters, who sat nearest to him, leaning towards the old man, then observed with an air of mild authority — "Since your friends think, sir, that the effort of singing may perhaps hurt you, is it not almost a pity that you should try to sing to-night?"

The old man looked as though he had not heard what was so softly, but most pointedly, addressed to him, pitched his voice very loud, and then sung a few words in sounds at once discordant and feeble. "No, no," he said, stopping suddenly and shaking his head, "no, no, I cannot sing it to-night!" At the last words the anxious wife resumed her seat, and her husband mused silently, a shade of thoughtfulness passing over his cheerful, manly countenance.

He was in truth a model of a man, and of the refreshing verdure of a good green old age; in stature tall and erect; in aspect healthy, contented, and intelligent. His style of dress, moreover, at least in the eyes of a child, was eminently tasteful and elegant. His honest apple-face was nicely framed in a well fitting, flaxen wig of undisturbed and imperturbable hair; fine in texture, smooth and glossy, and gladdening the eye like the charming plumage of the canary-bird. His coat was, as to its form, of that cut nearly, which is denominated a court coat; and, as to its substance, of a tartan, in pattern neither grave nor gay, but rather gay than grave, admitting, however, amongst its various colours but little red; and being enriched with a few

* By the constitution of 1837, the franchise has been greatly extended in Spain, and the freedom of election secured on a firm basis. A complete representative system is founded, not only as regards the election of members of the Cortes, but the two thirds of the senate, answering to our House of Lords, are chosen in the same manner by the people: the remaining one third is nominated by the Queen.

In the late elections, General Jaureguy has been chosen by a large majority senator of the province of Guipuzcoa.

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plated buttons, as large as crown-pieces. The waistcoat was ample, double-breasted, and prolonged by deep, descending pockets, which were the chosen retreat of the wearer's hands; it was of tartan also, but gayer by far than the coat, showing far more red and far more lively colours. His shorts were, in both dimensions, inexpressibly short; but of all gay things these were the gayest, for the splendid tartan might exhilarate the care-worn heart by its profuse display of the brightest scarlet. The stockings were Wurtemburgers, which are now indeed scarcely seen to linger on the brawny legs of ancient coachmen, but then they had lately derived novelty and a name from the recent marriage of the Princess Royal. Stockings of fine white cotton became Wurtemburgers by the distinction of certain livid stripes, four or five, not more, woven in black and blue silk. That the old man's breeches were the gayest thing in the world is true, but it is strictly true as to those persons only who had never seen his gaiters: gaiters wide indeed, and reaching barely to his calf, but gaiters, or, as he modestly named them, spatterdashes, constructed of the royal tartan of the Stuarts. These, in truth, it was not easy to see, inasmuch as his feet were commonly withdrawn into the shade below his chair; or if perchance he advanced them before him, he would carelessly drop a silk handkerchief over them, especially on a sudden noise, or if some one was about to enter; and he would leave it there, as it were to keep the wind from his legs. Sometimes, however, the envious handkerchief was removed, and then the old man's eyes glanced downwards between his knees and rested upon the spatterdashes.

At all times the eager eyes of a boy devoured the gorgeous apparel, and were lost amongst the silver buckles and buttons, and in the maze of many-coloured plaids. "Do you not admire the beautiful tartan, my dear?" Silence more eloquent than words commonly proclaimed the unspeakable admiration. "Oh profundity of loveliness and of splendour!" ejaculated the young heart to itself in mute wonder, "what are kings and queens themselves, even as they are represented on the court cards, in comparison with this venerable man!"

"Is there not what is called the royal tartan, sir?"

A long pause followed a long-drawn sigh, and then, "Many people talk about what they do not rightly understand; many people speak a great deal about tartans."

"But is there not one pattern, sir, that is considered to be the royal tartan of Scotland?"

"Well; tartan is just like everything else; some say one thing about it, some say another."

"Are not your gaiters of the royal tartan, sir? I think this kind is so called; is it not?"

"Why, these spatterdashes were made out of a little bit; it was given to me; it was a very little bit; Mary, there, made them; I did not like it to go abroad; it was such a very little bit! The Scotch will tell you many things about tartan; and you may believe what they tell you, if you like!"

"Scotland is a large country, Mr. Brown!" No answer. The question was repeated with a hearty clap on the knee.

"Ay!"

"Scotland is a large country, Mr. Brown!"

"Ay; it is large enough!"

"In a large country, one would think, there must be some good people?' No answer, until the question was again asked, and addressed to the knee.

"There are none there, that I ever heard tell of."

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"You have been in Scotland yourself, Mr. Brown?"

"Nay, nay; never to find there anything that I liked!"

"You have known many Scotchmen in your time?"

"Ay, some few."

"They are not all alike, surely?"

The old man shook his head.

"Some are not quite so bad as others?"

"It may be. They may pick amongst them, who will."

"I think I have heard you say you have known Scotchmen whom you would not refuse a certain favour."

The old man looked up doubtingly.

"What favour is it, that the very best of them might have at your hands? What is it, Mr. Brown?"

"Oh! oh! Why, the loan of a spare rope for half an hour!"

"Is this, then, the utmost that the very best of all you have known deserves of you?"

"Ay; indeed it is!"

"Have you never found any to whom you would lend it for a whole hour?"

"Nay; none, none; but, to be sure, unless some of their own countrymen were waiting to have the next turn, there may be some amongst them who might keep it till it was wanted."

The old man was roused by this sally, but he presently relapsed into his musings, during which he rubbed his knuckles together, and murmured, "It is a hard thing, indeed, to do any good when you have Scotch along with you!"

"But the Scotch wear tartan, Mr. Brown."

"Ay, ay; they may wear what they will, for me. They are not wholesome; that is just it."

"But they live in a fine, blowing, healthy air."

"Ay; they have air enough, to be sure, and a good air too; I do not quarrel with that; it is too good for them; but there is no keeping these people sweet. It is not for want of fresh air; they have plenty of that."

"Nor for want of a thorough draught; which, I believe, you reckon the finest thing in the world: they must have it from below."

"It is just like tainted meat. When meat is once tainted, be it ever so little, it is all over; you may do what you will with it, but it is all of no use. I have heard much about healing the sick, drying up the sea, raising the dead, and such like; but when a ham is once gone at the bone, I never heard tell of any man who could make it sound again."

"Then, I suppose, the Scotch are not very clever at curing meat, Mr. Brown, are they?"

"To cure meat? Lord love you! to cure meat? why whom would you get to eat it? Set a Scotchman to cure meat, indeed!" And turning his eyes upwards towards the ceiling, he suffered so much of his astonishment as could not be carried off by words to evaporate slowly in a long whistle.

When a benevolent, conscientious, and intelligent man entertains a violent antipathy towards a large class of persons, it may be fairly conjectured that he believes himself to have been deeply injured by them, and it may be inferred that the injury was rather of a public than a private nature; if, like William Brown, the party be virtuous, disinterested, and honourable. The further consideration of his costume, and of certain other peculiarities, will perhaps discover the source of his dislike for the Scottish nation. The

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manifold tartans constituted his grand habit of ceremony, in which he was pleased most courteously to receive and most hospitably to entertain a few select guests, in the neatest parlour in the cleanest house in the habitable world, when Mary was at home: it must be remembered, that not one of the tartans ever passed the well rubbed threshold of his well whitened mansion. His official dress was not remarkable, it consisting merely of a fustian jacket, with a worsted cap in the room of his wig. But in his punctual and exemplary attendance at the church of his parish, and when he went abroad to visit his friends, a handsome cocked hat surmounted the lemon-coloured wig, and the lower arrangements of his person corresponded with the usages of the place and of the times; as to the intermediate regions, these were accommodated with a single-breasted coat, somewhat short and full in the skirts, of drab cloth, and a spacious waistcoat of scarlet kerseymere. The coat and waistcoat may possibly appear to be only a well chosen and tasteful habiliment; they require, however, some brief notice.

Everybody knows how the unfortunate Dr. Cameron, having visited his native country many years after the affair of 1745, in the expectation that the whole matter and himself had been forgotten, was recognised and sent to London, and presently afterwards to Tyburn. Everybody knows also, that not only the doctor himself and his friends, but many other impartial persons, thought it unkind that he should die after so long an interval; and not only unkind, but very ungrateful too, inasmuch as he had practised his profession, during the interval at Douay, extensively and exclusively upon the bodies of his associates, and accordingly had put to death, singly, more rebels than all Lord Ligonier's dragoons. It is known to attentive readers only of the doctor's life and sufferings, that he underwent the last dreadful sentence with the accustomed cheerfulness, but not in the accustomed attire — a complete and very genteel suit of black; on the contrary, he suffered in a drab coat, and a waistcoat and breeches of scarlet. A traveller explains the anomaly by informing the curious, that, in the course of his tour, he had the honour to dine in Rome with the Cardinal of York, whose servants were arrayed in drab and scarlet; and that such is the Pretender's livery.

It appears, therefore, that William Brown was pleased to live in the same colours in which the unfortunate physician was proud to die. It was, indeed, a most painful reflection for a sincere and ardent admirer of the venerable man, that he held his innocent and useful life by the precarious tenure of caprice, or accident. The reflection was often and rudely forced upon the mind by footmen and other lewd fellows, to whom his regularity, order, and exactness, and his zeal, tempered, indeed, with the gentlest amenity, on behalf of cleanliness and fresh air, had rendered him somewhat distasteful; and in whom the love of mischief was a strong principle of action. They loudly proclaimed, with coarse jests and bursts of laughter, that people would come presently to fetch the old rascal away, and that he would surely get his deserts at last. It seemed but too probable that he would be suddenly apprehended, and would be put to death, after as little delay, or investigation, as was had in the case of Charles Radcliffe, of Dr. Cameron, and of some other unhappy persons. It was consolatory therefore to see him again, after a short absence, not without alarm, had intervened, to find him calm, smiling, and still unhanged; it was grateful to catch even a distant glimpse of the scarlet waistcoat, when rough jeerings, overheard with extreme uneasiness, had announced his fate as rapidly approaching. On the contrary, the appearance of a party of soldiers in the village was

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always unwelcome; they seemed to threaten the cherished existence of the good old man. Who could know how abruptly the strangers might string him up in his august wig, and possibly even in his charming fancy-dress?

To be hanged by the neck until dead is not, upon the first suggestion, a tempting proposal, and it becomes less inviting the longer it is presented to the imagination; the lively fancy of early youth dwelt upon the painful image of this form of death, and my pity grew stronger from frequently pressing my throat with my fingers, to discover how much the poor fellow would suffer. The mysterious character of the imputed guilt was a further motive of compassion; it was mentioned only by the men-servants among themselves, by sudden starts and in reputed whispers; no crime was ever specified — the words rascal, villain, scoundrel, vagabond, were freely used, and commonly with the adjunct old; but so far as these terms have any meaning, they were wholly inapplicable; accordingly pity was further strengthened by a sense of injustice: moreover it was constantly maintained in full force by the unabating confidence with which the impending punishment was perpetually predicted.

It is a melancholy thing to associate with any person, how unengaging soever, who, lying under sentence of death, lives only to await execution; and sad indeed was the prospect, where the convict had so many attractive qualities. He was alike venerable in age and in aspect, of a sweet, lowly majesty, grave, yet cheerful and affable; and although himself childless, he largely exhibited that sympathetic kindness towards children which they readily acknowledge and fully return; besides, he had much that was original, individual, and peculiar; and originality, when it is not repulsive, draws all things strongly to itself. His dress was certainly peculiar; nor was his house less so in its lucid order and glittering neatness. "Cleanliness and fresh air, these are all — there are no secrets in our trade;" and with these words he pressed forward to open a window, and to remove some blemish, invisible save to his microscopic eye.

That his garden might be felt, it must be seen; it could not be described. There were faultless palings, irreproachable little gates, and unerring latches: "there are no such hedges anywhere," he said, and truly, concerning the clipped hedges by which the garden was surrounded and divided; of hornbeam, with precise, plaited leaf, or of beech, the thin leaves being one while of a tender green, at another time of copper foil; they were as fresh as if the shears had never touched them; and yet how impossible would it have been, by taking thought, either to add or to remove a single leaf without manifest injury. The walks were the paths of spirits, that hovered above, softly gliding with printless feet; the borders were unsullied, unruffled, as the cap and 'kerchief of a Quaker lady: nature had made a truce with her William Brown, whose lands alone were excepted from our common attainder, for there no weed might spring, no withered leaf descend; on them the sun shone with twofold light, and the rain fell with caution and tenderness. "Where will you find such another polyanthus?" Nowhere, we may prudently answer, — nowhere will we seek for such an one. "Look at the eye! There is meal for you! Has the King of Spain and the Indies an auricula like that?" We look at the eye, and are well powdered with the meal, being little acquainted with the floral possessions of the most Catholic King. "It is quite certain, that not even the Great Mogul — no, not the Emperor of China himself, ever saw a tulip like this." If it be so, and if those potentates love flowers, it would be kind to send them a root, for it is a noble flower. "Where, I should like to know, where in the

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world would the great Prester John have to go to look for a real buff rose-leaved carnation,—where would he go?" It should seem, indeed, that he might come for it to Mr. Brown's garden; and when he shall come, may we be there to see him. Every flower—and he had many—was wonderful, rare, unique; he detailed its remarkable properties with solemn earnestness and perfect faith; and, by reason of his approaching martyrdom, his words, in the minds of those who expected it, weighed as the declarations of a dying man.

How sweet is faith, how sweet is hope, and how sweet is the flowery spring of our young life, when we can believe and hope everything! Let the successful amongst men say whether they ever passed through a period so agreeable as that of their early inexperience;—of the rest of mankind the answer is already given. A happy few, however, are blessed with perpetual youth; their expectations never fade, their credulity never withers, their innocence is fresh, and an abiding sense of beauty is green in them to the last. Of these greatly gifted ones was William Brown, whose profound feeling of the external beautiful shone forth gloriously in his assiduous homage to nature and to flowers, whilst his clear perception of internal, moral beauty was apparent in the acts of his ordinary life, and found occasions of benevolence and fortitude where common minds can detect nothing better than disgusts. It was pleasant to visit his garden, especially so for one who could sympathise in his enthusiasm, and in his entire conviction of the surpassing rarity of its contents. Besides, each visit produced some little incident to illustrate his temper and disposition.

White roses grew in profusion in every section of the garden. "You will not see the like of these in any kingdom in Europe;" and certainly they were fine ones, most abundant, and in admirable order. Here and there, in a remote corner, a red rose—that is, a pink or rose-coloured rose—might be turned up on a careful search; but the blood-red rose of Lancaster was nowhere to be found. One day a stranger, incautiously or maliciously, remarked, "What a number of white roses you have, Mr. Brown, how fine they are; but I cannot see a single red one!" He answered, not without hesitation, "Ay, we have both, I think; but, I know not how it is, the white seem to do better here: maybe it is the soil."

"Come along, young gentleman, come along; I know you think with me. It must be a fine house indeed, which this is not, to be finer than even a very mean garden; and a sorry garden that does not beat the finest house all to nothing. So come along with me; I will show you the way." After a few minutes spent in respectful and careful inquiry concerning friends on a visit one Sunday in the spring after morning service, the old man arose with these words, and we quitted the bright parlour.

On emerging by the back door from the dark passage into the warm sunshine, he exclaimed, "Ay, ay, it is grand furnishing, where God Almighty is the upholsterer. It is, indeed!" As we crossed the scrubbed, pipe-clayed and sanded yard, he opened softly the gay green door of a well whitened outhouse on our right, and, having peeped in, he closed it again as gently. "Well, well, my pretty dear, so you are just taking a little nap; well, it will do you good! A wink or two of sleep will refresh you. Bless your heart, I am right glad you are so comfortable. Pray, make yourself quite at home, my love!"

We admired a superb bed of anemones, and the prodigious superiority of each kind was distinctly asserted over every flower in the collections of the Emperor of Morocco, of the Doge of Venice, and of the King of Candy.

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On our return the green door was gently unlatched, and presently thrown wide open. "So there you are, my duck; well, and has your nap done you any good? are you still sleepy, my darling? Bless your pretty bright eyes, how sprightly you look; you may make yourself quite happy; we will use you like one of the family. I will be with you betimes in the morning, never fear; I never kept anybody waiting for me in the whole course of my life. I will be there; make yourself quite easy, dear! I have been acquainted with many of the good family, and have done business with them. I knew your poor mother, my jewel; there was an angel, if you please! She was a perfect beauty; such a bright red, such a clear white; and the colours ran in streaks too; her flesh was quite a picture! I laid your poor dear mother in salt myself, you pretty poppet; she died like an angel, bless her! and her weight astonished us."

The open green door of the well-whitened outhouse displayed a spotless interior, the walls and roof being well whitened also, and the floor nicely strewed with white sand; the object of affectionate greeting, a plump young sow, as clean as soap and water could make her, lay at the further end upon the floor. The venerable man approached her, and after some caresses and soothing words, he took a clean coarse cloth and a large horn comb from a shelf, wiped the animal, and combed the long hair on the head and neck, and then replaced them.

"There now, dear heart, there now! Ay, now you look like yourself, and like your poor dear mother, poor thing! You have just her sweet, good-humoured smile! Every thing ought to be cheerful and pleasant about them. I like to see a pig keep up his spirits to the last; and why should he not — what is there to mope about? There is nothing to be ashamed of in being salted! I have seen a couple of hams, that the finest lady in the land might be proud of; if her flesh would take the salt as well, she would have something to be thankful for! I never stuck a pig in my life that was not in a good humour, and pleased with every thing around him; I like them to take it in good part, and die cheerfully; their flesh tastes all the sweeter. I hate your sour, discontented, disobliging pigs, that fancy people are to have no bacon; such unaccommodating tempers cannot turn to wholesome meat. I never had to do with such myself; indeed I must say, I never met with a pig that was the least unreasonable. I have sometimes thought, that if pigs could be brought to understand the course of dealing in our trade, they would hold their heads much higher than they now do. Bless that pretty red rag, my blossom," he continued, taking hold of the young sow's tongue, "it will want a bit of saltpetre to make it keep the colour well, and it shall have it; but we must not let it stay more than four days in salt, or it will be too dry. We have got a bag of fresh oatmeal for you, quite fresh, it only came from the mill last night; and you shall have the new piggin — if it were gold you should have it; it has been scalded for you, and I will stir it well; and your black-puddings will be as good, I will warrant them, as your poor mother's were. You have good reason, I dare say, to be proud of your pretty liver; there it lies, all in a lump. We will unpack you, my princess, before breakfast, depend upon it. We will turn it out nicely with the point of the knife, like the kernel of a nut; we will unshell you, my queen! Mary shall fry a bit herself for our breakfast; she will not scorch it, but it shall be prettily browned; make yourself quite comfortable, she will do it herself. Make yourself quite comfortable, my rosebud, I will be with you at day-break; I will not keep you waiting, I promise; I never disappointed a pig in my life, to say nothing of

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one of your sex: if I had been going, with God's blessing, to cut a Christian gentlewoman's throat, I could not have been more exact as to time!"

A wise antiquity, which for the most part accepted practically the commandment, "kill and eat," sought to conceal by grace and humanity whatever real disgust and apparent cruelty the execution of the necessary precept may imply. By slaying animals as sacrifices to their deities, divine authority was assumed to justify acts which, without that sanction, might appear unjustifiable. The victim was cleansed and adorned, being decorated with ribands, garlands, and gilded horns; it was not driven or led, but hastened joyfully, being wholly free, towards the altar, soothed by caresses, and attracted by flowers and salted cakes, which were presented to it by the way; an attendant of the priests, unseen and unexpected, suddenly struck it to the earth with a leaden mallet, and another attendant instantly completed the rite. Thus a life of happiness and health, without care, and of unmixed enjoyment, was terminated unconsciously, when the creature was in the fulness of contentment; the theory of ancient institutions wholly excluded from the unavoidable conclusion of the career of animal felicity the manifold afflictions that befall overdriven and tortured cattle. Nature's favourites draw freely from the well-spring of living, inborn goodness, that wisdom which the learned extract laboriously from scanty sources; the good man finds in his own heart the philanthropy of Numa, of Minos, of Pythagoras, of sages unknown to him by name, but of kindred benevolence.

The bland manners and the honied words of William Brown seemed to take away the sting of death: so gently were they treated, that the fate of his victims appeared almost enviable; out of genuine good nature he endeavoured to make the last hours of the meanest creature comfortable; and laying aside a ponderous cocked hat, which Rhadamanthus himself might have worn, whilst passing final, irrevocable sentence, he would sit down beside it, and pour forth a flood of soothing kindness to a departing pig. As in his actions the good old man displayed a singular benevolence towards a race of useful animals, that usually receive much gratuitous and contumelious cruelty, so he always spoke of them with affection and respect. He always made ample room for a pig on a journey, offering some civil word, as he passed his bristly friend; and he would make a large circuit, picking his way through the dirt, lest he should disturb the afternoon nap of a fat sow slumbering on the sunny causeway. How often did he intercept the uplifted stick, or the poised stone, — mediating with fair words, with apples, or pears, plums, or gooseberries. To a boy about to strike he would say, "Ask your mother, Tommy, to let you come and look at my garden," — and the blow was arrested. Of a boy, who had lately struck, he would ask with meek indignation, "Who made you, my lad?" and receiving a prompt answer, he would then inquire, "And who, do you think, made that poor pig, — poor thing — poor thing!" The offender slunk away in silence, but his blushes proved that he felt the mild reproof. "What is a little civility to a poor pig? it would be black ingratitude, indeed, in me not to show to them all the respect in my power: ay, ay, I owe them all that I possess; house and land, bed and board; every rag I wear, and every bit I put into my mouth: and the like with Mary; but for them she might want a bed to lie on! Indeed, I am quite ashamed when I think upon the many favours I have had of them."

Mr. Brown had filled for more than half a century the important office of a dealer in bacon, in one of the quiet towns of the north of England, with advantage and credit, and had retired to a pleasant village in the north, some

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fifty miles from the town of his trade, where he purchased a goodly house, with extensive outbuildings, a large garden, on a soil of marvellous fertility, and two paddocks. On leaving the town, he had left business also; he had torn himself away at last with pain and reluctance from a fascinating employment, of which "the rules are cleanliness and fresh air, and which has no secrets." "I began to feel that I could not expect to live for ever; that I was growing old, indeed; and though it was hard to withdraw, certainly—it was like dying a living death—it was still harder to think, that if I continued, I might some day put a bad article into the hands of an old customer." In his honourable retirement he still persisted in supplying a few of his old friends, but, with one highly favoured exception, he declined all new connections. His salted meats were esteemed curious and admirable even in regions renowned for such works of art; the hams were at once delightful and surprising, nor was his bacon unworthy of those great potentates who languished for his flowers,—of such of them, at least, as consume it. In virtue of his well-earned celebrity and proud pre-eminence in this particular, the name Brown being very common in those parts, and even William Brown being not wholly unambiguous, he was usually styled Bacon Brown. Children he had none, save those whom—like another meek tiller of the earth of still higher antiquity, Saturn—he killed and devoured.

Mary was conspicuous to the eye in bright starched linen, and to the ear audible in rustling silks; devoted, not without a certain frenzy, to cleanliness and fresh air; not to be separated by any effort of imagination from antique porcelain highly piled; surrounded, but not bewildered, by delicious cakes of every size, form, colour, or kind; and unwearied in asking whether these things were agreeable, during a perennial effusion of tea, coffee, cream, and sweet wines. She was somewhat older than her Bacon, as she alleged, but her chronology was not very exact: the most minute information she ever afforded of any date was concerning her marriage, and of this she once said, "Dear, dear, but it is a long time since William and I wed; I forget how many years it is, but it must be a great many since the time when we first left off reckoning the years from our wedding day; we thought it was no use counting them any longer, they got to be so many; it was just as easy for us to go by the year of our Lord." As the good woman's years could not be counted, so her addiction to all housewifery was not to be estimated; a bright example of bright furniture; never absent from church during the hours of divine service, nor from home save during those hours; constant in spinning, in needlework, in knitting;—the last of these acts was the lowest function of her industry, and the least, being as necessary to her existence as respiration itself: during her evenings' entertainments she would converse, but she conversed knitting.

"Dear Mrs. Brown, what short stockings you wear; these are your stockings, are they not?—how short they are!" exclaimed the youngest of the three sisters before mentioned, drawing forth from a basket, as she spoke, a number of cotton stockings of about half the ordinary length. Mrs. Bacon Brown was overwhelmed with sudden confusion; she restored the stockings, amidst more than maiden blushes, to the basket, covered them with a snow-white napkin, and having recovered, in some degree, from her palpitations and perturbations, she communicated with her inquisitive neighbour in a mysterious whisper, and a voice tremulous at once through old age and wounded innocence. "My stockings, I believe, Miss, are as long as other people's when they are finished,—much about the same; but I never make them longer than they now are in company; in mixed company, at least, it

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would not be proper. I shall finish them in private when the gentlemen are not looking!" Prynne was a liar, then, the worst of liars, and unworthy of the smallest scrap and vestige of ears, since he affirms that the wives and daughters of cavaliers must of necessity lack modesty; yet Mary Brown at ninety, or thereabouts, could not endure that the eye of any male creature should glance at the top of a future stocking during its progress: if this would not satisfy the presbyterian lawyer, the chastity of female puritans must be chaste and pure indeed!

The cavaliers taught, that if the crown be set upon a bush it is the duty of every loyal subject to rally round it; the loyal Bacon Brown accepted the salutary doctrine, and, indeed, carried it very much farther. If the English crown shall descend by hereditary right, even upon the head of a Scotchman, it is fit, he held, to defend the sacred crown and the divine right; and accordingly he had fought hard, it was reported, for the right, according to his notions of it, on the 16th of April, 1746, at Culloden.

"On the evening of that day there were a few of us together in the place, where they put us at the beginning: we were a little knot of Englishmen, and quite alone; for those heavy German fellows, who were set against us, got so tired of our method, that they thought it better to leave us to ourselves; and as many of them as were able did so. It was getting dark, when some of the Duke's people came up; they came on very fast, and made a great noise, bawling out 'Surrender, — submit, you rebels! yield, you accursed traitors!' One voice cried out, 'Fair words, if you please, my masters;' and we gave them a steady, well-directed volley; and we then pressed closer together, for we had no more powder, being resolved to rush in amongst them, and so to leave God to finish it in his own way; but they would not come on, and, after some little parley amongst themselves, they wheeled about, and went off. We remained a good while there, all alone again; and there being nobody to fight with, — nobody with us, and nobody against us, — we went away at last each to his own: there was nothing else for us. Ay, ay, it is a hard thing, indeed, to do any good when you have Scotch along with you! I do not like their broadswords; they may do perhaps to keep the flies off meat. But what is a man good for who lives upon oatmeal gruel? What can he be good for, even if you sometimes let him pick the eyes out of a sheep's head, and there cannot be much else to eat upon it, for his Sunday dinner? What can he be fit for but to spoil a good cause, and to turn his back upon his friends? Now, I do love a bayonet; it is a pretty thing, indeed it is! Fill a man as full as he can hold of pudding and of good meat, fresh or salted, no matter which, — only let him have as much as he can eat, and then just put a bayonet into his hands, and he will do you some service. Set him where you please, there he will stand; and where he stands, if so be that he is to fall, there he will fall. I do not like their screaming bagpipes, nor their wild tunes; I like a little wholesome music, — a few fifes and drums, going pleasantly to a good old English tune, 'The king will have his own again!' and the like. Some nice steady measure, with which any man who has an ear may keep time as he marches out of the world. Where is the use of all these heats and noises? If a man is to die, why, let him die coolly and quietly, like a man; his flesh would take the salt better if it were of any use to cure Christians. The very least that even a poor pig can do is to die like a gentleman. No wry mouths; no senseless squealing; for what is the good of it? I never allow it myself with any of my family; I always expect my little people to die game. I hate a conceited, self-seeking, crossgrained, misjudging pig, that will never under-

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stand when he has lived long enough. What right, I should like to know, can a pig have, just because he may not happen to be in the humour to have his throat cut at a particular moment, to disturb a quiet respectable neighbourhood, and to wake ladies and gentlemen before their time? And it is the same thing with a man exactly: when a man is to be knocked on the head, or the like, it is principally his own concern; no doubt about that: other people care very little about the matter; and why then should he? If he does not like it, and thinks he can prevent it, very well; let him try; that is all fair enough. But if he knows he cannot hinder it, why should he make a piece of work about it? It is better far to take what must be pleasantly; and so to die like a nice civil fellow, without vexing himself, or tumbling his clothes. It is better far, surely it is; far, far better, whether his death is to come in battle, or, if the law will have it so, at any time afterwards!"

Thus, it is said, did Bacon Brown sometimes discourse privately in his old age to a very small number of trusty hearers concerning the battle of Culloden, and other events connected with the affair of 1745, in which in his youth he had publicly borne a part. Such discourses, however, were received, not from himself, but from the reports of others, made at a period long subsequent to the days of intercourse with the venerable man. It is enough, therefore, to have repeated so much as will explain how it happened that his sentiments with respect to a neighbouring nation were different from those commonly entertained by a person arrayed in tartans from top to toe; because he believed that his Scottish allies had spoiled a cause which he esteemed a good one, and had turned their backs upon their friends. It is enough to have explained briefly the origin of the common fame of the village, that he was doomed to die; and that the long-drawn thread of his innocent and useful life would some day be abruptly snapped by the hands of the executioner. It is difficult to decide, whether the apprehension of an event which, according to his own doctrine, concerned nobody but himself, and himself but little, really pressed upon his latter years: whether a simple mind still expected the long delayed punishment of treasons committed forty or fifty years before. That he should mistrust the public faith of his conquerors was not unnatural, and confidence would not be increased by some examples, just, it may be, but certainly severe, of late vengeance. Of individuals who actually suffered, personal observation might have taught him to think slightingly: to his own merits he could not be insensible; he could not forget that a man, in the production of bacon unequalled, and in the culture of flowers exquisite, may not prudently be contemned. He remembered that he at least fought bravely, whoever else had fled; and that, whoever skulked and wavered, he stood fast in heart and soul and limbs. However it might be in his old age, it is certain that in his manhood the peril had been imminent indeed; he went into the field fully resolved to conquer or to die; and when he found he could not conquer, he remained to die; and he only survived through a twofold disappointment — the want of courage in his confederates and in his opponents.

Nor did the danger end there; but, for once, fortune favoured the brave. The sentiment of submission to the last violence had sunk deep into his heart, and had tinged the whole character of his existence. His touching exhortations to dumb animals were so many sermons and discourses composed for his own edification and confirmation; whether he inculcated a rigid stoicism, an epicurean indifference, a Spartan contempt of death, a Roman patriotism, a philosophical necessity, a Christian resignation, in

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whatever form he inculcated passive fortitude, he seemed to say to the unconscious victim, "your case is mine, and my case is yours; suffer meekly, my friend, as I would have suffered formerly; suffer meekly, my darling, as I must some day myself suffer; suffer meekly, my heart, as I am now prepared to suffer, if laws, divine and human, in like manner require it!" His exhortations to these poor creatures at the point of death, how grotesque soever in manner, were, nevertheless, indescribably pathetic, especially when with a youthful credulity the propinquity of his sudden and violent death, the reason being wholly unknown, was so confidently believed, that any distant sound would appear to threaten the approach of a file of soldiers, who would carry away the good man, still exhorting, to some place of execution out of the limits of the village, and consequently of the known world, and in its obscurity the more terrible.

There is only one thing more. Amongst other pleasant articles of bright furniture was a large screen, which on the occasion of a cheerful evening visit was uniformly placed between the fire and the principal lady present, whether she might desire it or not, for state, and as an honourable distinction. It bore certain figures, executed in that kind of water-colours which is called distemper, a style of drawing capable of much force, and in this instance there was enough of art to express very powerfully the sentiment, at least, of the courtship of old Robin Gray. The conspicuous figures usually invited observation and explanation, and eventually led to a request that Mr. Brown would sing his one old song. The good man gave the homely ballad with energy; it may be somewhat roughly, and certainly with all the defects of an old man's voice, but to sing at all with his years was of itself marvellous; moreover, it was, in an especial manner, the song of deep emotion. In its primary and literal signification the story is affecting; the young bride, who may not have the young husband of her choice, resolves to be a good wife to the old man, whom the necessities of her family constrain her to accept. It should seem that the wise William Brown had penetrated to the secondary and allegorical sense, which he found still more moving; and inasmuch as he might not have those kings who would rule over him by divine right, he must even submit, as he could, to be a faithful subject to the governors whom the fortune of war had set over him. But the resolution and submission cost many a bitter pang to a loyal heart; so that the old ballad revived the recollection of former sorrows, and broke his rest.

"No, William, do not sing that song; it does you harm. Do not sing that song; it will hurt you, William, dear! When he sings that song he can never sleep at nights!"

Thus did his ancient helpmate interpose with affectionate solicitude when he was invited to sing; and once, it is certain, her interposition was successful, for the old man forbore, either because his wife earnestly entreated it, or that his voice failed him. His pride chose to assign the latter reason.

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INFLUENCE OF ELOQUENCE ON ENGLISH FREEDOM.

No. II.

ERSKINE AND CURRAN. — DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND IRISH BARS. — CHARACTERISTICS OF ERSKINE AND CURRAN AS ADVOCATES. — TRIAL OF LORD GEORGE GORDON AND OF THE DEAN OF ST. ASAPH.

HAVING in our last article traced a general outline of the history of the Forensic Profession, and shown the connection between that body and Public Freedom, we proceed to a minute examination of the characteristics and efforts of the two men who — as constitutional advocates, as defenders in the forum of the liberty of their fellow-citizens — stand unrivalled, not only in the annals of the Bars of England and Ireland which they respectively adorned, but, we will venture to assert, of any Bar in any country. It is needless to say that we refer to Erskine and Curran. In instituting a comparison between them, we must consider the differences of the two Bars of England and Ireland; and in that investigation our attention is naturally directed to the opposite genius of the two nations, since that of the Bar will always necessarily be in a free country, and in a system of trial by jury, a mere reflex of the peculiar genius of the country. Our brethren of the Emerald Isle are gifted unquestionably with a much greater buoyancy of spirit and liveliness of disposition than *we* possess. In the superficial parts of character, they more nearly resemble some of the continental nations than their fellow-countrymen of Great Britain. Their imagination is more active, and, by consequence, their wit. They are fonder of tracing remote resemblances between objects apparently dissimilar, than of the task of weighing and comparing. Accordingly we find the species of oratory which has been found best adapted to rouse them, is the highly imaginative, which has sometimes, however, been carried to such an excess, even in their greatest speakers, and in Curran himself, as to run into bombast. Not that we intend to admit the common notion, that the English people are incapable of being excited — far from it! The energy of the English character only slumbers. The heat is latent, but it exists; and, as the greatest of poets says, "fire that's closest kept, burns most of all." It burns within, as in the volcano of the snow-clad Ætna; and therefore we find that, when orators have arisen who knew how to arouse the slumbering spirit, effects of eloquence have been produced which have not been surpassed among the most imaginative and excitable people. For not even the famous passage of Curran, on the spirit of universal emancipation which pervades the British Constitution — not even a greater passage, the oath by the manes of those who fell at Marathon, which has been considered the triumph of Demosthenes, and of which the best of modern judges * has declared, that the "panegyrics of twenty-four centuries have left it inadequately admired" — are, to our mind, equal proofs of power (all the surrounding circumstances considered) to the oath which Lord Erskine abruptly used in his defence of Lord George Gordon, — "By G—, that man is a ruffian, who shall presume to build upon such honest, artless conduct, as an evidence of guilt!" That in an English court of justice, the peculiar seat of propriety and decorum, such an appeal could be made with effect on the audience, is a proof at once of the amazing power of the orator and of the capability of the

* Lord Brougham. Speeches, vol. iv. p. 443.

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people to be most strongly excited. Yet it doubtless remains true that our Irish countrymen are more easily moved than we are. And not only is our natural temperament less excitable, but our commercial habits present another great difficulty in the way of an eloquent advocate. The juries are, for the most part, intent on business. Accordingly, we find a Scarlett engaged in many more causes than a Brougham, in consequence of the superior business talent of the former. Yet again, in accounting for the difference of the style of the two ornaments of their respective Bars, we must especially remember the difference in the circumstances by which they were surrounded. The state of the two countries at the respective periods of their pleading was very opposite. The passionate, and what often appears to some readers in their closet the *exaggerated*, eloquence of Curran, was poured out to men whose feelings were excited, and whose energy was roused to the most intense pitch by the political events of that day. It was adapted to, and was in keeping with, the highly-wrought state of his audience. He was not declaiming a set oration on the tyrannicide by Brutus in the senate-house of a university; he was addressing *men*, not scholars or pedants, and was rousing all his gigantic powers to save the liberty of his country!

Lord Erskine was the greatest advocate (understood in the sense to which we have limited the word) that ever appeared at the English, or perhaps any other Bar. Lord Brougham * does not hesitate to say, that he was the "first judicial orator, ancient or modern." His legal knowledge was *sufficient*: it was adequate to the common exigencies of court, and was indeed of considerable extent considering the late period of his life, in which it was acquired. He did not enter the Forensic Profession until after serving both in the army and the navy — certainly, however great their merits, not the best preparatory school for the study and practice of the law. His legal talent and capacity too were much greater than they are commonly thought to have been, as all candid inquirers may easily see who read his arguments on the important constitutional subject *of the right of juries to find a general verdict in cases of libel*, his successful exertions in which cause constituted one of his greatest forensic triumphs. The quality which shone forth in him with such a conspicuous lustre, and was the most valuable one that could be possessed by an advocate who had to discharge his important duties, "fallen" as he was "on evil days" for British liberty, was *moral courage*. This was the armour of steel wherein he was panoplied. Thus, on the *very first* occasion on which he addressed the Court when counsel for Captain Baillie, on an application against him by some of the officers of Greenwich Hospital for a criminal information as to a libel reflecting upon them, Erskine, at the conclusion of his address, ventured to name Lord Sandwich as the principal instigator of all the proceedings, and the real culprit. Lord Mansfield then interrupted him, observing that Lord Sandwich was not before the Court. "I know," said Erskine, "he is *not* before the Court, but *for that very reason I will bring him before the Court.* He has placed these men in the front of the battle, in hopes to escape under their shelter; but *I* will not join in battle with *them*: *their* vices, though screwed up to the highest pitch of human depravity, are not of dignity enough to vindicate the combat *with me.*" And again, on the famous trial of the Dean of St. Asaph for publishing a dialogue, written by the amiable and learned Sir William Jones, advocating *Reform in Parliament* (thank God! such times are gone) the jury delivered a verdict of *publishing only*, upon which Mr. J. Buller, who presided, addressed the jury,

* Inaugural Discourse at Glasgow.

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"You say he is guilty of publishing, and that the meaning of the innuendos is as stated in the indictment." A juror replied, "certainly." Then says Erskine, "Is the word 'only' to stand as part of your verdict?" The juror again replied "certainly." Erskine: "Then I insist it shall be recorded." Mr. J. Buller: "The verdict must be misunderstood. Let me understand the jury." Erskine: "The jury *do* understand their verdict." Mr. J. Buller: "Sir, I will not be interrupted." Erskine: "I stand here as an advocate for a brother citizen, and I desire that the word 'only' may be recorded." Mr. J. Buller: "Sit down, Sir! Remember your duty, or I shall be obliged to proceed in another manner." Erskine: "Your lordship may proceed in what manner you think fit. I know my duty as well as your lordship knows yours. I shall not alter my conduct."

And lastly, on the prosecution against Thomas Paine for publishing the "Rights of Man," Erskine, who was retained by him, did not hesitate to undertake the duty of defending him, although the necessary consequence followed in his being compelled to resign the office he then held of attorney-general to the Prince of Wales. He thus nobly vindicates his conduct: — "With regard to myself, every man within hearing at this moment, nay, the whole people of England, have been witnesses to the calumnious clamour that by every art has been raised and kept up against me. In every place where business or pleasure collects the public together day after day, my name and character have been the topics of injurious reflection. And for what? only for not having shrunk from the discharge of a duty, which no personal advantage recommended, and which a thousand difficulties repelled.

"But, gentlemen, I have no complaint either against the printers of these libels, or even against their authors. The greater part of them, hurried away perhaps by honest prejudices, may have believed they were serving their country, by rendering me the object of its suspicion and contempt; and if there have been amongst them others, I thank God, I can forgive them also! Little indeed did they know me, who thought that such calumnies would influence my conduct. *I will for ever, at all hazards, assert the dignity, independence, and integrity of the English Bar, without which impartial justice, the most valuable part of the English Constitution, can have no existence.*" And with this noble quality of moral courage, his fellow-vindicator at the Irish Bar of the rights and liberties of his country was equally endowed. Indeed, the dangers and difficulties with which *he* was beset, were far greater than any Erskine had to encounter. The state of Irish society, (which rendered it almost necessary for him in the course of his career to fight many duels) — the system of packing the juries — the corruption of the Bench and the tyranny of the Castle — imposed upon Curran a task from which the majority of men would have shrunk back in terror. Not so the *lion-hearted* advocate. He felt that the last stand for the constitution must be made in Court; and the Irish people can never be too thankful for his heroic efforts and his illustrious example. His speeches and his life are a constant illustration of his unshakeable courage. It was combined, too, with a readiness, which made it a most effectual instrument. Several satires, prepared and impromptu, on the judges who disgraced the Irish Bench in that day are preserved, and display at once the courage and sarcastic wit of their author. His awful attack on Lord Clare is well known: but a less familiar example of his ready and courageous sarcasm against the Bench has been cited by Lord Brougham in his recently published sketches of the eminent men who flourished in the last age. His lordship has not drawn the character of Curran, because he considers the task unnecessary

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after Mr. Charles Phillip's entertaining biography of his illustrious countryman; but he has quoted a specimen of Curran's powers, which he says is "one of the most certainly known to be unpremeditated in the history of the rhetorical art. For who," Lord Brougham justly observes, "could ever have supposed a judge capable of sneering at a barrister's poverty by telling him he suspected his law library was rather contracted? Yet this was the brutal remark of Judge Robinson, the author of many stupid, slavish, and scurrilous political pamphlets, and by his demerits raised to the eminence which he thus disgraced. 'It is very true, my lord,' says Curran, 'that I am poor, and the circumstance has certainly somewhat curtailed my library: my books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope they have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good works than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty; but I should be ashamed of my wealth, could I have stooped to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me, that an ill-gained elevation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and the more notoriously contemptible.'"

Akin to the indomitable courage of these two great advocates, was their *exhaustless energy*, and we may say, without exaggeration, their *enthusiasm*. It is an effort of great power in a counsel so far to identify his case with himself, as that the jury and the bystanders are temporarily deluded into the idea that he is pleading *his own* cause. This is an effort which has been successfully made by some of the great counsel since the days of Erskine and Curran. But these immortal men made the jury feel, not that the cause they were pleading was the cause of the *advocates*, but of *themselves — the jury*, who were parties deeply and personally interested in the result of their own verdict. And they were distinguished by this characteristic of power, not only on the *State* prosecutions, but even in cases between private persons. They brought into forensic proceedings the same spirit which Burke applied to politics: they treated a case between A. and B. on *general principles*, so that it lost the character of merely private litigation, and became a subject of public interest. And in the conduct of the cause their faculties never slumbered. Poets *may* nod, but advocates must not. The neglect of five minutes may turn the cause. In reading the reports of the trials in which they were concerned, we find their perpetual watchfulness, their ever ready power, their inexhaustible energy.

In the power of cross-examination, Erskine was probably excelled by Curran, whose remarkable readiness and facility in this department of his professional duties are well known: and in wit and humour the Irish advocate must certainly take precedence. Indeed a second Joe Miller might be written from Curran's jokes alone. "His mouth he could not ope, but out at once there flew a trope" and a jest. The eloquence of both was of surpassing power, and must be felt to be so, not only by its successful results, but even by the impartial reader in his closet. They hurry him along with irresistible force — they subdue and calm him with equal potency — and he ceases to wonder at the important effects which were produced by their eloquence. Such an orator as Erskine or Curran can only be adequately pourtrayed in the lines by which Pope has described a poet —

> 'Tis he, who gives my breast a thousand pains,
> *Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;*
> Enrage, compose with more than magic art,
> With pity and with terror tear my heart,

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> And snatch me, o'er the earth or through the air,
> To Thebes, to Athens, when he will or where.
> *Imitations of Horace*, b. ii. ep. 1.

The period in which Erskine and Curran were distinguished in their respective courts was one of momentous public interest, especially in Ireland; but "we are yet too near spectators," as Mr. Moore justly observes in his life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, wherein he has given us a rapid sketch of the public events of that day across the channel, "to be able to pronounce a calm and impartial judgment upon them." Yet we can see enough distinctly to appreciate the invaluable and gigantic efforts of Curran in behalf of public liberty. Lord Erskine preceded Curran in his fame and efforts, and has the merit therefore of being first in the field. His earliest speech was delivered in 1778 in the case of Captain Baillie, to which we have before adverted, for the display of moral courage which it called forth. This speech was followed in 1779 by his oration at the bar of the House of Commons on behalf of the enterprising bookseller, Mr. Carnan, against a Bill introduced by Lord North to vest in the two Universities and the Stationers' Company the exclusive privilege of printing and selling almanacks. That monopoly had been granted to them by James I., but the Courts of Law had decided that the patent was illegal. Erskine contended that the very same grounds which made the monopoly contrary *to law*, rendered it contrary to *public policy and justice;* and that the Bill was an infringement on the liberty of the press. His speech contains a happy mixture of argument and sarcasm, and was so successful, that the bill was thrown out by a majority of forty-five votes, and one of them, that of Lord Elliot, brother-in-law of Lord North, who though he came at the desire of his relative from Cornwall to support the Bill, yet having heard Erskine's speech, divided *against* the Bill, saying publicly in the lobby of the House of Commons, that he found it impossible to do otherwise.*

Then we find him in 1781 commencing that grand series of orations which have been never equalled at the Bar, or only by the speeches of Curran. Lord Erskine at this period delivered his famous defence of Lord George Gordon, grounded on the doctrine he afterwards maintained with equal force and success, against Constructive Treason. The proceedings out of which the prosecution of Lord George arose, are well known. His lordship was President of the Protestant Association, the object of which body was to procure the repeal of the Act (commonly called from its introducer, Sir George Saville's Act) then lately passed to relieve the Roman Catholics from the disabilities of the penal statutes of William III. The Protestant Association presented a petition through Lord George Gordon to the House of Commons, and an immense number of persons surrounded the House at the time of its presentation. The proceedings of the mob terminated in the disgraceful riots of 1780, which endangered the safety of the metropolis, and even the very foundations of Government. The house of Lord Mansfield was destroyed under circumstances which, it is to be hoped, will afford a lesson never to be neglected, of the consequences of exciting a mob *with bigotry*. Lord G. Gordon was indicted for high treason; and the charges on which his prosecution was grounded, were connected with his conduct in exciting the mob to overawe the House of Commons, which, it was contended on behalf of the Crown, amounted to a constructive "levying of war" against the King, so as to constitute treason within the statute of Edward III. Lord Erskine's defence on behalf of Lord George was based on the argument, that such an extended construction was unwarranted, illegal, and most dangerous, as the mob were not proved to have

* Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. "Lives of Eminent Lawyers," by Roscoe, p. 335.

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been *armed*, or to have assembled with any intention of carrying their object *by force*. He also refuted with great energy the arguments of guilt urged by the Crown lawyers, as deducible from the *riots* which followed so immediately after, and which he endeavoured to separate in origin and in purpose from the assembly headed by Lord George Gordon. His comments on the evidence are truly masterly, but can perhaps only be duly appreciated by those who know by experience the arduous nature of the task imposed upon him, or at least by those who have frequently attended the courts of justice. In the course of this able summary, he twice boldly calls the man a *ruffian*, who should dare to draw inferences of guilt from the evidence adduced. Such a challenge, as we have before observed, shows the great excitement to which he must have wrought his audience, if not himself. The following solemn appeal to the jury will show the earnestness, the eloquence, and the boldness, with which he conducted the defence:—"Gentlemen, you have now heard the law of treason; first in the abstract, and secondly as it applies to the general features of the case: and you have heard it with as much sincerity, as if I had addressed you upon my oath from the Bench where the judges sit. I declare to you solemnly, in the presence of that Great Being, at whose bar we must all hereafter appear, that I have used no one art of an advocate, but have acted the plain unaffected part of a Christian man, instructing the consciences of his fellow-citizens to do justice. If I have deceived you on the subject, I am myself deceived; and if I am misled through ignorance, my ignorance is incurable, for I have spared no pains to understand it. I am not stiff in opinions; but before I change any one of those that I have given you to-day, I must see some direct monument of justice that contradicts them: for the law of England pays no respect to theories, however ingenious, or to authors, however wise; and therefore, unless you hear me refuted by a series of direct precedents, and not by vague doctrine, if you wish to sleep in peace, *follow me!*" *

This speech was the first of those which produced one of his great forensic triumphs, viz. the destruction of the doctrine of constructive treason. Wisely and nobly said Dr. Johnson, "I am glad that Lord G. Gordon has escaped, rather than a precedent should be established of hanging a man for constructive treason."

The next great public speech of Lord Erskine was connected with the other important victory he achieved (and for which the people can never be too thankful) — *the right of the jury to be judges of the law as well as the fact on prosecutions for libel.* This speech was delivered in 1784 on the trial of the Dean of St. Asaph for publishing an alleged seditious libel, which was no other than a dialogue written by the mild and learned Sir William Jones, advocating a reform in Parliament. The case became a very remarkable one. The Dean was tried at Shrewsbury, and Erskine went there specially to defend him. He begins his speech by boldly avowing himself to entertain the same sentiments as those for which the Dean was indicted, and adds:—

"This declaration of my own sentiments, even if my friend had not set me the example by giving you his, I should have considered to be my duty in this cause; for although in ordinary cases, where the private right of the party accused is alone in discussion, and no general consequences can follow from the decision, the advocate and the private man ought in sound discretion to be kept asunder, yet there are occasions when such separations would be treachery and meanness. In a case where the dearest rights of society are involved in the resistance of a prosecution, — where the party accused is (as in this instance) but a mere name, — where the whole community is wounded through his sides, — and where the conviction of the private individual is the subversion or surrender of public privileges, the

* Speeches, vol. i. p. 87.

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advocate had a more extensive charge: the duty of the patriot citizen then mixes itself with his obligation to his client, and he disgraces himself, dishonours his profession, and betrays his country, if he does not step forth in his personal character and vindicate the rights of all his fellow-citizens, which are attacked through the medium of the man he is defending. Gentlemen, I do not mean to shrink from that responsibility upon this occasion; *I desire to be considered the fellow-criminal of the defendant*, if by your verdict he should be found one, by publishing in *advised speaking* (which is substantially equal in guilt to the publication that he is accused of before you) *my hearty approbation of every sentiment* contained in this little book; promising here, in the face of the world, to publish them upon every suitable occasion, amongst that part of the community within the reach of my precept, influence, and example. If there be any more prosecutors of this denomination abroad among us, they know how to take advantage of these declarations."

He then proceeds to justify the Dean's positions, and refers to the greatest of Whig and the greatest of Tory writers, Locke and Lord Bollingbroke, as advocating the same opinions. He afterwards argues the famous point on which the subsequent proceedings of the case turned, and which have given it its interest and importance, viz. the right of the jury to consider not only the evidence of *publication*, but the character of the writing and the *intent* of the author. The jury found a verdict of guilty of publishing *only*, which Mr. Justice Buller refused to receive, as insufficient, whereupon there ensued the remarkable altercation between his lordship and Erskine, who insisted on its being recorded, which in an earlier part of this article we have detailed. He afterwards moved the whole Court of King's Bench for a new trial, in consequence of the misdirection by the judge to the jury; and concluded his speech by the following beautiful appeal to Lord Mansfield, then Lord Chief Justice, on the dangerous consequences that must result from the doctrine on which Mr. Justice Buller had acted:—

"The people of England are deeply interested in this great question; and though they are not insensible to that interest, yet they do not feel it in its real extent. The dangerous consequences of the doctrines established on the subject of libel are obscured from the eyes of many, from their not feeling the *immediate* effects of them in daily oppression and injustice: but that security is temporary and fallacious; it depends upon the convenience of Government for the time being, which may not be interested in the sacrifice of individuals, and in the temper of the magistrate who administers the criminal law as the head of this Court. I am one of those who could almost lull myself by these reflections from the apprehension of immediate mischief, even from the law of libel laid down by your lordship, if *you* were always to continue to administer it yourself. I should feel a protection in the gentleness of your character; in the love of justice, which its own intrinsic excellence forces upon a mind enlightened by science and enlarged by liberal education, and in that dignity of disposition which grows with the growth of an illustrious reputation, and becomes a sort of pledge to the public for security: but such a security is as a shadow which passeth away; you cannot, my lord, be immortal, and how can you answer for your successor? If you maintain the doctrines which I seek to overturn, you render yourself responsible for all the abuses that may follow from them to our latest posterity.

"My lord, whatever may become of the liberties of England, it shall never be said that they perished without resistance when under my protection."

On a subsequent motion to arrest the judgment, on the ground that the publication prosecuted was not a libel, Erskine was successful; and not long afterwards he had the satisfaction of assisting Fox to carry through Parliament the statute which expressly declares the jury to possess the right contended for by Erskine, and under which at this moment they exercise it. The value and importance of the privilege need not his eloquence to demonstrate and cause it to be felt; it is essential to the very existence of freedom in our Government; and now that it has been secured by his exertions, God forbid it ever should be lost by the cowardice, or the indifference of the people!

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THE PATENT PRIVILEGES OF THE LARGE THEATRES.

A Brief View of the English Drama, from the earliest Period to the present Time; with Suggestions for elevating the present Condition of the Art and its Professors. By F. G. Tomlins, Author of the "Past and Present State of Dramatic Art and Literature, &c." London. C. Mitchell, 1840.

Mr. Mayhew, in his clever little essay called "Stage Effect," which we noticed briefly last month, makes out a clear case against the patents of the large theatres. The main consequences of the monopoly are obvious enough, in limiting the field for the development of dramatic literature, and placing the national drama literally under the control of two individuals: but the injustice in detail which is thus inflicted upon the public, in common with the writers for the stage, requires to be repeatedly and fully exhibited, item by item, in order that the oppressive operation of the patent privileges may be thoroughly understood. Mr. Mayhew lays down a general principle, which cannot be disputed, that encouragement ought to be proportioned to the difficulty of achievement; but in the drama this rule is reversed. There is abundant encouragement for the worst and most demoralising classes of theatrical pieces, while despair crushes the energies of the man of genius who ventures to cultivate the nobler forms of his art. The monstrous tyranny of granting to two favourites, and through them to their successors, a "perpetual copyright in a branch of national literature," is not less flagrant than that peculiar incident in the theatrical patent which distinguishes it from all other patents, namely, that patents "in all other arts is a protection afforded the discoverer of some improvement, or the inventor of some benefit, and even then the protection is limited by time; *but the holders of the theatrical patents have invented nothing, have improved nothing, and their grants are assumed to be eternal!*" Mr. Mayhew places the monopoly in a still more novel light, by showing that it is wholly at variance with the law of copyright, in giving to the managers a property in the best plays in the language, and making them masters over all dramatists, past, present, and to come. Upon this point he observes —

"The dramatist was in existence before these patents were thought of; he earned his food by his labour, and his art was as much a calling, as much a means of subsistence, as that practised by the painter, or the lawyer, or physician, at the present day. After providing for the public safety, to regulate the laws which affect labour is the duty and highest authority vested in the collective parliament. It matters not what shape that labour may assume. To control or take away the natural property every man is born possessed of in his abilities, is a power solely vested in the collective parliament. Was it not an undue exercise of the royal prerogative, which arrogated to one estate a power which the constitution declares to exist only in the three conjoined? What had the dramatist done that he alone was deprived of the common right of legislative protection? Why was he considered, like the Jews of old, the property of the crown? Nay, worse. Why, when all others are exempted, is bigotry to be upheld as just, when perpetuated to his ruin?"

A variety of circumstances combine to enforce the necessity of abrogating these pernicious patents. The fact that the drama had attained its greatest height while the stage was yet free, and that it has gradually degenerated into licentiousness and buffoonery under the debasing influence of the monopoly, affords a reasonable expectation that its glories would be revived if it were once more emancipated. Again, when the patents were granted, it was for the express purpose of insuring the performance of the best pieces, the condition being inseparable from the exclusive right of acting

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them: but that condition has long been treated as a dead letter; and yet the patents, although thus virtually violated and forfeited, are still held to be valid, in open defiance of all equity and justice. If it be an infringement of the patent to act the legitimate drama at a minor theatre, it is equally a departure from it, and a forfeiture of it, to banish the legitimate drama from the winter houses, and to substitute a menagerie in its place. Why should the minor theatre be subjected to a penalty for presenting the public with a representation, which the patent theatre alone is authorised to present, if the patent theatre be permitted with impunity to evade a representation which forms the especial ground of its privileges? If the law is to have the force of law, make it equally stringent upon both; and while you restrict the small houses within their narrow confines of farce and burlesque, lowering the tone of public morals in one direction, compel the large houses to fulfil their undertaking, by giving us the regular performances prescribed in their patents, for the sake of endeavouring to elevate and strengthen public morality in other channels. But even this strict adherence to the original terms of a vicious contract would afford a poor compensation for its maintenance, seeing the wide difference between the present age and the time when these patents were issued. The vast increase of population, the great advances that have been made in popular knowledge and the arts of civilisation, and the accumulating demands of the people for improved facilities of mental culture, cry aloud for the removal of such barbarous shackles. Two or three theatres *might* have been sufficient for tragedy and comedy in the days of Charles II., although the immediate extinction of dramatic genius which followed upon the restriction, explicitly proves that they were not: but can any man seriously assert that they are sufficient *now*, with a population of upwards of a million and a half within the girth of Westminster and London?

The subject is beginning to occupy that degree of attention its paramount importance deserves, and we confidently trust that the day is approaching, when dramatic literature will be relieved from an incubus which alike paralyses and distorts its manifestations. Mr. Tomlins, the author of an admirable pamphlet on the "Past and Present State of Dramatic Art," which we reviewed a few months ago, has just published the volume, the title of which is recited above, in which he prosecutes the inquiry at greater length, furnishing us with an historical account of the English drama from the earliest times, and examining with considerable ability the causes of its contemporary humiliation. Like all other writers who have brought extensive research to the investigation, he traces the degradation of the stage, and the discouragement of original talent to the mischievous effects of the monopoly; and in reference to this part of the question in particular, the publication cannot be too strongly recommended to the consideration of all classes of readers. It is full of information, systematically distributed over the topics into which the subject is naturally divided, is written throughout in an animated and forcible style, and discovers in some incidental passages a spirit of just and profound criticism. After describing the origin and progress of the classical and romantic dramas, Mr. Tomlins proceeds to examine the present state of the stage, describing the characteristics of the several metropolitan theatres, the history of the patents, and of the legal enactments affecting the drama, and the effects of the monopoly both upon actors and dramatists, concluding with a suggestion for the final remedy of the evil. From this glance at the contents of the work, it will be at once seen that it embraces all the points essential to a complete review of the subject.

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It would occupy more space than it would repay to enter into the curious birth, parentage, and adventures of the two patents originally granted to Davenant and Killigrew. The reader may be referred to Mr. Tomlins for the particulars of the very remarkable and doubtful tenure upon which Drury Lane and Covent Garden claim the sole right to act five-act plays: in the meanwhile it will sufficiently answer our purpose to observe, that, after a variety of reverses of one kind or another, the two patents came at last into the possession of Rich; that, in consequence of certain disagreements, the lord chamberlain prohibited him from exercising them; that they consequently lay dormant for five years, during which time Drury Lane and the Haymarket were kept open without the least regard to the "vested rights" of the patentee; that licenses were granted to the theatres from time to time in utter contempt of the said patents; that in 1816 a license for twenty-one years was granted to Drury Lane, because, it is supposed, the dormant patent could not be redeemed, or, as some people have said, because the patent was actually lost in the fire of 1809, and the title to it was therefore either very difficult, or impossible, of proof*; that in 1837 the patent, it is said, was actually transferred to Drury Lane; and that this theatre, to quote Mr. Tomlins, "now performs by that document, which, after slumbering, and indeed after being annulled by the deed of 1682, which united the two companies, and revoked by the last license granted by Anne, was resuscitated at an interval of 155 years!" And such is the privilege — buffetted by the chamberlain, annulled by a monopoly within a monopoly, revoked, suspended, silenced, despised, and violated — upon which the two great metropolitan theatres ground their right to an exclusive control over the national drama of this great country! It would not become us to make "a little war" with this ragged remnant of an ancient abuse: we must labour, uncompromisingly, for its total annihilation.

The consequences ensuing upon the patents as recapitulated in the following passage, exhibit tolerably conclusive evidence of the malignant influence of the right divine in playhouses.

"For the first twenty years the town had two theatres; for the succeeding twelve one theatre; for the next forty-three years two theatres; for the next twenty-one years six theatres, which lasted until the commencement of the present century, when the various minor theatres began to advance from 'dumb show' to burletta and melodrame, some with the license of the chamberlain, and others with that of the magistrates. The intellectual drama was all this time confined to a most narrow field. When there were only two theatres, one was almost exclusively devoted to show and spectacle; and when there was only one, the regular drama was less frequently played than operas and pageants. After 1737, when these gradually increased to five, the Haymarket was devoted to Italian opera: the little theatre there, which then was emerging from being an exhibition-room, was principally devoted to farces and light pieces; Astley's to horsemanship and feats of agility; Covent Garden to pantomime and spectacle; and Drury Lane more exclusively to the regular drama. We have seen with what struggles the players maintained themselves at all, and we also see that all this fostering and licensing, and unlicensing, and all the fierce endeavour to maintain the exclusive privileges, only engendered an evasion of the law and deterioration of the art which is almost beyond cure. At present three theatres can alone perform any one of the productions of our fine regular drama, while the whole sixteen may perform 'Jack Sheppard.'"

The argument for the abolition of the monopoly on behalf of the actors is,

* The late Mr. Elliston, when he became manager of the Surrey Theatre, produced several plays of the interdicted class. At that time Mr. Davidge, at the Coburg (now the Victoria), was prosecuted to conviction for a similar trespass, but no notice whatever was taken of Mr. Elliston's infringements of the patents. The reason he assigned for it was, that the patent of Drury Lane was destroyed in the fire, and that, as they knew he must be aware of the fact, having been for so many years manager of that house, they did not think it prudent to proceed against *him*, since it would lead to an exposure they were very unwilling to provoke. We know not what credit to attach to this statement, but we can vouch for it as having been made by Mr. Elliston.

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if possible, more strong and urgent than that on behalf of the interests of dramatists and literature. The monopoly, by narrowing the scene of competition, creates "stars" and green-room tyrannies that keep down the intelligent and aspiring performer, who in vain struggles for his proper place in his profession, and must either submit to the worst kinds of drudgery, by which he contracts bad habits, and loses all chance of making an impression upon the public, or retire in despair from the hopeless pursuit. Some of the evils to which the actors are subjected by this oppressive system, are set forth in the following passage: —

"The ultimate object of candidates for the highest theatrical honours is to be permanently fixed at one of the national theatres. But to get there requires qualities rarely united in one being, and to maintain themselves when there, a combination of circumstances beyond their control. Owing to the vast size of the theatres, and the enormous rent and expenses, the managers play a desperate game, and make a stupendous outlay to command success. Variety and novelty are the chief objects they keep in view, in order to attract and secure the heterogeneous class that can alone fill their theatres. For this purpose they engage three, if not four, companies of actors: a set for tragedy and comedy — one for melodrame and pantomime — a large operatic company — and another for spectacle and ballets. To the regular actor and acting, this is fatal. If a *prima donna* become a favourite, there is a run on the piece, and the other three sets, or two of them at least, are, what is technically termed, 'shelved;' that is, they are for forty, or fifty, or even a hundred nights, entirely withdrawn from the public notice, and from the practice of their art. In many instances they have been harassed by petty arts until they have thrown up their engagements in disgust, and if they do not suffer in this way, they rust in an idleness that is equally injurious to them. This would not be the case if there was not a monopoly, because then these four kinds of companies would each find a theatre for itself, and the portion of the public who might still like to witness the species of drama it preferred, would have the advantage of doing so, and not be, as at present, debarred from it during the run of one particular piece."

The actor suffers also in another way, which, regarding the stage as his profession, is not less grievous and intolerable.

"The situation of the intellectual actor seems to be worse than ever. He shifts from theatre to theatre, and is associated, at the will of his manager, with horses and wild beasts. He is made to partake of the risk of the loss of the theatre where he is, though he has no share in the gains beyond his stipulated salary. He is the first to suffer; and it now seems a common proceeding to declare half or almost no salaries at the end of the week, provided the houses have fallen off. The injustice of making him thus participate in the risk is so much the greater, as it is incurred for the most part upon a portion of the speculation in which he is in no way concerned. The manager ventures some thousands in a spectacle, and if it fails of effect, the regular actor immediately feels it in the reduction of his salary, or perhaps its total loss. He thus runs the risk of the three companies incorporated under one management, and the failure of the operatic, melodramatic, or pantomimic company involves him in ruin. Was he playing in a theatre specially devoted to his branch of the art, he would at all events incur only the risk of his own pursuit. It may be said that he participates in their success; but this, were it so, would be equally unjust to the others; and it is not the case, as at the utmost it only enables him to gain his stipulated salary.

"All this is only one of the hydra heads of the monopoly. The patent theatres involve such a risk of capital, that capitalists avoid them, and their managers have latterly been mere speculators, with little or nothing to lose. Theatrical management has thus become a species of gambling, and the most honourable only pay when their receipts permit them. The patent theatres have thus virtually become share-theatres of the worst kind, for if they are ever so successful the actor only gets his salary; whereas, if they are the reverse, he loses every thing by the bankruptcy, or insolvency, of the lessee."

Dramatists are equally affected by the monopoly, but the mischief lies deeper and works more extensive and enduring evils. By increasing the difficulties in the way of the higher class of writers, a premium is put upon inferior productions, and talent that is content to brook the indignity, or compelled by necessity to submit to it, is forced to pander to the meanest and most demoralising taste. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of extracting a touching, eloquent, and singularly beautiful description of the labour attending the production of a drama of the elevated order — a de-

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scription so true, so minutely faithful, and so full of intellectual sympathy, that we can only suppose it to have been drawn by Mr. Tomlins from his own experience.

"The martyrdom which a writer of the higher drama has to endure, is greater than in any other mental endeavour, not even excepting the historical painter. To compose a five-act play that shall produce its just effect, is a labour which none can comprehend who have not attempted it. To produce an homogeneous work from a variety of minute incidents and events — to construct a plot that shall be interesting, but not intricate — to develop character with profundity and simplicity — to clothe the strongest throes of the passions in the immortal language and figures of the imagination — to create with such art that it shall be received for nature — is not the result of an idle outpouring of a rhapsodical brain, but the united effort of the highest faculties of man. It is not given to the grandest genius to produce such a work with ease, not even to Shakspeare. It is conceived at first rudely and dimly, and but by glimpses gradually unfolds itself to the artist. Fitfully do its noblest parts present themselves, frequently fading ere the lower faculty can fix them in words. New powers present themselves as he proceeds in his work; and the perturbed and glowing imagination 'bodies forth' a variety of forms, which the nice instinct of genius has to shade into keeping with the noble whole. That which is the effect of frequent efforts and various inspirations, has to be fused into 'one entire and perfect chrysolite,' so that it may come on the auditor and spectator as the continuous emanation of one conception. Having poured forth the stores of collected observation; having given, by his instinctive genius, substance and imperishable existence to the rhapsodical visions of his imaginative faculty; having wound up his whole mental being to the strongest and most potent exercise of its combined faculties; having instructed himself in the lower art of what will affect those he addresses, he completes his play — the result of a severe exercise of his highest faculties, and the produce of a mental labour great as the mind of man can undergo. In all this he has been sustained by the strong flow of his energies; and if they have ever flagged, he has renewed them by an ardour kindled at the imperishable fame of his immortal predecessors. The only reward he can know is acted success — the knowledge of his might to move the minds of his fellow-men — the consciousness of a noble aim, and a solid reliance on his abiding fame."

But now that the "mighty line" is done, and the last echoes of its music have filled and satisfied his soul, the miseries of the dramatist begin. He presents his play — is received with smiles, and bows, and evasive compliments: has he a character for Miss ——? or Mr. ——? From day to day he lingers on in hope, baffled, but still flattered and deceived; then come new and unexpected impediments — the season is advancing — the season closes — nothing is accomplished — his play is probably mislaid: at last, after a year or two, he grows impatient, insists upon an answer, and is fortunate if he gets it at a cost of suffering and self-sacrifice, which cannot be conceived except by those who have undergone this insulting ordeal. Nor is this all. In some instances, plays have been pilfered by the reader or the favourite dramatist of the theatre, and their authors have been condemned to endure the additional wrong of seeing the subject they had laboured upon actually produced upon the stage at the very moment when their own MS., from which it had been filched, was returned upon their hands with a cold and polite negative.

The modes of disappointing and rejecting dramatic writers are various, but all managers appear to agree upon one point, — encouraging them to write again, merely to get rid of them at the moment, without entertaining the most remote intention of receiving their next production with greater favour than their last. This insincerity, which has the effect of deluding the author into further experiments, while in reality it diminishes his chance of success by giving him a sort of claim on the management that makes him to be shunned for ever after, is the darkest injury and the most refined cruelty of all. Sometimes the manager urges the author of a tragedy to try another with more or less of such and such a kind of passion or character in it! — and sometimes he suggests that he thinks his forte is comedy, which he

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wishes him to try, as that line at least is open! and not unfrequently he hints that, his hands being full of five-act pieces, he would seriously advise him to try a farce! — but, under whatever shape it comes, he puts him off with a suggestion to prosecute his labours.

"Amongst other wrongs and insults to dramatists (and Mr. Macready erred particularly in this), is the continual encouragement to any one whose play is noticed, or application answered, to write another; thus inducing an injurious and useless expenditure of mind and consumption of time, it being well-known that the arrangements of the theatre preclude the possibility of their being accepted when completed. It has been said, indeed, by an eminent literary man of the day, that if Mr. Macready's answers to authors had all been thrown in a heap together, they would equally apply to any one, no matter how directed, and that they each would contain this inducement to write. This thoughtless conduct arises from the arrogance of success, and an utter contempt and disregard for the literature of the drama except as a medium for theatrical display. It is one of the worst results of that system which gives the successful actor thousands a-year, whilst the author cannot get hundreds. The actor also is by no means without the prejudices of his nation, and he cannot help feeling, and, generally, grossly displaying, his estimate of the difference of pecuniary circumstances between the dramatist of the suburbs and himself of a fashionable square. He has also generally so far advanced in classical literature, as to be able to construe '*irritabile genus*,' a phrase which he takes literally and applies superciliously to authors, who are to be alone controlled, as he thinks, by the coarsest flattery, or the most tremendous 'crow-bar.'

"Such being the state of circumstances (and innumerable proofs can, and, if necessary, shall be given, to show the case, instead of being exaggerated, is not half stated), it is apparent that the better kind of drama is being sacrificed to the evil results of monopoly. The large theatres, aiming at every thing, cannot afford to encourage it; and if they could, there is not sufficient space to give dramatists of the better kind a fair opportunity. The worser and coarser kind only have a chance, and the fate of those who attempt more is such as has been here depicted."

That this system in all its parts must be abolished, we assume to be one of the inevitable functions of this enlightened age. The patents upon which the exclusive right is supposed to be held, are in fact waste paper. They have been violated over and over again, and are at this moment violated to an extent of which the public generally are not at all aware, and, which is still more to the purpose, violated by act of parliament. The patents do not, as is generally supposed, confer the right of acting any particular kind of drama, but the exclusive right of acting "all entertainments of the stage whatsoever." The effect of the patents — if they be of any effect at all — is to circumscribe, not the performance of the legitimate drama, but the number of theatres. If these patents were really carried out, there would be but two theatres in London, whereas there are sixteen. Now the fact that the fourteen extra theatres are licensed according to act of parliament, extinguishes for ever, by law, the *principle*, and the *only* principle, recognised in the patents, rendering them as completely null and void as if the same law had formally abolished them. The statute under which these minor theatres were established, prohibits them from acting the regular drama; and it is only under that statute, that legal proceedings can be taken against any of them for producing five-act plays. The patents have never yet been pleaded in court, and never can be; and no legal process whatever can be founded upon them. The rights they conferred are actually at an end; and the lord chamberlain is empowered, by the same act of parliament which enables the magistrates in other districts to grant licenses for theatres, to license or unlicense as many theatres as he may think proper within the city and liberties of Westminster. The lord chamberlain, therefore, might to-morrow authorise the performance of the legitimate drama in a dozen different places within the reach of the imaginary privileges of Drury Lane and Covent Garden; and what then would be the value of the patents? or rather, what is now the value of them with this authority in existence? But even

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were no such authority vested anywhere, it might be asked, where did Charles II. obtain the extraordinary and unconstitutional prerogative of tying up the hands of posterity? When was the power conferred upon the sovereign of this country of issuing a document with the sign manual, that should coerce remote generations, and survive unimpaired and unquestioned the revolutions of time, and the wrecks of institutions? Is majesty invested with a grand and blinding superstition, by which it is enabled to *fetish* an act of favour, and render it sacred to all eternity? The doctrine is monstrous and ridiculous, and luckily we are spared the trouble of exposing its absurdity by the salutary acts of parliament which have frittered the "merry monarch's" patents into ribands. The right conferred by Charles II. "has been contravened," observes Mr. Tomlins, "by every subsequent sovereign, and, finally, totally abrogated by a succession of acts of parliament; in fact, the patentees have no right as patentees, and they know it." What then remains to be done for the complete liberation of the drama? — simply to petition the legislature for the repeal of that part of the law which prohibits the minor theatres from acting the best plays, and thus throwing open the stage to the free exercise of its healthy influence upon the morals of the community, instead of forcing it to subsist by the lowest species of vulgar and immoral performances. As to the question of "compensation," which is always mooted on such occasions by conscientious legislators, we honestly confess we cannot discover how a claim of that nature could be supported by evidence of a kind fit to go before a jury. Mr. Tomlins disposes of it with a summary generosity, which every body will approve of — except the patentees.

"The very utmost that the most scrupulous regard for vested interests could demand, would be some slight immunity to the patentees. And to this there can be no claim, for they have, as the foregoing facts will prove, no exclusive rights; and if any among them have been deluded into the idea that they have, they should, like all other indiscreet persons, bear the result of their own imprudence. If the legislature were to listen to any thing of the kind, they must think themselves very graciously dealt with if the privilege of performing the regular drama in Westminster was left to them, the regions beyond that being declared perfectly free to perform any kind of entertainment. This would be giving them the full benefit of their obsolete patents, and be doing a tardy justice to the public, though even this limitation would be any thing but creditable to sound and enlightened legislation.

"As in all cases of compensation some damage is supposed, it becomes necessary to examine how this plea could be established by the patentees. The first inquiry would naturally be, whether any one of the lessees gave a single hundred pounds a year more for either of the large theatres in consequence of this alleged exclusive privilege of performing the regular drama? Did Mr. Bunn, who never performed it? Did Mr. Elliston, who openly declared there was no such privilege, and who subsequently defied his old landlords by playing the regular drama in their despite at the Surrey Theatre? Did Mr. Osbaldiston, who took a minor company to Covent Garden? or Mr. Hammond, who has done the same to Drury Lane? It may be said that Mr. Macready did; but he is the strongest instance of all to the contrary, for he made the risk and hazard of playing the regular drama a strong plea for paying *less* than any one else. Mr. Harris, the principal proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, deposed in the Court of Chancery, that this theatre did not gain a shilling by the regular drama from 1809 to 1821, but was supported by the Christmas pantomimes and those kind of performances. If such was the case during a period when so many excellent actors graced its boards, what must it not have lost by the regular drama from that period to the present? Mr. Bunn's balance-sheet speaks volumes; as would Captain Polhill's private accounts, and those of other capitalists.

"It is evident that the renters and proprietors get nothing by the vaunted patents, and therefore cannot assert they would lose any thing by their formal abolishment. It seems, indeed, very probable that the two houses would let more profitably, if they were unencumbered by the patents, either for gladiatorial exhibitions, musical and public meetings, or some very extensive scientific or religious purposes. It was understood at one time, that parties were in treaty with the proprietors with this view; and to this, sooner or later, must they come. The raising a claim, therefore, to clog the legislature in its honest enactments is preposterous, and cannot be maintained either on the plea of a recognised right or of a real injury."

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Where no injury can be proved, the law recognises no claim for compensation. As to the faith of the royal word, and the faith of the patent, all that need be said is, that they are not binding upon the legislature of the nineteenth century. The interests of the public — and we do not know any subject upon which the social interests of the public are more deeply involved — are of higher importance than such shallow casuistry about the honour of a profligate king, who would not have hesitated to make a gift of the drama to one of his mistresses, had such a boon been asked of him. Mr. Tomlins' suggestion is, under all circumstances, more liberal than the patentees are entitled to; but we, at least, should not object to it. Let them have the exclusive right to Westminster, provided that the legitimate drama be released every where else. We are quite sure when that shall have been effected — we speak very candidly — the freedom of Westminster must speedily follow as an unavoidable corollary.

INEZ DE CASTRO.

BY JOHN EDMUND READE, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "ITALY," "THE DELUGE," "CATILINE," ETC.

I.

King Pedro sat upon his throne,
His peers thronged round him in their pride;
But the mourner now is not alone:
In shrouding veil a bride unknown
Is seated by his side.

II.

Proud banners waved o'er them on high,
But shouts, nor welcome, rent the air:
Inez is cold within her tomb;
And who is she that, wrapt in gloom,
Sits stern and moveless there?

III.

Then slowly, and with solemn brow,
The grief-struck monarch rose:
"Your knees — your knees, brave nobles! now
"Once more your love and faith avow,
"Whilst I your queen disclose!"

IV.

Each held his breath as still as death! —
Each eye was strained, each lip apart —
Jesu Maria! when he raised
That veil, and on a corpse they gazed,
How thrilled each shuddering heart!

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V.

The crown upon her shrunk brow lies;
The gems shone glittering there,
As if they mocked those hollow eyes,
Whose vital light, when once it dies,
Is quenched for evermore.

VI.

Those pale lips, once in roses dyed,
Now kindled but disgust;
The mail-clad nobles strove to hide
Their tears: they knelt, and felt their pride
Was humbled to the dust!

VII.

He gazed on her — that long, fixed look,
All his past joys awoke:
His frame with struggling passions shook;
Her hand, her withered hand, he took —
And, faultering, thus he spoke: —

VIII.

" O, Inez! dearest — only loved one! first,
" Sole thing, this bosom in its fondness nurs'd!
" Couldst thou but hear me thus my love avow,
" How wouldst thou look affection on me now!
" Oh! couldst thou feel how pants my soul for thine,
" Ev'n death would waken to a love like mine!
" That dies not — sleeps not — ev'n though hope be fled —
" A wasting flame that burns but for the dead!
" But thou art cold — thou hear'st, thou seest me not:
" Life, love, and memory — all are now forgot!
" Yet thou inspir'st me, slandered and betrayed,
" To make this last atonement to thy shade.
" Yes — retribution still is mine! One joy
" Is all my own — revenge without alloy!
" Relentless murderers! see, where from the tomb
" Dead Inez comes to call ye to your doom!
" Your limbs shall writhe around the stake, and feel
" The rack of agony, the crushing wheel:
" Vultures shall feed upon your bones, and tear
" Those hearts away that knew not how to spare!
" And think not that your pangs shall close with death:
" Fiends like yourselves shall watch your parting breath,
" And bear away your spirits to that hell
" Where torture and remorse for ever dwell:
" Where gnaws the never-dying worm the heart;
" Where conscience maddens — yet will not depart!
" There, while the worst, the guiltiest round ye, rest
" On hope — hope comforts even the damnēd breast —
" Ye shall be hopeless; for, while writhing there,
" Think of your earthly victim — and despair!"

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SUPPLY OF WATER TO THE METROPOLIS.

[*Postscript to the Article on Artesian Springs.*]

THE Article we published on Artesian Springs in the January number of the "Monthly Chronicle" has, we are glad to observe, been the means of directing public attention once more to this highly important subject. On the 7th of February a meeting was held at the British Coffee House, Cockspur Street, the Honorable Colonel L. Stanhope in the chair, for the purpose of considering the means by which the inhabitants of London and Westminster might be provided with a purer supply of water than is at present distributed. The honorable chairman having stated the great object of the meeting, requested the engineers present to explain the nature and practicability of the plan which they would suggest, upon which Mr. Giles stated, that it was now proposed to obtain pure water from the valley of the Colne, near Watford, where there are very copious springs within the depth of eighteen feet from the surface of the land. When Mr. Telford gauged the springs in the vicinity of London, he looked on this as the most desirable spot, having the advantage of being 167 feet above the level of the tide; and from his experiments it was clearly demonstrated, that an Artesian spring sunk here would yield, through a bore of five inches and a half, ten gallons and a half *per diem* to each individual in a population of a million and a half of inhabitants. The manner of conducting the water from this source to London would be by a covered conduit, in length twelve miles and a half, from the Colne Valley to St. John's Wood, where its level would be about 160 feet above Trinity high-water mark; and thus from the water being derived from this height, its own gravity, without the aid of any description of forcing machinery, would supply London with both high and low service. He then laid on the table for the inspection of the meeting charts illustrative of the projected course.

Here, taking the report of this meeting as we find it detailed in the "Sun" and "Courier," we would pause to observe, that it might reasonably be asked, Why should we go twelve and a half miles out of London for a supply of water which lies under the plastic clay formation on which the City itself stands, and from which numerous breweries, distilleries, sugar-refining, vinegar, colour, soap, and gas manufactories already derive an ample supply? The answer is twofold: 1st, By going twelve and a half miles from London the suspicion, or apprehension, that Artesian wells on a large scale would dry up all other wells is got rid of; and, 2dly, Height is gained, whereby the water would as above stated, without any forcing machinery, supply every house with high and low service. The first answer is *vale nada*, for it is a mere surmise — and a surmise, be it observed, originating only with the parties interested in suppressing this great public improvement — that the opening of one Artesian spring will draw off the supply from another. In and about the vicinity of London are upwards of 300 Artesian wells; and although more than one has been sunk in the self-same brewery, because, be it observed, the diameter of the bore of the first was too confined to admit of the adequate supply, yet no one fact has been established — the result of no one positive experiment has shown, that the supply of water has thereby been in any respect diminished. We require on such a point as this facts, not theories, or vague apprehensions; and we certainly should remonstrate, and that urgently, against bringing water a distance of twelve and a

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half miles into the City merely to silence the ideal prejudices of the parties interested in maintaining the present system.

The second answer, however, has a clear right to consideration, because by obtaining the supply from the valley of the Colne instead of from the site of the City itself, an advantage of height is gained which supersedes the necessity of forcing machinery. The Grand Junction, the West Middlesex, the Chelsea, and other water-companies, are obliged to have recourse to engine power; but in this case it would be superseded, as the water by its own gravity would supply the high service of every house.

Mr. Paten, who has for many years been practically engaged in this inquiry, next stated, that from experiments which he had himself made in the valley of the Colne, it was proved that,

"At a distance of two and a half miles in length by one mile in breadth of this valley, at only seven feet from the surface, there lay imbedded in a small quantity of fine gravel, an immense body of water eight feet deep, and which as soon as touched rose to within eighteen inches of the surface. To prove that this water proceeded from the lower or main springs, he shut it out by an iron pipe, and then tapped the springs at the depth of 120 feet from the surface, which rose exactly to the same height as the other. So abundant was the supply, that though the pipe was only five inches and a half in diameter, he pumped up between 8000 and 9000 gallons per hour, and he continued to do so without any diminution of the water. It was clear that London could be most abundantly supplied from this spot alone, as any engineer acquainted with the data he had furnished could prove. Mr. Telford's survey had been taken during the extraordinary drought of 1833, and yet the springs were then proved to be sufficient in various parts round London to supply the inhabitants twenty times over."

The report then proceeds:—

"The plans were examined, many questions were asked and satisfactorily answered, and with reference to the effect of Artesian wells, the following paragraph was read from an able article in the last number of the MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

"'In the neighbourhood of London these Artesian wells are already very numerous. There are at Hammersmith 6, Brentford 3, Uxbridge 8, Rickmansworth 4, Watford 9, one producing 22,500,000 gallons weekly, partly supplying the river Colne; St. Albans 2. In London itself there are 174, of which 30 produce 30,000,000 gallons weekly: indeed, it is clearly ascertained, that the quantity of water which any one of those wells will yield, depends on and is proportioned to the diameter of the bore. It has been calculated that the quantity of water supplied to the metropolis by all the water-companies on both sides of the river, may be estimated at 38,000,000 gallons daily, and one orifice from a single Artesian well, with a diameter of six feet, would yield more than sufficient to meet this demand.'"*

The practicability of this great city being supplied by Artesian water having been demonstrated categorically by the queries put to the engineers, the medical gentlemen present reiterated the facts recorded in our January number.

Surgeon Elmore stated, "that the impurities of the river Thames were notoriously incapable of being removed by any filtration. He and every member of his Profession were aware that glandular affections, dyspepsia, bowel complaints, and other diseases, are mainly produced, and in all cases aggravated by the use of the present London water. He further dwelt on the gratifying fact, that the excessive use of ardent spirits, wines, malt liquors, &c. was now sensibly on the decrease, and that a supply of pure water was essential, so far as health is concerned, to the success of the system introduced by temperance societies."

Dr. Stone in addition observed, "that while filtration did not get rid of the most deleterious substances held in chemical solution, those very substances were exactly those which ought to be got rid of, seeing that they were the most prejudicial to the animal economy, which was proved by the sudden death of eels and other fish brought from a distance, that sickened and died when subjected for a single hour to the action of Thames water. Not only was this the fact in 1828, but since that period, from the vast increase of the inhabitants, the common sewers, and the manufactories on the banks of the Thames, a much larger

* The "Sun," Thursday, February 13. 1840.

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impregnation of water with poisonous matter must necessarily have taken place; so that the Thames water is constantly undergoing a progressive deterioration. He would from his own experience assert, and all the Profession would concur with him, that no greater blessing could be conferred upon the inhabitants of London than to provide for them pure water. He concluded by moving a resolution to the effect, that certain noblemen and gentlemen having signified their support of the object, and their approbation of the plan, be requested to constitute a Committee to carry it into effect, which was unanimously carried."

It remains for us to observe, that this meeting was evidently not got up with any view of offering a factious opposition to the existing water-companies; for it was stated by Mr. Giles, that it was not only competent for them, but desirable that they should avail themselves of this very source for obtaining their supply, in which case it would be attended by an immense saving of expense, as it would then be unnecessary to tear up the streets for the purpose of laying down new pipes, as the present street pipes would be available; and in that case, instead of conveying the impure and deleterious water of the Thames, they would conduct pure Artesian water to the same destination. And we would observe, that, looking at the subject in all its bearings, either the water-companies ought, we should rather say must take advantage of this hint, or it is incumbent on the Government to interpose its authority and protective influence in behalf of the inhabitants of this great city, who are at this moment compelled, by the mere force and circumstance of water-company monopolies, to pay enormously for a supply of water which the most distinguished chemists and highest medical authorities have pronounced to be totally unfit for dietetic and domestic purposes. In a financial point of view, Artesian water thus conveyed would be attended with an immense saving of expense: 1st, as we have already shown, the assistance of engine power would not be required; and, 2ndly, the necessity of filtration would be superseded, so that the supply would be rendered considerably cheaper, while the water itself would be infinitely purer and more salubrious than that which is at present provided. Subsequently to this meeting on the 13th of February, the Marquis of Westminster, as we anticipated in our January number (page 28.), brought forward his motion on the subject in the House of Lords. The noble Marquis stated,

"That the question respecting the supply of pure water for the metropolis was undoubtedly one of great importance. It was a subject which had already engaged the attention of their lordships as well as of the other House of Parliament; but notwithstanding an inquiry before a select committee of the House of Commons had taken place, and a report made thereon, still nothing satisfactory had been come to upon the subject. Their lordships were aware that the great object was to obtain a sufficient supply of pure water. Although the supply might be sufficiently obtained from the river Thames, yet, magnificent as that river in itself was, it was hardly possible to obtain pure water from that source. Many attempts had been made by the great monopolies, which the water-companies really were, to obviate this grievous evil. The Chelsea Water-company had formed a large filtering bed composed of sand, and which to a certain extent had, he believed, been successful, but he was afraid it had not succeeded. Other companies had tried to get more pure water, but they had not been very successful. But it was impossible to suppose that, even after all the money that had been thus expended, or after all the pains taken by the use of powerful machinery for throwing up the water to a hundred feet in height, any thing like pure and wholesome water could be obtained within such a distance of London from a stream like the Thames, into which hundreds of the most offensive drains were constantly pouring their pernicious contents. If, then, any means could be devised by which a purer description of water could be obtained, their lordships must feel that, for the sake of the health and happiness of the metropolis, it was most desirable that those means should be ascertained and adopted. To what, then, had their lordships to look for a supply of pure water? To nothing but the streams that surrounded this great metropolis. There were many streams within the circuit of ten or twelve miles, and particularly one on the north side of the metropolis, from which there was a very great fall. Undoubtedly, if a supply of pure water could be obtained within the metropolis itself, it would be all that their lordships or the inhabitants could require. And he was

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aware that some year or two ago a company had been formed for the purpose of furnishing water from springs under the metropolis itself, by sinking what are termed 'Artesian wells;' and if all which that company professed to accomplish could be verified, it would completely answer every purpose that could be desired. But he very much feared that the plan was impracticable. Another company — he was not sure of the name, but he believed it was called the London and Westminster Water-company — had also put forth a prospectus for doing what would undoubtedly be a great blessing to the metropolis — that of bringing not only pure water, but an ample supply of it to the inhabitants. This company stated that they had taken a piece of land between two and three miles in extent one way, and a mile and a half the other, at a place called Bushy Heath, near Watford, and within ten or twelve miles of London, where, by boring, water of a very fine and pure description might be raised to within eighteen feet of the surface. This land was upwards of one hundred and sixty feet above the level of the city of London, and consequently the water would flow without any sort of machinery being employed. Thus the great expense which was now incurred by the existing companies would be avoided. The water he had seen, and it was certainly of very excellent quality. He understood that this water was raised through a soil composed of light sand and gravel; that the springs were very near chalk hills; and that the quantity that could be supplied was sufficient to meet all the wants of the metropolis. For the supply of water thus obtained at Watford, a reservoir was to be formed at the Eyre Arms, in the neighbourhood of St. John's Wood. The distribution thence to every part of the metropolis would be attended with little difficulty and little expense."

The Earl of Essex in reply to the Marquis of Westminster observed, that he happened to live near Watford, and knew that the people there were alarmed at the idea of a supply being taken from that place, lest it should dry up the springs in the neighbourhood. We have just adverted to this apprehension which is purely ideal. If the good people of Watford will only consider how many noble streams derive their origin from these springs, from which the New River itself, by the way, at Chadwell, derives in great part its source; if they will look to the fact, that in no one instance has it been proved that the sinking of one Artesian spring has diminished the quantity of water supplied by another however closely approximated; and if they will calculate the immense volumes of water which, according to the diameter of the bore, are daily yielding in public manufactories an evidently inexhaustible supply, they will find that they have no practical *data* upon which the present plan can fairly be opposed. The great and flourishing town of Liverpool, with upwards of 100,000 inhabitants, is supplied by two of these Artesian springs only; and it is confidently affirmed, that one alone, with a larger bore, would yield an adequate supply. But to return: the House of Lords without a division agreed to the motion of the noble Marquis — "that a select committee be appointed to take into consideration the supply of water to the metropolis." *

We have detailed the above proceedings with great pleasure, more especially as we have the satisfaction of knowing, that the article in the "Monthly Chronicle" was in a great measure instrumental in bringing about this movement, which, if properly persevered in, must succeed. The committee of the House of Lords, and the noblemen and gentlemen appointed by the meeting, we have referred to, have a great public duty to perform, and the inhabitants of this metropolis will not fail to watch their proceedings with intense interest and anxiety.

* The following are the names of the members of the committee: Lord President, Duke of Somerset, Marquis of Northampton, Marquis of Anglesey, Marquis of Westminster, Earl of Essex, Earl of Wilton, Lord Bishop of London, Lord Dacre, Lord Howland, Lord Lilford, Lord Colchester, Lord Duncannon, Lord Ashburton, Lord Portman, Lord Sudeley, Lord Colborne.

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NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

It is a good omen for the restoration of the drama—an object which we have laboured for with untiring zeal, and, we are happy to say, increasing hope—that, even while the doors of the theatre are closed upon them, there are dramatists of high powers amongst us who continue, against discouragements of every possible kind, to prosecute their noble and humanising mission. The sacred fire still burns in its central integrity: neither managers nor monopolies can extinguish it; and whenever the liberation of the stage from the barbarous fetters of restrictive patents shall have been accomplished, there will be found in England a many-hearted life of genius, profound and earnest in its toils, ready to create a new drama, as comprehensive and true as the old, or rather to take up the tale where it was dropped by Shirley, the last of the race of giants, and to pour it out, with a fresh imagination, "upon the listening ear of night." The signs of the coming advent thicken upon us, and give ample assurance that a great era of dramatic poetry is close at hand. The plays that are published, from time to time, by writers who, having no other vent for their productions, are willing to hazard the dangerous experiment of appealing from the green-room to the closet, exhibit evidences of ability to which the future prospects of the stage may be safely confided. We have occasionally noticed several of these unacted pieces, and have now to add to the catalogue a work of sterling merit, in which a poet, hitherto unknown to us, discovers talents of a sound and lofty order.

The tragedy of "Nina Sforza," by Mr. Troughton[1], is founded upon simple and familiar materials, treated without artifice, but with a solid grasp of the vital truth embodied in them. The plot may be briefly described and dismissed, for it is not upon the novelty or intricacy of the story that this play rests its claims to consideration, but upon the vivid and natural delineation of the passions that well up through its scenes. Raphael Doria, a young prince of Genoa, who has somewhat offended his father by his wilful and extravagant courses, is sent out of the realm upon his travels for three years, and on his journey visits the house of Sforza, a noble Venetian. He is accompanied by two or three Genoese counts, and, amongst the rest, by Ugone Spinola, the head of a family that has long been at enmity with his own, but now apparently conciliated. Spinola is a suitor for the hand of Nina, Sforza's daughter, whose beauty, five years before, while she was yet a child, had made a deep impression upon him. But Nina, educated closely under the vigilant guardianship of a rigid father, knows nothing of his passion. Immediately after the arrival of the prince, being in a feluca on one of the canals, the boat is upset — the prince rescues her — and, with the characteristic warmth of their Italian climate, they fall in love with each other. A proposal follows rapidly, and Spinola is set aside for the son of the doge of Genoa. The old feud is at once rekindled in his heart: he remembers that his father was slain by the hand of a Doria; and he resolves to dedicate himself to the destruction of their happiness. Ample opportunity shortly opens to him: the old duke dies, and Raphael is called to assume the reins of government. He is scarcely seated in his regal power, when a war breaks out with the Florentines, and Raphael joins the camp in

[1] *Nina Sforza: a Tragedy in Five Acts.* By Rich. Zouch S. Troughton. London: Saunders & Otley. 1840.

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person. Here, through the arts of Spinola, he is temporarily enslaved by the beauty of a fair Florentine; but the enchantment is evidently slight, and, if left to work itself out, would melt off from his mind like a passing cloud. Spinola, however, seizes upon the occasion to arouse the jealousy of Nina. The purity of her love, seeing only purity in him she loved, treats his suggestions with proud indignation; but at last she gives way to repeated representations, obtains easy proof of Raphael's disloyalty, and is wrecked in heart for ever. At this juncture, Spinola furnishes her with a subtle poison, expecting that she will administer it to her husband in the height of her revenge—for his coarse nature calculates upon the meanest passions of the soul. But Nina's true devotion is the safeguard of her imprudent lord; she drinks the poison herself, and dies. Spinola falls by the sword of one of Raphael's friends, and the unhappy prince stabs himself upon the body of his wife. Such is the plot, in which there are many faults of construction, especially towards the close, which is too hurried and crowded; but which evinces in the treatment of detailed passages a masterly command of the deepest springs of pathos.

The character of Nina is exquisitely depicted—her ripening and eager childhood—her first and lasting love—her strong faith. Raphael is not brought out so clearly, although we see in him the elements of hasty, generous, and passionate youth, wanting a direction rather than the will to take it. But we do not see enough of him after he has once appeared, with his flush of early emotions on his brow, persuading and winning the confiding Nina. He is soon after hurried off into a whirl of action in the duchy and the war, and we lose sight of him until he comes with terrible misgivings to make atonement for his weakness. Of the manifest capabilities of Mr. Troughton to write with success for the theatre, and to confer honour upon the contemporary drama, we cannot give a better proof than in the following striking scene, which introduces Nina at her embroidery-frame with her aunt, in the first act. The bounding spirit fluttering for liberty is hardly less beautiful than that superstition of the imagination by which Nina is unconsciously fascinated by the bark that bears her yet unknown lover, and the future destinies of her life.

An Upper Chamber in the Sforza Palace. An open Casement, looking into the Lagoons. NINA *and* BRIGITTA SFORZA, *at their broidery-frames.* NINA *sitting at her tambour, but gazing intently out at the window.*

Brigitta. How get you on? Is the rose cover'd yet?
'Tis time, I think. Well, Nina! Dost thou hear?
Nina. One moment, madam.
Brigitta. What art gazing at
With such a fix'd attention?
Nina. 'Tis a bark,
Than which a fairer never dash'd bright gems
Out of the riven bosom of the wave.
Brigitta. I see it not.
Nina. Not see it! There it flies—
There—by the Bucentoro—there—there—
Oh!
'Tis past an hour!
How she does rise, and sink, and bound, and bow,
And mock the anger of the creaming sea,
That fights and yawns for her! Look how she grasps,
Within the snowy hollow of her wings,
Her other baffled enemy, and makes
The might, with which he strives to injure her,
A friendly aid to waft her on her way!
Well done! Well done! Oh, I do know some things
That creep the earth, which have less life in them
Than thou, thou merry ocean traveller!
Brigitta. How now! All this about a casual boat!
Are they so scarce in Venice?
Nina. No, indeed!
I have seen boats enough, and little else.
Brigitta. Why single out this one feluca, then?
Nina. I cannot tell. Perhaps it was because,
As I was sitting prison'd at my frame,
With wand'ring eyes—and thoughts more wand'ring still—
Looking upon the bosom of the sea,
A sloping sun-beam pierced the silv'ry mist
That clings about the waters, where they kiss
Th' uncertain rim of yonder sapphire skies,
And gave it on the sudden to my sight—
Brightness in shadow, like a smile in grief.
From then, till now, when, with abated speed,
With sails brail'd up, and taper masts erect,
It glides into the bay, I've watch'd its course.
Its coming seem'd to mix up with my thoughts;

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And when I saw it hold its yeasty way,
Despite impediments, methought it seem'd
The very type of bounding liberty.
Fairy-like thing, my spirit yearns to thee!
I would I knew thy inmates! I am sure
They must be gentle. Such a slender bark
Bears not the sun-burn'd fisher to his prey.
Brigitta. Nina!
Nina. Madam.
Brigitta. Come from the window sill.
Look in my face. You 're strangely alter'd, girl,
In the last year.
Nina. There is no help for that.
One must grow, madam. Did you hope these walls,—
They 're sad enough, 'tis true — your bolts, your bars,
Would keep out Nature? One must grow, good aunt.
Brigitta. I meant, girl, in your 'haviour, not your form.
Nina. What have I done?
Brigitta. Why, nothing; nothing done.
But you, that were so gentle, so reserved,
And to my bidding so conformable,
Are now grown restless and dissatisfied;
Evermore teasing for indulgences
You know I may not grant.
Nina. That 's Nature too.
Brigitta. How so?
Nina. You 're wrong, indeed — indeed you are;
You and my cold, stern father, both are wrong.
You treat me like a child, which I am not.
But 'twill not do! No, no, be sure of it:
For should you mew me like a kestrel hawk;
Hoodwink my eyes from daylight; jess my feet;
You cannot cage the glowing blood of youth,
Nor blind the thoughts, nor tie the heart's desires! —
Aunt, I am grown a woman, and my sense
Rebels against this bondage.
Brigitta. This is rare!
What, you 'd be free to jostle in the squares! —
The public gardens! Sit at balconies,
To pelt each am'rous, paper-faced gallant
With candied raisins, would ye? — Yes, you 'd have
Your velvet-coated gondolieri, too,
To skim ye up and down the swarm'd canals
At carnivals; to make your froward face
As common as the columns? Yes! you 'd have,
As you float pass, each ragged beggar cry,
"That 's Sforza's mettled daughter, she who leads
"When the doge weds the ocean, and at all
"The public ceremonials!" — You would be
The talk of Venice, mistress, would you not?
Nina. I ask for liberty, not licence, madam.
Brigitta. No doubt, no doubt! — Oh, you 'd be wondrous sage!
Come now; let 's hear. Suppose that you were free
To have your will; what were your first desire?
Nina. To see the world, whereof, there 's something here
Informs me, I am part.
Brigitta. And what to seek?
Nina. Something to love!
Brigitta. Heyday! This mends apace!
What! there is nothing then to love at home?
Your father, girl, is nothing?
Nina. Nor your aunt?
Oh! yes, believe me; there you do me wrong.
For all his sternness ne'er did maiden love
Her father more devotedly than I;
Nor is my own too little in my thoughts,
And that she knows, although 'tis now her cue
To seem to doubt. But for all that, my heart
Is not used up; there still is room in it
For many likings, and for one more love!
Ah me! I would not use the merest brute
As I am used! Look here. Without the sash
I 've hung my golden warbler where the sun
May fall upon his plumage, scarce less bright.
Can the lips sing and yet the heart be sad?
I cannot sing of late. If I begin,
I fall a weeping. He will pipe all day —
He could not do this were he not content.
Brigitta. And yet he is a prisoner.
Nina. Not so, aunt!
He, like his mistress, was to bondage born;
But, there unlike, with no informing mind
To whisper morning, evening, noon, and night,
How sweet 's the breath that 's drawn in liberty!
Yet what he could not feel, I for him felt.
'Tis not long since that I withdrew his wires,
Set wide the door, and gave him to the air.
But he, not finding any of his kind,
Being unused to space, and much too fine
To pick a scanty meal of casual fare,
Remember'd how his mistress tended him,
And sought his cage again. And so should I!
Now do, good madam, prithee let us go
And see if that be really gold or not,
Which looks so like it, on the smooth lagoon.
It would not take an hour — what 's an hour?
Brigitta. No!
I cannot — must not.
Nina. See! There 's purple now!
Long waving bands of ever-changing hues
Fret all the waters — oh, let 's haste! 't will fade
Ere we can reach it!
Brigitta. Should your father know?
Nina. He needs not know. He is within — engaged,
Busied with workmen: I have heard their din
The whole day through. Dear aunt — which gondola?
Brigitta. (There 's witchery in her tongue.) Well, get your veil.
Nina. Thanks! thanks!
Brigitta. One hour.
Nina. Not a second more.
Brigitta. Well! but your veil!
Nina. Oh! mercy! how the sun
Is galloping to rest! Pray let us haste!
Brigitta. Well, but the veil, the veil!
Nina. I cannot wait.
Gioconda! — here, Gioconda! [*Exit.*]
Brigitta. [*following her*] Nina! stay!

There is also great dramatic power in the following passage, which is part of a scene where Nina is watching for the return of her husband from

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the Florentine war. The lines kindle with impatience, and flutter us with the intense expectation they describe.

Nina. I tell you, 'twas a trumpet: what is like
The stirring shrillness of the trumpet's note?
We soon shall have it tearing ope the ear,
And starting out the echoes where they sleep,
Beneath the ledge of yonder penthouse hills.
Gioconda. Madam, to me — I speak with all respect —
'Twas more resembling to the short, sharp neigh
Of some enfranchised palfrey in the meads.
Nina. Your cold dull ear hath not a flutter'd hope,
To make it quick of sense. Besides, look there,
What 's yonder streak of dim and wreathing cloud,
That rolls so lazily along the sky,
Where the far road, contracted to a thread,
O'erleaps the barrier of the horizon's verge,
And dips below the farthest range of lights,
Where there is not a zephyr strong enough
To turn the vane upon the garner's top?
There! there again;—a palfrey's neigh indeed!
'Tis he! 'tis Doria! — He returns at last!
My heart is on the mountains, and I feel
The glorious coming of the morning king,
Ere the dull valley dreams that it is day!
Go, call my woman. See, Durazzo comes,
With confirmation of my happiness.

And how beautiful — how deeply touching is the following, where Spinola is taking her through a street at night to detect her false lord, as he is about to keep an appointment with the Florentine.

Spinola. More speed! More speed! We yet shall be too late.
Nina. Is it a festival?
Spinola. Again! Fye! fye!
Wilt thou recede again? Let 's haste! Let 's haste!
Nina. And do we not, then? Why, to me it seems
That we outstrip the marten on the wing;
Beat the light floss that scuds on autumn winds.
I feel the air upon my forehead part
As on the prow of ships the waters do! —
Do we not haste? You see I sink with haste.
I must pause here.
Spinola. Bear up, 'twill soon be past.
Nina. If Heaven had ta'en but one all-precious sense,
It would have humbled, but not crush'd me thus!
Yes! Had it quench'd the quick perceiving eye,
That sees the sweets of summer when they bloom;
The stars; kind faces; all things beautiful;
At least, I should have heard him say he lov'd!
Or had it been the ear, that to the soul
Conveys the natural music of the grove,
And language, thought's most sure interpreter,
I could have seen him smile, and been content!
But to lose all at once, in losing that
Which was the life of all — alas! alas! —
Is more than I can bear!
Spinola. Nay, then, let 's home;
For now I see thy constancy is gone.
What matters it? Perhaps 'twere better so.
Let him unseen enjoy ——
Nina. No, no; let 's on!
Spinola. Hush! There 's no need; for see, thou much-wrong'd wife,—
See where beneath yon wall thy husband comes:
Did ever felon to a pinfold creep
With such a gait and air! Is that the grace,
The easy carriage, that amas'd the gay,
And fix'd the glances of the whole saloon!
Yet that is he! — Have I belied him now?
Nina [*gazing intently off the scene.*]
Not that way, Doria; not—and yet he turns!—
Oh, sinking death! — fast coming, cold despair! —
Ungrateful! cruel! — Ah, he stops! Thank Heaven!
Stand thus for ever fix'd, as yet unstain'd,
If thou can'st not repent, be marble, love;
And I will build about thee holy walls,
And live upon my knees before that form,
Though lost, still lov'd! still honour'd! — Do not stir!
My heart is in the pavement! — Do not move! —
Or, if thou must, pass by that hateful door! —
Pass! Pass! Pass! — Ah! —

The grand fault of this play is the brevity of the majority of its scenes, which has the inevitable effect of throwing the action into a flurry, while it prevents the author from dwelling at sufficient length upon his characters, and so developing their natures and emotions entire. This is purely an artistical error, which a closer observation of the necessities of the stage would have easily remedied. The whole of the last act is carelessly contrived, although wherever there is room for it in so hurried a group of circumstances, there is no want of strength. It may be observed also, generally, that there are too many petty incidents drawn into the action, which ought to have been of greater breadth and simplicity to give room to the play of the agonies with which it is filled. By such means as these, the terrible passions that ought to be concentrated towards the catastrophe, are frittered

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away in a succession of scenic changes, which would quite mar the grandeur of the design, if the author had not previously inspired us with an abiding sense of his power that makes us always feel his presence, even where it is least influentially visible. We go into these details for the sake of showing that Mr. Troughton has something yet to learn of the mere frame-work of his art, and that, possessed of a true and sympathising genius, it is worth his while to turn it in his thoughts. He has every other requisite for great things in the drama — high poetical powers, fluent command of a varied and vigorous diction, and a deep relish and knowledge of Nature, which entitle him to take rank amongst the most distinguished dramatists of the time.

Mr. Reade has given another drama to the public (following quickly upon his "Catiline"), but which, not intended for the stage, he properly describes as a dramatic poem. In "The Drama of Life"[2] we have an Apennine count dwelling in close retirement amongst the mountains, with a beautiful girl who had given up the world for him, and who, feeding his enthusiasm over-much with her devotion, has the misfortune to survive his passion, which appears, in the end, to have been little more than a violent dream of the imagination. Malefort philosophises himself into distrust of all permanent goodness, truth, and happiness; and Lillian, feeling that the change which has passed over his spirit is fatal to her peace, believes that it is essential to the vindication of her own love to leave him. In the mean time a stranger arrives at the Castle, who appears to know the past history of Malefort's life, and to be intimately conversant with all the faults of his character. In the scenes which ensue between them, Malefort's egotism and selfish discontents are drawn out; the stranger in vain endeavours to rally him into a more cheerful and hopeful faith; until, at last, the news of the departure of Lillian rouses him to action. He finds her, when it is too late, dead in the cottage of one of his retainers, and, after some solemn visitations of his better spirit, expires in the presence of the stranger. There is a vague allusion to the murder of his brother formerly committed by Malefort, arising, we are led to suppose, from his love for Lillian; but all this is too dark to bear tangibly upon the metaphysical portraiture of the individual; and we are cast upon a different interpretation of the moods of this exhausted lover. We must be frank with Mr. Reade, whose talents we estimate too highly not to believe that he can well afford a little open criticism, and whom we are bound to think well of as a poetical contributor to our own pages: — "The Drama of Life" is not equal to any of his former productions. Every reader will at once regard it as an imitation, intentional or accidental, of Manfred; and even if it be wholly free from this imputation, which we can readily understand, we know not how, upon the face of the work, it can be relieved from the suspicion. Malefort is a minor Manfred — inferior in daring, in ambition, in guilt, in suffering: but he has the same morbid characteristics dimly spread over him; some nameless crime haunts his memory; he is sated and worn out, and he looks, not for hope, but oblivion, to a dark void beyond his reach. If, unlike Manfred, he has no wonderful spirits at his command, if he cannot summon the elements to prefigure the past, or conjure the dead out of their graves, he has his logical familiar who answers all the purpose, by putting him on the rack of question and answer, and showing him, until he loses his faculty of replication, the hideous shapes of his mental demons. On the other hand, however, there is a true humanity in "The Drama of Life" which is not

[2] *The Drama of Life.* By John Edmund Reade, Esq., Author of "Italy," &c. London: Saunders & Otley. 1840.

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to be found in Manfred — the trusting, truthful, and devoted Lillian. Her character is nobly conceived, and as nobly executed. She no sooner discovers that Malefort begins to indulge in special pleading about his attachment for her, than she proudly asserts her womanhood, and scorns to let her heart subsist upon his pity. All those passages which express her feelings, and awaken his, are powerful, because they are true: but for the idealisms and abstractions, they may possibly be entitled to some praise, as presenting a curious reticulation of sophistries, but they are so fine and so expanded, and conduct us to such disheartening results without enforcing any universal or practical moral, that they hardly leave any trace on the memory. There are many redeeming fragments, however, scattered through the poem, of which the following may be cited as a specimen: —

Lillian. Dost thou still
Waste thus the hours away in thoughts as gloomy
As the night's darkness? If not for my love,
Yet for thy life's sake ——
Malefort. Life has ceased for him
Who has outlived its feelings.
Lillian. From ourselves
The feelings spring which make our happiness.
We have that competent within to make us
Happy; but we neglect the power, and seek
After all knowledge, save that of the heart.
I know this truth too well; — have I not proved it?
Yet, unlike thee, I cannot cease to think
Of what has been. I call back Memory,
Lest life should seem the dream I know it was not.
Malefort! your love was like a fitful fever,
Which, preying on itself, repell'd me; mine
Was my own life! 'tis over! — still I live,
As woman lives when she has ceased to feel.
Yet say, in what have I offended you?
Have I shown coldness for neglect, or chid you
For giving barren solitude the hours
And feelings once pour'd fondly forth to me?
Have I exacted from you more than your
Own inclination gave me? Have I thwarted
One wish of yours? Has a desire been breathed,
However faintly, from your heart, which found not
A joyful answer in my own, almost
Before express'd?
Malefort. We cannot rule ourselves.
I have been otherwise and happier:
My life has been one war against my nature,
And I have fail'd; and why? because it was
A strife unnatural. I do not forget, —
I would to Heaven I did! 'Tis the past brings me
Reproaches, more than thy sweet looks; for were
My memory outlived, I could bear life,
If not in happiness, at least in peace.

There is at least a genial philosophy, and a consolatory hopefulness in the character of Lillian, which goes some way towards relieving the darkness of Malefort's nature, although it does not succeed in dispelling it. There is nothing new in the following argument of the eternal reproduction of the means of happiness; but it is a favourable illustration of the innate beauty of Lillian's feelings.

Lillian. The very grief for a thing lost and lov'd
(For, sure, regret is feeling) proves the heart
That form'd it, could renew — nay — wherefore not?
The flowers from each stalk are renew'd: the tree,
Though lightning-scath'd, puts forth new leaves; the morn
Is parent of the day: and human hearts
Are ever-welling springs, still opening
Fresh waters till they die! We can throw off
The memory of unkindness like a garment,
And bathe again our spirits in the milk
Of childhood's innocence. In autumn-life,
Who dwells on the caprices of the spring?
And would not memories of vain ambition
Enhance the quiet found, and give a zest
From very contrast to delight?

The repelling coldness of Malefort — the selfish result of his satiated love — the heartlessness that suns itself in the eyes of beauty, full of brave promises and visions of joy, but, once winning its prize, is utterly wanting in the magnanimity and generosity to cherish and sustain it, turning with blank regrets to expired enthusiasm, destitute even of the pitiful courage to take refuge in open abandonment and new pleasures — are well described in the ensuing lines with which Lillian takes leave of her destroyer.

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Malefort. Have I
Not loved you with a love as — Lillian!
Remember but the past.
Lillian. You never loved me!
Nay, I am calm again — oh that my heart
Were cast but in as cold a mould as yours!
How happy, then, I should have been — how changed
The part that I have played! — You never loved me!
You saw me beautiful: I may say this —
For, oh! what am I now? You praised it, touch'd
That cord which woman's weak heart ever answers,
And drew me from a home where I was loved,
And innocent, and happy. Now — oh, no! —
No, — you have not abandon'd me; you have not
Upbraided me — these have the excuse of passion,
Though erring — and still show humanity.
No: you have stood by me and watch'd my struggles
With coldness that did not become a man:
You have look'd on me as a cast-away,
Not worth a serious thought, while standing wrapt
Before your altar of ambition! I
Have felt this, it is written inwardly: —
What words can never tell! Take heed, I would not
Warn you — but take heed, when your dream is over, —
For you will wake — you mourn me not too late. [*She hastily leaves him.*

It may be remarked generally, that the versification of this poem is frequently harsh and defective, and, for the most part, deficient in vigour and strong colouring. Even the best passages fall off occasionally into prosaic tameness. There is no concentration of passion — no overwhelming flood of emotion, bearing down the artistical conventions of verse. All is smooth and as calm as the circumstances will permit, and, consequently, feeble and monotonous in its final impression. We note this less as a fault in Mr. Reade — who has abundantly proved his capability for energetic and passionate dialogue in the tragedy of "Catiline" — than as a fault inherent in the subject he has chosen. It would have been nearly impossible to infuse a more stirring life into it; for, although Malefort is a being reconcileable to our experience in the outward manifestations of his character, there is no action or strong impulse in him which would have enabled the poet to elevate him into the day-light world of human sympathies. He might have been painted differently, but the exculpation of the author is to be found in having painted him as he is.

We have another dramatic piece before us, which, we suppose, we are bound in courtesy to add to the list, although it was not intended by the author to be tested by dramatic principles, and bears no resemblance to a drama, except in form. The title of this production is "The Temperance Emigrants,"[3] and the purpose of the writer, Mr. Dunlop, is to exhibit, through an imaginary plot, the evils of drinking, and its attendant train of ruin. Of course, there is a great deal of superfluous reasoning and description, and much extravagant rage about strong liquors; and any individual who happens not to be a teetotaller, and attempts to read it, will be very likely to lay it aside before he has finished the first scene. But notwithstanding all the long speeches, and that excess of a furious zeal which sometimes deforms the most amiable efforts for the reformation of mankind, there are not a few strokes of genuine nature, and some admirable points of Scottish character thrown up in the progress of the story. Considered as a play, it is beyond all limits of patience. The object is benevolent — the plot ridiculous — and the dialogue preposterous.

Connected with the literature of the drama, a little critical treatise by Mr. Nash[4] may be commended for excellence of intention, for a high and just

[3] *The Temperance Emigrants: a Drama, descriptive of the Difficulties and Encouragements incident to Temperance Societies and General Temperance Life.* By John Dunlop, Esq., Author of "The Philosophy of Drinking Usage in Great Britain and Ireland." London: Houlston & Stoneman. 1840.

[4] *The Drama, a Treatise on Poetry and Verse, Dramatic Composition, Dramatic Authors, and the Effects of Dramatic Amusements:* to which is annexed, *The Poet's Death, a Ballad.* By George Nash, Author of "The Outcast." London: Saunders & Otley. 1839.

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appreciation of the subtleties of the art, and for some incidental truths that may be advantageously consulted by young writers for the stage. Mr. Nash takes up lofty ground in his views of the poetical spirit; and although his enthusiasm sometimes carries him into excesses, and even commits him to two or three very remarkable fallacies, the main tendency of his pamphlet is to elevate and dignify the uses of the theatre. Truly he says that —

"A poet is the priest of taste, the priest of idea—to the social world what the prophet is to the religious."

Speaking of the functions of the dramatist, he says that —

"A dramatic author must always appeal to the feelings rather than the reason of his audience."

This is not comprehensive enough, but if it do not contain the whole truth, it is more than half way on the direct road to it. Of the action of a play, he observes —

"The subject must appear to commence with the play, it must be seized at some point whence the action may spring naturally forward; and the fewer the explanations required, the better."

Again, there is a solid suggestion in the following —

"It must always be remembered in delineating character, that manners do *not* make the man, they are merely the cloak of his disposition — the dress of the times. A fop may be a man of intellect and courage, and he who professes contempt for outward appearance be a poltroon, or an ignorant fool. Manners are changed as the fashions of the garments; the passions and the other elements of character remain unaltered as the limbs the garments cover."

Mr. Nash does not always express his thoughts with felicity, giving us thus, by the defect of language, but half his meaning. When he speaks of mental plays as the drama of the poet, and of plays adapted for acting as the drama of the player, he does not bring out his idea whole. We have only a glimpse of it; but we can easily supply the rest. His warning against the besetting danger of young writers — imitation — if not well put, has, at least, a healthy purpose.

"No man ever achieved greatness who had not a great ideal! that is, high aspirations and hopes! He who would shoot higher than others must aim higher, and risk the greater chance of his arrows descending on his own head. *The improvement of our own powers will generally repay us for trusting in them.*"

We wish our next extract could be painted in large letters over the proscenium of every theatre in the kingdom, especially our great metropolitan houses! —

"The play before the actor, and the actor before the ornament, should be the motto of all managers and performers! The play should be considered all-important, and the powers of the actor, the scenic decorations, dresses, and music, *as the mere means of illustrating it.*"

Clearly as Mr. Nash stands in the broad light of Nature, he yet sees some things darkly; as when, for instance, he advises the dramatist to cultivate mystery and surprises: — "Throughout the play," he observes, "the author should take care that, although the event may be surmised, it cannot be predicted." Upon reflection, he must perceive that this is the very lowest and vulgarest means a dramatist can employ, a distinct evasion of the noblest part of his task. In another place he calls Mr. Dickens the Shakspeare of

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his day. How or wherefore? Mr. Dickens's talents are surely not dramatic; and the knowledge of life he displays is not of that elemental kind which places Shakspeare alone at an unapproachable height above all men.

Amongst recent works of travels, "The Real and the Ideal"[5] may be referred to as an illustration of the power of a headstrong imagination to spoil an observing and respectable tourist. Italy is not yet exhausted, and probably will furnish to countless generations a fertile source of poetry and description: but in order to extract something new or worthy of further literary memorial from her classical soil, great original powers and extensive information are absolutely necessary. The same things may be seen again and again by strange eyes, and suggest an endless variety of new reflections: but neither dreamers nor venders of commonplace have any business in Italy. We have dreamed out our dreams of balmy airs, and blue skies, and romantic brigands, and the old times and antique beatitudes; and as for the marbles, the pictures, and the façades, they have already been done into so many catalogues, from the refined Eustace down to the double-refined George Robins, that nothing can re-create an interest about them but a mind full of a congenial grandeur. Now "The Real and the Ideal" is a mere rhapsody, in which there is so little reality that the first part of the title ought to have been dropped in simple justice to the reader. There is nothing real in the book — it is all ideal, and very unintelligible ideal into the bargain. The author evidently had a notion that there was a spirituality floating through the places he visited, which no former writer had been fortunate enough to catch; and this spiritual light, radiating from a centre of melancholy sentimentality, fills his two volumes with its enervating radiance. Unless we went into some detail, and furnished extensive extracts, which our limits will not permit, we could not precisely describe the characteristics of this production: but if the reader will imagine a piece of hazy prose-poetry dedicated to the glories of a picturesque, monumental country, he will have formed a tolerably correct estimate of "The Real and the Ideal."

Mr. Lowndes has rendered excellent service to the best interests of literature in a valuable treatise on "The Law of Copyright;"[6] in which he traces, historically, the course of that description of property, and shows clearly that such a right did formerly exist, and that it was only taken away by a mistaken interpretation of an act of parliament passed in the reign of Queen Anne. It seems indeed incredible, in this age and this enlightened and improving empire, always foremost in the battle for the emancipation of the human mind, that a question should at this moment be mooted in the House of Commons, and opposed by a strong majority, as to whether an author is entitled to a reasonable share of the profits of his own labour — for it is not even contended that he ought to have a freehold in his works. Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the length of the tenure, it is difficult to reconcile with the commonest notions of justice that spirit of bigotry which refuses him the limited leasehold proposed and refused over and over again within the last few sessions. England stands alone in this disgraceful legislation for men of genius. Every other country in the world, where the civilisation of letters has improved the character and tastes of men, has a law of copyright more liberal and equitable than our own. Mr. Lowndes supplies an account of the laws of copyright (and this portion

[5] *The Real and the Ideal; or Illustrations of Travel.* 2 Vols. London: Saunders & Otley. 1840.

[6] *An Historical Sketch of the Law of Copyright; with Remarks on Sergeant Talfourd's Bill: and an Appendix of the Copyright Laws of Foreign Countries.* By John J. Lowndes, Esq. London: Saunders & Benning. 1840.

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of the book is perhaps the most curious and instructive) extant in America, France, Holland, Belgium, the Germanic States, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Spain, and the two Sicilies, and even carries us into Russia, to prove that the most flagrant despotism on the face of the earth is more tender of the interests of men of learning and genius than this land of liberty and wealth, — "the envy of surrounding nations, and the admiration of the world!" The reader will be surprised to learn that there is a special enactment in the Russian code conferring on certain degrees of literary success certain titles of rank and honour — a recognition of the influence and importance of literature undreamt of in patronising England. But to insure the property of authors in addition to heaping honourable distinctions upon them, it is enacted by law in Russia, that the author or translator of a work (the latter being included in the privilege no doubt for the sake of encouraging the introduction of letters from other countries) shall possess the sole right of printing and disposing of it *during his lifetime*, and that his heirs and assigns shall enjoy the same for *the term of twenty-five years after his decease*, and for *a further term of ten years* if they shall publish an edition within five years before the expiration of the first term. The privileges of the author are further secured by a provision which prohibits his creditors from taking his copyright in execution, whether it has been printed or not, or, in cases of the bankruptcy of booksellers, from availing themselves of any benefit to which the bookseller might have been entitled, unless they strictly fulfil all the engagements he had undertaken to perform with the author; and in cases of piracy it provides that the party guilty of piracy shall pay to the proprietor of the work the difference between the actual cost of the pirated edition and the selling price of the original, forfeiting at the same time all the unsold copies of his unlawful reprint. We wish Sergeant Talfourd would abandon his bill, and make a motion to the effect that the English legislature should adopt, word for word, this admirable law from the code of barbarian Russia! The reproof would strike home — we were about to write *Hume*.

"A Volume of Poems," by Mr. Sterling[7], chiefly reprinted from Blackwood's Magazine, evinces a fine sensibility, and a subdued and pure taste, which are rarely found in the poetical trifles that find niches in our periodicals. The originals that have made the deepest impression on Mr. Sterling's mind are evidently Wordsworth and Coleridge. Their spirits gravely thread the pages of this tiny book, inspiring fresh images and sweet thoughts, but never tempting the poet into the distorting agonies of imitation. There must be, or ought to be, mighty poetical intelligences in every age, to give a direction to the young life growing up around and after them; and we can as easily distinguish between those who have imbibed their influence truly in their hearts, and those who strain at verbal and artificial imitations of them, as we can distinguish between the landscape gardener, who, impressed deeply with the elementary principles of his art, applies them in a thousand new forms and picturesque combinations, and the unimaginative labourer who digs, plants, and clips by rule and line. Mr. Sterling belongs to the former order, bringing an original grace to beautify and embellish his progress.

A narrative of the persecutions of the Protestants of Zillerthal[8], and

[7] *Poems*, by JOHN STERLING. London: Edward Moxon. 1839.

[8] *The Protestant Exiles of Zillerthal: their Persecutions and Expatriations from the Tyrol, on separating from the Romish Church, and embracing the Reformed Faith; translated from the German of Dr. Rheinwald, of Berlin.* By JOHN B. SAUNDERS. London: Hatchard & Son; and Nisbet & Co. 1840.

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their expulsion from the Tyrol by the Austrian Government, originally published by its author, Dr. Rheinwald, in "Der Allgemeine Repertorium für Theologische Literatur und Kirkliche Statistik," of which he is editor, has been recently translated into English. The case is one of rank oppression, and we cannot reasonably object to the indignation which glows through the account of these people, who have suffered so much for conscience sake: nor will it answer any right purpose to set against it any like oppressions which may have disgraced the Protestants, for every honest man's hand ought to be against oppression wherever it appears, or in whatever cause it is employed. But the object with which this tract is pressed forward does not improve our charities in proportion to the extent appealed to by the writer. It is evidently a fresh accusation against Popery, designed to inflame the prejudices of all "good Protestants," at a crisis when, for political purposes, a cry of bigotry has been vainly attempted to be got up in the country. For this reason, we receive it with caution, and are not unmindful of the tone of exaggeration and rampant zeal in which it is written. Sympathising earnestly with the wrongs of the Reformers of the Tyrol, we are yet careful to discriminate between a special tyranny, and that wider expanse of antipathy into which such recitals are craftily calculated to draw us.

At a moment when the nation is rejoicing with one heart over the auspicious nuptials of the Queen, every particular that can be gleaned concerning the life, character, and connections of Prince Albert, must possess deep and general interest. Several publications have appeared, in which the historical glories of the house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha are faithfully chronicled, and of all these, perhaps the most compact and worthy, in all senses of the theme, is that which is entitled, "Prince Albert, his Country and Kindred."[9] The contents of this book appear to have been carefully compiled, and furnish, upon the whole, a very full account of that distinguished dynasty; vindicating not merely the Protestantism of the Prince—the last thing that any one acquainted with the history of the Reformation, would have ventured to call into question—but establishing his title on many other grounds, political and personal, to the implicit respect of the people of England. The description of the principality, of the costume and habits of the people, of its laws, institutions, and progress, and the biography of the Prince, as far as any materials can be collected, exhibit sufficient research to satisfy the popular curiosity; and a variety of rich and handsome embellishments increase the value and interest of the publication.

We have before us two lectures by Mr. Fry on Milton[10] and Burke[11], in which a wide reach of inquiry, and an ardent spirit of liberal criticism are displayed in a form admirably adapted to the purposes of the lecture. Such works as these are amongst the most effective instruments of public instruction; and when it is added that these lectures, full of vivid eloquence, applied to subjects of a highly intellectual order, were delivered at several of those institutions which have been created by the universal demand for knowledge, we hardly need any more convincing proof of the avidity of the people to acquire useful and enlightening information, and of the impossibility of arresting their onward progress in civilisation. The characters of

9 *Prince Albert, his Country and Kindred.* London: Thomas Ward & Co. 1840.

10 *A Lecture on the Writings and Character of John Milton, &c.* By Alfred A. Fry, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn. Henry Hooper.

11 *A Lecture on the Writings and Character of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke.* By Alfred A. Fry, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn. Henry Hooper.

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Milton and Burke, their lives and their labours, are luminously treated by Mr. Fry, who condenses into a comparatively narrow compass the matured fruits of extensive reading and profound reflection. When men with such powers — energetic, lofty, and diversified — undertake the influential and responsible office of public lecturers, diffusing through the mass the light they have acquired from studious contemplation of the great men of past times, the most salutary results must follow in the improvement and moral elevation of the people.

The approaching season of the Italian Opera furnishes a legitimate opportunity for examining the errors that have been committed in past seasons, for sounding the causes of success, and exhibiting the sources of failure. The writer of an ingenious brochure on the subject has accomplished this desirable object[12], and although we cannot always agree with him in his musical criticisms, we can recommend his pamphlet to every body interested in the inquiry it unfolds. He is well acquainted with the merits of the question, and brings to its discussion ample resources of anecdotical, personal, and scientific information.

The remarkable trial of the Earl of Stirling for forgery has produced from an English lawyer a complete history of the case, full of legal commentaries and circumstantial statements, which, thus thrown into a narrative form, have something of the effect of a serious and thrilling romance.[13] We must not venture into the intricacies of this strange and mysterious history:—but whoever has any curiosity about such matters, ought to read this ingenious and able publication.

A new work upon the natural history of quadrupeds has been commenced by Mr. Martin, with a profusion of splendid embellishments by Harvey.[14] The first part affords a brilliant promise of the ability with which it will be executed; and certainly, taking into consideration the number of the engravings and the beauty of the typography, it is one of the cheapest and most elegant serials of the million that fret the eyes of the gazers into the book-windows of the metropolis.

The celebrated systems of Geography of Malte Brun and Balbi, abridged and blended into one luminous work, are in course of publication in Edinburgh.[15] This may be justly described as a great national undertaking and as the most complete publication of its class extant. The information, enriched from the labours of recent travellers, and the accumulating records of scientific bodies, is brought down to the latest date, and no pains have been spared to render it into a comprehensive and popular shape.

Mr. Croly's miscalled *Life* of Burke[16] — written at a period of excitement, in a style of congenial fustian — has reached a second edition. The work originally appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, to which it was exactly suited by its fiery and tempestuous spirit; but in the sober form of volumes, where

[12] *The Italian Opera in* 1839: *its latest Improvements and existing Defects impartially considered.* By the Author of "The Star of La Scala," &c. London: J. Alfred Novello. 1840.

[13] *Remarks on the Trial of the Earl of Stirling, at Edinburgh, 29th April,* 1839, *for Forgery.* By an English Lawyer. London: Edward Churton. 1840.

[14] Part I. *A Natural History of Quadrupeds and other mammiferous Animals, &c.* By William Charles Linnæus Martin, F. L. S., with upwards of 1000 Engravings on Wood. London: Whitehead & Co. 1840.

[15] Part I. *Malte Brun's and Balbi's Systems of Geography abridged; with numerous Tables of Population and Statistics, and a copious Alphabetical Index.* Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. London: Longman, Orme, Brown, Green, & Longmans. 1840.

[16] *A Memoir of the Political Life of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, with Extracts from his Writings.* By George Croly, LL.D., Rector of St. Stephens Walbrook, London. 2 Vols. London: Thomas Cadell. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons.

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we have the whole before us at once, it loses its disturbing charm, and drops down into mere sound and fury. We can easily comprehend how small doses of such drastic compounds could have been taken at monthly intervals, but we cannot bring up our imagination to the feat of swallowing the whole at once.

One of the best fictions of the day — "The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer,"[17] which originally appeared in the Dublin University Magazine — has fluttered out of its chrysalis state, and taken wings of green and gold. This is a clever, lively, and sagacious tale, well worthy of redemption from the perishable shell of a magazine; and if all our contemporaries who rejoice in fiction, were to indulge their readers with such stories of real life as this, instead of surfeiting them with highway horrors and threadbare humour, there would be less occasion for a work like the Monthly Chronicle to trim the sails, and steady the course of the periodical craft.

The works — or rather a selection from them — of Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, in monthly volumes[18], after the current fashion, with handsome embellishments, is now in course of issue. "Rienzi" — the first volume — is well got up at a low price. When the publication has advanced a little farther, it will demand a more elaborate notice.

A pretty little volume of *excerpta* from a variety of sources, appropriately designated "Deliciæ Literariæ,"[19] forms an acceptable book of table-talk. It is not unskilfully compiled, and is replete with a variety of styles and topics.

The tournament at Eglintoun Castle, — commemorated in a multitude of ways, in poems, pictures, tales, and songs — is at last fairly chronicled in blue and silver, a book truly for the boudoir, reviving all the shapes and legendary fascinations of chivalry in a manner worthy of the theme.[20] Whether the people have enough of feudal blood lingering in their veins to have their enthusiasm excited by this venture is perhaps questionable; but the book is a jaunty morsel, and will at least fill a small space gracefully amongst the *bijouterie* of the drawing-room.

A new and improved edition of Mr. Smith's little manual for the government of persons concerned in public meetings has just reached us.[21] Order is the soul of all popular assemblies, which, instead of being productive of utility, would terminate only in confusion and tumult if their proceedings were not governed by fixed rules. In this valuable essay all the necessary regulations are clearly laid down, and it may be strongly recommended to the attention of every person engaged in public transactions.

[17] *The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer, with numerous Illustrations by Phiz.* Dublin: W. Curry & Co. 1840.

[18] *Rienzi, the last of the Roman Tribunes.* By Sir E. L. Bulwer, Bart. M.P. M.A. London: Saunders & Otley. 1840.

[19] *Deliciæ Literariæ: a new Volume of Table Talk.* London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1840.

[20] *A Right Faithfull Chronique of the Ladies and Knights who gained Worship at the grand Tourney holden at his Castle.* By the Earl of Eglintoun. London: Saunders & Otley. 1840.

[21] *The Chairman and Speaker's Guide.* Second Edition. By Thomas Smith, Author of "Evolution of Numbers," &c. London: Longman and Co. 1840.

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THE

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

FINANCIAL POLICY OF THE WHIGS.*

SINCE the failure of the attempt to work the people of England up to a No Popery crusade against the religion and liberties of their Irish brethren, the Tories have been obliged to shift their ground, and open their batteries of abuse against the government from another quarter. Driven by very shame from the cover of their old established fictions about Popish plots, unholy leagues with O'Connell, and insidious designs against the Church and Protestant religion; compelled, sorely against their will, to admit the fact which could no longer be denied, of the tranquillity of Ireland; forced also to hold their tongues about Chartism, after the triumphant refutation of all their attempts to fasten this offspring of their Anti-Poor Law agitation upon the shoulders of government; they seem to have taken refuge in the intricacies of finance, and entrenched themselves to the teeth behind rows of figures and a long array of parliamentary documents and statistical facts. The bankrupt condition of the revenue under the incapable management of a Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer is now the burden of their song; and the salvation of the country from all the evils which threaten to overwhelm it, is to be worked out, it appears, not as heretofore by the "loyalty" of a Bradshaw or "ardent Protestant feeling" of a Jezebel M'Niele, but by the "profound financial knowledge" of those singularly small gentlemen, Messrs. Goulburn and Herries.

Figures we are told cannot lie — good; but those who use figures can: — and by a little dexterous mis-statement of premises and shuffling of facts, there is scarcely any proposition which a practised hand will not undertake to prove, were it even to make Messrs. Goulburn and Herries appear eminent statesmen, and demonstrate their superiority over men to whom they are scarcely fit to be copying clerks.

There is a maxim much acted upon by certain penny-a-line writers, and adopted, we believe, from time immemorial as one of the sacred canons of the Grub Street dynasty. It is this —When you are reviewing a poem, take for granted that the author meant it for a work of science; and when you have to deal with a work of science, assume that it was intended for a poem. Follow this rule, and it shall go hard with you but you shall prove Milton a blockhead and Newton a driveler, causing thereby in the reader's mind a vast conceit of your own superior knowledge, sagacity, and discernment. Something very like this maxim has been practised by Tory orators, great and small, in their attacks upon Whig financial policy. It is but to assume that Negro Emancipation and Penny Postage were intended as financial measures, and formed part of a series of financial operations, and nothing is easier than to make out a triumphant case. What can be so clear as that the National Debt is larger than it would have been, if we had enjoyed the blessing of a Tory government, in which

* The figures throughout this Article are taken from Porter's Progress of the Nation, which is a standard authority on all subjects of a financial and statistical nature, and from the Parliamentary Tables published by the Board of Trade.

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case our twenty millions would have remained in our breeches' pocket—and in which case, they so get to add, the crime and curse of slavery would have still disgraced the Statute Book of England? What plainer, than that the revenue would have been in a more flourishing condition, if, what they are pleased to call "the Penny-postage folly" had been rejected, and the greatest boon ever granted by a government to the moral and intellectual wants of the humbler classes of the community withheld? It needs no prophet to tell us this. We see no occasion for shouts of *Io triumphe!* to celebrate this mighty discovery. Lord Melbourne's government, we should think, may be well content to take the responsibility of any financial embarrassments which these great and glorious measures may have occasioned, along with the immortal honour of having proposed and carried them.

This much might suffice, if our only object were to expose the weak and flimsy fabrications, with which the Government has been attacked by the tools of party. At the present time, however, when a good deal of anxiety exists in the minds of honest and well-meaning men, on the subject of the financial condition and prospects of the country, it may be well to go a little deeper into the matter, and discuss the financial policy of the Whigs upon principles somewhat different from those which we should require, if we had no other task in hand than to answer a speech from Mr. Goulburn or a leading article of the Times.

The leading principle of Whig financial policy may be stated in a few words. It is simply this—to reduce taxation to the minimum limit required for meeting the engagements to the national creditor, and providing for the different departments of the public service. Previous to the year 1831 it had been a financial maxim of every Chancellor of the Exchequer to keep taxation very considerably above the limit of expenditure, with a view to effecting a gradual reduction of the National Debt. The excess of income over expenditure during the fifteen years of peace, ending with 1830, amounted to 39,550,952*l.*, or, on an average, to the annual sum of 2,636,730*l.*; at which rate, 190 years would be required to cancel the debt incurred during twenty-four years of war. The Whigs on their accession to power in 1830 adopted a different line of policy, which the following illustration may serve perhaps to render generally intelligible:—Suppose a man to succeed to an estate of 2000*l.* a year, burdened with a mortgage of 20,000*l.*, on which he has to pay for interest the annual sum of 1000*l.* It is evident that if he wishes to improve his fortune he must adopt one or other of these two plans: either he may apply a portion of his income annually in paying off the mortgage, or he may apply the same sum in improving his estate. It is obvious that he may become richer, either by his mortgage diminishing while his income remains stationary, or by his mortgage remaining stationary while his income increases. Which of these two plans it may be most advisable to adopt, must depend altogether upon the circumstances of the case. If the estate is one which admits of great improvements being effected by a small outlay, it is obviously better policy to lay out whatever money he has to spare on improvements than to apply it in paying off the mortgage. Now this is just what the Whigs have done. They say, the mischief done by taxation in crippling the course of commerce and imposing shackles on industry always entails upon the country a pecuniary loss greater than the pecuniary benefit accruing to the Treasury from the tax. To impose surplus taxes, therefore, for the purpose of paying off the National Debt, is bad policy; it is better to allow the *relative* amount of the debt to be reduced by the capital and resources of the country outgrowing it, than to seek to diminish its *absolute* amount by keeping up a load of oppressive taxation.

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On this principle the Whigs have steadily acted. The average annual amount raised by taxation, which for the three years 1828, 1829, and 1830, preceding their accession to office, had been 52,006,000*l.*, was reduced for the six years 1831—1836, to 46,822,220*l.* During the same period taxes to the amount of 7,116,623*l.* were remitted; deducting from which 879,802*l.*, the amount of new taxes imposed, we find for the total remission of taxation during these six years the annual sum of 6,236,821*l.* This extraordinary reduction the Whigs were enabled to effect, partly by adopting the principle of financial policy above referred to, and partly by the exercise of the strictest economy in every branch of expenditure and department of the public service.

The current annual public expenditure of the country, exclusive of the fixed charge of about 29,000,000*l.* for interest on the National Debt, which on the average of the ten years 1820—1830 amounted to 22,501,110*l.*, was reduced, on the average of the eight years of Whig administration ending with 1839, to 17,333,000*l.*

Some part of the praise, as we esteem it, or blame, as it is considered by those who impute all the misfortunes of the country to "democratic impatience of taxation," of this reduction belongs no doubt to the Duke of Wellington's Administration, who, impelled by the force of public opinion and the vigilance of an honest and active opposition, had already entered on the career of retrenchment. Not only, however, did the Whigs on their accession to office exhibit the rare spectacle of a party acting when in power upon the principles which they professed in opposition, but they carried their reductions to an extent far exceeding what the Duke of Wellington's Ministry had pronounced the *ne plus ultra* of economy.

The following Table may be interesting, as showing some of the principal items of public expenditure in which reductions have been effected:—

	Average of Years 1820—1828.	Average of 1829, 1830. D. of Wellington's Government.	Average of 1831—1839. Whig Government.
Navy - - -	5,976,000	5,605,000	4,474,000
Army - - -	8,060,000	7,350,000	6,632,000
Ordnance - - -	1,427,000	1,591,000	1,369,000
Total for Defence - -	15,463,000	14,546,000	12,475,000
Salaries in public Departments -	3,358,000	3,087,000	2,850,000

A saving of upwards of 800,000*l.* annually has also been effected by the Whigs in the cost of collecting the revenue. In the last year of the Duke of Wellington's Administration, the difference between the gross amount of the revenue collected, and the net amount paid into the Exchequer, without taking into account drawbacks, was 4,875,000*l.* In the year 1839 the difference amounted only to 4,042,000*l.*, showing a reduction of 833,000*l.*, effected chiefly by the abolition of a number of minor offices in the Customs and Excise, which in the good old days of Toryism afforded the most fertile source of ministerial patronage.

The following list of taxes which have been remitted by the Whigs since they came into power, will show what an extensive relief they have been enabled to afford to the commerce and industry of the country:—

Printed cottons, repealed - - - -	£550,000
Coals and slates, repealed - - - -	900,000
Candles, repealed - - - - - -	500,000
Hemp, reduced - - - - -	
Drugs, reduced - - - - -	

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Tiles, repealed	
Marine insurances, reduced	
Advertisement duty, reduced one half	
Insurances on farming stock, repealed	
Small receipt stamps, repealed	
Land-tax on personal estates, repealed	
Soap duty, reduced one half	593,000
Duty on pamphlets, repealed	
House-tax on shops, reduced one half	
Duty on travellers or riders, repealed	
Tax on clerks and book-keepers, repealed	
Tax on overseers and managers, repealed	
Tax on shopmen and warehousemen, repealed	
Duty on tax carts, repealed	
House-tax payable by market gardeners, repealed	
House-tax, payable by licensed victuallers, reduced one half	
House-tax, reduced	1,200,000
Windows in farm houses	
Horses used in husbandry	
Shepherds' dogs	
Amendments in Tariff, being chiefly reductions in foreign articles used in Manufactures	200,000
Starch	
Almanacks	
Spirit licences, reduced	
Flint glass, 6*d.* to 2*d.* per lb.	
Newspapers, reduced	200,000
Paper duties, reduced	200,000
Insurances on farm houses, repealed	

We come now to the question, what has been the effect of this policy? Has this extensive reduction of taxation produced the effect anticipated from it, of giving an extraordinary impetus to the industry of the country, and occasioning a rapid developement of its resources and progressive increase of its commerce and capital? The answer which facts give to this question must decide the comparative merits of the systems of finance adopted by Whig and Tory governments. Fortunately it is in our power to give a most complete and satisfactory answer, and to show by the undoubted authority of Parliamentary returns that the industry, commerce, manufactures, shipping, and capital of the country, have in fact taken a start, and advanced with unexampled rapidity since the accession of the Whigs to office in 1830. Take for instance the following table, which shows the course of the export trade of the country since the peace.

Years.	Declared Value of British Produce and Manufactures exported.
	£
1816	41,657,873
1817	41,761,132
1824	38,396,300
1825	38,877,388
1828	36,812,756
1829	35,842,623
1838	50,060,970
1839 about	52,000,000

The returns for the year 1839 are not yet completed, but the following table, in which the sixteen principal articles of our Export Trade are compared with those of the preceding year, will show that the increase has been very considerable, and that in estimating the total value at 52,000,000*l.* we are not exceeding the mark: —

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Articles.	Declared Value of Exports.	
	Year ending January, 1839.	Year ending January, 1840.
	£	£
Coals and Culm - -	485,950	543,156
Cotton Manufactures -	16,715,857	17,694,303
——— Yarn - -	7,431,869	6,857,826
Earthenware - -	651,344	768,496
Glass - - -	377,283	371,270
Hardware and Cutlery -	1,498,327	1,819,000
Linen Manufactures -	2,730,272	3,422,488
——— Yarn - -	836,163	814,607
Metals - - -	4,449,973	4,647,417
Salt - - -	223,456	219,069
Silk Manufactures - -	777,280	865,768
Sugar, refined - -	553,247	213,738
Wool - - -	434,006	361,829
Woollen Yarn - -	384,535	401,188
Woollen Manufactures -	5,795,069	6,278,099
Total - -	43,344,631	45,281,254

It appears therefore that the value of our exports, which from the peace down to the year 1829 had gone on steadily declining, has, under nine years of Whig government, not only recovered its lost ground, but risen to a height altogether unparalleled in the annals of British commerce.

If, instead of taking the total value of exports we confine ourselves to a few of the staple articles of British industry, the result will appear equally striking.

Years.	Cotton Manufactures.	Cotton Yarn.	Woollen Manufactures.	Linen Manufactures.	Hardware and Cutlery.
	£	£	£	£	£
1828	12,483,209	3,595,405	5,125,767	2,057,351	1,387,204
1829	12,516,247	3,976,374	4,661,250	1,953,607	1,390,551
1838	16,715,857	7,431,869	5,795,069	2,730,272	1,498,327
1839	17,694,303	6,857,826	6,278,099	3,422,488	1,819,000

Or if we test the condition of the country by the consumption of foreign articles, we find the same result.

Years.	Official Value of Imports of Foreign Merchandise into the United Kingdom.
	£
1828	45,028,805
1829	43,981,317
1838	54,737,301
1839	61,268,320

The increase in the number of Vessels and Registered Tonnage belonging to the United Kingdom has also been considerable since the accession of the Whigs to office, as the following table will show.

Years.	Vessels belonging to the U. Kingdom.	Tons.
1830	19,174	2,201,592
1839	20,912	2,420,759

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It would be easy to multiply tables and figures, and accumulate evidence, all tending to the same result, but the facts which we have already cited are amply sufficient to establish our proposition, *viz.* that the wealth, commerce, manufactures, consumption, and resources of the country, have all advanced at an accelerated rate since the accession of the Whigs to office in 1830.

This result is in a great measure attributable to the extensive reductions in taxation, which, as we have already shown, the Whigs have been enabled to effect, partly by the adoption of sounder and more enlightened maxims of financial policy than those of their predecessors, and partly by the enforcement of a more vigilant and rigorous economy.

In addition, however, to the large amount of actual taxation remitted, there are many other measures of the Whig government which, although not strictly of a financial nature, have removed a heavy load of pecuniary pressure from the industry of the country, and opened out fresh fields for the developement of its energies and enterprise. Among these may be enumerated the great measure of Poor Law Amendment, by which, not only was the progress of an evil, which threatened at no distant period to swallow up a large portion of the property of the country, effectually arrested, but an actual pecuniary saving effected to the rate-payers of England of upwards of 3,000,000*l.* annually.—The Tithe Commutation Act, a measure of the utmost importance to agricultural industry.—The opening of the trade to India and China, and the admission of the sugar and coffee of the former at the same rate of duty as those of the West Indian Colonies; measures, which at no distant period of time must lead to an incalculable extension of British commerce, and of the market for the production of British industry.—The Commercial Treaties with Austria and Turkey, which also open out new markets, and promise to be attended with results most beneficial for British commerce; and various other measures of minor importance, such, for instance, as the improvement in the mode of Registering Shipping, the repeal of the Usury Laws, &c., all which have been productive of great benefit to the industrial interests of the empire.

These measures have all contributed to bring about that rapid extension of all the most important branches of national wealth and industry, which, as we have shown above, by the most incontrovertible evidence, has taken place since the accession of the Whigs to office in 1830.

This fact alone appears a sufficient proof of the superiority of the system of financial policy adopted by the Whigs. It is in itself a sufficient answer to those who represent the government, as having been influenced in the reduction of taxation, by no better motive than the wish to secure a little short-lived popularity. In another point of view, also, the advantage of keeping taxation down to the lowest possible limit is very apparent. It is an ascertained fact, that every reduction of taxation leads to an increase of consumption, so that the loss to the revenue is never in proportion to the amount of relief conferred upon the country. For instance, since the accession of the Whigs to office in 1830 taxes have been repealed, as we have already seen, to the amount of nearly 7,000,000*l.* Instead, however, of the revenue having fallen off by a corresponding amount, or from 50,000,000*l.* to 43,000,000*l.*, it has fallen off only 2,000,000*l.*, and is at present upwards of 47,800,000*l.* The product of the Customs and Excise, which is always considered the best criterion of the real wealth and condition of the country, is nearly the same as in 1830, although 7,000,000*l.* of taxes have been repealed. In 1830 the joint product of these two branches of the revenue amounted to 36,184,000*l.*; in 1839 to 35,093,692*l.*; a result which proves in the most striking manner the wisdom of reducing taxation to the lowest possible limit.

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In consequence of this rapid increase in the productiveness of the taxes remaining unrepealed, the Whigs, although as we have already explained, not aiming at keeping up a surplus income, have nevertheless been enabled to effect a very considerable reduction in the public debt. On the 5th of January, 1831, the amount of funded capital was 757,486,997*l.*; on the 5th of January, 1839, the amount was 761,347,690*l.*, showing an increase of funded debt of 3,860,693*l.*: on the 5th of January, 1831, the amount of capital unfunded was 27,271,656*l.*: on the 5th of January, 1839, it was 24,655,300*l.*, showing a decrease of 2,616,350*l.*, and showing together an increase of capital debt of 1,244,343*l.* It appears therefore, that notwithstanding the loan of 20,000,000*l.*, effected during this period for the purpose of Negro Emancipation, the total increase of the public debt has been only 1,244,343*l.*; or in other words, the Whigs, during the nine years they have been in office, while they have taken off taxes to the amount of upwards of 6,000,000*l.*, have also paid off 18,755,657*l.* of the National Debt.

At the present moment when foreign competition is springing up on every side, and the manufactures of the United States, Switzerland, and Germany, aided by the operation of our absurd Corn Laws, are vying with our own in every market, it is impossible to over-estimate the benefits which have accrued to the country, from the remission by the Whig government of so many burdens which pressed heavily upon its industry and resources.

But it is said, that there is a deficiency; that the income of the country is insufficient to meet its expenditure; and that after twenty-five years of peace it has become necessary to impose new taxes. From these facts, without any further inquiry or examination, many people are ready to infer that the finances of the country must have been mismanaged. The least inquiry into the causes and actual position of affairs will show that this assumption is altogether unfounded, and that the temporary embarrassments, which have arisen from circumstances over which the government had no control, do not detract from or impair the general success of their system of financial policy.

The causes which, for the last two years, have operated to derange our finances, and occasion a deficiency, may be enumerated in a few words. They are — 1. The commercial embarrassments of 1837. 2. The extraordinary expenses rendered necessary by the Canadian insurrection, the menacing aspect of Chartism, and the state of affairs in the East; and 3. The two measures to which we have already adverted, of Negro Emancipation, and Penny Postage; measures which are altogether beyond the scope and policy of financial considerations.

With regard to the first of these causes, it will be borne in mind that the year 1837 was a period of extreme and almost unexampled commercial embarrassment, arising chiefly from the total derangement of the money market in America, occasioned by over-trading, over-issue of paper money, and political conflicts between the Banks and the Government. So severely was this pressure felt in the manufacturing districts, that the declared value of exports fell off in one year from 53,368,000*l.* to 42,070,000*l.*, or upwards of 20 per cent. The revenue was of course seriously affected; and the produce of taxation paid into the Exchequer during the year ending 5th of January, 1838, was less by 2,403,021*l.* than during the preceding year. From this state of temporary embarrassment, the commerce and revenue of the country have been gradually recovering, but have not yet reached the point at which they stood in the preceding year, 1836.

Contemporaneously with this great and sudden falling off of the revenue, arose the necessity of an increased expenditure in consequence of the out-

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break in Canada. The extraordinary expenses incurred under this head since the year 1837, exceed the sum of 3,000,000*l.*; and although the complete and gratifying success of Mr. Thomson's mission holds out every hope of a speedy and satisfactory settlement of the difficulties which have so long disturbed the peace and retarded the progress of our North American provinces, still the aspect of affairs in the East and in China, and the necessity of keeping up an imposing naval and military force, for the purpose of insuring to Great Britain the influence to which she is entitled in negotiations so nearly affecting her interests and honour, render it impossible to look forward to any diminution in our expenditure under these heads for many years to come.

Notwithstanding, however, the concurrent difficulties of a temporary decrease in revenue and increase of expenditure, the elasticity of the resources and rapid advance of the capital and productive industry of the country, occasioned, as we have already shown, in a great degree, by the enlightened financial maxims and extensive reforms of the Whig government, would have enabled them, in all probability, to triumph over any temporary embarrassment, without being driven to the necessity of imposing new taxes, had it not been for the two great measures to which we have above alluded, of Negro Emancipation and Penny Postage. The first entailed upon the country a permanent annual charge of 750,000*l.*; the latter cut off a branch of the revenue, which produced 1,500,000*l.* There is, indeed, every reason to hope, that the reform introduced into the post-office department will, in the course of a few years, turn out to be advantageous, even in a financial point of view; but, in the mean time, of course, a considerable loss must be sustained. What the amount of this loss may be in the first instance, it is difficult, in the absence of any official data, to conjecture; but whatever it may be, no reasonable man can entertain a doubt that it will be made good, and in the mean time, it is the height of disingenuousness to attack ministers because a new tax was not imposed, before the amount which would be required could by any possibility be known or ascertained. Equally disingenuous is it to attack their financial policy, because the finances of the country are not in such a flourishing condition as they would have been, if the negroes had still remained under the yoke of slavery, and the voice of the nation had never been raised to demand a remission of the high rates of postage. Censure if you will these two great measures, and denounce them, and demand their repeal, but do not, while pretending to admire and advocate them, come forward to find fault with their necessary and inevitable consequences.

Judging of the financial policy of the Whigs, as in common fairness we are bound to do, irrespective of these two measures, we challenge their most inveterate enemy to deny them the praise of triumphant and complete success. The fact that under their administration the industry, wealth, capabilities, and resources of the country, have started forward at an accelerated rate, and advanced with far greater rapidity than they ever did under any Tory government, can be neither disputed nor denied. Notwithstanding the factious attempts of certain disreputable party organs, to impress foreign powers with a belief that England is helpless, prostrate, and on the eve of bankruptcy and ruin, no one, who will take the pains to examine for himself into the true state and condition of the country can doubt for a moment, that we are more powerful, more prosperous, more able to withstand aggression, more able, in a cause in which England's honour and interests are at stake, to equip fleets and armies, to cover the ocean with our ships, and to make gigantic and continued efforts by sea and land, at the present moment, than at any previous period of British history.

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A NIGHT-WATCH BY THE SEA.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

THE ocean wheels around in circles of low sound,
Around the rocky basement;
And every midnight long, distinct as human song,
I hear it by the casement.

Oh, many many be anear unto the sea,
The waker and the dreamer —
While ever ever low, the water measures go
Beneath the moony glimmer.
There watcheth in the house the fisher's widow'd spouse —
There prayeth soft the muser —
The nurse that came for hire, nods besides the sick man's fire,
Whose eyes grow dark and lose her:
A poet sleepeth calm, with meek brow on his arm,
Though shadow'd by the wreathing; —
Two children, mouth to mouth! — sweetest mouths! the redder both
For warmth of mutual breathing!
But the corpse lies all alone, and never, more than stone,
Sigh or motion can be giving, —
And to-morrow, all alone, they will leave it 'neath the stone,
When the priest hath bless'd the living.

The fisher's widow'd spouse, she watcheth in the house
To weep — no more to hearken!
Loving angels seem to say sweet amens to those who pray,
In tones the wave is working —
Nods the nurse to every tone, little thinking how upon
Her charge, the death is winning, —
While the sick man, dreamingly, takes the rushing of the sea
For eternity beginning!
And that rushing is bewild'ring the poet and the children
With dream-voices in love measure,
Till the little children stir, like the birds in sunny air,
Made uneasy with a pleasure!
But the corpse lies deaf and still, with its feet toward the hill,
And its ear to the sea-murmur, —
Nor, though stormy winds should bring a louder murmuring
Than the present or the former,
Sound or vision will it have, — till the trump outsounds the wave
Where the wormwood-star descended*,
And with one foot on the sea, and a lifted hand to *Thee*,
Thine angel, by the secret of Thine own eternity,
Shall swear that Time is ended!

* Revelations.

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THE OXFORD TRACTS.

Tracts for the Times. London: Rivington.

The changeableness of human opinion is the most obvious of all the lessons which are suggested to us by the records of human affairs. It is a fact written upon the very brow of history. Creed after creed, with its long train of grotesque legend and pompous ritual, has passed for ever from the veneration and remembrance of man. Nor has it fared better with the philosophy of the wise than with the belief of the vulgar. Theories, the highest and most laboured works of the most gifted of God's creatures, seem to us of this age little better than the feverish dreams of sick men. The advance of human intelligence towards its far object, the attainment of truth, seems not unlike the course of that sacred river on whose banks its early efforts were made, streaming slowly on towards the distant sea-waters through countless wrecks and fragments of "temple and tower," the ruins of the religions and the polities of by-gone generations. Yet this great natural law of change yields to him who rightly apprehends it feelings not of melancholy but rather of sober and chastened gladness, for it is a law not of change only, but of progress — progress through and by means of change. For us science has unveiled a portion (slight though it be) of the wondrous mechanism of the material universe; and though mental science may still seem only to slumber or to dream, yet we doubt not that her slumbers are lighter than heretofore, and that she dreams more healthfully. And on the graver questions of religious faith men have learned the wisdom of wrangling less, and slaughtering one another less, and are beginning to content themselves with endeavouring to open and prepare, in all gentleness, the hearts of themselves and their fellow-men for the reception of those influences of truth which are gradually descending upon the world. Thus after all the mutations of man's opinion, the whole realm of thought, the region in which man has his true home and being, is more rich, more glorious, more peaceful than ever — even as the beauty and usefulness of man's physical dwelling-place have grown out of the shocks and changes of ages which no man can number.

Yet, in the way of this most beneficent law the ignorance of man has been at all times busy in raising up obstacles; for it was easy to see the wreck and decay, whilst the principle of reconstruction was working, though most powerfully, yet altogether unseen. Therefore it was a natural desire to seek to repress the tendency to change — to "stand on the old ways," and bind society as firmly as might be to those principles which were deemed to be its only strength and security. Of all devices which have been resorted to for this end, the most important, and perhaps the most natural, is that of a church establishment. The very soul of such an institution is the stability of opinion; the very object of its existence is to eternalise one form of that which is essentially mutable. Now, if ever this end could have been attained, here in England ought that success to have been achieved. Articles carefully worded — homilies diffusely explaining those articles — bishops armed with powers of excommunication, suspension, deposition — all this ought to have been enough amongst a people so little speculative as this nation of England. Yet enough it has not been; and in no church have more various forms of opinion been maintained within comparatively short periods, or even at one and the same time. The English divines of the period more

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closely following the Reformation were men, subtle, searching, and laborious; but their inquiries were confined chiefly to decrees of councils and traditions of fathers; and they propounded their own dogmas, or anathematised those of their antagonists, with the warmth of undoubting conviction. But the ages of faith were fast giving place to the ages of science. Gradually there came over the awakening minds of men a higher reverence than that which had before bound them to Pope or Schoolman — a reverence for human reason: they began to perceive that, amidst the infinite babbling and tumult of disputation, the "voiceless lessons" of Nature had been altogether disregarded. Every step made in natural science gave strength to the growing spirit of disregard for ancient authority; and this spirit could not fail to spread itself by degrees even to the inquiries of theology. And thus in the long series of our Anglican divines, no distinction can be more obvious than that which separates the stern, heartfelt, dogmatical theology of Andrews and Hooker, from the cautious, half-sceptical, religious philosophy of Watson and Paley. A corresponding alteration had taken place in the convictions of the great body of the laity. They had watched with no small care the doings of their ecclesiastical guides; they had witnessed much of bitter controversy and fierce persecution, and had seen that a man might be at the same time a subtle theologian and a sorry Christian; they had been assailed by scraps of Latin and Greek, written when or by whom they knew not, until they grew careless of such artillery, and became assured that the moral well-being of a Christian man could not in any way depend on the acceptance of a right or wrong interpretation of some sacred fragment drawn from the crabbed obscurity of Tertullian, or the over-wrought hyperbole of Chrysostom. They felt, not only as a judgment of the understanding but as a dictate of the moral sense, that there was no trustworthiness save only in Scripture. They readily adopted the noble words of Chillingworth,—

"I see plainly, and with mine own eyes, that there are popes against popes, councils against councils, some fathers against others, the same fathers against themselves, a consent of fathers of one age against a consent of fathers of another age, the church of one age against the church of another age. Traditive interpretations of Scripture are pretended, but there are few or none to be found: no tradition, but only of Scripture, can derive itself from the fountain. In a word, there is no sufficient certainty but of Scripture only for any considering man to build upon."*

Such was in the main the Anglican Protestantism of the last generation. But in our time another great change has begun: a tendency in a directly contrary direction is strongly manifesting itself. A party has arisen, which seeks, by availing itself of the dogmas and the ritual of the church, to lead us back to the spirit and the principles from which we have departed. We are openly called on to renounce the exercise of private judgment, and to listen, with unquestioning reverence, to the teaching of the Catholic and Episcopal Church; and to take our interpretation of Scripture, our notions of Christianity, not from philology and reason, but from the authority of the monks and bishops of the Nicene age.

Our business in this article is simply to exhibit the character, to tell the story, of this phenomenon. We shall, therefore, only advert briefly to two of its apparent causes. The first is the advance and political emancipation of Dissenters. Recent alterations in the laws, by diminishing the privileges of the church and recognising the rights of the Dissenters, have tended to put the two classes of religious teachers more upon a level. It has, therefore, been requisite to find some ground on which the claims of the establishment to a higher, and indeed to an exclusive, authority might be rested. This

* Chillingworth's Works, vol. ii. p. 450. London, 1820.

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ground is furnished by the doctrines of the Oxford Tracts. But there is a second consideration of greater moment, and more fitted to act upon the minds of men of large and noble views. The Oxford Tracts oftentimes refer to the progress of what is called Rationalism in Germany — the spirit of bold speculation, which, ever since the Protestant churches of Germany escaped from the dogmatism and intolerance which disgraced them during the seventeenth century, has gone steadily and boldly forward searching into all the deep and hidden things of Christian faith, until it has shaken and well nigh cast down the very pillars of orthodoxy. They believe that they can discern the workings of this same principle around them on all sides, and that, if not in due time checked, it will extend or even establish itself through the whole region of European and American Protestantism. It is therefore their main object to strengthen the faith and allegiance of the votaries of the church against the coming of the evil day of aggression and revolt. And most wisely, with this view, they seek, not to supply proof and argument to be used against the proofs and arguments of the adversary — a conflict of which the issue might be doubtful — but rather to bind and secure to the church the feelings and affections of her sons. Discarding therefore, as they are driven to do, some considerable portion of the doctrines of the ancient religion of Europe, they retain so much as they can of what that faith contained of the touching, the imposing, and the awful. According to these teachers every one of us may say "It is God's will, under any circumstances, that I should believe what, in the way of Providence, has been put before me to believe. — Doubt is misery and sin, but belief has received Christ's blessing."* Indeed it is not a little remarkable, that not many years have passed since Dr. Pusey, the very head of this new school of theologians, published a work upon the causes of Rationalism in Germany, so fair, impartial, and tolerant, as to draw down upon its author the express censure and strong suspicions of the more stern and zealous partisans of his own church.†

We now proceed to exhibit to our readers the principal features of the Oxford system, avoiding, as far as may be, all the dark and mysterious questions of Christian doctrine which lie close upon our path.

It must be premised, that we are not to expect in the Oxford Tracts a full and undisguised avowal of the tenets of their authors; for it is one of their main principles that great caution and reserve are to be exercised in the communication of religious truth — a principle which is discussed and defended in a tract of considerable length‡, characterised, we must admit, by a spirit of deep and earnest, though mystical, piety. Herein they believe themselves to be following the example of Jesus himself, who, in the midst of an unbelieving generation, prone to attribute his signs and wonders to the agency of evil spirits, would not raise to life again the sleeping maiden until he had first put forth from the chamber all witnesses save his two disciples only; and who resorted to ambiguous speech and dark parable for the purpose of conveying to the few, who amidst the crowd of Pharisees and scoffers were lovers of God and truth, some intimation respecting the nature and destiny of the Gospel. Hence they infer that it is an act of mercy not to propound the truth to those who, if it were clearly set before them, would be sure to reject it. They follow, also, the so-called *Disciplina Arcani*, which is asserted to have been practised by the primitive church, which, in an age when Pagans did not hesitate to compare the sacramental

* Tr. 85. p. 101.

† Letter to the Bishop of London by H. J. Rose. London, 1829. ‡ Tr. 80.

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meal to the supper of Atreus, was content to instruct its younger proselytes in the bare elements of the faith, and reserved the more solemn mysteries for the ears of those alone who were steady and confirmed in their obedience. When the reader is aware that in this tract great doubts are raised respecting the propriety of what are called "the popular modes of extending Christianity — that of bringing churches near to the houses of every body, cheap publications, and national schools," he will be prepared to expect that the doctrines of the Tracts themselves, so far at least as they differ from those commonly received, will be conveyed less by way of direct assertion than of incidental allusion and covert intimation.

The most weighty and affecting of all questions are those which concern the duty and destiny of man. The noblest intellects have ever been busied with attempts at their solution, although the mass of human kind has gone on, it must be confessed, without any great distress on this head, money-worshipping, meat-and-drink-worshipping, and taking things for granted; troubled it might be occasionally by the stingings of conscience, as by a snake which they had chanced to tread upon, but soon ceasing to remember the smart. Meanwhile, upon the higher order of minds the question has recurred — Does the Almighty sit on high, calm and voiceless above this marvellous mechanism of the world, whilst man wails and laughs, sins and suffers, and then passes away, like a bubble glistening and breaking on a wide and desolate sea? Or has the parent felt for the doubt and sorrow of his children? Has he uttered forth his will, and are there in truth sure and authoritative records of that utterance? From the first lispings of philosophy men strove to find an answer to these inquiries. Their labour was in truth little successful, but we will pass thereon no condemnation, for even in the dusty tomes which contain their speculations, we see strong and most assuring evidence of the divinity of man.

To still these "obstinate questionings" the Church Catholic, say the divines of Oxford, is gifted from God with sure and certain truth, which she offers, with the authority of Heaven, to the reception of men. The Catholic Episcopal Church in every land is for that land a perpetual depository of religious truth, preserving not only the records of Scripture, but also that apostolical tradition which is the only interpreter of those records. These episcopal churches in all lands are in rank and dignity co-ordinate, and the traditions of all do, to a certain extent, and in all material matters, agree. This agreement of catholic tradition constitutes the sum of catholic truth and unalterable orthodoxy *; — "the catholic truth written and unwritten." † "The Bible is the record of necessary truth, or of matters of faith, and the Church Catholic's tradition is *the interpreter* of it." ‡ We are further told, that "the liturgy, as *coming down* from the apostles, is the depository of their complete teaching." § To this Catholic Church collectively is committed the truth of God: so every one of her ministers is entrusted with some measure of the power of God.

"If Christ || is with his ministers according to his promise, even to the end of the world, so that he that despiseth them despiseth Him, then, though they do no miracles, they are in office as great as Elisha. And if baptism be the cleansing and quickening of the dead soul, to say nothing of the Lord's supper, they do work miracles."

The words, "Receive the Holy Ghost (in the ordination service) had been," says Dr. Pusey ¶, "a manifest impiety, unless the act of ordination

* See the theory fully explained in Newman's letter to Dr. Faussett. † Tr. 80. p. 65.
‡ Tr. 71. p. 8. § Ib. 38. p. 10. || Ib. 85. p. 95.
¶ Letter to Bishop of Oxford, p. 101.

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were, to those worthily receiving it, accompanied with the gift of the Holy Spirit." And the same writer quotes with approbation the "glowing words," as he terms them, of Hooker, in setting forth the powers of the ministry in things divine.

"The power of the ministry of God translateth out of darkness into glory; it raiseth man from the earth, and bringeth God himself from heaven; by blessing visible elements it maketh them invisible graces; it giveth daily the Holy Ghost; it hath to dispose of that flesh which was given for the life of the world, and the blood which was poured out to redeem souls. When it poureth malediction upon the heads of the wicked, they perish; when it revoketh the same, they revive." *

To these gifted guardians, then, is committed the keeping of God's truth in the world; and to their lips only may Christian men safely listen for the words of instruction and guidance. And even if their interpretation appear to depart from the obvious meaning of the Scripture text — if that which was intelligible, simple, free, has become mysterious, formal, and slavish — the faithful must still be content to bear the whole burthen of the church's teachings. For it is argued † (and the argument is maintained with dangerous ingenuity), that if there be in tradition an apparent inconsistency with Scripture, there is no less apparent inconsistency in Scripture with itself. And the more to recommend the unwritten teaching of the church, the incompleteness and uncertainty of Scripture are set forth in a manner which might startle many a sound Protestant.

"The more arguments ‡, it is said, there are for a doctrine in Scripture, the more objections will be found against it; so that on the whole, I think, even the Scripture evidence for the divinity of Christ will be found in fact as little to satisfy the captious mind, when fairly engaged to discuss it, as that for infant baptism, great as is the difference between the evidence for the two."

To reflecting persons this whole theory might indeed well appear doubtful, and unlikely to have come from the ordinance and appointment of God. It is not likely that the maker of our faculties should have condemned us to sacrifice the exercise of our noblest powers on their highest objects, and to submit ourselves to the slavish formality of an otiose assent; for the object of religion is not the inculcation of dogmas, but the freeing and purifying of man's spirit. To strive after that rare union of manliness and humility which shall enable us to deem lightly of human authority, whilst we are ever ready to bow reverently before the truth; to resist every bias, and struggle against every obstacle; to search and to scrutinise; to bear the pressure of doubt and uncertainty for long periods, and still to go on; this is, indeed, the sorest, but also the most wholesome and beneficent trial of the mind of man. We must traverse the chill valleys, and force our way upward through mist and dark shadows, before we can reach the mountain-peak whence the golden sunrise shall be descried. To this abstract difficulty, another of a practical kind is to be added. There is another Catholicism besides that of Oxford; and episcopally ordained priests are found to offer to us doctrines and traditions widely different from the Anglican. It is a sorry way of getting rid of this perplexity to say, that *although* the Roman Catholic clergy have indeed been ordained by the hands of bishops, "they are *mere intruders* in this country, have no right to come here, and besides *have so corrupted the truth of God's word that they are not to be listened to for a moment.*" § There cannot be one truth for England and another for parts beyond the seas; and the conflicting claims of these teachers (whose right to come here, or, as it might more fairly be put, to stay here, is we fear not to be denied)

* Eccl. Polit. v. 77. † Tr. 85. *passim.* ‡ Ib. 85. p. 13. § Ib. 85. p. 4.

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are ostensibly as well supported as are those of the Oxford doctors. There is no commission or authority, no warrant for true doctrine, which the one class possesses and the other not. And so at last the opposing claimants find no other course open, if they wish to retain their adherents, or to increase their proselytes, than to open the records of Christianity, to comment, to canvass, and to dispute, and finally to appeal (for nothing better is left) to the decision of ordinary and ungifted laymen. Thus the spell of authority is broken; and humanity, in return for all the bickerings and bitterness of polemical theology, receives at last the inestimable compensation of a disguised and unwilling, but unavoidable, acknowledgment of the right of private judgment.

As to the theory of apostolical succession we are content to say little, the subject having been ably and sufficiently discussed elsewhere. This central portion of the high church system is founded not on Scripture but Tradition: no declaration of its divinity is to be found: the general existence of episcopal government at an early period (for universal it cannot be shown to have been) may be readily accounted for by considerations of convenience and expediency. The churches of England, Rome, and the East, are equally episcopal; but no one of the three hesitates to denounce the other two as teaching false and dangerous doctrines. Yet the weakness of their evidence creates no mitigation of the claims of the church. The blessings and assurances of the Gospel are given, not to the pure in heart be they where they may, but only to those who dwell within the hallowed bounds of episcopal government; and for other Christian men, (if, indeed, that name may be conceded to those on whom the waters of baptism have been shed by no lawfully ordained hand,) the only consolation to be found is this, that, "whilst we trust in the covenanted mercies of God, let us remember that with him there are also uncovenanted mercies." * The fearful proposition of the Council of Trent, from which even staunch Romanists have shrunk, is at this day in express terms advanced by the Oxford divines. "This, indeed, is the *unanimous opinion* of our divines, that, as the sacraments, so communion with the church is 'generally necessary to salvation,' in the case of those who can obtain it." †

The high sacramental doctrines, which form so large and important a portion of the Oxford theology, we must for obvious reasons forbear in this place to discuss. There is one part, however, of those doctrines which deserves notice, as indicating the extent to which the argument *ab ignorantiâ* is favoured and adopted by these writers.

The words of Jesus, that "whoso eateth the bread that came down from heaven shall never die," are maintained by Mr. Newman to have their strict and literal fulfilment in the preservation even of the material body of man from death by virtue of the bread of the eucharist. The essential quality of body, he argues, that whereby it is indeed a body, may be, nay, when we consider the words of Jesus, doubtless is, something altogether different from those visible and tangible properties which lie open to the cognisance of human sense: and thus, while all that we discern crumbles and decays, the essential body of man still abides and lives incorruptible. ‡ Fancies like this, however strange and irrational, are of necessity comparatively harmless; but the same tendency which has led these writers back to the subtilties of the Middle Age has induced them also to adopt, in greater or less degree, nearly all of its practical abuses. The very corruptions which brought about the Reformation, are for the most part, if not in their full

* Sermons on the Ministry, by Rev. J. Rose (end of Sermon I.).
† Tr. 2. p. 8. ‡ Parochial Sermons, vol. i.

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development, yet in their germ and principle, revived. Auricular confession is clearly, though cautiously and indirectly, approved.

"Because St. James says, 'Confess your faults *one to another*,' if we read that in the early church there was a usage of secret confession made to *the priest*, we are apt to consider this latter practice, which our communion service recognises, as a mere perversion of the Scripture command, and that the words of St. James are a positive argument against it." *

Of all the errors of the ancient church, perhaps the most dangerous was the practice of prayers for the dead; the notion that the soul of the departed sinner might be aided, even in the heart of the nether fires, by the prayers of the living priest. From this source the clerical dominion of those times drew, in addition to that moral influence by which it swayed the minds of men, the more substantial security of wealth and territorial possessions.

Of this usage Dr. Pusey thus speaks: —

"We are aware that our church does not encourage it; we are satisfied that she does not discourage it; she discourages only such prayers as the Romanists use, which are connected with the modern doctrine of Purgatory; not those of the primitive church, which, as has been shown by Archbishop Usher and others, are opposed to that doctrine. She holds 'all who depart hence in the Lord' to be 'in peace and at rest;' and this was held by the ancient church also, and, as being inconsistent with Purgatory, is the very point of divergence from Rome; she regards them as in a state of as yet imperfect happiness, and so differs from the Ultra-protestant; and in both her views coincides with the prayers of the ancient church, which speak of those departed as at rest, yet pray 'that God would show them mercy, and hasten the resurrection, and give a blessed sentence on that day.' So that, although for the sake of her children she relinquished the practice, her doctrine is in accordance with it." †

Now it is plain, that the evil to be feared does not consist in prayers for the dead in purgatory, but in prayers for the dead at all: and, indeed, Dr. Pusey himself so far sees the evil as to admit, that a formal restoration of these prayers would probably lead to "a worse corruption than that of Rome." ‡ It may be that the fires of purgatory will not alarm men longer; that the feelings of the living will not be tortured by the horrible imagination of those slow cycles of misery, those groans and cries of intense anguish, which appal us in the vision of the "Tuscan bard;" yet surely, if it be indeed in our power to better in any wise the condition of the departed —to change their imperfect enjoyment for the full blessedness of eternity— to transform the dim haziness wherein they are reposing into the "purple light of heaven," how shall we be justified in our consciences if we strive not to do thus much for our fathers and friends? Surely, if this doctrine be received, chantries and oratories will rise again, nay, ought to rise again, in England, for the maintaining of a perpetual supplication: and the ancient system will return upon us, when "the earth had been rendered a tributary province to that unknown land which the hierarchy swayed with so absolute a rule." §

Of that complicated mythology, which in the darker ages united itself gradually with the Christian faith, perhaps the most beautiful portion was that which represented the saints and martyrs who had departed from this earthly struggle, as still continuing to be fervent and ever-active intercessors for their brethren lingering here; and which taught that, whether they were hymning before the presence of God, or ministering to the faithful on earth, they were ever ready to receive the supplications of all Christian people, and to bear them up to the throne of God. So greatly, however, had this belief interfered with and disguised the majestic simplicity of the

* Tr. 85. p. 38.
† Letter to Bishop of Oxford, p. 188.
‡ Ibid. p. 91.
§ Hallam, Constit. Hist. vol. i. p. 118.

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Gospel, that it was ever and rightly accounted the special glory of Protestantism to have removed this crowd of petty deities, and instructed the worshipper to look for aid and grace to none other than the One Father and Creator. Still there is something very kindly and touching in the conviction, —

> "That saints do hear when men do call,
> For one blue sky bends over all;" *

and it is no matter of surprise that in the Oxford Tract writers (many of whom are imbued with the spirit of poetry and veneration) this ancient usage and belief should be made the subject of apology, if not of direct vindication. With regard to her who has been so long enthroned as the queen of this glorious company we find these remarks: —

"Do they, *i.e.* the Rationalists, not already lay down as a general principle, that to suppose He diffuses from his person heavenly virtue, is a superstition? Do they not, on this ground, object to the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist? And on what other ground do they deny that the blessed Virgin, whom all but heretics have ever called the Mother of God, was most holy in soul and body, from her ineffable proximity to God? He who gave to the perishing and senseless substances of wool or cotton that grace of which it was capable, should He not rather communicate of this higher spiritual perfections to her in whose bosom he lay, or to those who now possess Him through the sacramental means he has appointed?" †

How far the invocation of saints is approved and adopted by the Tract writers is not easy to determine: the charges made against them on this point have drawn from them answers couched in language so cautious (we fear we ought to say, so equivocal) that it is not easy to define their opinions with any degree of precision. The following passage, however, contains clear evidence of a favourable tendency towards the old views and feeling on this subject: —

"The Ultra-protestant, revolted at this abuse (of the Romanists), will not hear of their interceding at all, proscribes all thought of it, cuts himself off, not from their communion and fellowship, but from all sense of it and its blessedness, will be thankful for the prayers of weak sinners like himself, but will not feel the privilege of their prayers who are 'delivered from the burden of the flesh, and the miseries of this sinful world,' and in the abodes of love, love us more holily." ‡

Of the ascetic system of the Nicene and Roman Churches, the system which, from Simon Stylites to Pascal, ever sought to attain self-purification by self-torture; to effect by bodily suffering, and a rejection of material blessings, that which the mind, receiving in temperance and gladness the good gifts of Heaven, ought to achieve by its own internal mastery and control over its own faculties, we cannot expect to hear from writers so cautious as those we are considering any full or clearly expressed approbation. However, an entire tract is devoted to the task of recommending to the clergy of England the duty and benefit of the system of fasting; and therein the writer (Dr. Pusey) quotes, and evidently adopts, from Bishop Jeremy Taylor the following passage, in which the fundamental principle of asceticism is clearly to be found: —

"Hard lodging, *uneasy garments, laborious postures of prayer*, journeys on foot, sufferance of cold, paring away the use of ordinary solaces, denying every pleasant appetite, rejecting the most pleasant morsels, being in the rank of 'bodily exercises,' which, as St. Paul says, of themselves 'profit little,' yet, as they accustom us to acts of self-denial in inferior instances, are not useless to the designs of mortifying carnal and sensual lusts." §

To what an extent the mysterious pretensions of the Middle Age system

* Christabel. † Tr. 85. p. 92.
‡ Letter to Bishop of Oxford, p. 203. § Tr. 66. p. 8.

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are at this day retained by the divines of Oxford, the reader may judge from the following characteristic passage: —

"What is there fairly to startle us in the church's doctrine, that the water of baptism cleanses from sin — that eating the consecrated bread is eating his body — or that *oil may be blessed for spiritual purposes*, as is still done in our church in the case of a coronation? — Do we believe that at Bethesda an angel gave the pool a miraculous power? What God has done once, he may do again!" *

One publication of the Oxford writers still remains to be noticed, as affording clear and practical evidence of the nature of that religious system which they are desirous of setting up in England, — we mean the Tract "On the Roman Breviary, as embodying the substance of the devotional services of the Church Catholic." The object of the work is stated to be, to claim whatever is good and true in the breviary for the Church Catholic in opposition to the Roman Church, — a re-appropriation of "a treasure which was ours as much as theirs." We do not stop to inquire, whether the scheme of worship thus proposed to us be indeed consistent with the injunctions of Him who bade his disciples "not to make long prayers," but "to worship the Father in spirit and in truth:" but whatever there is of pomp and gorgeousness in the services of Romanism, with all its variety and alternation of hymn, and psalm, and anthem, and scriptural text, and homily, all this is not only retained but recommended, as "seeming to have existed more or less the same in their constituent parts, though not in order and system, from apostolic times." † The sevenfold division of the services, from Matins to Compline, is adopted; and its use supported by reasons too characteristic of this new theology to be omitted.

"It was a memorial, it is said, of the seven days of creation; it was an honour done to the seven petitions given us by our Lord in this prayer; it was a mode of pleading for the influence of that spirit who is revealed to us as sevenfold: on the other hand, it was a preservative against those seven evil spirits which are apt to return to the exorcised soul more wicked than he who has been driven out of it; and it was a fit remedy of those seven successive falls which the Scripture says happen to 'the just man' daily." ‡

Now, strange as the fact may be, it is yet true that in this very tract, which professes to claim and preserve whatever is good and true in the breviary, we find prayers to the Virgin, and forms of invocation of saints and martyrs, some indeed accompanied with words of express condemnation, others without any intimation whatsoever of their erroneousness. As Dr. Pusey §, however, appears to have given up all these forms, without exception, as corrupt, we have only to wonder how it came to pass that men so cautious and considerate should have ventured, at the imminent risk of misleading their readers, to publish in such a form, and with such an avowed object, that which they have either been driven by their own convictions to condemn, or afraid to defend, when assailed by others. Of the stern and intolerant and formal character of the system here recommended, the following passage will be a sufficient proof: —

"Then, on *Saturday only*, follows the psalm, 'Quicunque,' commonly called the Athanasian Creed. It is a far truer view of this venerable composition to consider it a psalm or hymn of praise, and of concurrence in God's appointments, than as a formal creed; and by using it weekly, its *living character and spirit* are incorporated into the Christian's devotions, and its *influence on the heart*, as far as may be, secured: the time, too, should be observed — the dawn of the first day of the week." ‖

This tract contains, moreover, a special service for the 21st of March, designated as "Bishop Ken's Day," wherein the merits of that nonjuring

* Tr. 85. p. 90. † Ib. 75. p. 3. ‡ Ib. 75. p. 4.
§ Letter to the Bishop of Oxford, p. 197. ‖ Tr. 75. p. 20.

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prelate are elaborately commended to the gratitude and remembrance of the faithful. On this subject we shall be content to cite the judgment pronounced by the Bishop of Exeter, who is far from unfavourable in the main to the views of these writers.

"I cannot but deplore the rashness which has prompted them to recommend to private Christians the dedication of particular days to the religious commemoration of deceased men, and even to furnish a special service in honour of Bishop Ken, formed apparently on the model of an office in the breviary to a Romish saint. — To what must such a practice be expected to lead? The history of the Church of Rome has told us." *

To any reader acquainted with the writings of those Nicene doctors whom the Tract writers make it their boast to follow, it might at first sight appear strange that the doctrine of celibacy — the higher sanctity of the unmarried life — the central and crowning doctrine in the estimation of the Nicene Church — should find no prominent place assigned to it in the works which we are considering. The truth is, that the principle of reserve so solemnly commended and avowed in the treatise to which we have already referred †, has been in this instance most prudently applied. The adherence of our new teachers on this as well as on other points to the views of the Nicene age, was not we believe expressly admitted until charges had been brought forward on this head, which rendered admission or denial unavoidable. "The preference," says Dr. Pusey ‡, "of celibacy as the higher state is scriptural, and as being such is primitive." Again, in the Tract on Reserve we read,

"Moreover it is to such as Daniel, 'the man of loves,' who are divine and not earthly, that revelations are made: and it is worthy of consideration, that those who speak of the intimate connexion of Christ with his church, under the type of marriage, are the Baptist, St. Paul, and St. John; as if it were to the *higher or virgin state of life* that the mysteries signified by this figure were confided." §

Now it is not to be denied that celibacy may in some cases be a higher state; but if higher, it is so not for itself, but for its objects and consequences. To renounce the most precious portion of man's heritage; to withdraw from what Lord Bacon has aptly termed "the discipline of humanity," may be on some occasions a noble exertion of self-denial and self-sacrifice. To those who had left "father or mother, wife or children," for his sake, Jesus promised an abundant reward. But the doctrine of the ancient church (flowing from the sources of oriental philosophy) openly asserted, and the language of Oxford too clearly implies, that there is in the unmarried or monkish life an inherent and absolute sanctity. The "angelic state of celibacy," for itself and its own excellences, and without any regard to its motives or purposes, excited the eloquent raptures and drew down the ponderous eulogies of the ancient fathers. To us the following of such guides seems to be in no case so mischievous or so dangerous as in this. We do not indeed assert, that if the system of celibacy, and the institutions growing therefrom, were at this day to find acceptance in England, we should have to witness such abominations as disgraced the early church even in the third century, and whereof the record is preserved to us (in words which few Englishmen would venture to translate) by the very hand of a sainted bishop and martyr. ‖ But evils of no ordinary kind did spring (and there is no reason why they might not now spring from the like cause) from those long-continued and irrational efforts to create a morality against reason and beyond nature, which vexed and degraded the great Christian community for

* Charge to the Clergy of the Diocese of Exeter, 1839. † Tr. 80.
‡ Letter to the Bishop of Oxford, p. 212. § Ib. p. 41.
‖ See Cyprian's famous epistle to Pomponius.

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so many centuries, and which achieved by their apparent success no other result than the wanton profligacy and licensed concubinage of the clergy in the age immediately preceding the Reformation. Moreover, the dignity and worth of womanhood itself must suffer a corresponding disparagement from any cause that shall tend in any measure to lower the pre-eminence of the married state. But we do not in fact anticipate for England the recurrence of such miseries. The people of this land might perhaps be induced to present their supplications for the weal of kindred and friends departed, or even to crave the aid and intercession of the glorified saints of heaven: but they value too dearly the purity of our domestic life, and know too well the causes of that purity; they are too thoroughly aware of the manifold blessings which the enfranchisement and elevation of woman have shed upon society, —

"Twice blessed,
It blesseth him that gives and her that takes," —

to be at any time inclined to see in the self-righteous solitariness of monkery a sufficient compensation for the diminished sanctity and blessedness of domestic life. Meanwhile, to the doctors of Oxford must belong the abiding shame of having sought (albeit unsuccessfully) to open again a long-closed source of moral and social evil to their countrymen.

We have now completed our survey of the main points in the theological teaching of the Tract writers, a survey rendered of necessity incomplete by a desire to avoid all reference to questions of a controversial nature. To these doctrines the Anglican church, by the mouth of her ministers at Oxford, demands the implicit assent and adherence of her faithful sons.

"Whether, say they, we have in our hands the means of exactly proving this or that part of Scripture to be genuine or not; whether we have in our hands the complete proofs of all the church doctrines, we are more sure that *implicit belief* in something is our duty, than that it is not our duty to believe those doctrines and that Scripture as we have received them. If our choice lies between accepting all and rejecting all, which I consider it does when persons are consistent, no man can hesitate which alternative is to be taken."*

We turn now to the concerns of this present life, — the duties of the man and the citizen; and here we find theories no less dangerous and degrading. That great event from which we date, if not the existence, yet at any rate the assured establishment, of constitutional monarchy here in England, and (may we not say?) by consequence in Europe, is denounced, openly and expressly, as a thing of sin and shame. For that very event we are directed "to humble ourselves, and pray God not to remember our sins, or the sins of our forefathers."† The doctrine of passive obedience, thus brought forward, is maintained on the authority of the homilies of the Anglican church; and we are told in their language, —

"If we will have an evil prince (when God shall send such a one) taken away, and a good in his place, let us take away our wickedness, which provoketh God to place such a one over us, and God will either displace him, or of an evil prince make him a good prince, so that we first will change our evil into good." ‡

But how is the assumption, on which this slavish argument rests, to be made out? How do we know that an evil prince is indeed a punishment; or, if so, how is he a punishment in any other sense than invasion, or fire, or famine, or pestilence? And if we are right, which is not denied, in striving by all means to ward off or to remedy the one class of evils, why are we to bow with a stupid and Turkish apathy before the other? Surely if we may resist a physical evil, which rages for a short time and destroys

* Tr. 85. p. 100. † Dr. Pusey's Sermon on the 5th Nov. 1837.
‡ Homily against Wilful Rebellion, part i.

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but a small part of one generation, and then is spent and over, it were a strange thing if we should not seek to protect ourselves and our brethren against a curse which withers the moral and intellectual energies of a whole community of mankind, and extends its malignant influence far onward through a course of many generations. The rest of this new, or rather this revived, political philosophy is similar to what we have quoted. We are told that "the maxim of our law, that 'the king can do no wrong,' was meant to declare the king irresponsible; but that its authors did not contemplate the uniform responsibility of any other." * This indeed may, as a matter of history, be the fact; but it is sufficiently plain that the writer of the passage we have just cited is far from thinking the "uniform responsibility of any other" to be any improvement in our constitution. Again, we are told that God has "delegated to the kingly authority his irresponsible sovereignty †;" that "the sovereign only is the source of authority, and the object of allegiance." ‡ We offer no comment on these passages, or on the general scope of the work from which they are taken. They may be perhaps, to some extent, explained away: but we think they may very fairly be considered to show that the sympathies of the Oxford school do not tend toward political responsibility; and that "the enormous faith of many made for one," will find as vigorous an advocacy there in our day as it did at the date of the memorable decree of that university in 1683.

It would be amusing, did not painful feelings interfere, to see on how slight a base this fabric of slavishness is reared. The exhortation of St. Paul to "honour the king," and his declaration that the powers that be are ordained of God, are deemed a sufficient warrant for such doctrine as we have stated. We might content ourselves with the short and obvious answer, "Was not the power and government of William III. as much ordained of God as that of James II.?" But if we read Scripture, as it ought always to be read, by the light of circumstance and history, we shall find ourselves far enough from such an inference. Consider to whom these words were addressed. At the dead hour of night (for at such time the meetings of the first Christians took place), a few oppressed men, of slavish condition, and mostly Jewish birth, gathered together to hear the message of the apostle. Earnest in faith, and pure of heart (the pearls hidden in the deeps of that turbid sea of human existence), but degraded and outcast, they came there to meditate and to commune upon the advent of their king, who they deemed was about to come speedily to overwhelm and destroy their oppressors, and to raise them up to his own glory. It was most natural that such men should look upon the system of superstition and tyranny which surrounded them with other feelings than those of patience and Christian resignation; and it was most fit and right in the apostle to remind them, that this their sore trial was the will and appointment of God, and, as such, to be submitted to with all reverence. But can we venture to assert, that St. Paul would thus have spoken had he been addressing a Christian nation, suffering under a tyranny which depraved and degraded it, and yet able to put away the evil thing from its bosom peaceably and bloodlessly? Sad it is to see the Christian faith, the religion of equality and brotherhood, thus made by its own teachers a tool and cover for despotism; but to us it is sadder still, to consider how deep the theology of modern days has sunk beneath the level of old philosophy. The light of that philosophy was indeed dim, but it was far brighter than that of our Oxford divinity. For the sages of old time saw in tyranny an evil against

* Appendix to Sermon, p. 8. † App. p. 62. ‡ Ib. p. 7.

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which man was bound to struggle, even as he valued his own moral health — a thing hateful both before God and man; and they judged that this universe can present to the eye of the Deity no spectacle more glorious or more acceptable than that of a community of human creatures living and flourishing under the safeguard of social order and equal law.

Thus narrow are the liberties which the church thinks good to accord to the laity of the realm. But let no man suppose that she will be content to have her own rights and franchises meted with the like measure. On the contrary, she not only forgets, in her own case, the passive obedience which she has preached to others, but even disclaims and refuses any kind of subjection to lay authority, even in regard to her merely temporal possessions. She claims now, as in the Middle Ages, to abide within the pale of society, as *imperium in imperio*, drawing therefrom wealth, protection, and power, but removed altogether from its control, and exempt from the reach of civil jurisdiction. Hear the words of the Tract on the Catholic church: —

"The legislature has lately taken upon itself to remodel the dioceses of Ireland; a proceeding which involves the appointment of certain bishops over certain clergy, and of certain clergy under certain bishops, without the church being consulted in the matter. I do not say whether or not harm will follow from this particular act with reference to Ireland, but consider whether it be not in itself an interference with things spiritual." * * * "Now, what am I calling on you to do? You cannot help what has been done in Ireland, but you may protest against it. You may keep it before you as a desirable object, that the Irish Church should at some future day meet in synod, and protest herself against what has been done, and then proceed to establish or rescind the state injunction as may be thought expedient."*

Again, we have an instance of the large, and, as it would seem, indefeasible claims of the church in the Tract on Church and State, which, after enumerating certain points as constituting the protection which the church receives from the state, proceeds thus: —

"It consists further in allowing thirty bishops to sit and vote in the House of Lords, to which house all bishops and many other church dignitaries belonged as a matter of right at the signing of Magna Charta, and from which they can never be excluded without violating the very first article of Magna Charta, the basis of English liberty." †

It will after this be no matter of surprise to hear, that the law of *præmunire*, which simply secures to the civil government the power of appointing bishops and deans, is denounced as "an act more arbitrary and inhuman than any which men have held up to reproach."

These clerical pretensions seem to us the most singular part of the phenomenon we are endeavouring to delineate. They are efforts, hopeless and dangerous, against the current of human affairs; not against the spirit of this particular age, but against the continuous and pervading spirit of many ages. For if it were needed to characterise in few words the whole course of European history for the last four centuries, how should we more aptly describe it than as the period of the growth of civil, and the decay of ecclesiastical, authority. The citizen has been taking the place of the priest. Nor is the change yet accomplished, or the current receding. All men, however weak or dim of foresight, know themselves to be passing on towards a condition of society in which arrogant assumption and implicit credence (the basis in all past time of clerical domination) will find no place as a foundation for authority; and in which power will be constrained in all cases to justify its continuance and exercise only by proving itself to be a minister of moral justice and social weal. In such a state of the world, the assump-

* Tr. 59. p. 8. † Dr. Pusey on Churches in London, p. 25.

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tions we have just cited fall on the ear with something of a startling effect; they seem like voices from the dead — the faint and distant echo of the claims of the Innocents and the Gregories.

After what has been shown of the doctrines and usages sanctioned by these new doctors, it may well be asked, "Wherein lies the difference between the system thus propounded and that of Rome? The difference, we apprehend, is chiefly to be found in the foundations on which those systems rest. Each founds itself on tradition; but the one maintains the traditions of the Roman, the other that of the Anglican, episcopacy. True it is that our divines deem the withholding of the cup from the laity to be an unjustifiable usurpation; that they are content to pray for the dead, but not for the dead in purgatory; that they differ *, although on no very intelligible views, on the doctrine of Transubstantiation, recommending, however, at the same time, that "the controversy about Transubstantiation be kept in the back ground, because it cannot well be discussed in words at all without the sacrifice of godly fear;" yet, notwithstanding these more minute points of separation, there is, on matters far more material, a real and avowed union. Whatever authority, supernatural and divine, has been in any age claimed for the ministers of the Roman Church, the same is now distinctly arrogated by our Church of England; there is the same refusal to all communities, not episcopal, of the dignity and very name of Christian churches; the same declaration that communion with herself is "generally necessary to salvation †;" and in respect of that very point, which has been ‡ fairly stated by the advocates of Rome to constitute the essential distinction between Catholicism and Protestantism, there is now put forth the like authoritative requisition of implicit assent, ready, undoubting, unswerving obedience to all the traditions of the church. Subordination of the ecclesiastical body to lay jurisdiction, even in respect of the temporal possessions of their order, is denounced and denied; and, what is not a little extraordinary, it is made a specific charge against some of the most eminent writers of the Roman communion, that they have maintained the lawfulness of resistance by Christian men to oppressive and tyrannical rulers. § If these new teachers could indeed be fairly taken to represent the sentiments of the English Church, we fear she would have little chance of justifying herself against the stern condemnation passed upon her by M. Guizot, when comparing her with her predecessor, "*une église également abusive et beaucoup plus servile?*" ‖

Indeed the Tract writers, following and expressly approving the example of the Convocation of 1689, systematically disclaim the appellation of Protestants: with the Protestant communities of Scotland, Holland, and Germany, they acknowledge no sympathy, and admit no kindred; they deem them not even comprised within the largeness of the Gospel covenants.

"The English Church ¶, say they, as such is not Protestant, only politically; that is, externally, or so far as it has been made an establishment and subjected to national and foreign influences. It claims to be merely *Reformed*, not Protestant; and it repudiates any fellowship with the mixed multitude which crowd together, whether at home or abroad, under a mere political banner."

And the "Quarterly Review," which has of late become devoted to the support of the Oxford Tracts, has on this point displayed even more than the natural warmth of a new ally, and has declared that "the very name

* See Mr. Newman's Letter to Dr. Fawsett, a production worthy, for its subtle irrationality, of the days of the schoolmen. † Tract 71. p. 9. ‡ Dr. Wiseman's first Lecture.
§ Notes to Dr. Pusey's Serm. on Nov. 5. ‖ Essai sur la Civilisation en Europe.
¶ Tr. 71. p. 22.

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of Protestantism (cold and negative, sceptical as it is) ought to be abolished amongst us." *

Into which scale of the political balance the weight of the upholders and votaries of the system we have been considering would naturally be thrown, can scarcely be a matter of doubt. But the Tract writers have not contented themselves with a general opposition to those principles in whose strength mankind are pressing forward towards justice and freedom. The specific objects, social and political, for which men in our days are struggling so earnestly, are denounced not as idle and valueless, not as dangerous or simply hurtful, but as the very snares and devices of the devil for the ruin of human souls. †

"Far be it from us to be seduced with the fair promises in which Satan is sure to hide his poison! Do you think he is so unskilful in his craft as to ask you, openly and plainly, to join him in his warfare against the truth? No; he offers you baits to tempt you. He promises you civil liberty; he promises you equality; he promises you trade and wealth; he promises you a remission of taxes; he promises you reform. This is the way in which he conceals from you the kind of work to which he is putting you. He tempts you to rail against your rulers and superiors; he does so himself, and induces you to imitate him, or he promises you illumination; he offers you knowledge, science, philosophy, enlargement of mind; he scoffs at times gone by; he scoffs at every institution which reveres them; he prompts you what to say, and then listens to you, and praises you, and encourages you; he bids you mount aloft; he shows you how to become as gods; then he laughs and jokes with you, and gets intimate with you; he takes your hand, and gets his fingers between yours, and grasps them, and then you are his."

On this very extraordinary and characteristic passage no single word of comment can be needed. Accordingly we find that every where, in conversation, in writing, in the pulpit, express denunciation, or more artfully suggested condemnation, is pronounced against the whole Liberal party in England. The "Quarterly Review," so long the steady supporter of all that is irrational and outworn in political theory, has taken up the congenial task of combating for the new doctrines; and the only statesman who has ventured to maintain, in a published and acknowledged work, the most extravagant pretensions of the Anglican Catholicism was actually selected to hold office in the short-lived ministry of Sir R. Peel. There is then, in the very heart of the Conservative body, fixed and implanted, a Catholicism differing only in guise and semblance from that of Rome; its supporters are the guardians of those very springs from which the waters of Conservatism have so long and constantly flowed forth over England; they are men who strive then with all the warmth of enthusiasm and the steady effectiveness of combined labour. From the centre the whole mass is gradually fermenting and leavening. When such facts are seen and recognised by all men who care to observe the state and tendency of society amongst us, how shall we sufficiently wonder at the weakness of those who have felt, or the dishonesty of those who have feigned, an apprehension of the advance and restoration of the Roman faith in England as a consequence of the triumph of the Liberal party; who have dared to denounce in a Reform ministry a union, purely and evidently political, with the upholders of the principles which are in their own body fixed and inherent, and daily extending themselves; and who, for the base purpose of again raising the false and hypocritical cry of "No Popery," have deemed no time or occasion so fitting, as when they might hope thereby to impede the efforts and diminish the popularity of a government, which, for the first time in the history of Britain, is striving to perform towards Catholic Ireland the works, so long and fatally deferred, of justice and mercy.

* For Jan. 1828, p. 235. † Tr. 83. p. 18.

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SHELLEY'S TRANSLATION OF "THE BANQUET" OF PLATO.

If the weaker radiance of reflected light were not lost and swallowed up in the blaze of his own proper fame as an original poet, the unrivalled excellence of Shelley as a translator would be more universally felt and acknowledged. There are in fact no translations in our own or any language, to be compared to those of "The Cyclops," the "Hymn to Mercury," the "Scenes from Faust," and the "Magico Prodigioso," which are printed in the collection of Shelley's poems. Scarcely can they be called translations — they are in fact re-creations, the offspring of a genius enamoured of the beauty of the divine originals, and reproducing them with all the life and spirit of fresh creations, and at the same time a fidelity far higher than any thing which can be attained to by mere rule and literal exactness — a fidelity, indeed, of the spirit, and not of the letter — a truthfulness, which results from the entire harmony into which the translator has brought his mind, with the mind and inspired mood, which dictated the original work. Shelley himself has said, "It were as wise to cast a violet into a crucible, that you might discover the formal principle of its colour and odour, as seek to transfuse from one language into another, the creations of a poet." This is true, and at the same time untrue. It is true as far as relates to a mere literal translation — to an attempt of the logical and apprehensive faculty, to reproduce a poem, by reproducing in a different language, the elements and ideas of which it is composed. Not more vain would be the attempt of the chemist, to reproduce the bloom of the rose or odour of the violet, by reuniting the atoms of oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon, into which he has analysed the flower. And yet there is such a thing as true translation, as Shelley himself has proved to us. The poet — whose glorious faculty it is to identify himself with all excellence, to pour forth and merge his own individuality, in the infinite, eternal idea, of truth and beauty, which beams under varying aspect from every tree and flower, from every cloud, and mountain, and lake, — can enter also, never doubt it, into the very inmost soul and spirit of the same truth and beauty, bodied forth in the immortal works of a brother poet, of another age and different language. If, then, by the mingled charm of words and rhythm, he can reproduce the first, and make the hearts of men to vibrate in unison, what hinders but that with the other also, he should effect the same miracle? What hinders but that his verse should mirror, now the quaint and joyous *naïveté*, the fulness and freshness of life, the flashes of glorious godlike beauty of a Homer's Hymn, — now the romantic voluptuous tenderness, the very soul of passion, music, and love, breathing in the Love Chorus of a Calderon, — and now the dramatic power, the keen insight, and wide-ranging Shaksperian imagination of a Witches' Scene from Faust — as truly, as the might and terror, the beauty and grandeur, of the outward universe? What hinders, do we say? — nay, is not this what Shelley has done?

Feeling, as we have long done, the unrivalled excellence of Shelley's poetical translations, it was not without extreme interest that we heard, that his wife was about to give to the world his translation of "The Symposium of Plato." If ever man was marked out by nature and education, for the task of "unsphering the lofty spirit of Plato," and rendering the most delightful of Greek writers, accessible to the English reader, Shelley was

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that man. Gifted by nature with the same passionate love of the good and beautiful, the same subtle and idealising intellect, the same lofty heroic soul — his metaphysical studies, his favourite pursuits and speculations, and his intimate acquaintance with the language, art, and literature of ancient Greece, drew still closer the links of sympathy, between his spirit and that of the immortal Athenian. How ardently he admired, and how thoroughly he had imbued himself with, the divine spirit of the great founder of ideal philosophy, was also to the lovers of his poetry no secret. We looked forward, therefore, confidently to a translation which should surpass, or, if that were not possible, at least equal, those exquisite productions of his, in the same line, to which we have already alluded.

Our expectations have not been disappointed. The translation is, as far as we are able to judge, absolutely perfect. "The Banquet" of Plato stands before us, life-like, fresh, and vivid, with all the chaste Attic elegance, the charming unstudied simplicity, the musical rhythm, and sweet natural harmony of the original Greek. Perfectly, as in the unbroken surface of a crystal mirror, every turn of thought and mood of feeling, is imaged to us in a style, which reflects with equal happiness the glowing inspiration of passionate eloquence, the Pythian enthusiam of poetry, the subtle disquisitions of refined logic, and the familiar phrases of common conversation: nay, more, the very idiom and rhythm, and almost the very sound and twang of the melodious light-flowing Attic, seem, by some rare alchemy, to be born anew in the sentences of the English version. Those who have never enjoyed the advantage of studying among the monastic halls and academic groves of Isis or of Cam, and to whom the very characters of the Greek alphabet are as a sealed hieroglyphic, need not despair, if they can bring a lively imagination and heart open to all beauty, to the task, of understanding more of the true spirit of Plato, and of the art, philosophy, and social life of Athens in the days of her glory, than many a learned philologist and erudite professor. Let them read this translation with loving faith, and, as a commentary on it, study the forms of deathless beauty, which embody in the pure marble, the spirit of all that is most beautiful in the poetry, the literature, and religion of ancient Greece, and we will promise them they will obtain a deeper insight, than is to be derived from grammars and lexicons.

It is for the benefit chiefly of such a class of readers, that we propose here, with the aid furnished us by Shelley's inimitable translation, to give some outline and idea of this celebrated composition — the most beautiful and perfect of the works, of one of the greatest geniuses whom the world has seen. "The Banquet" of Plato, is the account of an entertainment supposed to have been given by Agathon, the poet, in his house at Athens, on the occasion of his gaining the prize of tragedy at the games of Bacchus; at which Socrates, Aristophanes, Alcibiades, and other celebrated characters, are present. The account is supposed to be given by Apollodorus, a pupil of Socrates, many years after it had taken place, to a companion who was curious to hear it. Although in the form of narration, it is, in fact, rather a drama, — for so, as Shelley well observes, the lively distinction of character, and the various and well-wrought circumstances of the story, almost entitle it to be called. Indeed, according to modern ideas, it is by many degrees the most dramatic composition of antiquity that we possess; the professed dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, beautiful as they are as poems, and perfect as works of art, containing nothing half so dramatic, in the Shaksperian

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sense of the word, no such touches of life and nature, and vivid delineation of individual character, as we find in this work of Plato.

The story begins, or, as we may say, the first scene opens, with Aristodemus hailing Socrates in the street, and inquiring whither he is going so gaily dressed. Socrates replies, that he is going to sup at Agathon's, and proposes to Aristodemus to come along with him. Aristodemus, after some little demur about going uninvited, consents; Socrates promising to think of some excuse as they walk along.

"It happened, however, that, as they walked, Socrates, engaged in some deep contemplation, slackened his pace, and, observing Aristodemus waiting for him, he desired him to go before. When Aristodemus arrived at Agathon's house he found the door open, and it occurred somewhat comically that a slave met him at the vestibule, and conducted him where he found the guests already reclined. As soon as Agathon saw him,—

"'You arrive just in time to sup with us, Aristodemus,' he said; 'if you have any other purpose in your visit, defer it to a better opportunity. I was looking for you yesterday, to invite you to be of our party: I could not find you any where. But how is it you do not bring Socrates with you?'

"But he, turning round, and not seeing Socrates behind him, said to Agathon, 'I just came hither in his company, being invited by him to sup with you.'

"'You did well,' replied Agathon, 'to come; but where is Socrates?'—'He just now came hither behind me: I myself wonder where he can be.'

"'Go and look, boy,' said Agathon, 'and bring Socrates in; meanwhile, you, Aristodemus, recline there, near Eryximachus.'

"And he bade a slave wash his feet, that he might recline. Another slave, meanwhile, brought word that Socrates had retired into a neighbouring vestibule, where he stood, and, in spite of his message, refused to come in.

"'What absurdity you talk,' cried Agathon; 'call him, and do not leave him till he comes.'

"'Leave him alone, by all means,' cried Aristodemus; 'it is customary with him sometimes to retire in this way, and stand wherever it may chance. He will come presently, I do not doubt: do not disturb him.'

"'Well, be it as you will,' said Agathon: 'as it is, you, boys, bring supper for the rest.'

"After this they began supper, but Socrates did not come in. Agathon ordered him to be called, but Aristodemus perpetually forbade it. At last he came in, much about the middle of supper, not having delayed so long as was his custom. Agathon (who happened to be reclining at the end of the table, and alone) said, as he entered, 'Come hither, Socrates, and sit down by me so that, by the mere touch of one so wise as you are, I may enjoy the fruit of your meditations in the vestibule; for I well know, you would not have departed till you had discovered and secured it.'"

What a lively picture does this little sketch give, of the tone of refined society at Athens, and the habits and daily life of her famous wits, poets, philosophers, and statesmen! The whole scene rises before us as if it had occurred yesterday. How often at a Cambridge supper-party have we witnessed the same incident, of a guest bringing a friend with him uninvited, and seen the host receive him with the graceful urbanity, and almost the very words, of an Agathon! How characteristic of the polished and accomplished gentleman, is his ready assurance, that he was looking for Aristodemus yesterday, to invite him to the party, but could not find him! And Socrates, also, with his fit of absence, which almost costs him his supper. Does Plato intend this for a piece of sly humour, at the expense of his master? or was it really a habit of his to indulge in these untimely fits of meditation, beneath vestibules and in the king's highway?

"After Socrates and the rest had finished supper, and had reclined back on their couches, and the libations had been poured forth, and they had sung hymns to the god, and all other rites which are customary had been performed, they turned to drinking."

Somewhat different these ceremonies of an Athenian supper, are they not, from those of a Yankee boarding-house, where each guest bolts his victuals and bolts out of the room in a space of the average duration of about three minutes and a quarter! Observe how music and song are interwoven, and

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the rites of their graceful mythology blended, with the common and familiar occurrences of their daily life. However much we may surpass them in science, in luxury, and in wealth, let us acknowledge that in taste and in the science of social life we are still little better than barbarians.

After supper is concluded, the question is mooted "whether they are to drink for drunkenness or for pleasure;" and Aristophanes, Agathon, and two or three others of the hardest drinkers, having not quite recovered from the effects of a thorough "drenching" on the preceding night, it is decided that no one shall be compelled to drink more than he pleases. Eryximachus thereupon starts a proposal, that, by way of seasoning their cups, and making the evening pass pleasantly, every one shall in his turn set forth the praises of Love with as much eloquence as he can command. Socrates and the rest of the party agree; and Phædrus, who reclines the first in order, is pitched upon to begin.

Here commence the discourses on Love, to which the little drama of the supper is obviously intended by Plato as an introduction — or, rather say, a setting of chased gold, in which, like a skilful jeweller, he encloses the jewel of his subtle and transcendent philosophy. The speeches, however, have a double character; they are at the same time beautiful and eloquent expositions of his own peculiar views and philosophical speculations, and dramatic representations, most skilfully and successfully executed, of the different characters into whose mouth they are put. It is in the latter point of view chiefly that they are so interesting. Full of serene and lofty beauty, and bright with occasional flashes of inspiration, as the philosophical passages are, it must be acknowledged that they have only too much affinity, with the word-splitting, dialectic subtilties of the scholastic era, and are in the main little better than gorgeous unsubstantial palaces of empty air. More than once, indeed, in reading them, we have been reminded of the Occams and Aquinases, and subtle doctors of the middle ages; with this difference, however,—that in Plato, however airy and unsubstantial the argument, however subtle and even sophistical the logic, the whole is interpenetrated with beauty, and lives and glows, if not with the life of science, with the more genial and immortal life of genius and poetry.

In other respects, also, the discourses on Love are highly interesting, from the light they throw on the spirit of art, religion, and philosophy in Greece, and the insight they give into the turn of thought, the peculiar views and feelings, and, in a word, the stuff, of which the mind of an educated Athenian of the days of Socrates, was composed.

Phædrus is the first speaker: he praises Love as the first-born of things, after Chaos and the broad-bosomed Earth, and as the source of our greatest happiness, and of all beautiful and honourable actions. "There is none so worthless," he says, "whom Love cannot impel, as it were by a divine inspiration, towards virtue, even so that he may, through this inspiration, become equal to one who might naturally be more excellent," — a truth in support of which he brings many instances from the works of the poets.

Pausanias succeeds him, and begins his speech by distinguishing between the nature of two different Loves. The passage is so illustrative of the peculiar spirit of Greek art, and of the sunny, poetical fictions of their mythology, that we quote it entire: —

"We all know that Venus is never without Love; and if Venus were one, Love would be one; but since there are two Venuses, of necessity also must there be two Loves: for assuredly are there two Venuses, — one, the eldest, the daughter of Uranus, born without a mother, whom we call the Uranian; the other, younger, the daughter of Jupiter and Dione, whom we call the Pandemian. Of necessity must there also be two Loves, the Uranian and Pandemian companions of these goddesses. The Love which attends upon Venus Pandemos

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is, in truth, common to the vulgar, and presides over transient and fortuitous connections, and is worshipped by the least excellent of mankind. The votaries of this deity seek the body rather than the soul, and the ignorant rather than the wise, disdaining all that is honourable and lovely, and considering how they shall best satisfy their sensual necessities. But the attendant on the other, the Uranian, is the Love who inspires us with affection, and exempts us from all wantonness and libertinism. Those who are inspired by this divinity seek the affections of those who are endowed by nature with greater excellence and vigour, both of body and mind; and it is easy to distinguish those who especially exist under the influence of this power, by their choosing, in early youth, as the objects of their love, those in whom the intellectual faculties have begun to develope; for those who begin to love in this manner seem to me to be preparing to pass their whole life together in a community of good and evil, and not ever lightly deceiving those who love them, to be faithless in their vows. .... The Pandemic lover, who loves rather the body than the soul, is worthless, nor can be constant and consistent, since he has placed his affections on that which has no stability; for as soon as the flower of the form which was the sole object of his desire has faded, then he departs and is seen no more, bound by no faith nor shame of his many promises and persuasions. But he who is the lover of virtuous manners is constant during life, since he has placed himself in harmony and desire with that which is consistent with itself."

Observe how, in this speech of Pausanias, the abstract ideas of a subtle and refined philosophy are clothed in sensuous forms, and presented under the graceful aspect of poetical impersonations. The passage deserves to be attentively studied, for it exhibits in a few words the true type of the Grecian mind, and the distinctive spirit of Greek mythology. What prosaic modern, in a discourse on the difference between true heavenly love, and the animal love which is the mere instinct of appetite, would have introduced a Venus Urania and Venus Pandemos, with the whole history of their birth and genealogy? or, had he done so, to what modern audience would it have appeared any thing better than a strained and painful allegory? Yet to these educated, acute, and intellectual Athenians, this evidently appeared the natural and proper mode of expressing the ideas; — nay, more, it would appear, from the whole tone of the dialogue, as if they did not look upon this machinery of Venuses and Loves as a mere allegorical framework, but gave it that sort of half assent which the imagination sometimes, as in the instance of scenic representation, commands at the expense of reason.

It is curious to trace the same ideas, now appearing as metaphysical abstractions, clad in a slight and cloud-like texture of sensuous form, — and now as artistical conceptions, so thoroughly wedded to form and sense, as to have lost almost all trace of their philosophical nature and origin. In the discourse of Pausanias we see the ideas of a celestial and an earthly, a sacred and a profane love, in the first — in Sculpture we behold them in the latter — phase of their existence. The same distinction between an Uranian and a Pandemic Venus runs, as all those who have any acquaintance with the sculpture of the Greeks know, through their whole art. Compare the Venus Victrix of Capua, in the museum at Naples, the finest ideal or celestial Venus in the world, with the Venus de' Medicis, or, still better, with the Venus of the Capitol. The latter is the true Pandemic Venus, the perfect type of voluptuous, soulless, animal beauty, — as the former is, of the radiant inhabitant of Olympus, whose brow beams with immortality, and with a majesty which is softened but not subdued by the grace and symmetry of her perfect form.

But to return to our banquet: Aristophanes, whose turn it is to speak next, happens to be affected with a hiccough, whereupon he appeals to Eryximachus, the physician, either to cure him or to speak for him. Eryximachus prescribes sneezing, and in the mean time undertakes to speak in his turn. His discourse is an odd, dry dissertation about the effects produced in music, medicine, and generally throughout the physical world, by the contention of the two principles embodied under the forms of the Uranian

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and Pandemic Loves. It is curious as illustrating the loose, illogical, half-mystical, half-allegorical way in which an Athenian doctor of the age of Plato, thought and discoursed about the nature of his art and of physical science. He concludes with an eloquent eulogium on the harmonious effects produced by divine Love, in maintaining the construction of the universe.

Aristophanes thereupon raises a laugh at the doctor's expense, by wondering "why the harmonious construction of our body should require such noisy operations as sneezing," an operation to which he had been obliged to resort to cure his hiccough. His discourse, which follows, is most characteristic. In a few master-strokes the man is painted, and stands before us — a genuine humourist, a man whose element is mirth and sport, and who delights in all manner of quaint, fantastic combinations; and yet, withal, a man of quick, sure insight, and deepest, truest feeling, who hides the soul of a poet under the mask of a jester and buffoon, — another Richter, in short, only of more compact and keen intellectual structure than his German brother. He tells an odd, quaint story, how Jupiter at first made human beings round, the back and sides being circularly joined, and each having four arms, four legs, and a couple of faces. The progressive motion of these aboriginal inhabitants of the earth was rotatory, like that of tumblers, who with their legs in the air tumble round and round. This aboriginal race having waged war against the gods, and committed sundry other crimes and misdemeanors, Jupiter, to punish them, cut them in two, and made man and woman of them. After all this buffoonery, we come suddenly upon the following most true and beautiful passages: —

"Whenever, therefore, any such as I have described are impetuously struck, through the sentiment of their former union, with love and desire, and the want of community, they are unwilling to be divided even for a moment. These are they who devote their whole lives to each other, with a vain and inexpressible longing to obtain from each other something, they know not what: for it is not merely the sensual delights of their intercourse for the sake of which they dedicate themselves to each other with such serious affection; but the soul of each manifestly thirsts for, from the other, something which there are no words to describe, and divines that which it seeks, and traces obscurely the footsteps of its obscure desire."

From that day to this, nothing more true or beautiful has been written of love.

The youthful Agathon, crowned with the tragic wreath, whose bright and star-like beauty draws all hearts, begins then, and, after a graceful and modest exordium, bursts forth into a flood of beautiful poetry in praise of

"Love, who creates peace among men, and calm upon the sea, the windless silence of storms, repose and sleep in sadness; — Love, who fills the vacant heart with overflowing sympathy; who showers benignity upon the world, and before whose presence all harsh passions flee and perish; the author of all soft affections; the destroyer of all ungentle thoughts; merciful, mild; the object of the admiration of the wise, and the delight of gods; possessed by the fortunate, and desired by the unhappy, therefore unhappy because they possessed him not; the father of grace, and delicacy, and gentleness, and delight, and persuasion, and desire; the cherisher of all that is good, the abolisher of all evil; our most excellent pilot, defence, saviour, and guardian in labour and in fear, in desire and in reason; the ornament and governor of all things human and divine; the best, the loveliest, in whose footsteps every one ought to follow, celebrating him excellently in song, and bearing each his part in that divinest harmony which Love sings to all things which live and are, soothing the troubled minds of gods and men.'

"He ceased, and a loud murmur of applause arose from all present, so becomingly had the fair youth spoken, both in praise of the god, and in extenuation of himself."

It is now Socrates' turn. By a series of crafty questions he makes Agathon confess, first, that every one desires that which he has not, rather than that which he has; secondly, that Love, desiring the beautiful cannot consequently

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possess it; and, lastly, that he, Agathon, has been talking a great deal of eloquent nonsense about a thing he understands very little of. After this quibbling, cross-questioning exordium, he proceeds to set forth, under the form of a dialogue between himself and the prophetess Diotima, whom he confesses to have been his instructress in all things relating to the philosophy of love, his own peculiar views and doctrines. The discourse is a strange mixture of palpable sophistry, hair-splitting refinement, metaphysical subtilty, and lofty and truly divine philosophy. From the love of individual objects he rises, by successive generalisations, to the love of the one infinite and eternal beauty, which is reflected, though under different aspects, from every best and brightest manifestation of nature, of poetry, and of art: —

"He would conduct," he says, "his pupil to science, so that he might look upon the loveliness of wisdom, and that, contemplating thus the universal beauty, no longer would he unworthily and meanly enslave himself to the attractions of one form in love, nor one subject of discipline or science, but would turn towards the wide ocean of intellectual beauty, and, from the sight of the lovely and majestic forms which it contains, would abundantly bring forth his conceptions in philosophy, until, strengthened and confirmed, he should, at length, steadily contemplate one science, which is the science of universal beauty.

"When any one, ascending from a correct system of love, begins to contemplate this supreme beauty, he already touches the consummation of his labour; for such as discipline themselves upon this system, or are conducted by another, beginning to ascend through these transitory objects which are beautiful, towards that which is beauty itself, proceeding as on steps from the love of one form to that of two, and from that of two to that of all forms which are beautiful, and from beautiful forms to beautiful habits and institutions, and from institutions to beautiful doctrines, until, from the meditation of many doctrines, they arrive at that which is nothing else than the doctrine of the supreme beauty itself, in the knowledge and contemplation of which, at length, they repose.

"Such a life spent in the contemplation of the beautiful is the life for men to live, which, if you chance ever to experience, you will esteem far beyond gold and rich garments, and even those lovely persons whom you and many others now gaze on with astonishment, and are prepared neither to eat nor drink, so that you may behold and live for ever with these objects of your love!

"What, then, shall we imagine to be the aspect of the supreme beauty itself, — simple, pure, uncontaminated with the intermixture of human flesh and colours, and all other idle and unreal shapes attendant on mortality, — the divine, the original, the supreme, the monoeidic beautiful itself? What must be the life of him who dwells and gazes on that which it becomes us all to seek? Think you not that to him alone is accorded the prerogative of bringing forth, not images and shadows of virtue, for he is in contact, not with a shadow, but the reality, with virtue itself, in the production and nourishment of which he becomes dear to the gods, and, if such a privilege is conceded to any human being, himself immortal."

This is the very essence of that divine Platonic philosophy which has held captive the hearts of so many best and wisest men, and which, silently blending itself through the schools of Alexandria, with the congenial doctrines of a religion, equally pure and lofty, and less remote from the common apprehension of mankind, has exercised, and still exercises, such influence over the minds of millions. To this day every system of ideal philosophy, every system which seeks to raise the soul from the petty, confined, and transitory impressions of sense, and the blind gropings of a mechanical logic around the narrow prison walls of human knowledge, to the contemplation of the infinite and everlasting, and the enthusiastic love and sincere heartfelt worship of the Divine attributes, is but, under some form or other, the expression of ideas of which the germ may be found in Plato.

From these heights of philosophy we are let gently down by the admirably dramatic scene of the interruption of Alcibiades, with which the piece concludes. When Socrates finishes his discourse, a loud knocking is heard at the door of the vestibule, and a clamour as of revellers attended by a flute player. A minute afterwards is heard the voice of Alcibiades in the vestibule, excessively drunk, and roaring out for Agathon. He is led in, and asked to join the party. His first step is to choose himself as president, and

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insist that there shall be no flinching from the wine. He calls to the slave to fill a wine-cooler, which holds eight cups, and drains it at a draught. Socrates, who is a practised toper, down whose throat you may pour liquor the whole night long, without his seeming at all the worse for it, follows his example. Eryximachus, however, demurs to "drinking down stupidly, just as we were thirsty," and insists that Alcibiades shall make a speech as well as the rest. Alcibiades, whom the contents of the wine-cooler seem rather to have sobered than otherwise, consents, on condition that, instead of praising Love, he shall be allowed to praise Socrates. His discourse, which follows, paints the man, as he lived and taught 2000 years ago, in such lively colours, that when we have read it, we seem to know him as an old and familiar acquaintance. There is no character of antiquity of whom we have such a clear, distinct conception as this Socrates, with his honest homely ugliness, his inveterate love of argument, his affected ignorance, and sly trick of involving his antagonist by a series of cunning questions in a maze of absurdities, and his rich and golden stores of wisdom and divine philosophy, which he conceals under this quaint disguise and rude exterior.

"'He is always talking,' says Alcibiades, 'about great market-asses and brass-founders, and leather-cutters and skin-dressers; and this is his perpetual custom, so that any dull and unobservant person might easily laugh at his discourse. But if any one should see it opened, as it were, and get within the sense of his words, he would then find that they alone, of all that enters into the mind of man to utter, had a profound and persuasive meaning, and that they were most divine; and that they presented to the mind innumerable images of every excellence, and that they tended towards objects of the highest moment, or rather towards all that he who seeks the possession of what is supremely beautiful and good need regard as essential to the accomplishment of his ambition."

How vividly do the words of genius light up the darkness of departed centuries, and bring before us the shadows of things which have long since passed away! Socrates, the teacher of wisdom and virtue; the reveller Alcibiades, the spoiled child of genius, the all-accomplished; Agathon, the beautiful and courteous, with his tragic wreath; Aristophanes, with his mad humour and clear piercing wit; — where are they now? What a wide chasm of years separates us from the time when they lived and moved upon the earth! And yet to us they are as actual and present existences; their names are familiar words to our ear; we see them at their banquets, we listen to their discourses, we know them better than we do millions and millions of men, who are now living in the world around us. Such power is there in the words of the poet — and a true poet, if ever there lived one on this earth, is Plato, although he clothed not his thoughts in that form and metrical arrangement to which men commonly give the name of poetry. In the whole range of literature we know of no work, save only the dramas of the immortal Shakspeare, in which the characters and inmost nature of the actors introduced, stand out so sharply and decisively, painted as it were by a few life-like touches of a master-hand, as in this little piece,— call it drama, novel, biography, or what you will, through which we are ushered, as through a vestibule or portico, into the stately and beautiful temple of Platonic philosophy.

But we must not dismiss our revellers without seeing their revel at an end, and making some mention of the somewhat unseemly and Bacchanalian termination of their philosophic symposium. When Alcibiades finished his discourse, —

"A convivial party came in from the street,—for some one who had gone out had left the door open,—and took their places on the vacant couches, and every thing became full of confusion; and no order being observed, every one was obliged to drink a great quantity of wine. Eryximachus and Phædrus, and some others, said Aristodemus, went home to bed:

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that for his part he went to sleep on his couch, and slept long and soundly (the nights were then long) till the cock crew in the morning. When he awoke he found that some were still fast asleep, and others had gone home, and that Aristophanes, Agathon, and Socrates had alone stood it out, and were still drinking out of a great goblet which they passed round and round. Socrates was disputing between them. The beginning of their discussion Aristodemus said that he did not recollect, because he was asleep; but it was terminated by Socrates forcing them to confess, that the same person is able to compose both tragedy and comedy, and that the foundations of the tragic and comic arts were essentially the same. They, rather convicted than convinced, went to sleep. Aristophanes first awoke, and then, it being broad daylight, Agathon. Socrates, having put them both to sleep, went away, Aristodemus following him, and coming to the Lyceum, he washed himself, as he would have done any where else; and, after having spent the day there in his accustomed manner, went home in the evening."

Once more we must ask, can it be that this is a description of a scene which actually took place, or, at any rate, of manners which actually existed, more than 2000 years ago? Why, we could almost swear that we had been present at a hundred such scenes, and that Socrates, Agathon, and Alcibiades, are old college friends with whom we have drained many a flowing bowl. How completely is the whole scene of the break-up of the party in the spirit of undergraduate life, as it now exists in the venerable cloistered halls of Oxford and Cambridge! The same buoyant youthful spirit, the same open-hearted reckless joviality, the same happy carelessness of the world and the world's distinctions, and honour paid to intellectual superiority and power of any sort, if it be only the power of drinking your neighbour under the table. And the characters, too: we have many a Socrates in our eye, unmatched at solving stiff problems, and swallowing stiff port; many an Alcibiades, who combined the characters of the fop, the debauchee, and the scholar, and who contrived — although never known to miss a supper party, and never seen with a book in his hand — to beat the pale student who crammed his fourteen hours a day, and be first in every examination as well as every fox-chase. But we must conclude. Writing on a labour of love, our remarks have already expanded themselves to a somewhat undue length. If, however, to any reader we shall have communicated some portion of the sacred flame, some idea, however faint, of the ethereal nature of the Platonic philosophy, and of the spirit and innumerable beauties of this so celebrated composition, and, above all, some curiosity to consult for himself the original work, or Shelley's most exquisite and perfect translation, we are rewarded for our labour—we have not written in vain.

KATE ANWYL.

CHAPTER I.

Scotland, thy mountains and most rapid floods,
Thy hidden glens and unfrequented woods,
Are they not types of those who dwell among
Thy legendary isles? Thou land of song!
Firm and invincible, stern and very bold,
Changeless — remaining as they were of old;
Clinging to things beloved — remembered. *Author's MS.*

"Oh these rocks, these glorious rocks of Bute!" said Arthur Murray to his cousin Archibald, as they landed from his yacht the Violet, the prettiest vessel on the Clyde, and the fastest sailer of her tonnage.

They stood for a moment on those rocks, and looked on the splendid scene before them. The tall mountains of Arran, the sweet and fairy-

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looking isles of Combray, the far hills of Ayr, looking soft and arching in the distance. Ah, go see this scene! and come back more than ever convinced of the power, and the majesty, and the glory of God!

On they went, springing from rock to rock with well-accustomed footsteps. Suddenly, from amid those mountains, there came up a gush of melody, a sweet clear voice evidently trying the echoes of the hills, and as if afraid of its own power in that place of lonely grandeur; for now and then, after a cadence like a bugle's, it paused, and then, when each rock and cavern had sent back its wild repetition, it continued its broken snatches of song.

The young men looked at each other, and silently proceeded together in the direction from whence the voice came.

Round the corner of the Garroch Head stood a party, an elderly man and two ladies, evidently mother and daughter — and yet how unlike they were! — yet not *unlike*, but different.

The mother had the same brilliant eyes as the daughter: it was their peculiar beauty which made their relationship evident — large and dark, and perchance sometimes sad — but now they were fixed on the cliffs of Arran in wondering admiration.

Arthur's eyes passed quickly from the mother's face to the daughter's — and rested there.

Tall she was and slight, but round and well proportioned. You could see this, though she stood with a large plaid shawl wrapped round her. Her cottage bonnet was untied, for the day was hot, and there was scarcely any wind — but the face beneath it — its expression! Oh how exquisite it was! How much more there is in expression that constitutes beauty, than features of most perfect regularity; but every one knows this already — all *men* do at least.

Somewhat paler that face was than was compatible with beauty, but lighted up by those brilliant eyes, animated as they were by admiration of the scenery around, how radiant at that moment it was! And the bright sunny chestnut hair (so peculiarly English in colour), how much more lovely it looked in those superb untortured masses, than in the stiff and unbecoming style of fashionably dressed hair! And from beneath the folds of that large shawl, falling as it did to the ground, peeped out the tiny foot, shod in its close-fitting boot, and the outline of the instep the more strongly marked from the relief of the white rock on which it stood. They appeared to be waiting for some one, and in a few minutes it proved so; for a boat shot round a corner of the rocks, and Arthur's heart sunk when he saw the whole party get into it and row off.

Silently the two young men stood and watched it: from the direction it took they concluded it had gone to Largs, on the opposite coast: they gazed till it was out of sight behind the great Combray, and then each drawing a long breath turned to the other.

"Devilish handsome! wasn't she?" said Archibald.

Arthur did not speak. Perhaps if he had met with any thing so lovely in the draperied saloons of fashion he had passed it by, but here on these wild mountains, in the high places of nature, it was hallowed by being so surrounded.

But the next day was the one fixed for the regatta; and when the steamboat came round a few minutes after, he followed his cousin into it, and the yacht was towed over to Largs.

They passed the little boat in their passage, and Arthur (who in true yachtic style had quizzed and practically frightened many a young lady, by

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putting his red gig in the wake of a steam-boat,) now muttered something very like an oath at the not unusual recklessness of the Clyde boatmen in not getting out of the way.

Archibald was a heartless dragoon from Edinburgh, just come into Ayrshire for the grouse-shooting. He was engaged to a die-away fine lady, a London Lady Harriet, so he had no soul (I had almost said no heart) for any thing but grouse on the moors, or waltzing in the ball-room.

The following day the regatta presented a joyous scene. The Violet won the challenge cup, and there was a gay ball in the evening. All day (save during the hours of racing) had Arthur been on the look-out for the beautiful being he had seen the day before. The "elderly gentleman" of the party was on board a steam-boat amid a group of smart people from Glasgow, and Arthur looked forward to the ball in the evening, anticipating with pleasure an introduction, a quadrille, a waltz, and a galop.

Alas! he was disappointed: she did not appear; and when midnight came, and all were joyous and gay, he slid out of the room blazing with lights to his dark and lonely cabin in the silent yacht.

He was up the next morning with the dawn, watching the cold grey mist clearing off the mountain tops, and the fishermen singing in their small boats far out on the broad Clyde. The tide was down; so ordering his boat, one of his men pulled him to the beach, and landing, he walked some distance down the coast. He felt listless and idle, as we all do after a sleepless night succeeding a day of excitement. There was a large boat drawn up between two huge stones. From sheer inanition he threw himself into it, and laid for some moments with his head resting on his hand, and musing on he scarce knew what, just in that state which may be called absence of *thought*, from which we are often roused, and of which we can give no account.

He *was* roused. There was a small hut a few yards from where the boat rested: at the door of the hut sat an old fisherman mending his nets. Arthur had observed him, but feeling no interest in his employment, had turned his head in a contrary direction; but now the old man spoke, and a sweet lute-like voice answered, which made Arthur start up for an instant, and immediately resume his original position in the boat.

"A gude day to you, leddy," said the old man.

"That seems to be a work of patience," said the fair heroine of Bute rocks, for there she was, in her cottage bonnet and large shawl.

"It's no easy wark," was the reply: "here's a weary knot I canna manage at a':" the old man sighed heavily, and added in a low faltering voice, "she's no here that wad hae helpit me sae weel."

He paused, and Arthur stole a glance over the boat-side at the pair. Charming types they were of youth and age. The old man with grey clustering locks hanging low over his coarse fisher's jacket, his broad sunburnt face strongly marked, but handsome. His eyes were turned sorrowfully upwards, and his lips compressed with emotion, while she to whom he spoke, pale but healthful, light of limb, and with a countenance all brightness, though now shaded with concern, said, in a kind soothing tone so different to the voice of mere curiosity,—

"And where is she, Davie?"

"There," said the old man, pointing calmly upwards, and lifting his bonnet as he did so. "I had but the one, and she was the bonniest lassie in Ayr. She was na sae tall as yoursel," he said, pausing, and scanning the lady's figure, "but she had a bright colour, and sweet fair curls over a bonny

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brent brow. She was the blithest birdie, waes me! I'm weary — weary a' the day thinking of her, and I canna mend my ain nets!"

The poor old man looked hopelessly on his work, and his tears gushed down like rain upon it; at last covering his face with his hard weather-beaten hands he sobbed aloud.

The lady hastily wiped her eyes, and taking the net quietly from the fisherman, she disentangled the coarse work with her own fair hands.

"See," said she cheerfully, "help is often at hand when we most need it and least expect it; but that (putting money into Davie's hand) will buy you a new net, and now," she added, as if anxious to avoid his thanks, "we want one of your boats for a few hours to-day."

Arthur listened anxiously in hopes he should find out the destination of the said boat, but he merely heard two o'clock named as the hour for starting; and the lady having arranged the matter, sprang lightly up the rocks, which were not steep, and disappeared in a small plantation overhanging the fisherman's hut, and which Arthur knew shrouded a cottage that was occasionally let to visiters resorting to the coast.

CHAPTER II.

"My heart is chill'd with tears."

At two o'clock the Violet was under weigh. A small vessel had started from the little point of landing fronting the fishing hut, and in the wake of this tiny craft followed the stately yacht. There was nothing observable in this, for there were innumerable vessels of the same description careering over the bright waters: the boat referred to contained merely two females, an old man-servant, and the boatman. They made for Arran, and Arthur stood at the prow of his yacht, watching them with his glass. The little vessel reached the beach. There stood waiting to receive it a young man who even at that distance Arthur was vexed to see was tall and handsome. The younger of the females (she in whom Arthur had for the last four-and-twenty hours felt such great interest) sprang ashore; the hands of the two were clasped, and retained, the lips moved rapidly, and while the servants followed, the girl and youth walked hastily forwards. They disappeared among the shadows of those awful rocks, and Arthur, turning moodily from the splendid scene, descended into his cabin and threw himself on the sofa.

He lay there, half unconsciously, a considerable time, and when he again went on deck the peaked hills of Arran were capped with cloud; Ailsa was almost invisible, a dim shadowy dreamy thing, and through the veil of mist the Combray isles looked fearful and dark. Voices rose quickly upon the altered waters, eager hands plied their oars rapidly towards home, boats shot past, the fisherman's voice had changed its morning song for a hoarse call, the sea birds gathered together and spread screaming on in frightened flocks; and lo! over the crested waves came the boat Arthur had been so long watching, her black hull now buried deep in the waters, and now rising buoyantly up, looking the blacker when contrasted with her sails that shone like snow in the dark and desolate scene around.

And she whom he had seen a short time before gaily springing over the rough beach sat pale but calm in the stern of the boat.

This was no time for ceremony, a few words were interchanged between Arthur and the boatman, and in three minutes he was sitting on the deck of his yacht, by the side of her, who tearless and trembling could only press the hand of her female attendant in silence.

He whom she had evidently been to visit was not of the party; and

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Arthur, in the midst of his anxious wishes that the lady would be more composed, was interrupted by a sudden burst of sorrow, and the exclamation of "Oh how terrified *he* will be!"

Arthur relinquished the hand he had respectfully taken, and requested the lady would allow him to conduct her to the cabin. The storm now raged fearfully, but on went the steady little Violet. It was impossible to land lower down the coast than Largs, so they steered for it, and at ten o'clock at night, in the midst of a heavy rain, they reached it. A hired carriage was procured, Arthur inquired the name of his fair passenger, was told by her attendant she was a Miss Anwyl, and on handing her into the vehicle, wished her "good night," calmly, bowed coldly to her amid a shower of grateful thanks, closed the carriage door, and walked hastily through a torrent of rain to the inn.

His cousin Archibald's voice rang through the house calling for supper, brandy, and cigars. Arthur sprang hastily up the stairs and met the landlady, who perceiving his wet condition proceeded immediately to show him to a room.

"For the good of the house" he ordered some refreshment, piled chickens, ham, and patties in the same plate, tasted all and finished none, drank two or three bumpers of wine, and at last flinging off his wet clothes, went to bed, when being fairly exhausted from want of rest, he was soon asleep and dreaming — dreaming — dreaming!

"I will go and call there. I will at least see her again," he said, as he sprang out of bed the next morning, and hailed the joyous sun. It is strange what an effect the weather has on young and sanguine hearts.

* * * * * * * *

Yes, he was there at the very threshhold of the door; he paused, and his heart beat quickly. He knew nothing of her family, had not even asked permission to call on her.

"Faint heart never won fair lady," said the bold yachter to himself, so he rang the bell of the cottage door.

Miss Anwyl was at home, and Arthur was ushered into a low bay-windowed cottage room, where she was seated, reading *possibly*, but the book lay unheeded apparently on her lap, and her head rested on her hand.

The large lustrous eyes were turned on Murray as he entered, the pale cheek crimsoned, and trembling from head to foot, she held out her hand, and with a forced smile welcomed him almost inaudibly.

There was a pause, and Miss Anwyl spoke again hurriedly, making some common-place observations upon the weather, the scenery, the effect of light and shade upon the opposite mountains, &c.

Arthur ventured some polite inquiries respecting Miss Anwyl's family.

They were at present absent, and in Edinburgh, and then he learnt the outline of her situation, and it was this.

The lady he had seen with her was her mother, as he conjectured; the gentleman her mother's second husband, Mr. Lorimer. There was a step-sister in Edinburgh, where she had been finishing her education, and now her parents had gone to fetch her home. All this was told calmly and without the slightest visible emotion; but when he rose to depart, Miss Anwyl said, "I must take the liberty, sir, of requesting your confidence in a circumstance that can be of little moment to you, and yet," she added pausing, "I should not wish you after all your kindness to think ill of me; therefore, in requesting you to keep yesterday's event a secret, it is but justice to myself to tell you that I went to meet my only brother, who is quartered in Ireland,

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and he, being on the eve of embarkation for the West Indies, appointed Arran as our farewell rendezvous. Circumstances," she added, in a low mournful tone, "prevented his coming here. It may be that at some future time you may know more of those circumstances, but at present I conjure you to be silent on the subject. You see I place all confidence in your honour, which you will not abuse, I am sure. Again, sir," she said, with a deep blush, "I may not receive a second visit from you — I do not think you will misunderstand my candour."

"At least," said Arthur, "you will permit me to recognise you in your walks?"

"Certainly," said Miss Anwyl. She sighed deeply as she added, "I am at perfect liberty to choose my acquaintances."

It was evident, however, that she was not permitted to have friends. "She was at perfect liberty to choose her acquaintances." Alas! how valueless is the power to go our own path, when there are none to care which we take. How worthless our own free will, when granted to us not from confidence but neglect!

Arthur easily filled up the outline she had drawn. He saw her lonely, uncared for, utterly neglected, yet evidently highly educated. He admired her sorrowful beauty, her gentle retiring manners, as if accustomed to be always passed over; he pitied her for her desolate state, and went on admiring and pitying till — they met again and again and again.

Sometimes when he was walking with her on the beach, for he never could persuade her to accompany him to any more retired path, they would encounter the stepfather and her mother with the youngest daughter — the favourite! Oh, that hateful word, that mother's love which is oftener a curse than a blessing!

Little have they, however, to do with my story. Blanche, the stepsister, was always in the way whenever she crossed Arthur's path, always interrupted him in something he was going to say, and when she had gone he had forgotten it himself, and so on. He could not like her, but loved Kate the more for the affectionate manner in which she spoke of her beauty and joyous disposition.

Thus they went on; Katharine, like a true woman, reckless of the future, and Arthur like many other men, because weak in spirit they cannot tear themselves away.

One evening, when he went home to the inn after a stroll with Katharine, he found a packet from his mother, containing a letter from herself, wondering why she had not heard from him for the last month, and enclosing his commission, for which he had been waiting three years.

Oh, how often do we wish vainly for what comes when we have ceased to wish! For three years Arthur had been anxiously looking forward to a change of ministry with whom his friends might have some interest. It had taken place three weeks since, and he had not heard of it, or if he had, the intelligence had made no impression on him.

Arthur's letter to Katharine.

"*My time is come, and I must leave you, Katharine.* Ah! do not call me cruel to write these dreadful words at once; I had not courage to look forward to them long; but I will lay my history before you and (leaving all to your decision) abide by it. There is no need to tell you how deeply and ardently I love you. Strange that before I saw you, your glorious voice heard amid those beloved rocks, and hallowed now as the first spot on which

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we met, should have thrilled through my heart, and urged me with a passionate longing to behold you. I saw you! and you, Katharine! — you passed away, and did not dream of the interest you had excited: ah! how that interest was increased when I witnessed your interview with the fisherman. It is strange, too, what a bond of union a secret at once creates between two persons who may never have even met before. Often, dearest, have I repeated to you all that I have just written, but there is so much of happiness in the recollection that I love to register it.

"And now, Katharine, I will tell you my plans and prospects. For years back I have been earnestly looking forward to the army as my profession: since I have known you, I have not once thought of the future, for, Katharine, the present has been every thing to me. Last night, on reaching my room, I received the commission so long desired; and I who had often spent whole hours in anticipating my plans, and joying in the prospect of a reckless and roving life, sat down with the confirmation of those wishes in my hand, and wept over it. Often, love, you have heard me speak of my mother, and my sister Violet, of the embarrassments of my property, left encumbered as it was by my father. I am bound in honour to support my mother and sister, and when the purchase of my lieutenancy is effected, there will be but little left to me except my commission; and now, Katharine, have you patience with my presumption in daring to offer you my love, and to pray that you may consider my suit. When I think of your joyless home, your unfriended state, (forgive me! oh, forgive me!) I cannot but hope that you may at least listen to me, and consider what I have said; and again, love, I do not venture upon this plea alone to hope that you will not suddenly decide against me. A single solitary star though you be, as far above me as though surrounded by a thousand worshippers, but with all so cold and joyless about you — hence has arisen my presumption.

"But I shall see you to-morrow! Alas, there will be no other morrow for me till — till — oh, glad words, we meet again! How many revulsions of feeling have I passed through in writing this letter! at one moment I hope; and then your vast superiority, the immeasurable distance between us in mind, in intelligence, in every thing, all rises up in terrific array, and I close my eyes and shudder, and write again, and again presume to hope that you will not finally reject me, and that though you may not venture to share my pittance with me now on an ensign's pay and seventy pounds a year, you may give me leave at least to look forward to happiness when my lieutenancy is purchased. I trust by that time my shattered fortunes may be in some measure repaired; but in honour I must add, that this is only probable, and by no means certain.

"I am surprised at the methodical manner in which I have drawn out my history.

"Once more, love, to-morrow we shall meet.

"God bless you, Katharine, and may you be merciful in your decision! for should you decide against me (and I cannot think you will), there is no longer any thing to look forward to. I lay before you the unopened volume of my future life; it is for you to fill its pages with a joyful record, or leave it a blank, a void, an unlettered, unregistered space. Adieu then, dearest, and once more, God bless you!

"ARTHUR."

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CHAPTER III.

"Our paths are desolate and far apart!"

Katharine's reply.

"I know not, Arthur, how long I have sat with your precious letter in my hands — precious, though so full of sorrow. Arthur, I decided as soon as I had read it. I love you too well to burden you with my support, as I must do were we married. I have nothing — literally nothing; and, Arthur, there is no chance of my ever being richer. It would be unfair to bind you by promises which, in the reckless, roving life you are to lead, would be hard to keep, for you would meet with innumerable temptations to break them. The very idea of those promises would create round you an invisible, yet heavy thraldom.

"I thank you, my love (alas! it may be that I may never call you this again) for your honest letter, and I thank you, too, for the only happy hours I have passed since — since my father died. You have laid before me your future prospects in life: so far you are happier than me, for *I* have no prospects; but you may feel interested in my history, so I will give it you. Years hence, perhaps, you will look upon it, and wonder where and what I am, when, mayhap, you would not otherwise think of me.

"You have heard me speak of my father, Colonel Anwyl, alas! not often. I seldom trusted myself to do so, and now, ere I go on, let me give way to my tears, which, rarely indulged in, are the more violent when called forth.

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"The first thing I remember of life was hearing that my father was ordered abroad. I was sitting on a low stool, learning my lesson to say to my mother, when he came in and announced the intelligence that the troops were to embark that evening.

"You know my mother never loved me, Arthur, and you are the only person who have ever heard that from my lips. I was sitting quite still (for I dared not move without leave), when he came into the room in his cloak, and lifting me up, he kissed me over and over again without speaking, and my little throat ached, and my eyes burned, and the tears streamed in torrents over my cheeks. He went away — he went away! — my only friend: — he who always took my part, left me!

"I crept out of the room to the nursery window, and there on an old trunk I sat and watched him down the garden walk. I lost all fear when I lost sight of him: in my childish agony I forgot all else, and screamed aloud.

"The nursemaid slapped me, and my mother desired her 'to put Miss Anwyl to bed if she was troublesome.' God help me! — my sorrow, though greater than any one's else, was least thought of.

"My mother never loved me! Often I have sat with my book in my hand, striving to give my attention to the lesson; alas! my thoughts were on the sea with my poor father — I could not learn; and after being called obstinate and stupid, I have crept, weeping bitterly, to my little bed, and cried myself to sleep, with these words on my lips, — 'Pray God bless papa, and send him soon and safe home again.'

"Oh, Arthur, Arthur, when I heard that he was dead, I thought I must have died too. I was at a heartless London boarding-school when this terrible blow fell on me. I was sitting opposite the governess on a bench, when the head teacher bent across, and said in a whisper, but loud enough for me to hear, 'So little Anwyl's father is dead!'

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"I remember waking from a sort of stupor and finding myself alone and in bed: oh, the *loneliness* of a large school! The unconcerned eyes turned on me when I descended to the school-room. Some asked me who made my dress, and another observed the crape was not so deep as hers when her mother died.

"I was told that I 'would take my *dancing* lesson as usual:' I obeyed: there was no resisting the cold, mechanical orders of our stern governess.

* * * * * * * *

"In another year my brother wrote to say my mother was married again!

"I left school at sixteen: alas! there was a younger sister at home. She was a sweet, fair child, with a bright smile and sunny hair, and a glorious disposition, but the curse of neglect was on me — *she* was the favourite! There was a large old lumber-room in our house, and when Blanche was seven or eight years old, her great amusement was to go up there and play. One day, on going into that room, I saw a trunk open, and my father's gay uniform lying on the floor: she was pleased with the gaudy colours and glittering epaulettes: his sash was tied across her fair round shoulders, his gloves, sword knot — all his well-remembered trappings were strewed around.

"I made a sudden exclamation of "Oh, Blanche!" and darted forward without any angry impulse to put them away. The spoiled child screamed, and before I had time to quiet her my mother rushed furiously into the room, waited for no explanation, but seizing Blanche, she pushed me from her. My brother had followed her: he stood at the door an instant, then seeing the scattered uniform of his dead father, he comprehended all: he walked forward, and quietly folding them up, put them reverendly by, my mother all the time too much engaged with Blanche's tears to mind him. She uttered many bitter invectives against me for 'tormenting the poor child.' I heeded them not; I was intent on the trappings of the dead. A paper fell from one of the pockets; I took it up; it was a letter, in a large scrawling hand, from me. How it had been treasured up! it was in the breast pocket of his regimental coat. My tears fell fast, and wrapping it up, together with a pair of his old gloves, I walked calmly out of the room with my treasures.

"My brother Henry got his commission soon afterwards and went away, vowing he would never enter his mother's house again. You know he kept his word. I know not how my father's property was arranged. There were some savings hardly earned by long toil abroad. I believe they were settled on my mother: she allows me thirty pounds a year.

"And now, Arthur, I leave you to judge if I shall ever be richer. Once more I thank you for your love. To tell me that I am far above you is mockery. I thank you for the honour you have done me, and for all the happiness you have bestowed; for in my dark path it will be pleasant to look back on the gleam of sunshine with which you have lit up the past.

"And so, Arthur, dearest, *dearest*, farewell! You will think I am too calm to feel utterly wretched. For the last few weeks sorrow and I have been parted; now she has come back to me, and I am too well used to her to despair as others would. I repeat to you solemnly, that I love you deeply, devotedly, and that I never can love, and never have loved, any other. Let us hope for brighter times; and when you are richer in worldly matters come to me, should you still love me, and though it may be years hence, I promise to be yours. Dim and distant as is that vision of joy, it will give solace to my lonely life: — so once again, farewell.

"I had thought to have bid you go without seeing me, but there my

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strength fails me. We will meet to-morrow. *They* are all going on a gay expedition, with a fleet of yachts, and a band of music, and troops of friends, and I shall be — *alone*, in my little sitting-room, waiting, waiting — oh, words of anguish! — to part from you.

"May God give me strength to bear this great calamity, as He has done all my sorrows."

CHAPTER IV.

The ball-room and its many lights — the tread
Of ladies' footsteps in the gay quadrille —
The waltzing — and the circle widely spread —
I'm glad I can recall them at my will:
It 's quite delightful in life's joyless track,
To have a sunlit view on looking back. *Author's MS.*

It was a lovely evening when Violet Murray stood on the lawn at Glenerie, and watched her namesake entering the mouth of the loch. On came the little vessel, now like a meteor in the gloaming all light, with her triangular flag distinctly visible in colour, shape, and size, and again she fell into shadow, and hull and spars and sails were an indistinct mass.

At length she anchored opposite the lawn, down rattled the jib, the tiny cannon was fired, and answered by the gamekeeper's fowling-piece at home: the boat was lowered, and in a few moments Arthur leaped ashore, and was received into the arms of his mother and sister. And after all the joy of meeting, when the candles were brought, and the fond mother peered through her glasses at her son's careworn countenance, and Violet gaily rallied him on having fallen in love, his heart utterly failed him, and he burst into tears.

Remember, women were his only witnesses. Men's hearts are readily poured out before *them* — sure of sympathy!

The postbag came in, and Violet (being quite sure she knew the story almost) withdrew to open it. In a short time her joyous voice rang through the lofty hall, and she danced into the room with an open letter in her hand. "There," said she gaily, "is good news! I hope it will make you both pleasant company at supper."

And this was the letter from her uncle, General M——:

"My dear Mrs. Murray,

"I have been fortunate enough to be appointed commander-in-chief in Scotland. I see by last week's Gazette that your son Arthur has got his commission: let him join his regiment for a few months, and then come to me as my aide-de-camp. I hear a great deal of a flirtation between him and a Miss Anwyl, a daughter of my old friend, Colonel Anwyl. She has had a bad bringing up by that dressed-out mother of hers, I am afraid, but I hear she is a good girl after all.

"I am as confirmed an old bachelor as ever, and though I don't intend to marry, I see no objection to my taking a son. I shall go down to Largs, where I understand the lady is, and reconnoitre. If I like her, perhaps I may adopt *her* too, provided I don't change my mind, and marry *her* myself.

"Love to Violet: I hope she has not forgotten my lamb's wool stockings for the winter.

"Always yours,

"ARTHUR MURRAY."

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I pass over the old general's introduction to Katharine — his joy at discovering her to be every thing he wished. The lady at whose house he met her invited her to Edinburgh; and Kate was too wretched at home not to avail herself of this relief from herself, for she was always alone — always left.

And so to Edinburgh she went.

There was to be a gay ball at the commander-in-chief's. By the way, he had taken care not to let Katharine know he was Arthur's uncle, and Arthur himself had been duly cautioned on the subject.

It was, then, to be a very brilliant ball. All the garrison were to be there:—Light Dragoons and Light Infantry, Brigade Majors, and A.D.C.'s, stray officers on detachment, &c. &c. Alas! the poor civilians were never even counted in the list of expected guests by the young ladies. Katharine had not the courage to refuse. She dreaded a torrent of questions from the good-hearted Mrs. Howard; as it was, there was a little altercation about flowers in the hair, but here Kate conquered.

At eight o'clock Mrs. Howard's carriage was ordered. As Katharine was closing her dressing-case, a letter of Arthur's fell out: the hour was forgotten; and Mrs. Howard's maid twice informed her it was waiting before she heard her: she hastily replaced the letter, and attended the summons. The General's house was in a blaze of light, and the hall crowded with servants, but their names rang up an empty staircase.

At the head of it, in true old school style, stood the white-headed General ready to receive them.

Katharine would have passed on to the illuminated drawing-room, but General Murray led her to a smaller apartment. She entered — the door closed behind her; and there, in his full uniform, all joy, stood Arthur — her own Arthur — the General's nephew, his godson, his proclaimed heir, and her happy lover.

She fell, utterly deprived of sense, into Arthur's arms; and when she recovered strangers were supporting her, but theirs were familiar faces — Violet's and her mother's — mild prototypes of Arthur's glorious countenance.

* * * * * * * *

It was some few months after this that Katharine's mother, and the rest of the family, drove to the —— Hotel in Prince's Street: they came to the wedding. The old General would have it at his own house. There was a slight show of resistance, and a little talk about people being married from their own home. General Murray begged in the politest way possible to know "where that was?" and as the party had for some time past been wandering about from one watering place to another, and the pretty cottage in Northumberland was let, it was deemed advisable to allow the old man to have his way; besides, he could not leave Scotland, so every thing went right. The bride did not shed tears, and was even heard to laugh at the breakfast, at which the Edinburgh ladies (who had been playing at company and propriety all their lives) were somewhat scandalised.

They were to spend the honey-moon at Glenerie. The carriage drove round, the General handed in the happy bride, joked Arthur about having a larger allowance of baggage than he was entitled to, and after more shaking of hands, re-entered his house whistling the "British Grenadiers," a favourite tune of his when particularly pleased; and on that day it would have done your heart good to hear him!

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NAVIGATION BY STEAM.

It may be doubted whether, among the various agents that have contributed during the last twenty-five years to the general improvement of mankind, there be one that has exercised a more powerful influence over the well-being of society, than the important discovery which led to the application of steam to the purposes of navigation. It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to form any thing like an approximate estimate of the individual enjoyment to which this great developement of science has led. In this metropolis, there are few above the humblest ranks that have not occasionally availed themselves of a facility for locomotion entirely unknown to the generation that preceded them; and of those who have availed themselves of it, there are still fewer who must not have exulted in the comfort and enjoyment in which science thus enables them to become the easy participators.

Every one whose recollections of the Thames extend beyond a period of twenty years, must remember something of the wretched way in which the inhabitants of London were formerly accustomed to make their aquatic excursions to Margate and the other watering places near the mouth of the river. Yet the Margate hoy was once an object to which our watermen and other boating *virtuosi* would point with no little pride; they loved her for the smartness of her rig, doated on the fairy lightness of her form, and boundless were the marvels they would relate of the astonishing rapidity of her sailing. And where now is the once petted Sylph of the Thames? Like other beauties, she has seen Time strip her of her charms — one by one, her admirers have deserted her — she is forgotten by the old, while to the young the marvel is that she should ever have excited admiration, or should ever have become the object of enthusiastic encomiums. The steamer is the rival that has eclipsed her, and that rival now holds undisputed sway over the scene of her departed triumphs.

There are, probably, few of our readers who are not aware that the first practical introduction of steam navigation took place about thirty-four years ago (in 1807), when Mr. Fulton exhibited a small boat called the *North River*, as a passage-boat between New York and Albany. She was furnished with an engine of eighteen-horse power, and made the passage to Albany in thirty-three hours. Since that period, it is estimated, in an official Report presented last year to the American Congress, that at least 1300 steam-vessels have been built in the United States, of which 260 are supposed to have been lost by various accidents, 240 to have been worn out in the service, and 800 to have been in active employment in 1839.

In the United Kingdom,* the first steam-boat worked for hire "was the *Comet*, a small vessel of forty feet keel, and ten feet and a half beam, with an engine of three-horse power, which plied with passengers on the Clyde in 1811; two years later, the *Elizabeth*, of eight-horse power, and the *Clyde*, of fourteen-horse power, were placed on the same river. Since that time the progress of this invention has been rapid, to a degree that could never have been anticipated." (*Vide* "Porter's Progress of the Nation.") The following table will show the rapid growth of steam navigation in the United Kingdom:—

* The number and tonnage of steam-vessels built and registered in the United Kingdom, and in the British Colonies in each year, from 1814 to 1836, have been as follow:—

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Steam-Vessels built and registered in the United Kingdom and the British Colonies.

Years.	England.		Scotland.		Ireland.		U. Kingdom.		Plantations.		Total.	
	Ves.	Tons.	Ves.	Tons.	Ves.	Tons.	Ves.	Tons.	Ves.	Tons.	Ves.	Tons.
1814	—	—	5	285	—	—	5	285	1	387	6	672
1815	2	161	7	625	—	—	9	786	1	608	10	1394
1816	4	298	4	270	—	—	8	568	1	670	9	1238
1817	4	227	3	194	—	—	7	421	3	1633	9	2054
1818	3	1124	3	216	—	—	6	1340	3	1168	9	2538
1819	2	175	2	167	—	—	4	342	—	—	4	342
1820	3	102	4	403	1	150	8	655	1	116	9	771
1821	12	1463	10	1545	—	—	22	3008	2	258	23	3266
1822	23	2080	4	369	—	—	27	2449	1	185	28	2634
1823	17	2344	2	125	—	—	19	2469	1	52	20	2521
1824	12	1687	5	547	—	—	17	2234	—	—	17	2234
1825	19	2600	5	403	—	—	24	3003	5	1189	29	4192
1826	50	5920	22	2718	—	—	72	8638	4	404	76	9042
1827	18	2264	9	994	1	118	28	3376	2	408	30	3784
1828	25	1687	5	352	—	—	30	2039	1	246	31	2285
1829	13	1080	3	671	—	—	16	1751	—	—	16	1751
1830	10	931	8	814	—	—	18	1745	1	481	19	2226
1831	24	2054	7	695	—	—	31	2749	5	1687	36	4436
1832	19	943	14	1908	—	—	33	2851	5	1239	38	4090
1833	27	1964	6	964	—	—	33	2928	3	1017	36	3945
1834	26	3453	10	1675	—	—	36	5128	3	628	39	5756
1835	63	6844	23	4080	—	—	86	10924	2	357	88	11281
1836	43	5924	20	2834	—	—	63	8758	6	492	69	9700

If the above table is perfectly correct, an immense increase in the number and tonnage of British steam-vessels must since then have taken place, as may be seen by comparing the foregoing statement with the one we are about to give, and which we find in an official Report laid before Parliament about six months ago.

"A Statement of the approximate Number, Tonnage, and Power of Vessels belonging to the Mercantile Steam-marine of the United Kingdom and its Dependencies. End of Year 1838.

	Number of Vessels per Custom-house Return, 1838.	Size of Vessels per Custom-house Return.	Registered Tonnage.	Tonnage of Engine-Room, &c., not registered at the Custom-house.	Total computed Tonnage.	Computed Amount of Horse-power.	Computed Power per Vessel.	Total computed Tonnage per Vessel.
	No.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Horse-power.	Horse-power.	Tons.
	256	below 50	6,106	10,816	16,922	6,400	52	66
	145	50 to 100	10,267	7,458	17,725	6,866	47	122
	84	100 to 150	10,034	7,761	17,795	7,483	90	211
	63	150 to 200	10,982	7,147	18,129	7,560	120	287
	76	200 to 300	16,654	10,839	27,493	11,188	147	361
	41	300 to 400	14,247	7,580	21,827	10,914	266	532
	10	400 to 600	4,488	3,506	7,994	3,000	300	769
	1	697	679	661	1,340	450	450	1,340
	1	1,053	1,053	810	1,855	500	500	1,855
No. of Vessels registered in 1838 -	*677	—	74,510	56,578	131,080	54,361		
Not registered -	83	—	4,154	5,484	9,638	2,129	50	116
Total number in Great Britain and Ireland, 1838 - -	760	—	78,664	62,062	140,718	56,490		
Isles of Guernsey, Jersey, and Man, 1837	† 6	—	832	618	1,450	600	100	241
British Plantations, 1837 - -	†44	—	8,411	7,253	15,664	6,160	140	356
Grand total -	810	—	87,907	69,933	175,840	63,250		

* The Custom-house Return enumerates 678 steam-vessels; but the tonnage of one — burnt — is omitted.

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"From a Return made by the Register-General of Shipping, it appears that, in the year 1836, there were employed at different ports in the United Kingdom, and her Colonies, 600 steam-vessels, the aggregate burden of which was 67,969 tons, viz. —

In the ports of England	388 vessels		34,314 tons.
Scotland	95		11,588
Ireland	71		13,460
In Guernsey, Jersey, &c.	7		914
In the Colonies	39		7,693
	600		67,969

"These were exclusive of vessels belonging to Government."

"The total number of British and Irish steam-vessels, including those registered in Guernsey, Jersey, and Man, amounts to 766; of these, 484 may be considered as river steamers, and small coasters; and 282 as large coasters, and sea-going ships.

"The increase in 1837 over 1836, was 78; and that of 1838 over 1837, 59 registered vessels."

We must trouble our readers with one table more, to show the traffic that has been carried on by this splendid fleet of steamers.

An Account of the Number and Tonnage of Steam-Vessels which entered the Ports of the United Kingdom, and cleared from the same, in each Year, from 1820 to 1836; distinguishing the Vessels employed in the Coasting Trade from those engaged in Foreign Voyages, and separating Foreign from British Vessels.

Years.	Inwards.							
	Coasting Trade.		Foreign Trade.					
	British.		British.		Foreign.		Total.	
	Vessels.	Tons.	Vessels.	Tons.	Vessels.	Tons.	Vessels.	Tons.
1820	9	505						
1821	188	20,028						
1822	215	31,596	159	14,497	10	520	169	15,017
1823	434	55,146	129	8,942	7	364	136	9,306
1824	888	124,073	139	10,893	6	312	145	11,205
1825	1,666	257,734	186	16,155	11	652	197	16,807
1826	2,810	452,995	334	32,631	38	2,256	372	34,887
1827	4,404	737,020	443	50,285	74	4,558	517	54,843
1828	5,591	914,414	482	52,679	58	3,406	540	56,085
1829	5,792	978,981	497	51,754	3	405	500	52,159
1830	6,796	1,073,506	560	62,613	42	7,781	602	70,394
1831	7,072	1,161,012	537	65,946	85	11,345	622	77,291
1832	7,769	1,256,805	537	71,493	74	7,000	611	78,493
1833	9,070	1,513,684	681	98,224	51	3,708	732	101,932
1834	10,077	1,761,752	988	146,720	12	3,164	1,000	149,884
1835	11,238	2,186,600	1,015	170,151	18	5,058	1,033	175,209
1836	12,988	2,528,216	1,122	195,722	50	10,948	1,172	206,670
	Outwards.							
1820								
1821	158	6,166						
1822	295	42,743	111	12,388			111	12,388
1823	647	73,424	108	9,027	7	364	115	9,391
1824	1,197	147,523	208	15,796	8	416	216	16,212
1825	1,996	279,384	256	19,685	13	756	269	20,441
1826	3,833	518,696	268	27,206	31	1,742	299	28,948
1827	5,617	820,361	439	47,322	43	2,566	482	49,888
1828	6,893	1,009,834	472	51,887	31	1,802	503	53,689
1829	6,875	1,066,041	428	47,480	22	1,486	450	48,966
1830	6,765	1,078,100	475	54,372	53	10,274	528	64,646
1831	7,037	1,158,059	563	67,930	57	12,046	620	79,976
1832	7,732	1,255,436	564	73,898	71	12,636	635	86,534
1833	9,083	1,518,159	704	102,639	45	6,604	749	109,243
1834	9,972	1,749,698	896	137,607	57	12,018	953	149,625
1835	11,118	2,170,971	1,146	189,305	77	13,826	1,223	203,131
1836	12,634	2,468,327	1,225	202,499	188	23,514	1,413	26,013

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By the two former tables it is shown that the greatest number of steam-vessels were constructed in this country in 1826 and 1830; and by the last table a constantly increasing aggregate number of voyages performed by British steam-vessels is exhibited during a period of seventeen years.

The preceding statement, it must be remembered, refers only to those vessels that carried merchandise, and on that account had to be passed through the Custom-house; for those arriving or departing in ballast, or with passengers only, no authentic record exists. In 1835, however, it was ascertained by the collector of pier dues, that the number of passengers conveyed by steam, between London and Gravesend alone, was 670,452; and before a Committee of the House of Commons it was stated, in 1836, that at least 1,057,000 passengers passed Blackwall in steam-vessels every year. The number since that time must have increased very greatly, but we are not in possession of any authentic return to enable us to estimate the extent of the augmentation.

In the United States of America, which may fairly be looked on as the father-land of steam navigation, the progress was at first much more rapid than in Great Britain. The noble rivers of the Western country presented a magnificent field for the developement of this splendid invention, and it may fairly be assumed that the number of steam-boats in America still surpasses the number of those in active employment in our own country. The American steamers, however, are, with few exceptions, river boats; and leaving altogether out of consideration the *colossi* that have lately been constructed for the trans-Atlantic service, we believe there is one company in London (the General Steam Navigation Company) that owns a larger number of sea-going steam-vessels than are at this moment employed by the whole of the United States. It was in 1839 that an official Report was presented to Congress, on the present state of steam navigation in that country, from which document we shall venture to make a brief extract.

"The whole number of steam-boats ascertained and estimated to be now in this country is 800. In England, in 1836, the whole number is computed to have been 600. On the western and south-western waters alone, near 400 are now supposed to be running, where none were used till 1811, and where, in 1834, the number was computed to be only 234. Of these 400, about 141 are estimated. On the Ohio river alone, in A. D. 1837, about 413 different steam-boats are reported to have passed through the Louisville and Portland canal, besides all below and above, which never passed through. But it deserves notice, that of those 413, near 60 went out of use by accidents, decay, &c. within that year; and several of the others, viz., 104, were new, and many of them, probably, were destined to run on other rivers. As an illustration of the rapid increase of business in steam-boats on the Ohio, the number of passages by them through the Louisville canal increased from 406, in A. D. 1831, to 1,501, in A. D. 1837, or nearly fourfold in six years. About 70 boats were running, the present year, on the north-western lakes, where, a few years since, the number was very small, having been in 1835 only 25. Of the 800 steam-boats now in the United States, the greatest number ascertained to be in any State is 140, in the State of New York.

"It is a matter of surprise that so few of these are sea-going vessels, considering that the first steam-boat which ever crossed the Atlantic was built in New York, as long ago as 1819, and went from Savannah (the place after which she was called) to Liverpool in 26 days; and that the 'Robert Fulton,' as early as 1822, made several trips to New Orleans and Havana. A similar remark applies to the circumstance that only one of the whole number is a public vessel of war, when the first steam-vessel of that kind ever launched was the 'Fulton,' and was built in this country as long ago as A. D. 1815. The government of the United States never owned but two steam-vessels of war — both called the 'Fulton.' The first one was lost by accident in 1829; and now there is only the other. It has, however, 13 other steam-vessels, employed by the War Department on the public works, and in transportation of troops and stores. * * * * * * * * *

"The tonnage of all the steam-boats in the United States is computed to exceed 155,473. Of this, 137,473 is in boats ascertained or reported. By the official returns, the whole tonnage would now probably equal near 160,000 tons, having been, in A. D. 1837, equal to

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153,660. Many boats included in those returns have been lost or worn out, and several new ones built since. In England, the tonnage is estimated to have been 67,969 in A.D. 1836. The tonnage to each boat here averages about 200; and the estimates, where the returns have been defective, were made on that basis. The power employed in all steam-engines in the United States is ascertained and estimated at 100,318-horse power; of this, 12,140 only is in engines, estimated and not returned. In the aggregate, all this new mechanical force would be equal to the power of 601,808 men. Of this force, 57,019-horse power is computed to be in steam-boats, 6,980 in railroads, and the rest, being 36,319, in other engines. This averages about 70-horse power to each boat, or one horse to between two and three tons, and less than 20-horse power to each of the other engines. It is a striking fact, that the steam-power employed, in only standing engines, is equal to about two thirds of all that is used in steam-boats. The largest boat in the United States is supposed to be the 'Natchez,' of 860 tons, and near 300-horse power, destined to run between New York and Mississippi; the 'Illinois' and the 'Madison,' on Lake Erie, are the next in size, the former being 755, and the latter 700 tons; the 'Massachusetts,' in Long Island Sound, is the next largest, being 626 tons; and the 'Buffalo,' on Lake Erie, next, being of 613 tons. The largest boats passing Louisville in 1837 were, the 'Uncle Sam,' of 447 tons, and the 'Mogul,' of 414 tons; though below Louisville the 'Mediterranean,' of 490 tons, and the 'North America,' of 445 tons, on the Ohio, and the 'St. Louis,' of 550 tons, on the Mississippi, are running. The greatest loss of life, well authenticated, on any one occasion, in a steam-boat, appears to have been by collision, and consequent sinking, in the case of the 'Monmouth,' in A.D. 1837, on the Mississippi river, by which 300 lives were lost. The next greatest were by explosions: of the 'Oronoka,' in 1838, on the same river, by which 130 or more lives were lost; and of the 'Moselle,' at Cincinnati, Ohio, by which 100 to 120 persons were destroyed. The greatest injury to life by accidents to boats from snags and sawyers appears to have been 13 lost in 1834, in the case of the 'St. Louis,' on the Mississippi river. The greatest by shipwreck was in the case of the 'Home,' in 1837, on the coast of North Carolina, where 100 persons were lost. The greatest by fire happened in the 'Ben Sherrod,' on the Mississippi river, in 1837, where near 190 perished. The number of steam-boats built in the United States in A.D. 1834 was 88; but in 1837 it was 134, or, had increased over 50 per cent. in three years. The places where the greatest number of steam-boats and other steam-machines appear to have been constructed in this country, are Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and Louisville, on the western waters; and New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, on the Atlantic. At Louisville alone, from 1819 to 1838, there appeared to have been built 244 steam-engines, of which 62 were for boats. The fuel originally used in steam-boats in the United States was wood; but of late years bituminous coal has, in many instances, been substituted, and in several anthracite coal. The latter, from the small space it occupies, would seem to possess a decided advantage, in sea-going vessels as well as in locomotives.

"Some steam-boats made of iron are believed to be used in Georgia, if not in other parts of this country, though none of that material have been manufactured here; but it is computed that their cost is less than those of wood, and, as they draw less water with the same freight, they are more useful on shallow streams."

Such has been the astonishing developement of steam navigation in England and in America; and not the least remarkable fact connected with its rapid growth has been the undiminished activity of the foreign and coasting trades carried on by the regular shipping of both countries. Of the extent of our own coasting trade, we have no authentic record of an earlier date than 1824; but since that period there has been a steady increase in the number and tonnage of vessels employed; and the aggregate amount of British shipping engaged in the foreign, colonial, and coasting trades, is at this moment greater than during the most active year of the last war.

The extent to which the trade and intercourse between England and Ireland have been augmented since the introduction of steam, it is difficult to calculate; but a statement was furnished a few years ago to the House of Commons, by the manager of a company trading with steam-vessels between Ireland and Liverpool, from which it appeared that the agricultural produce imported from Ireland into that one port, amounted in 1831 and 1832 to about 4,500,000*l.* annually, and a great part of this trade was made up of articles, such as live cattle, horses, sheep, and pigs, that could not have been carried across the sea with the same profit to the merchant by any other conveyance than steam. The value of the live cattle, &c., thus im-

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ported into Liverpool, amounted in 1831 to 1,760,000*l.*, and in 1837 it had already increased to 3,397,760*l.* Previously to the introduction of steam navigation, the whole cattle trade from Ireland to England was comparatively insignificant. In 1817, 29,460 sheep and 24,193 pigs were imported from the "sister kingdom" into all England and Scotland; in 1837, the importation into Liverpool alone, amounted to 250,000 sheep and lambs, and to 595,422 pigs.

On the western rivers of North America, the effects of steam have been perhaps more striking than in any other part of the world; indeed, several of the most important of the States that now compose the Union may be looked on almost as the creation of steam; since, but for the facilities for which they are indebted to this kind of navigation, Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana would probably have remained to this day little better than a wilderness, untrodden by the foot of civilised man. It is gratifying to reflect on the immense addition thus made to the range of human improvement; and when we turn to South America, to Africa, and to some portions of Northern Asia, it is almost bewildering to meditate on the incalculable augmentation of human enjoyment likely one day to accrue to the inhabitants of those countries from a well-regulated system of steam navigation.

It is only when full advantage has been taken of its noble streams, and when the chief settlements have been transferred from the alluvial marshes along the coast, to the more salubrious regions of the interior, that the real capabilities of British Guiana will begin to develope themselves. It is matter of just astonishment that so little should yet have been done for a colony, which, with fair treatment, might in a few years become one of the most valuable possessions of the British crown. All that Guiana requires is, that no obstacles shall be thrown in the way of the immigration of labourers,—in which case, private enterprise would soon furnish to the teeming soil the hands necessary to collect the gifts of bounteous Nature; but it is by adopting the system of colonisation which has proved so eminently successful in South Australia, that we shall most effectually promote the prosperity and greatness of our possessions on the Essequibo.

What may we not hope for the civilisation of Africa, when steam shall have been applied to the navigation of the noble rivers, for the discovery of which we stand indebted to the enterprise of modern travellers! One trading steamer, running regularly up and down the Quorra, would do more for the civilisation of the interior of Africa, and, perhaps, contribute more to the suppression of the slave trade, than any other measure that the ingenuity of our philanthropists at home has ever suggested. The rivers of China may also one day become animated by the steamer's presence, and social and political changes, beneficial to the country itself, and to the whole world, would be the certain consequence of so desirable an innovation. The establishment of one steamer on each of the noble rivers of Siberia, would go far to soften the severity of the arctic winter. Those rivers remain open for so brief a period, that the necessary supplies for the northern settlements are frequently arrested by the ice before they reach their destination, and famine and pestilence are then but too often the inmates of the Siberian's hut during his nine months of uninterrupted frost. The steamer would "reform this altogether," and it is little to the credit of the Russian government, that so manifest a boon should not yet have been extended to that portion of its territory.

While we are contemplating the many and important advantages which mankind has already derived, and the yet greater which it may hereafter

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derive, from this noble invention, the question naturally suggests itself, — What has society done for those to whom it stands indebted for such benefits? Have statues been erected to Fulton in any of the great western cities of America, that have sprung up almost by enchantment? or has any mark of national gratitude been shown to those who in our own country have so nobly developed the invention of the stranger? Alas! not even by name are they known to the public at large. How few have ever heard of Mr. Smeaton, or of Mr. Bell of Glasgow! and is it not to a foreigner that we are indebted for the first biographical notice of Watt?

But it is not by merely withholding the acknowledgment due to its benefactors, that the public has manifested its ingratitude; something much more than a spirit of *negative* injustice has been at work; for a system of persecution has for several years been carried on against the proprietors and the commanders of steam-boats: and in this persecution we have seen engaged, not alone the unlettered waterman on our rivers, who may have thought his occupation in danger, or the veteran mariner, whose prejudices against so new a species of craft it is not difficult to account for; but we have seen joining in this systematic persecution our grave senators of every shade of politics; nor can we even acquit the ermined judges of the land from the grave charge of having but too often made their judicial office an instrument of oppression, when the owner or commander of a steam-boat has appeared before the tribunal of justice. In almost every instance, in which an action has been brought before one of our courts of law against a steam-boat company for damage done or alleged to be done to any other description of vessel, there has been evinced a decided disposition on the part of judge and jury, manifesting a foregone conclusion, to give a verdict against the steamer; yet, surely, of all the accidents that ever occurred from the collision of steamers with sailing vessels or sand barges, it must sometimes have happened that the blame rested with the latter! We can answer for it ourselves, that, more than once, we have seen boats and barges throw themselves with perfect wantonness in the way of large steamers, speculating, no doubt, upon the profit to be derived from an accident, the blame and loss of which was certain to fall on the least guilty party; for let the barge owner appear before a court of law, and judge, jury, counsel, and witnesses seem animated by a zealous desire to proceed at once to judgment, while the newspaper reporters, catching up the spirit by which the whole motley assemblage is possessed, vie with each other in their harrowing descriptions of the "perfect recklessness for human life," of which the captains of steamers are giving daily and hourly examples: nay, on one occasion, when judge and jury were wavering for awhile in their decision, the force of evidence having almost induced them to depart from the uniformity of their practice, a barrister of eminence actually pleaded, "that in a case of doubt, the jury could never do wrong, if it decided against the steam-boat;" and this monstrous appeal to vulgar prejudice was not rebuked by the judge, and was not repelled by the jury, for the unoffending steamer received the entire benefit of the doubt, in the shape of the customary verdict, which sentenced him to pay the full amount of the alleged damage, together with the usual attendant in the shape of the plaintiff's bill of costs.

The popular prejudice against steam-boats, fostered as it had long been by the ignorant, the interested, and the envious, led, in the early part of last year, to the appointment of a government commission, charged with the investigation of the number and nature of the accidents that had occurred to, or been occasioned by, steam-boats, and with the task of suggesting

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practical means for preventing the recurrence of similar misfortunes. This commission was composed of Captain Pringle, of the Royal Engineers, and Mr. Jossiah Parkes, a Civil Engineer. Their Report is now lying before us; and though composed, as most parliamentary reports are, of an undigested mass of confused, contradictory, and heterogeneous testimony, from which it requires no trifling labour to extract the little that is really valuable, yet, even in its present shape, it contains quite enough, when studied with a little care, to insure to the numerous and respectable class engaged in steam navigation, an honourable acquittal from by far the greater part of the charges so industriously brought against them.

The Commissioners have evidently displayed much industry in collecting evidence with respect to the number and nature of steam-boat accidents; and though their instructions did not direct them to extend their inquiries beyond a period of ten years, their zeal induced them to exceed the limits of the prescribed range, and they have presented us with what we have no doubt is a tolerably complete schedule of all the serious steam-boat accidents that have occurred (during twenty-two years) since the first introduction of steam navigation into this country. This schedule, of which the following is an abstract, enumerates ninety-two accidents: —

Abstract of Ninety-two Accidents.

Vessels.		Ascertained Number of Lives Lost.
40	Wrecked, foundered, or in imminent peril	308
23	Explosions of boilers	77
17	Fires from various causes	2
12	Collisions	66
92		452
	Computed number of persons lost on board the "Erin," "Frolic," and "Superb"	120
	From waterman's and coroner's lists, in the Thames, exclusive of the above, during the last three years	40
	From a list obtained in Scotland, exclusive of the above, being accidents in the Clyde, during the last ten years	21
		634

The greatest ascertained number of lives lost at any one time occurred by the wreck of the "Rothsay Castle," when - } 119 persons perished.
The greatest number at any one time from collision - 62
The greatest number at any one time from explosion - 24
The greatest number at any one time from fire - 2

There are, among the cases included in the preceding table, many names that will awaken painful recollections; but when it is borne in mind, that Great Britain and Ireland had no less than 766 steam-boats in full activity last year, and that these steamers performed at least 30,000 coasting and foreign voyages, without including the daily trips of passenger vessels up and down our rivers, we really think that a more triumphant case in favour of the superior security of steam navigation could scarcely have been presented than by the list compiled by Messrs. Pringle and Parkes with such praiseworthy industry.

Fully to estimate the benefits which we owe to the introduction of steam navigation, it will, however, be necessary to institute some comparison be-

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tween the foregoing table, and such evidence as we shall be able to obtain, of the amount of human life and private property yearly lost by the destruction of sailing vessels. In search of this evidence, we shall again have recourse to a parliamentary document. It may be remembered, that in March, 1836, Mr. Buckingham prevailed on the House of Commons to appoint a select committee "to inquire into the causes of the increased number of shipwrecks, with a view of ascertaining whether such improvements might not be made in the construction, equipment, and navigation of merchant vessels, as would greatly diminish the annual loss of life and property at sea." On the list of this committee we find the names of Sir Thomas Troubridge, Captain Alsager, Lord Sandon, Sir E. Codrington, Mr. Aaron Chapman, Mr. G. F. Young, Mr. G. Palmer, Captain Pechell, and others. A very large mass of evidence was collected, and a report was drawn up, from which we shall give an extract, to show the estimate of the committee, as to the amount of life and property annually lost to this country by shipwreck. The committee drew up their report in the shape of forty-six Resolutions, of which the following are the ten first: —

"1. That the number of ships and vessels belonging to the United Kingdom which were wrecked or lost in the periods specified below, appears, by a Return made to the Committee from the books of Lloyd's, to be as follows: —

Number of Vessels Stranded or Wrecked.

1816	-	-	-	-	343	1833	-	-	-	595
1817	-	-	-	-	362	1834	-	-	-	454
1818	-	-	-	-	409	1835	-	-	-	524
					1,114					1,573

Number of Vessels Missing or Lost.

1816	-	-	-	-	19	1833	-	-	-	56
1817	-	-	-	-	40	1834	-	-	-	43
1818	-	-	-	-	30	1835	-	-	-	30
					89					129

Making a total of 1,203 ships or vessels wrecked and missing in the first period of three years, and a total of 1,702 wrecked and missing in the second period of three years.

"2. That taking the number of vessels wrecked and lost in the two periods named above, at the assumed value of 5,000*l.* for each ship and cargo, on the average of the whole, the loss of property occasioned by these wrecks would amount in the first three years to 6,015,000*l.*, being an average of 2,005,000*l.* per annum; and in the last three years to 8,510,000*l.*, being an average of 2,836,666*l.* per annum.

"3. That the number of ships in each of the years above specified, of which the entire crews were drowned, though the exact number of each crew is not stated, appears, by the same Return made to your Committee, from the books of Lloyd's, to have been as follows: —

Number of Vessels in each Year, of which the entire Crews were Drowned.

1816	-	-	-	-	15	1833	-	-	-	38
1817	-	-	-	-	19	1834	-	-	-	24
1818	-	-	-	-	15	1835	-	-	-	19
					49					81

Making a total of 49 in the first period of three years, and a total of 81 in the second period of three years.

"4. That the number of persons drowned in each of the years specified, in addition to the above, and of which the number drowned belonging to each vessel is distinctly known, appears, by the same Return from Lloyd's books, to be as follows: —

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Number of Persons Drowned in each Year by Ships named.

1816 - - - -	945	1833 - - - -	572
1817 - - - -	499	1834 - - - -	578
1818 - - - -	256	1835 - - - -	564
	1,700		1,714

" 5. That assuming the average number of persons in each of the vessels of which the entire crews were lost to consist of ten individuals, including officers, seamen, and passengers, it would appear, that in the *first* three years the number of persons drowned were 588 in the 49 vessels whose crews were entirely lost, and 1,700 in the vessels of which the exact number in each was known — making a total of 2,228 lives, or 763 per annum; and that in the *last* three years the number of persons drowned was 973 in the 81 vessels whose crews were entirely lost, and 1,710 in the vessels of which the exact number in each was known — making a total of 2,682 lives, or 894 per annum.

" 6. That among the special cases of loss by shipwreck on particular parts of the coast, it has been stated, that during the last four years 272 ships were lost belonging to the port of Tyne, averaging 68 vessels per annum; the whole number of vessels registered in that port being about 1,000 sail; that these 272 vessels measured 60,489 tons; and assuming these to have been total losses, and the average value of the whole to be 10*l.* per ton, the loss of property from this single port would be 604,890*l.* in four years, or 151,222*l.* per annum, while the number of lives lost in these 272 vessels during the same period was 682; the number of widows and orphans left for relief 147; and the amount of money paid out of the funds of the Seaman's Association at Shields, for relief of members of that society only, amounted to 1,935*l.* 15*s.* 9*d.*; the ships employed from this port being principally colliers, which perform eight or nine voyages in each year, and are continued in occupation during winter as well as summer, along a dangerous coast.

" 7. That during a period of sixteen months, from January 1. 1833, to May 1. 1834, the number of vessels reported in Lloyd's books as missing or lost, and which have never since been heard of, amounted to 95 in number; and these ships being principally engaged in foreign voyages, the calculation made on their value, and the number of their crews, including officers, seamen, and passengers, assuming 8,000*l.* as the lowest average value of ship and cargo throughout, and fifteen persons as the average number of persons on board the whole, gives a total loss in these missing ships only, within the short period of sixteen months, of 760,000*l.* sterling in property, and 1,425 lives.

" 8. That these results do not embrace the whole extent of loss in property or lives occasioned by shipwrecks, even among those vessels only which belong to the United Kingdom; inasmuch as these Returns include only the losses entered in Lloyd's books, from which the Returns adverted to were made out; whereas it is well known that many vessels and lives are lost by wreck or foundering at sea, of which no entry is made in Lloyd's books, and of which, as no record is kept, no Return can be produced.

" 9. That the whole loss of property in British shipping, wrecked or foundered at sea, may therefore be assumed as amounting to nearly 3,000,000*l.* sterling per annum, the value of which property, though covered by insurance to certain parties, is not the less absolutely lost to the nation, and its cost paid for by the British public, on whom its loss must ultimately fall.

" 10. That the annual loss of life, occasioned by the wreck or foundering of British vessels at sea, may, on the same grounds, be fairly estimated at not less than 1,000 persons in each year, which loss is also attended with increased pecuniary burthens to the British public, on whom the support of many of the widows and orphans left destitute by such losses must ultimately fall."

When we find that three millions of property, and a thousand lives, are estimated to be annually lost by shipwreck, we think we are justified in congratulating the country on the great comparative security which appears to be offered by the steam-boat. But it may be urged by some of our readers, that the greater extent of our mercantile marine is sufficient to account for the greater loss of life and property. Let us examine a little into this argument. It appears from Mr. Porter's tables, that, in 1836, Great Britain and her colonies owned 25,000 vessels, of an aggregate tonnage of nearly 2,800,000. We have seen that, in 1835, the vessels lost were 550 in number. Assuming the same loss for the ensuing year, we have one shipwreck for every 45 vessels afloat. In the same year of

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1836, according to the schedule of Messrs. Parkes and Pringle, ten steam-boats are stated to have met with serious accidents: six of these accidents were attended by the complete destruction of the vessel, but only in one instance were those gentlemen able to ascertain the loss of a single life as connected with any one of the serious accidents of that year. In 1836, let it not be forgotten, 600 steam-boats were afloat in our waters. Even this comparison, however, does but scanty justice to the steamer as compared with the sailing vessel; for the much greater celerity of the former, and her consequently greater number of voyages, has not yet been taken into consideration.*

One frequent subject of complaint has been the great insecurity of the river Thames of late years, in consequence of the reckless rapidity with which steam-boats are navigated in our crowded pool, and to this subject it became of course necessary for Messrs. Pringle and Parkes to direct a portion of their attention. They have with much labour collected a list, as complete as possible, of all the accidents that were occasioned by steam-boats on the river Thames, during a period of three years and a half, — namely, from May, 1835, to December, 1838. We will not weary our readers by reprinting the whole of this list, but the following digest will show at once how much mischief these terrible steamers have committed on the bosom of our venerable Thames: —

Number of persons drowned or otherwise killed by steamers upsetting boats, &c.	43
Number of persons who sustained bodily injuries	5
Number of persons thrown into the water, but saved from drowning	72
Total personal accidents	120
Number of wherries, barges, smacks, or other craft, sunk and injured by steamers	59
Number of steamers seriously damaged by collision with each other	12
Total accidents to vessels	71

Heaven forbid we should speak lightly of the loss of a single human life! but really, when we consider the outcry that has so often been raised by the newspapers, about the frightful loss of life occasioned in the river by the culpable conduct of captains of steamers, we did expect that more than 43 lives had been lost during a period of three years and a half.

* To show more strongly the great security of steam-boats, as compared with sailing vessels, let us examine the amount of trade carried on by each class. On referring again to Mr. Porter's tables, we find the following to be the result of his statements respecting the amount of tonnage of vessels clearing in and out of British ports in 1836: —

	Tons.
Coasting trade	18,300,000
Foreign trade	7,000,000
Irish trade	2,600,000
Total	27,900,000

In this calculation, steam-vessels are included. Now, on referring to the third table in this article, it will be seen, that, exclusive of vessels sailing and arriving in ballast, and exclusive also of those that carried passengers only, the traffic carried on by steam-vessels was as follows: —

	Tons.
Coasting trade	5,000,000
Foreign trade	432,000
Total	5,432,000

Thus it appears, that, independently of vessels employed for the conveyance of passengers, nearly one fifth of the whole carrying trade of Great Britain is now performed by steam-boats.

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And let us see, during that time, what the activity of steam navigation on the river has been. From the accounts taken at the government dock-yard at Deptford, it appears that the number of steam-boats that pass weekly amount to - - - - - - 700
Multiplying this number by - - - - 52

We obtain, as the number of steam-boats passing annually up and down the river before the dockyard at Deptford - - 36,400
3½

Or, in three years and a half - - - - 127,400

It would therefore appear that the enormous number of 127,400 trips had probably been performed, up and down the river, during these three years and a half; so that, including even the 72 individuals, whose sufferings extended no farther than a ducking (no very pleasant occurrence, certainly,) there would not be quite one personal accident for every thousand trips performed by steamers on the river Thames.

The above remarks, we trust, will go far to tranquillise the minds of those of our readers who have been heretofore alarmed by the harrowing accounts which the public press has from time to time put forth, from the amiable desire of amusing Her Majesty's lieges, by frightening them out of their wits. But we have still a few remarks to offer on the Report of Messrs. Pringle and Parkes; for, as their compilation is likely to form the basis of a new system of legislation, it acquires even a greater importance than that to which its own intrinsic merit undoubtedly entitles it. These gentlemen, then, have shown much industry in collecting information, but we can scarcely say that they have displayed equal judgment in discriminating between the different kinds and descriptions of evidence that fell in their way. The suggestions of persons directly interested in the measures they propose, are adopted with far too much readiness; and should parliament proceed to legislate on these suggestions, we fear that impediments of a most serious nature would be thrown in the way of the farther developement of a branch of national industry, to the prosperity of which we look with confidence as the best pledge for our security in case of another maritime war.

These gentlemen commence their "Outline of proposed Legislative Regulations," by recommending —

"That a board be appointed in connection with and under the President of the Board of Trade, whose business it shall be to register and classify all vessels navigated by steam, built or building; the register to record detailed specifications of hull and machinery; periodical surveys to be made upon them, and particulars of all disasters and accidents which happen to or may be occasioned by steam-vessels.

"That the board be authorised to appoint local or district surveyors, to inspect and report upon the condition of steamers; that, on such report being satisfactory, the board shall grant licences to the owners of steam-vessels to ply; that, if unsatisfactory, they shall withhold such licence, as far as relates to the conveyance of passengers. Penalty for plying without licence.

"That the board be empowered to investigate, personally or otherwise, the nature and causes of accidents; to examine witnesses on oath; and call for the production of papers.

"That the board be required to make an annual report to parliament of its proceedings; of the state and progress of the mercantile steam marine; and of the disasters which may have been sustained.

"That the records be public, on the payment of a reasonable fee.

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"That the board be empowered to frame and issue general instructions for the guidance of the local or district surveyors; also to publish an abstract of the law and regulations, with authority to require such abstract to be placed in a conspicuous part of the vessel, under penalties on neglect."

The Report goes on to recommend a variety of regulations for the registration, the classification, and the survey of vessels and their engines, and proposes distinct licences for passenger-vessels, for towing vessels, and for vessels intended to carry cargoes; in short, a very nice little plan is sketched out for the construction of various comfortable little berths for commissioners, surveyors, clerks, and others of the same estimable fraternity, who are ambitious of serving Her Majesty's Government, and who are to be suitably provided for by means of sundry fees to be levied on the proprietors of steam-boats. In addition to these very suspicious recommendations, there are others of which we are ready to admit the propriety; such as a compulsory system of night signals; some regulations to guard against collisions in foggy weather; and, above all, some distinct regulation respecting the *rule of the road*, as it is called, — for, strange as it may seem, there is not only no distinct law as to the side on which two vessels ought to pass one another if they happen to meet at sea, but the most contradictory practices prevail in different parts of the kingdom, and most of the collisions of steamers that have occurred at sea, have been occasioned by a misunderstanding on this important point.

What is really required, is some system to enable the local authorities to interfere to prevent a vessel notoriously unseaworthy from leaving a port. In almost every instance that has yet occurred of the wreck of a steamer, it was notorious, at the time she left her port, that she was not in a fit condition to be sent to sea. The *Forfarshire*, the *Northern Yacht*, and the *Rothsay Castle*, were well known to be unfit for sea some time before they were lost. But would the whole cumbrous machinery of licensers, surveyors, clerks, and commissioners, secure the country against the recurrence of similar misfortunes? No code of regulations can supply the place of a skilful captain, or that of a sober and careful engineer; but once introduce the fallacious precautions of surveys and licences, and the public will be led to expect security from a system of vexatious interference, rather than from the established character of the owners and commanders, which, after all, are the only real guarantee that the public can have for the proper construction and outfit of the vessels.

Ought there, then, to be no survey? it may be asked. Our reply is, that there ought to be as little interference as possible, for unnecessary regulations operate injuriously upon every description of manufacture; and it may safely be assumed, that the rapid progress which steam navigation has already made, has partly been owing to the freedom from restraint which this branch of industry has hitherto enjoyed. Nevertheless, there are cases in which interference becomes necessary. Passengers are seldom qualified to judge of the seaworthiness of the vessel they are about to embark in; and whenever there are good grounds for distrusting a vessel, Government is bound to interfere for the protection of those about to confide their lives to a steam-boat, *or to any other ship*. Such interference, however, as we have already seen, is, in reality, less frequently required for steam-boats than for sailing vessels; and on this ground we shall ever protest against an attempt to subject the former to a system of interference, which has never been deemed necessary with respect to the latter. An act of parliament already exists, known as the Colonial Passengers Act, which was passed in 1835, to enforce certain re-

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gulations for the security of the vessels employed in the conveyance of emigrants to Canada. By this act a power is given to magistrates to interfere, whenever they have reason to believe that an unseaworthy vessel is about to be employed. Now, if it is felt that some such control is also necessary with respect to steamers, why not extend to these the enactments of the Passengers Act? Give the magistrate the power to interfere, where he believes interference called for; but, until we are convinced that it is really necessary, let us not impose a cumbrous, expensive, and vexatious machinery, which must operate as a clog upon industry, and as an indirect tax upon one of the most important branches of our mercantile marine.

No system of regulations will ever secure us against the occasional recurrence of calamities, the result of culpable carelessness on the part of captains or engineers, nor will it ever be possible to suggest any code of construction that shall prevent bad vessels from being built. Hitherto, we firmly maintain it, steam-boat accidents have been of remarkably rare occurrence; and if ships notoriously unfit for sea are not allowed to leave their moorings till they have been properly inspected, those accidents will become even less frequent than they now are. To obtain this additional security, however, not one additional commissioner or surveyor need be appointed. There are surveyors already in every port in the kingdom, to look after the interests of the underwriters at Lloyd's; and it is but seldom that these surveyors will have any occasion to call in the assistance of an engineer, to enable them to judge of the condition of a steamer. The real security of the public will ever be found in the respectability of the several companies whose character and capital are engaged in these gigantic enterprises, and who must look for certain ruin, if their vessels are allowed to get a bad name.

KING BOABDIL'S LAMENT FOR THE LOSS OF GRANADA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ITALY," "THE DELUGE," ETC.

Stern, and slow, the Moor descended
Filing from Granada's walls:
Moslem's reign at length is ended;
Silent are Alhambra's halls.

Spain's proud standard floats above her
Towers, and mosques, and gardens fair:
Warrior's song, and lute of lover,
Never more shall waken there!

Down the steep, with banners trailing
In the dust, their squadrons go:
Nought is there but woman's wailing,—
Frantic gestures, speechless woe!

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Then Boabdil, backward turning,
Saw the Red Cross planted high;
Shame and rage, his bosom burning,
Choked his throat, and dimm'd his eye.

But when pealed their trumpets' clangor,
And their shouts above him broke,
Tears — but tears of grief and anger —
Burst forth, while his passion spoke —

"O thou land of love and glory!
"Must we see thee then no more?
"Who shall tell our fatal story
"When on Afric's burning shore?

"Who shall leave with soul unshaken
"Tombs where sleep our fathers dead —
"Holy Prophet! they will waken
"When they hear our parting tread!

"Flower of cities! must we lose thee,
"Having made thee what thou art?
"Joy of every eye that views thee,
"Pride of every Moslem's heart!

"Who shall match thy lovely fountains,
"Groves whose fragrance loads the air! —
"Myrtled vales, and vine-wreathed mountains,
"That hail the sun rejoicing there!

"Must we leave these haunts for ever,
"For a hot and burning sky, —
"Where the herbage gladdens never,
"Where life opens but to die?

"Who shall soothe us on the morrow,
"Exiles on the trackless sea?
"Life has nothing left but sorrow;
"All is lost in leaving thee!"

Out spake then his haughty mother
(She had stood and watch'd him nigh);
Pride and scorn she could not smother,
Darkening in her Moorish eye! —

"Son — if son I still must call thee —
"Cease thy wailing coward's tone;
"If what thou hast done appals thee,
"Still thy dagger is thine own!

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" *Liv'st* thou not? *Canst* thou sink lower,—
" Thou, feather-like, by fortune tost?
" Death alone is the bestower
" Of the honour thou hast lost!

" *Dar'st* thou outlive thy dishonour?—
" Dar'st thou hear thy mother's scorn?—
" Would the grave had closed upon her
" On the hour when thou wert born!

" *Art* my son?—dost thou inherit
" The fire that kindles in our veins?
" Where is then the ardent spirit
" That prefers not death to chains?

" When, if ever Moor retreated,
" Outlived he his wounded pride?
" Never were our kings defeated:
" On the field they fought and died!

" Better far thou shouldst have perished
" Fighting on yon leagured wall;
" Better far thou shouldst have cherished
" Life, though in a dungeon's thrall;—

" Better I had slain thee—start not!—
" Slain thee with this woman's hand,
" So thou with thy shame depart not
" Exiled on a homeless land.

" On!—but shame not the procession;
" Let not *men* thy weakness view—
" Make them not by thy confession
" Hate thee—and despise thee too!

" Give the prize up to the stronger;
" They have earned well their reward:
" Glorious prize! which thou no longer
" Hadst the heart or hand to guard!

" On!—behind thee execration
" Dogs thee to thy exiled clime:
' *There* the curses of thy nation
" Wait thee to the end of time!"

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SKETCHES OF SPANISH GENERALS, CARLIST AND CRISTINO.

No. 5.—The Duke of Grenada.

"Il n'a auprès de lui que cinq ou six scélérats, objets de l'exécration publique, pâles confidents d'un maître implacable, qui tremblent et le font trembler, dont la vie est attachée à la sienne, et dont la fidélité ne lui est pas moins suspecte." — Fontane's *Portraits. Louis XI.*

One morning in the month of December, 1834, the tranquillity of the town of San Sebastian was disturbed by the arrival, within the city gates, of about forty or fifty peasants from the neighbouring country, who brought the tidings, that a band of Carlists had assembled at a place about a mile distant, called the Puertas Coloradas (*the red gates*), and were then actually pillaging and laying waste every thing around them. They announced, too, that this band expected to be joined in the afternoon by another, and a larger, body from the interior of the province, who were to make a combined effort in order to force an entrance into the town itself.

The mere news of a predatory incursion of the enemy in the vicinity would not have excited any very extraordinary sensation in the minds of the inhabitants, as the war had been going on for more than a year, and they had already been accustomed to some of those deeds of violence, which were so often perpetrated in the commencement of the struggle; but, on the present occasion, these evil tidings were accompanied by circumstances of a nature more than usually horrible. The unhappy persons, men and women, who now entered, slowly and painfully, the gates of the town, presented a spectacle of a most shocking kind. The heads of many amongst them were bound up in handkerchiefs saturated with blood, which trickled in thick black drops on the pavement. The women, with their arms clasped round their bosoms, filled the air with the most heart-rending and most unearthly shrieks!

It was Sunday morning; and the lazy little town lay hushed in its sabbath stillness, at the base of that hill, whose everlasting fortress looks down upon the restless ocean, which almost encircles the small promontory in its embrace. It was the hour of divine service, and the principal part of the inhabitants were assembled together in the ancient cathedral of Santa Maria. Very few, or none, were at the moment in the streets, and the balconies were almost unoccupied. Suddenly, however, that silence was broken. The entrance of the peasants into the Old Square, which is opposite the principal gate of the town, at first attracted attention; and, by the time they had reached the Calle San Jeronymo, a number of persons began to assemble around them. They moved on to the New Square, where they had scarcely arrived, when each house began to pour forth its inhabitants. The eyes of the astonished spectators were shocked at the sight which was then displayed before them. The handkerchiefs were removed from their faces; and it was seen that horrible mutilations had deprived their features of nearly all resemblance to a human countenance. From some the ears had not been merely cut, but the cartilage was literally torn from the cheek: from many the lips had been cut away, and the jaw broken: with others, either the bones of the nose had been crushed to a level with the face, or the fleshy part entirely removed by the knife, while a remaining portion had the eye scooped from the socket. But this hideous and ghastly spectacle became forgotten, when the crowd beheld the atrocities committed on the females, most of them young girls from eighteen to twenty years old; many were deprived of their ears and noses; but there were some who had the breast cut off!

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Were human life extended to a thousand years, never can the recollection of the scene, or of that Sunday morning, be obliterated from the minds of those who had the misfortune to witness it. It still presses, after the lapse of years, like a dreadful weight upon the chest of the sleeper, which he tries in unavailing agony to get rid of, but cannot.

It was then, as we have said, about a year after the commencement of the war, and the Carlists had some time since assumed a most menacing and alarming position. The ill success of Jaureguy, and the discomfiture sustained by him, owing to the criminal remissness of the government and its officials, in the attempt to disarm the royalist volunteers of Guipuzcoa, imparted a daring boldness to their operations which the success of Zumalacarreguy did not by any means tend to diminish. The towns and fortresses had been left in a state of the most complete helplessness. Ferocious bands of the enemy came up to the very gates; and though not possessing force or artillery sufficient to effect an entrance, still they occasionally kept the strongest fortresses in a state of blockade; and the most revolting atrocities were frequently perpetrated under the very eyes of the citizens, who had not the means either to repel them, or prevent these sanguinary acts. On the occasion to which we allude, there was about half a battalion to perform the garrison and outpost duty of San Sebastian; and the artillery of that magnificent, and all but impregnable, fortress, though perhaps the most beautiful and the most perfect in construction in the world, was found almost entirely useless. Even at a later period, in December, 1835, when San Sebastian was actually bombarded by Guibelalde, the guns of the castle, as well as of the ramparts, were filled to the brim with clay and stones, the collection of years. Amongst the bullets and shells which encumber its magazines, scarcely one could be found to fit the bore of a piece of ordnance; and when, under the pressure of necessity, fragments of iron were inserted to supply the place of ball, not an artilleryman was to be found, and the garrison depended for its defence on the volunteer exertions and courage of a few resident Frenchmen. Such being the case, it is no wonder that every advantage was taken of the weakness of the Queen's adherents, and that enormities of every kind were perpetrated with impunity.

The hideous spectacle which presented itself in the Square of San Sebastian, on the morning alluded to, soon disturbed the tranquillity of the Sabbath morning. In a moment the church poured forth crowds to witness the mutilation of those unhappy beings. The direst and deepest curses which the copious Castilian, or the shrill and screaming Basque tongue can express, were uttered; and vengeance was imprecated on the heads of the perpetrators of these deeds. Simultaneously the young men flew to arms. The corps of *urbanos* had then been recently formed, and their discipline was of course imperfect. Though the bravest of the Spanish troops, if we except the Chapel Gorris, they had not as yet acquired the experience or the skill in military tactics necessary to enable the respectable tradesmen who composed it to encounter the ferocious barbarians in their mountains. The fifth company, commanded by Joaquin Echagüe, was, however, the *élite* of the young battalion, and it comprised, both as regards youth, and physical activity, and strength, the very flower of San Sebastian. It was composed of about one hundred persons, who were generally selected to perform the more active duties outside the town. The small body of youthful soldiers who were now prepared to march against the enemy was found, however, too inferior, in point of numbers, to the force which was said to be collected at the *Puertas Coloradas;* as, according to the account of the peasants, there were no less than three hundred assembled there. The alcalde of the town

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demanded from the governor a reinforcement of 100 men, to accompany the *urbanos*. Will it be believed, that this request was refused on the plea that the troops had not yet heard mass?

The person who, at that time, held the post of military governor of San Sebastian, was Juan Tena, then a brigadier, lately chief of the staff to Espartero, and at present a *Mareschal del Campo* of Spain. This individual was supposed, and with reason, to have held Carlist opinions, and, after the manner of Sarsfield, who met his doom at Pampluna, to have long vibrated between treason and fidelity. Independently of his political feelings, there could not be well found a more contemptible being, even amongst Spanish officials and military commandants of subordinate rank, though that class is generally supposed to include all that is most base and most corrupt in the kingdom.

Not disheartened at the refusal given by this person to afford the assistance of the troops, Echagüe assembled his men in the square, and finding them prepared, and burning for revenge, led them out to check the depredations of the Carlists. On arriving at the *Puertas Coloradas*, they found about fifty men drawn up with the intention, apparently, of impeding their further progress. The *urbanos* charged them with fixed bayonets, and drove them back. They had not proceeded far when more than two hundred men sprang up from a plantation by the road side, and poured a volley into the little column that was not many yards distant from their hiding place. In the enthusiastic ardour of the moment, the *urbanos* had neglected, or forgotten, the caution necessary to be observed in an encounter with so treacherous a foe. In a few moments they found themselves surrounded, and their retreat cut off from the town. Not a minute was to be lost. They remembered the mutilated victims of that morning; and each man became determined to guard his last cartridge for himself, rather than fall alive into the hands of these savages. They made one daring effort, and burst through the throng with a resistless impetuosity, rushing towards the sand hills, which are separated from the town by the narrowest part of the Urumea. The pursuit was hot after them; but so effective was the attempt at escape, and the suddenness of it, that not more than two fell beneath the bullets of the Carlists. One was the bugler of the company, a child of about fourteen years old; and the other a sergeant, a fine young man of twenty-two, named Arzac. The latter was wounded in the foot, and became totally unable to proceed any farther. He lay down on the sand, and pointed the muzzle of his piece at his head. Before he was able to pull the trigger he was made prisoner. The child of fourteen, the bugler, received a bullet in his side, and fell exhausted by fatigue and loss of blood. Echagüe lifted him from the ground, and made an effort to bear him along in his arms. The loose sand on which he trod hindered him from moving on with sufficient rapidity from his pursuers, and the poor child intreated his captain to leave him to his fate, and try to save his own life. The breath of the avenger of blood was hot upon his cheek, and his hand almost grasped his shoulder. He was ascending a hillock when his foot slipped, and he fell to the ground. They were then at the water's edge, and within a few yards of the town. The governor, Brigadier Tena, was upon the ramparts looking on. The child was snatched from the grasp of Echagüe, who had only time to dash into the waters, and stem the current, which is there extremely rapid, to the opposite bank.

It may please those who have been, and are, admirers of the policy of Don Carlos and his pious advisers, to learn the fate of these two prisoners. They were, almost within sight of the town, tied naked to trees. Their flesh

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was cut with knives from the bone. Their eyes were scooped out; their ears, noses, and lips cut off, and finally, before the last spark of vitality was extinct, holes were cut into their breasts, a quantity of gunpowder was inserted, and the bloody fragments of their mutilated carcasses were scattered in the faces of the demons who exulted in their torments!

Who presided over this work of horror? A man named Ibero, a native of San Sebastian, a carpenter by occupation, but who had been a familiar of the Inquisition for the district of Logroño, in the good old days of Ferdinand VII., and who was, on the occasion we allude to, captain in the fourth Carlist battalion of Guipuzcoa. On the death of the king he had left his native town, and joined the insurrectionary force at Aspeitia. He had sworn a solemn oath in the church of San Ignacio, and on the silver altar of the saint, that he would spare neither man, woman, or child, sex or age, who should recognise any other monarch than *Carlos Quinto*, and any other constitution than the Inquisition. His devotion to the good cause, and the frequency of his deeds of the kind which we have recorded, and even still more atrocious in degree than the enormities of that morning, had won for him the patronage and affection of that consummate specimen of the upholders of aristocratic privileges and hereditary rights, that ornament of the Iberian peerage, the Duke of Grenada, who, it is said, assisted in person at the inhuman tortures inflicted on a young lad of twenty-two, and a child of fourteen, solely out of his love and attachment for the privileges of his order, and the divine right of his master.

Let it not be supposed, for a moment, that the above incident is exaggerated. It was seen by many, and thousands of acts like it have been so often witnessed in the course of the civil war, that the minds of men became hardened by reason of their frequency. The history of the tortures inflicted by the Indians on their captives, can present nothing more hideous than the deeds perpetrated by those monsters. The man who is supposed to have been the principal adviser of the notorious Durango decree, by which, contrary to the usages of warfare amongst modern nations, quarter was refused to the English who fell alive into the hands of the Carlists, was the Duke of Grenada. His atrocities in the province of Guipuzcoa, committed principally on the *urbanos*, or national guards, have become proverbial: and, as in the case of the savage Ibero, to whom we have just made allusion, if there happened to be any candidate for rapid promotion in the army, or any who wished to find favour in the eyes of the fanatics who crowded the court of Don Carlos, on the ground of his possessing ingenuity of a peculiar kind in inflicting slow and lingering torture on the dying prisoners, or singular skill in lacerating the carcass of an enemy, that man was sure of advancement from the pious Duke of Grenada. Though the Duke of Grenada has not made himself remarkable in any military capacity, or in active service on the field, the fact of his having been even nominally a chief in the armies of Don Carlos, as well as being the minister and adviser of the cold-blooded cruelties which have rendered the Spanish civil war so particularly infamous, gives him a claim to have his personal and political character pass through the ordeal of a sketch in this periodical. The Duke of Grenada is an impersonation of the most brutal superstition and unrelenting bigotry. As an aristocrat he, as a matter of course, believes that all human kind have been originally created for his use, and that their whole exertions, their industry, their arts, their commerce, their children, their blood, their lives, should be devoted to the aggrandisement, and power, and happiness of the noble. Without, in the slightest degree, sharing in the principles of chivalrous honour, which, with all his faults and crimes, im-

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parted, in former days, an interest to the character of the Castilian aristocrat, he still retains the same spirit of domination, that lust for uncontrolled and unmitigated despotism, which marked the rudest and most brutal feudalism of the middle ages. Any thing wearing the appearance of novelty, how harmless soever it may be, even to his order, is, in his eyes, a flying in the face of the Deity, who intended the blessings of this earth for him, and those like him. A new invention, tending to benefit mankind, is with him a crime not less infamous than treason or blasphemy. A railroad or a constitution, a steam-engine or political reform, are held in equal detestation. Even the meagre and limited relaxation permitted by the "enlightened despotism" of Zea Bermudez became sacrilege in his sight, because it opened the door to liberty of thought amongst men.

Notwithstanding that reverence for royalty which we have elsewhere observed as forming a striking characteristic of the Spanish people, it is curious to observe how the respect formerly paid to the pretensions of aristocracy has been passing rapidly away, particularly since the Constitution of 1837. The spirit which is beginning to call forth the energies of the country has proved to the people themselves, that the hope of the regeneration of Spain is now dependant on the well-being of what are generally termed the middle classes; and it may be believed that in Spain, at the present moment, the country, until lately, of pure and unmixed despotism, less respect is paid to title and hereditary rank than even in England, whose boast and pride it is to have enjoyed liberal institutions for ages. We may go further, and say, that in no country in the world, perhaps, is there preserved a more superstitious, or even more degrading, reverence for aristocracy than in free England.

The popular declaimer may cry out against the absurdity of hereditary legislation, and may, in truth, wonder how the enlightened intelligence of the nineteenth century can permit such a monstrosity in social institutions, as that of a human being coming into this world of woe and sinfulness, a complete and perfect law-maker — possessing, from the moment of his birth, a character which no subsequent moral turpitude, short of that criminality which makes him a traitor, nor no mental imbecility, short of that which actually fits him for the madhouse, can deprive him of. The noble may be a swindler in his dealings; he may be so dishonest that the tradesman will not take his word for the veriest trifle; he may be so abandoned in his morals as to have left no enormity of the most wanton and most disgusting libertinism unessayed; he may have, nights and days, so outraged the usual and most ordinary decencies of social life, as to be only a fit associate for the inmates of the vilest *bagnio:* in politics, he may be a furious tyrant; and in religion, either a frenzied and merciless bigot, or a scoffing atheist: in private, as well as public life, he may be the very perfection of wickedness — the last point of that vile extreme — that deepest depth, beneath which vice and infamy can no further descend, yet will he not for all this lose his birthright; his privileges, as a born legislator for millions, are still inherent within him, and shall survive the ruin of reputation. The nature we have received from the first man and woman is weak, corrupt, and contradictory: — this same declaimer, who would fix the attention of his audience on the absurdities which to him appear so manifest, and of which he swears that he is the uncompromising foe, and the existence of which supplies him with a theme for surpassing eloquence, — yet this same man will, peradventure, be amongst the first of those who hang upon his words as if they were heated with the breath of inspiration, to bow down before the idol which he would overthrow. A gentle word, a persuasive smile, a con-

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descending bow, from him who wears a title, makes him forget his arguments, and reconcile the anomaly which startled him. Who is he that has not witnessed it? A passing politeness from a noble will soften the hideous nakedness of the monster he has drawn; whilst a more intimate familiarity will convince him that, in fascination of manners, elegance of demeanour, high talent, and, it may be, pure integrity, no human being can be likened to a lord. The balls of a baron's coronet prove the right divine to hereditary virtue and wisdom above the sons of men; and the strawberry leaves on a ducal diadem are outward and visible signs of inward surpassing grace. Even in the public eye, the shameless outrages on decency perpetrated with such frequent impunity, by the noble and titled youth, whose maturity in hardened vice gives the lie to his inexperience, are considered as light and venial errors, and only as the ebullitions of generous youthfulness, by the side of that hardened iniquity which prompts the wretch, who is wasting away beneath the inflictions of that most infamous of all crimes — poverty, to steal a morsel of food; or that innate and incurable turpitude which urges the base mechanic to enjoy one hour, at least, of wild freedom on Saturday evening, under the oblivious influence of gin. No — no! we may declaim, and we may write against the hereditary privileges of aristocracy; we may boast of the beautiful fitness of our three Estates, though *one*, consisting of three or four hundred irresponsible individuals, representing only themselves and their selfish interests, can at any time thwart the acts of the representatives of twenty-six millions; we may glory in the trial by jury, though juries can be packed and corrupted; we may extol our freedom of the press, though truth be a libel; we may laud our freedom of election, though we have not the ballot; we may glorify ourselves by reason of all those proud advantages we possess over every other country, but it must be admitted — it cannot be denied — that in no nation on the face of this fair earth are men so tolerant of aristocratic profligacy, such slaves to the prejudices of birth and station, and such worshippers of title and of rank, as in free, commercial, liberty-loving, and tyranny-hating England!

In France, the abolishment of primogeniture, and the peerage for life only, must have done much to grind to dust the remaining fragments of that Colossus which overshadowed the land, previous to the first Revolution. In the present day, a baron is there regarded with perhaps less reverence than a banker's clerk: we are not quite sure that a *commis voyageur* may not occasionally be looked upon as a personage of more real importance than a marquis; and we believe there is little doubt as to the superiority of a successful *feuillotoniste* over the oldest duke in the land.

In Spain the progress of improvement has not been quite so rapid, though democratic principles and feelings are much on the increase. Though still keeping itself apart, and not enduring any intermixture of vulgar blood, nor imbibing that healthy infusion which is dashed, from time to time, into the feebleness of the English aristocracy, by which its jaded and worn-out system is occasionally renewed with plebeian vigour, the ancient Spanish *noblesse* is now looked upon, in their own country, with the same feeling with which the careless traveller may regard one of those small and ancient chapels you meet with on the road-side in Spain, where the patron saint may have once dwelt, but which is now nothing but a deserted and desolate shrine, whose fantastic architecture and rude ornaments may be contemplated with reverence or derision. The pride of the old feudalism still, however, clings to the recollections of this faded order, and any attempt at an alliance with the old Gothic blood, made by a successful adventurer, sprung from the ranks of the people, is regarded as a sacrilege.

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In the foreign correspondence of the *Times* newspaper of 23d January last, it was stated that "the leaders of the Moderado party, the titled personages of Castile, and the principal members of the Spanish aristocracy, had held a general meeting, at which it was gravely debated whether the honourable distinction implied in being addressed in the second person singular should be granted to the Duchess of Victory (the wife of Espartero). Several Spanish grandees declared against it, because the Duchess did not belong to the hereditary nobility, but was issued of plebeian parents." The hereditary nobility to which the writer refers, and which, with civil war, a war of life and death, raging almost at the very gates of the capital, and the country overwhelmed with the accumulated miseries of years, sat gravely to discuss whether the term "*tu*" or "*usted*" should be used in addressing the wife of him whom they assert to be the first general of his age, and the most successful, — this hereditary nobility comprises a set of persons the most contemptible, both morally and physically, that ever polluted the surface of this earth. That separation of ranks, that intermarrying with each other only, *that breeding in and in*, that anxiety for purity of blood, which is so scrupulously and so jealously observed with regard to kings and horses, dogs and nobles, have made the present representatives of the ancient Spanish nobility, in general, ugly dwarfs in person, and idiots in intellect. Private honour, or personal independence of character, which is the last redeeming virtue that abides with such a class, has been long since lost amongst them, and the history of the invasion of Napoleon proves that even the pride of country has passed away. They were the first to submit to the rule of Joseph Bonaparte, and the last to assist in driving him from the Peninsula.

The Duke of Grenada belongs to this expiring remnant of the ancient feudalism. His ancestors, as may be presumed from his title, possessed large estates and vast territorial privileges in the south of Spain. Had not certain events occurred to arouse the principle of furious bigotry into action, he might, with the rest of the brotherhood, have slumbered on the entire of his worthless existence, between his friars and his cigars — his mistresses and his chocolate, and have passed away like any other worthless thing which encumbers the earth, unknown and unmissed. This person forms one of the few exceptions to the general inactivity of his class in the cause of Don Carlos. His extensive property, and princely palace in the province of Guipuzcoa, which, had he declared in favour of the Queen, would have been confiscated by the Carlists, induced him to take so decided a step; and, it is said, that his other possessions in the South were, previous to his joining the insurgent party, entrusted by a mock transfer to one or two of his friends, or relatives, in whom he placed the utmost reliance, for the purpose of preventing a similar catastrophe on the part of the Queen's government.

Though nominally a general in the armies of Don Carlos, the duties of the Duke of Grenada have been almost always confined to matters of civil policy, the monotony of which has been occasionally varied by acts of inhuman barbarity on a small scale, where he could gratify, without personal danger, the malignity of his hatred to the Christinos, but more particularly to the Guipuzcoan liberal party. To lay snares for, and to entrap, the unfortunate *Urbano* of Tolosa, or San Sebastian, or a Chapel Gorri, was for him a cause of delight, only to be surpassed by witnessing and inspecting in person the lingering tortures which always preceded the dying moments of his victim. He was the universal patron and protector of all who had a taste for blood, and whose ingenuity and skill in inflicting torments was remarkable.

In imitation of those misdeeds which are carried on in larger scenes of

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action, and, doubtless, in rivalry of the more extensive falsehood and corruption which are practised by more legitimate courts, the mimic court of Don Carlos was the theatre of intrigues such as may become any cabinet in Europe. No less than three powerful parties distracted the councils of the unhappy dupe, who was the plaything tossed about, according as cruelty, bigotry, or selfishness prevailed. In March 1839, the interests which divided the royal court of Oñate were distributed amongst the high Tories, the moderate Whigs, and the placemen. The moderate party enjoyed, at the period to which we referred, the confidence of Don Carlos. At its head were to be found the Princess of Beira, Father Cyril, Villa Real, Urbistondo, Gomez, Guibalaldi, Eguia, Zariateguy, Alza, and MAROTO. The chiefs of the furious, uncompromising ultra-party, whose frenzy carried them to every excess, however horrible, were the DUKE OF GRENADA, Tejeiro, Father Larraga, confessor of Don Carlos, Iturriza, Garcia, Guergué, Taragual, and Sanz, the majority of whom were put to death by Maroto, a short time previous to the treaty of Bergara. The intermediate faction, who, it may be presumed, were not less earnest in bringing about the accomplishment of their own peculiar views, was composed of the vermin that may be found infesting every spot where place and plunder can be had, the *empleados*, and a multitude of hungry and ravenous expectants. Each individual whose name is on the list of the ultra-party is remarkable for some outrage on common humanity; but the two names which stand foremost in the catalogue of infamy are the Duke of Grenada and Father Larraga.

In personal appearance the Duke of Grenada is mean; in mental endowments he is the lowest of the low, his intellect being only one remove from that of an idiot. In the field of battle he is a miserable poltroon, whilst in scenes of private massacre, where two or three are to be tortured by fifty, as in the instance alluded to above, he is ferocious and savage as a tiger maddened by rage and hunger. In religion he is a fanatic of the most stupid and bigoted kind, crawling in the dust at the feet of a monk. In his personal habits, he is, of all voluptuaries, the most grossly, and the most disgustingly sensual. Previous to the commencement of the war, and before more active pursuits changed for a space the stagnancy of his life, his mornings were spent in the church, his evenings (strange, too, for a Spaniard) in gluttony, and the solitary indulgences of the table, and his nights in sickening debauchery. This man was residing at San Sebastian about a year before the death of Ferdinand. His family consisted of a wife and six children, five daughters, the eldest seventeen years old, and a son about six. During the whole of his stay there his life was one and uniform; his mornings, until mid-day, were passed in the cathedral of Santa Maria, and his afternoons in the society of the most abandoned women he could pick up in the streets, under the very roof with the Duchess and her daughters. He was on his knees to every priest that met him in the streets and squares, whilst his domestic life was one continued outrage on decency. A mad and stupid fanatic, a blood-thirsty coward, whose only laurels were won by assassination and massacre, an *effete* and jaded sensualist, such was the chief councillor of Don Carlos. These ornaments of society, these fair pillars in the temple of aristocracy, that form the glory and the pride of ancient and privileged peerage, such are the men whose cause has even found favour in the eyes of English Conservatives, who, whilst incessantly clamouring against the unchanged and unchangeable nature of the Roman Catholic religion, breathe forth prayers for the success of monsters who, had they the power, would have deemed even the atrocities of the inquisition amongst the mildest measures of their administration!

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NOTES OF A TOUR IN NORTHERN EUROPE.

PART THE SECOND.

The Church of our Lady at Copenhagen was nearly destroyed by the English bombardment of the city in 1807, but has been rebuilt within the last ten years, and its interior exhibits an agreeable simplicity of style which renders it a not unworthy receptacle for those much admired works, Thorwaldsen's statues of the twelve Apostles. Though it may be both Gothic to have experienced, and imprudent to confess, disappointment in regard to such approved works, yet, in consequence of expectation having been raised too high, or from having been accustomed to admire sculpture of such minute finish, and natural dimensions, as will permit of being more closely examined, I must confess that these colossal saints did not call forth that measure of admiration which I felt prepared to have bestowed upon them. It is, however, probable that the pleasure of a beholder would be increased with familiarity, and a better knowledge of the position and proper distance from which to view them. The altar of this church is surmounted by a figure, likewise colossal, of our Saviour, the effect of which, as viewed from the further end, is very striking, and the expression of the countenance, when more closely contemplated, is peculiarly mild and holy.

In an apartment of the church behind this altar, some casts in plaster were shown to us, representing St. John preaching in the wilderness, surrounded by a group of listeners. Two of the juvenile faces of this group are singularly full of the expression of wrapt attention, and the sculptor appears to have introduced, as a gentle rebuke, perhaps, to Lord Byron's doubtful orthodoxy, what struck me as being a likeness of the poet in one of the listeners.

In the palace of Charlottenburg two of the apartments are devoted exclusively to the works of Thorwaldsen, and contain many exquisite statues and bas reliefs, representing half the classical divinities, from little Cupid and the Graces, up to the Goddess of Wisdom and the Queen of Love. Equal to those in regard to beauty of execution, and of an infinitely superior and more holy character of interest, stands forth an angelic female figure, full of the most divine expression, and figuratively representing the mild genius of Christianity, holding forth a baptismal font. In the same room is a colossal statue of, I believe, Copernicus, the abstracted expression of whose countenance sufficiently proclaims that his communings had been more with the heavens than with the earth. Thorwaldsen is, perhaps, the only living sculptor, who, for a long period of years, has scarcely been known to bestow even a finishing grace upon any of those works which rejoice in the glory of his name. The poetry of his designs, and the graceful classicality of his models, are, however, so unrivalled among the works of living artists, that it might be considered an inexcusable abridgement of his powers of usefulness, were a genius so brilliantly creative to waste time on the tedious details of finish. The world may, therefore, now, probably, for the first time congratulate itself on the peculiar circumstance of the most eminent of living sculptors having a dislike to the labours of the chisel. Canova, himself, was, I believe, daily familiar with the tools of the more tedious branch of his art; and Gibson and Chantrey likewise make frequent

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use of them. The genius of Thorwaldsen has, however, placed him on a pedestal as the great inspired master of his profession; and from this throne of design he dictates through his models to half a hundred practical sculptors, who may consequently be regarded as so many amanuenses to their great master. Among these, Thorwaldsen himself daily walks about pencil in hand, marking here and directing there, till, in due time, smiles or gravity, beauty or grace, likenesses or fictions, beam forth from the marble. The venerable sculptor prides himself not a little, I am informed, on having thus given to his profession a higher and more exclusively mental character than it had previously enjoyed.

The palace of Rosenberg contains a large collection of gold and silver ornaments and reliques of all ages, besides a quantity of tapestry, arms, and armour, amply sufficient to gratify the curiosity of visiters, were such to be found, who have not already been satiated with the sight of similar collections over every quarter of the Continent. The coin and medal rooms, to those who chiefly delight in the *coins* which are not *current*, should be excepted from this general remark, as the collection is one of the finest to be met with, and, I believe, numbers 80,000 specimens, commencing at a date several centuries anterior to the Christian era.

Other apartments are enriched by portraits of various members, past and present, of this ancient royal house, as well as of numerous belles and beaux who flourished at the Danish Court a century or two since; and on my remarking to our guide that all the ladies, whose likenesses adorned one of the rooms, appeared to have had red hair, he immediately enlightened my ignorance by explaining that the colour had been produced by a powder, which was then in fashion, as a compliment to the reigning Queen of France, the leader of European *ton*, whose natural locks were of that generally unimitated hue.

The Exchange of Copenhagen, which appears to be little frequented for the purpose of business, is a large, dingy, undignified building, in a style of architecture somewhat resembling the Elizabethan. Its unique spire is composed of four huge crocodiles, of which the heads form the corner ornaments, and the bodies the base, while the entwined tails are run up into a light and curiously twisted pinnacle.

On looking from our hotel window this morning, at the people assembled in the market place, I could, from the style of dress, head-dress, &c., have fancied myself regarding a similar scene in the North of Scotland, thirty years ago, before the white cap, and coloured handkerchief head-dresses, had given way to the straw and silken bonnets, under which the females there now love to shade their complexions from the little sun they are blessed with. In addition to this resemblance, many of the most familiar Scotch names are also very common here; thus, perhaps, indicating a Danish descent; and I am much mistaken if the names Petersen and Andersen, thus spelt, are not, in particular, more frequent in Copenhagen than in any district of Caledonia.

Hieroglyphical sign-painting, if it may be so called, such as used formerly to figure over the doors of tradesmen's shops in the country towns of Scotland, is at present in full fashion at Copenhagen; and in walking through the streets, a knowledge of the language is by no means necessary to enable a stranger to ascertain the articles supplied by each establishment. Thus, on the window shutters of one shop may be seen portrayed gentlemen's boots, shoes, and slippers, or coats, waistcoats, and pantaloons, as the case may be; while, on the sign board of an opposite *marchande des modes*, fur cloaks, and muffs, or silk gowns, and bonnets, glitter upon the panel in all

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the brilliancy that oil paint can bestow. Nor is this description of advertisements limited to apparel, for hams, fish, fruit, vegetables, sausages, tobacco, and, in short, every thing which the earth produces, or human ingenuity fabricates, is similarly represented with greater or lesser pictorial effect, according to the wealth or taste of the vendor.

We indulged in a long drive in the neighbourhood of the city, accompanied by an agreeable companion and valuable interpreter, a merchant of Hamburg, and met with some moderately pretty specimens of scenery, enriched by wood and water; but these Danish views are deficient in that rich, mellow, and pastoral beauty which distinguishes our English landscapes.

From several of the neighbouring heights we had favourable opportunities of catching extensive panoramic views of the country, including the position on which British cannon were planted for the bombardment of the city in 1807. Our view likewise embraced the small island of Amager, which is only separated from the island of Zealand, on which we stood, by a narrow channel: that little island contains a singular, but very useful exotic population. It appears that, nearly two centuries ago, a Danish sovereign desiring to instruct her subjects in regard to vegetable gardening, induced a colony of industrious Hollanders to settle themselves on this island, where their descendants have ever since remained, much to the benefit of the Copenhagen vegetable markets, which they chiefly supply. It is remarked as a peculiarity of these islanders, that they have retained almost unchanged, to the present day, the habits and style of dress which their ancestors brought with them two hundred years ago; while even in Holland itself, from which they sprung, the antiquated costume, such as still prevails here, has long since been exploded.

The most interesting object we met in this rural excursion was the great cemetery, which is situated a mile or more out of the city. After having seen a considerable number of the most interesting burial-grounds in Europe,—though many of them are no doubt finer,—I must yet confess that this has a character in some measure peculiar to itself; each family allotment of ten or twelve feet square being usually surrounded by a neat hedge, and many of them ornamented by rose-bushes, as well as pots of flowers and evergreens, which are brought at the commencement of each summer, as a grateful tribute from the living to the memory of the dead. Indeed, so little of gloom or sepulchral aspect is there about these little inclosures, laid out after the manner of gardens, or covered with grass and gravel, that, but for the small stones and monuments which record the names of the sleeping tenants, a visiter might readily imagine them to be a set of miniature allotments, cultivated by the boys of some neighbouring college. Though cold philosophy may insinuate that both the place and mode of interment are matters of indifference, yet poor human nature, which, in such matters, is a much safer guide, very distinctly proclaims that there is an infinite difference between the consciousness that our remains shall repose for ages undisturbed in a beautiful suburban elysium like this, and be occasionally visited by our dearest friends, and the expectation that, when deposited in a common city cemetery, they are liable to be turned up, and jested upon, like Yorick's skull, within ten years, with a moderate probability of being similarly disturbed each ten succeeding years to the end of time.

To confer, therefore, a high character of sacredness and tastefulness on these valleys of death, tends much to disrobe the grim king of some of the worst of his terrors. For to have thus secured an earthly perpetuity of repose

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for our remains, and to sink into the grave as the people of many Continental cities do, assured that the early flowers of spring and summer will be brought by friendly hands to deck their tombs, till thus whole living generations shall have passed away, is not only consolatory while living, but is a scene on which the spirit above might be supposed to look down with delight.

The very interesting Museum of Northern Antiquities in Copenhagen, though only commenced within the last twenty-five years, has increased with surprising rapidity; and the intelligent custodier, who politely became our guide through its treasures, appeared certainly to enter on the explanation of his subject *con amore*. Axes, saws, chisels, spear-heads, &c. of flint were first pointed out to us, as being among the earliest discovered traces of northern ingenuity, and as being the work of a period about 3000 years back, before metals came in use among the then barbarous inhabitants of these regions. From these remains of what I may, perhaps, be excused for calling, in the spirit of a punster, the *flinty* ages, our conductor removed us to those of a later period, in which gold, silver, and copper began to be employed. By another remove, he carried us to the productions of a considerably later date; namely, after the inhabitants had become acquainted with iron, and some of its uses. This metal seems to have then been esteemed peculiarly precious among them; in proof of which our antiquarian cicerone particularly pointed out a copper axe of that period, edged with iron, which he naturally conceived must have been considered too valuable a metal to be profusely employed in the heavier parts of the weapon.

It seemed to me a strange coincidence, that many of the gold and silver personal ornaments, which appear to have been in use in this region one or two thousand years ago, and of which numerous specimens are to be seen in the museum, precisely resemble in form those worn at the present day among some of the negro tribes of Western Africa. Such a curious fact might be supposed to argue some secret undefinable connection between certain stages in civilisation, and the taste for a peculiar form, in those objects of personal embellishment.

A large quantity of domestic utensils, formed both of earthenware and wood, likewise enrich this collection; and the numerous tumuli from which these have been obtained, may, without impropriety, be considered as the Pompeii or Pyramids of the North, sealed up, one or two thousand years since, in order, apparently, to afford the ingenious antiquaries of the present times and future one of their most extensive fields for discussion and research.

Our amiable conductor, as a compliment to my country, pointed out to us, in one of the rooms, a very ancient picture, representing an old Scottish saint, formerly the Bishop of Galloway, who appears to have been renowned in these parts for the sanctity of his life.

The Royal Library of Copenhagen is very extensive, and contains about 16,000 manuscripts alone. Among these, I had indulged an expectation that our conductor, being familiar with their contents, might have been able to point out some having reference to the north of Scotland; but he assured me that they possessed nothing which he could consider interesting connected with that quarter. — The librarian stated that he was aware a contrary opinion prevailed among us, and that the library had accordingly been visited, at different periods, by gentlemen both from Ireland and Scotland, having in view the hope of meeting with such manuscripts.

Considering the great number of freebooting incursions made on these

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countries by the ancient Danes, it seems not unnatural to have expected that many of the local records, or family documents, might have been thus carried away; but our better-informed conductor dissipated this idea in a moment, by stating that his countrymen of that period were anything but literati, and were in the habit of visiting our ancestors in search of more valuable booty than manuscripts. He indulged us with an inspection of what is considered the oldest Icelandic manuscript extant; — indeed, the antiquity of this curiosity is pretty well proved by the dingy appearance of its parchment pages; for nothing less than the turf smoke of many centuries could possibly have changed them to their present hue. I imagined, indeed, though quite unable to decipher its contents, that I could distinctly identify the remaining odour of the smoke, and see through the eye of fancy a long series of venerable Icelandic fathers, occupied in reading this volume — possibly the only one in the district — to an admiring auditory, seated around a blazing winter hearth.

The ascent to the astronomical tower of Copenhagen is by an inclined plane, which winds spirally up through the centre of the building; and our guide informed us that Peter the Great of Russia once drove a carriage up this ascent. At first sight, this performance appeared almost incredible; but after having walked up, there proved to be nothing which need prevent any less distinguished charioteer from accomplishing the same feat. — The Danish Aristocracy of the capital are, of course, at the present season (August), absent at their country seats, and the principal theatre is consequently shut; but, on resorting to two of the minor places of amusement in the suburbs, we found broad humour, and farces full of practical jokes, producing a most exhilarating effect upon an audience, whose too evident willingness to be pleased might, perhaps, according to the rule usually adopted in such matters, be interpreted as a sufficient proof of their vulgarity.

By means of one or two artificial inlets of the sea, many of the smaller descriptions of vessels are brought up almost into the centre of Copenhagen; and the King's palace itself is thus approached by a fleet of small coasting craft, each of which may, in fact, be considered as a floating shop for the sale of grain and provisions, as well as wooden shoes, and domestic utensils, from the islands and provinces of Denmark.

While Dr. M—— happens to be engaged in visiting the hospitals of Copenhagen, I find myself again compelled to have recourse to the continuation of these notes, after having thrown them aside, as being the only resource that is available against the attacks of *ennui;* for the circumscribed limits of a Danish bed-room, without either books to amuse, friends to converse with, or a coffee-room furnished with intelligible newspapers to resort to, is more than sufficiently trying to one's power of patient endurance.

To resume with seriousness, therefore: the Protestant religion prevails, I am informed, with little exception, throughout Denmark; and the congenial blessing of education seems to be almost universally diffused among the people;—indeed, very stringent and efficient means appear to have been adopted in furtherance of this latter object; insomuch that it is stated young persons are not admitted to the enjoyment of religious ordinances, should they not be found able both to read and write.—Further, though it may seem somewhat heterodox that the religious confirmation of young Christians should depend as much on their physical as their mental preparation, yet was I informed by an authority which left no room for doubting the fact, that, in Denmark, youthful candidates for admission into the bosom of

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the Church by confirmation, would be probably unsuccessful in their application, unless they could prove themselves to have been previously vaccinated! Any regulation on a subject so seriously affecting the public health might be highly appropriate as an ordinance of the police authorities; but as one of the canons of the church, it appears somewhat unscriptural.

The young Danish lawyer with whom we chanced to travel from Hamburg, had kindly manifested a considerable interest in regard to the progress of our sight-seeing in his native city, and yesterday invited us to a lunch at his father's house, in order, as he professed, to make us acquainted with one of the favourite national dishes, which is in daily use here, called red groot. It proved, however, that we had, without knowing its name, been feasting on this delicacy every day at our hotel; and found, by inquiry, that it is composed of rice flour, boiled with a suitable proportion of red currant juice, and sugar, to give it flavour and sweetness. In Denmark, this dish makes its appearance in lieu of pudding, at the conclusion of dinner; but I suspect it would prove still more acceptable at a supper-table, being peculiarly light and agreeable; while its delicate *couleur de rose* complexion might soon render it in England a formidable rival to those more luxurious favourites, *blanc mange* and lemon cream. Whether this dish is equally in vogue elsewhere in Denmark, I had no opportunity of ascertaining, having met with it only in Copenhagen; but, from my own experience, I have no hesitation in pronouncing it a *capital* dish.

In order to secure the possession of berths on board the steam packet for Gottenburg, we were recommended to embark at Copenhagen, instead of driving, as had been our intention, to Elsinore; and as the passengers by the packet were very numerous, and the sea somewhat rough, we had much reason to congratulate ourselves on having done so, even at the sacrifice of missing some pretty scenery, and an ancient palace, as well as the opportunity of musing on the philosophy of madness, in what is called Hamlet's garden, at Elsinore. Not having landed at this town of tribute (the Algiers of the Baltic Sea), I had no opportunity of acquiring any detailed information on the subject of the tax here levied on European commerce; but if, as is stated, His Majesty of Denmark's officials occasionally receive as much as 1000*l.* for Sound dues on one cargo of merchandize, the impost would seem to be a more serious one to commerce than it has generally been considered.

The steam packet by which we made the passage to Gottenburg was a Norwegian vessel, which, in summer, plies between Copenhagen and Christiania. Her commander was, I believe, an officer of the Norwegian navy; and I must confess that the sailor-like appearance and conduct of both the officers and men were such as I have seldom seen equalled.

Several Norwegian gentlemen, who were our fellow-passengers by the packet from Copenhagen, spoke to me with much enthusiasm of the general freedom of their political institutions, as well as of the present independent and flourishing condition of their country. The transfer of Norway to Sweden, though very severely commented upon at the time by the liberals of Europe, as being both impolitic and unjust, and, in fact, as reducing the Norwegians to the condition of serfs, has proved, in its results, the greatest blessing which ever befel that country, and has rendered her politically the most free, as she has always naturally been the most romantic, district of Northern Europe. By means of that arrangement, Norway, instead of being treated as a colony of Denmark, is now connected with Sweden on the most favourable terms on which any portion of Europe enjoys both internal self-government and external protection. The Nor-

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wegian Storthing may, indeed, be considered as possessing the entire government of the country; for the King appears to exercise merely a suspensive or temporary veto in regard to the laws which the representative assembly may enact.

During peace, Norway supports only such means of defence as her Storthing and Executive Council may deem necessary; and, should war arise, she is only bound by her treaty of union to furnish a force of 12,000 men to Sweden for mutual defence. She however permanently contributes a certain proportion of the expenses of royalty, of the *corps diplomatique*, &c. &c.; having in other respects the entire control of her own finances. A stronger argument in favour of the advantages to be derived in all countries from the possession of two separate chambers of legislation, could, perhaps, scarcely be adduced, than that which was mentioned to me on board the steamer by one of our Norwegian fellow-passengers.

It appears from his account, that the democratic Storthing of Norway, on assembling for the despatch of public business, always divides itself, as a matter of expediency, into two separate branches; and it becomes the duty of the one to deliberate on the acts which have been passed by the other. It is probable that experience has pointed out this course to the assembly as a necessary guard against the influence of party interests and temporary excitement, as well, perhaps, as the no less dangerous power of eloquence, which so frequently labours to make "the worse appear the better cause."

This division of the Storthing into two branches is, I believe, effected without reference to either age, rank, or wealth; for, however respectable in years Norwegian legislators may be, there is little difference of rank among them; and *millionaires* are, happily for the contentment of the mass of the people, altogether unknown.

There are, indeed, according to my informant, only six families in Norway that lay claim to the rank of nobility; and the head of one of these families (a stout, goodly specimen) was our fellow-passenger on board the steam packet.

The fishing and shipping interests of Norway are at present in a highly prosperous condition; and the quantity of herrings, in particular, which an intelligent fellow-passenger informed me had been cured last season in the Bergen district of country, was so enormous, 600,000 barrels, that, till confirmed by other testimony, I had some hesitation in crediting it.

The shipping of Norway has likewise, I am informed,—in consequence, no doubt, of Mr. Huskisson's having seen meet to direct all his legislative and diplomatic ingenuity to the benefiting of foreign powers,—increased in a very rapid ratio; insomuch that they have now become not only the sole carriers between Norway and Great Britain, but likewise the chief carriers between Great Britain and Sweden. Such a state of things, while it is creditable to Norwegian enterprise, is not, I imagine, disgraceful to England, the shipping of which has been entirely driven from these seas by the unequal nature of the contest; for it would be just as reasonable for England to hope to compete with France in the growth of wine or walnuts, as with countries like Norway and Sweden, where labour costs little, and timber has scarcely any value, in respect to the economical building and sailing of ships. If the one is a natural impossibility, the other is a no less evident pecuniary one. In writing this, however, it is proper to acknowledge being deeply impressed with the advantages of real free trade, could they be attained; for it is evident that Mr. Huskisson, in fear of the landed aris-

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tocracy, commenced at what he knew to be the wrong end of his diplomacy, when he granted a free right of ingress to foreign shipping. Could he at that moment have offered the free introduction into Great Britain of foreign corn and timber from all countries willing to admit her manufactures at a duty of 10 or 15 per cent., our shipping might thereby have been enabled to compete with those of other countries; and how vastly different would the situation of the manufacturing interests of England now have been!

The natives of the sterile soil and inhospitable climate of Norway are, perhaps, beyond any other people in Europe, entitled to adopt, as a chorus to their national anthem, the sentiment of an English one, which claims for Britons, as "Our heritage, the sea;" for it seems probable that more than one third of the male population of Norway earn their subsistence on that element.

In consequence of having, on arriving at Gottenburg, abandoned our original intention of proceeding to Christiania, I had no opportunity of obtaining any further information regarding that interesting country.

From the entrance of Wingoe Sound up to Gottenburg, the surrounding scenery is of the bleakest and most uninviting description, consisting of barren hills in the distance, and innumerable islets of naked grey rock all around. These rocks, which are somewhat profusely scattered through the Sound, are perfect pictures of sterility, and entirely destitute of either vegetation or soil. The town of Gottenburg, in which our stay was very limited, has a clean, respectable appearance; and, being the great western outlet for the export commerce of Sweden, its mercantile prosperity is considered almost to equal that of the capital.

During the late war, Gottenburg, however, occupied a much more important place in the commercial world than she does at present; and her port was, at that period, the rendezvous of mighty fleets, as well as the depôt from which all the nations of Northern Europe were supplied with British colonial produce. It is a somewhat remarkable fact, that nearly all the principal merchants of Gottenburg are natives of Scotland; and on my presenting myself on the quay to the son of one of those to whom I had been furnished with an introduction, I was not a little surprised to find that he had the accents of his father's country in all their purity, and still more so, when he informed me, notwithstanding, that he had acquired the accomplishment without ever having been out of Scandinavia.

I omitted to mention that we were landed at Gottenburg from the Norwegian packet in a diminutive steamer, scarcely exceeding in size a large fishing-boat; and it was not a little singular to find this new propelling power thus performing duties in Sweden such as it has scarcely yet been called on to do in the most populous districts of Europe.

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A SONG FOR SPAIN.

" Su consonancia sírvame de lira,
Su voz unida á mi cadente pausa,
Pues es la Paz el numen que la inspira
Cante deleytes que la Paz nos causa."

A LOUD *Te Deum* chaunt for Spain,
Regenerated Spain!
The chivalrous, the erst-renowned,
On earth and on the main;
The beautiful, the fertile land
Of orange-groves and vines —
The land which Poetry still haunts,
And Romance still entwines.
A glad *Te Deum* sing, but not
Because in olden time
She struck the Moorish crescent down,
And raised the cross sublime;
And not because the Western world
She hallowed with the light
Which from that sacred symbol stream'd
Far o'er the Pagan night. —
All glorious were those deeds, 't is true,
And lives there even one
Who reads her chronicles, and feels
No transports stealing on?
But not for them our hearts beat now,
Our jubilations rise —
Lo! peace is hers, that word sheds joy
On earth and in the skies.
In heaven there is rejoicing. Yes,
All lately there arose
But battle shouts and dying shrieks,
And now — where are the foes?
Like th' Assyrian host, have they
Been smitten to the ground,
With gasping steeds beside them stretch'd,
And weapons strown around?
Oh no, there 's silence, but 't is not
The still, deep trance of death;
Behold ten thousand warriors,
With scarcely heaving breath,
Are form'd into a square, midst which
Two gallant chieftains stand,
And one of them in tears of joy
Addresses now the band.
He speaks of their own native land,
Long cursed by civil strife;
He tells of their deserted homes,
Of all most dear in life;

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He dwells enraptured on the dawn
Of brighter days for Spain —
On liberty, and all the good
That follows in its train.
Enough! The thousands round have caught
His honest warmth, and lo!
Before them, in a close embrace,
He clasps his former foe.
'T was then, indeed, Bergara's Vale,
Thy thousand echoes woke,
As from the dense commingling crowd,
Vivas, like thunder, broke.
All beautiful and bright, the sun
Shone forth upon the throng,
Who gave loose now to all their joy
In music, dance, and song;
And never did that sun illume
So fair, so glad a scene —
There was rapture in each word and look,
And friendship in each mien.
And many, long time severed, met,
The loving and the loved,
The beautiful and brave, who oft
Through that sweet vale had roved,
And oft, at eve, had mingled in
The merry graceful sets
That danced along the silken grass,
To ivory castanets.

Ye lovers of the chivalry
That hallow'd Spain of yore,
Of her romance, her chronicles,
And her rich ballad lore;
Ye good of heart in ev'ry clime,
In spirit hither stray,
And share her universal joy
On this auspicious day.
And still the glad *Te Deum* raise
For now renascent Spain,
The gallant in the olden time,
On land and on the main;
The beautiful, the teeming soil
Of orange groves and vines —
The soil which Romance ever haunts,
And Poetry enshrines.

J. H. K.

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INFLUENCE OF ELOQUENCE ON ENGLISH FREEDOM.

No. III.

ERSKINE AND CURRAN CONTINUED. — TRIAL OF PAINE — OF STOCKDALE — OF HAMILTON ROWAN — OF HARDY, TOOKE, AND THELWALL — OF FINNEY — OF FINNERTY — OF MR. JUSTICE JOHNSON. — SUMMARY OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF ERSKINE AND CURRAN.

At the conclusion of our last article we described the successful efforts of Erskine to secure to the Jury the right of examining, not merely the evidence of publication, but the motives of the author, in prosecutions for libel. That right, however, is only *one* of the securities, though a very valuable one, of the liberty of the press; but in the great cases which followed, Erskine established principles even more important and effectual as a protection against any invasion of that Palladium of Freedom. The right of the jury to decide on the whole matter of libel is now established *by statute*, but the preservation of the principles, so powerfully and eloquently maintained by Erskine, depends alone on the watchful jealousy of the people. His speeches remain as landmarks for our guidance, and we can hardly miss the way if we follow him with boldness and attention.

The first occasion which drew forth his exertions on this subject was the prosecution of Thomas Paine for his publication of the "Rights of Man." Erskine employed all his power to persuade the jury that the particular tenets inculcated in that work were beside the real issue they had to try. He felt and urged that the obnoxious and unpopular nature of any publication is the very cause why we ought to be astutely jealous of the grounds on which it is prosecuted and condemned, lest in a just anger, or a strong disagreement with its contents, we are tempted to relax principles, the establishment and maintenance of which are essential to free discussion. We are, as he was, for adopting the advice of Milton; — "Let Truth and Error fight the battle out." We cannot despair of the final victory of the Right. The principle for which Erskine contended, and on which he rested his defence of Paine, was this: —

"The proposition which I mean to maintain as the basis of the liberty of the press, and without which it is an empty sound, is this, — that every man, not intending to mislead, but seeking to enlighten others with what his own reason and conscience, however erroneously, have dictated to him as truth, may address himself to the universal reason of a whole nation either upon the subject of governments in general, or upon that of our own particular country; — that he may analyse the principle of its constitution, point out its errors and defects, examine and publish its corruptions, warn his fellow-citizens against their ruinous consequences, and exert his whole faculties in pointing out the most advantageous changes in establishments which he considers to be radically defective or sliding from their objects by abuse. All this every subject of this country has a right to do, if he contemplates only what he thinks would be for its advantage, *and but seeks to change the public mind by the conviction which flows from reasonings dictated by conscience.*" *

He then proceeds to show, according to this criterion, the *bonâ fide* intention of Paine for fair discussion only, by reference to passages in his book, and also to other writers of great reputation, avowing similar sentiments to those enforced by him. Among these authorities, Erskine quotes Burke, to whose splendid reflections on the French Revolution he contends Paine's work was merely an answer, provoked by the doctrines maintained

* Speeches, vol. ii. p. 95.

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by the illustrious convert to legitimacy, and not voluntarily brought forward to *parade* the principles asserted in it. He thus concludes this noble defence: —

"Engage the people by their affections — convince their reason — and they will be loyal from the only principle that can make loyalty sincere, vigorous, or rational, — a conviction that it is their truest interest, and that their government is for their good. Constraint is the natural parent of resistance, and a pregnant proof that reason is not on the side of those who use it."

"I can reason with the people of England, but I cannot fight against the thunder of authority.

"Gentlemen, this is my defence for free opinions. With regard to myself, I am, and always have been, obedient and affectionate to the law. To that rule of action, as long as I exist, I shall ever give my voice and conduct; but I shall ever do as I have done to-day, maintain the dignity of my high profession, and perform, as I understand them, all its important duties." *

Stockdale's case, which followed the prosecution of Paine for publishing the "Rights of Man," was a very remarkable one. He was indicted at the instance of the House of Commons for publishing a pamphlet which professed to be an answer to the articles of impeachment against Warren Hastings, and which reflected strongly and indecorously on the House and managers. Erskine defended him on the ground, that although the author of the pamphlet might have exceeded the bounds of temper and propriety, yet he had kept within those limits of fair discussion which were allowed by the liberty of the press; and critics have pronounced his speech on this memorable occasion the greatest display of forensic eloquence and art which the annals of judicature present. After describing, in passages of great power, the difficult, nay, the unfair position in which Hastings was placed by the peculiar nature of the trial, and the overwhelming power of the managers, he takes this firm ground of defence, and makes his successful stand: —

"Gentlemen, the question you have therefore to try upon all this matter is extremely simple; it is neither more nor less than this: — at a time when the charges against Mr. Hastings were, by the implied consent of the Commons, in every hand, and on every table; — when, by their managers, the lightning of eloquence was incessantly consuming him, and flashing in the eyes of the public; when every man was with perfect impunity saying, and writing, and publishing just what he pleased of the supposed plunderer and devastator of nations; would it have been criminal *in Mr. Hastings himself* to have reminded the public that he was a native of this free land, entitled to the common protection of her justice, and that he had a defence in his turn to offer to them, the outlines of which he implored them in the meantime to receive as an antidote to the unlimited and unpunished poison in circulation against him?

"Gentlemen, I tremble with indignation to be driven to put such a question in England. Shall it be endured, that a subject of this country (instead of being arraigned and tried for some single act in her ordinary courts, where the accusation, as soon, at least, as it is made public, is followed within a few hours by the decision) may be impeached by the Commons for the transactions of twenty years, — that the accusation shall spread as wide as the region of letters, — that the accused shall stand day after day, and year after year, as a spectacle before the public, which shall be kept in a perpetual state of inflammation against him; yet that he shall not, without the severest penalties, be permitted to submit anything to the judgment of mankind in his defence? If this be law, (which it is for you to-day to decide), such a man *has no trial:* that great hall, built by our fathers for English justice, is no longer a court, but an altar; — and an Englishman, instead of being judged in it by God and his country, *is a victim and a sacrifice.*" †

After supporting this point, and showing the *bonâ fide* intention of the writer, by selecting passages of his work and skilfully commenting upon them, he gradually and artfully enlists the sympathies of the jury in favour of Hastings himself, and rests his defence of that able governor on the only basis on which it can be placed, *necessity.* In the course of this ingenious

* Speeches, vol. ii. p. 180. † Ib. vol. ii. p. 232.

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and powerful passage he rises to a daring flight, which has been considered by accomplished critics one of the greatest efforts of oratory ever known; but of which, they who heard it not, are said to be able to form only a very inadequate idea. Its effect is stated to have been electric, and we can easily understand it to have been so. It is a wonderful union of logic and rhetoric.

"The unhappy people of India, feeble and effeminate as they are from the softness of their climate, and subdued and broken as they have been by the knavery and strength of civilisation, still occasionally start up in all the vigour and intelligence of insulted nature:—to be governed at all, they must be governed with a rod of iron; and our empire in the East would long since have been lost to Great Britain, if civil skill and military prowess had not united their efforts to support an authority — which Heaven never gave — by means which it never can sanction.

"Gentlemen, I think I can observe that you are touched with this way of considering the subject; and I can account for it. I have not been considering it through the cold medium of books, but I have been speaking of man and his nature, and of human dominion, from what I have seen of them myself amongst reluctant nations submitting to our authority. I know what they feel, and how such feelings can alone be repressed. I have heard them in my youth from a naked savage, in the indignant character of a prince surrounded by his subjects, addressing the governor of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand as the notes of his unlettered eloquence. 'Who is it?' said the jealous ruler over the desert, encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventure — 'who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains and to empty itself into the ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in the summer? Who is it that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters and gave ours to us; and by this title we will defend it,' said the warrior, throwing down his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation. These are the feelings of subjugated man all round the globe; and depend upon it, nothing but fear will control where it is vain to look for affection."*

Most of these splendid orations were delivered, and, consequently, the important principles for the maintenance of which Lord Erskine has become immortal, were announced, before the Irish advocate had distinguished himself. That rival luminary had been ascending the opposite quarter of the heavens; and soon after the delivery of Erskine's speech in Stockdale's case reached the zenith in a blaze of glory, by the brilliancy and force of his defence of Hamilton Rowan. The only great public oration of Curran which has been preserved, at least, prior to this speech, was delivered by him in 1790, the interval which elapsed between Erskine's defences of the Dean of St. Asaph and of Paine. This speech was delivered by him before the privy council in Dublin, in support of the election by the commonalty of that city of the popular candidate, in opposition to the choice of the aldermen, made on the rejection of a candidate named by them to the Commons. Curran's fine argument was built upon the express terms of the statute, which gave to the Commons a right of rejecting any person elected as alderman, by the aldermen; but which right, it was contended on the other side, could only be exercised for legal causes shown, and in default thereof might be disregarded by the aldermen. In the course of his speech there are some splendid passages enunciating great truths, and one of bitter sarcasm, which has been justly republished on every occasion whereon the eloquence of Ireland has been commemorated. We cannot refrain from presenting a few specimens of the former class before our readers.

"It is the common fate of the indolent to see their rights become the prey of the active. The condition upon which God hath given liberty to man is *eternal vigilance*, which if he break, servitude is at once the consequence of his folly and the punishment of his crime." And again, "The slave that struggles without breaking his chain provokes his tyrant to

* Speeches, vol. ii. p. 262.

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double it, and gives him the plea of self-defence for extinguishing what at first he intended only to subdue..... In the confederated strength and the united councils of great cities, the freedom of the country may find a safeguard which extends itself even to the remote inhabitant who never put his foot within their gates."

In the course of his argument he referred to what had been done in the time of a former chancellor; and there is no doubt that he intended, in the famous sketch which he drew of that functionary, to pourtray the living chancellor, Lord Clare.

"*In this very chamber* did the chancellor and judges sit with all the gravity and affected attention to arguments in favour of that liberty and those rights which they had conspired to destroy. But to what end, my lords, offer argument to such men? A little and a peevish mind may be exasperated, but how shall it be corrected by refutation. How fruitless would it have been to represent to that wretched chancellor that he was betraying those rights which he was sworn to maintain; that he was involving a government in disgrace and a kingdom in panic and consternation; that he was violating every sacred duty, and every solemn engagement, that bound him to himself, his country, his sovereign, and his God! Alas! my lords, by what argument could any man hope to reclaim or dissuade a mean, illiberal, and unprincipled minion of authority, induced by his profligacy to undertake, and bound by his avarice and vanity to persevere? *He would probably have replied to the most unanswerable arguments by some contumelious and unmeaning apopthegm, delivered with the fretful smile of irritated self-sufficiency and disconcerted arrogance;* or, even if he could be dragged by his fears to a consideration of the question, by what miracle could the pigmy capacity of a stunted pedant be enlarged to a reception of the subject? The endeavour to approach it would have only removed him to a greater distance than he was before: as a little hand that strives to grasp a mighty globe is thrown back by the reaction of its own effort to comprehend."*

In three or four years afterwards Curran drew the eyes of his countrymen on both sides of the water upon him, by his masterly defence of Hamilton Rowan, — a speech which produced such an effect on his auditors that during its delivery he was interrupted by a loud burst of applause, which was repeated for a considerable time, and at its conclusion he was drawn home by the people who took the horses from his carriage.† Mr. Rowan, a man of great respectability in Ireland, was indicted for publishing a seditious libel, in the shape of an address from the Society of United Irishmen to the volunteers, which strongly urged the Irish people to take immediate measures, by public meetings of every kind, to procure a reform in Parliament and an emancipation of the Catholics. Curran's argument was, that Mr. Rowan had a perfect right to canvass such topics, even warmly; and he referred to the then recent unsuccessful prosecution in England, of Mr. Perry, the editor of the "Morning Chronicle," for "solid principles of constitutional liberty and judicial example." He then nobly vindicated the suggested plans of Mr. Rowan, in the propriety of which he avowed himself to agree. First, with respect to reform in Parliament: —

"Gentlemen, — The representation of our people is the vital principle of their political existence; without it they are dead, or they live only to servitude; without it there are two estates, acting upon and against the third, instead of acting in co-operation with it; without it, if the people are oppressed by their judges, where is the tribunal to which their judges can be amenable? Without it, if they are trampled upon and plundered by a minister, where is the tribunal to which the offender shall be amenable? Without it, where is the ear to hear, or the heart to feel, or the hand to redress their sufferings? . . . Rely upon it, physical man is every where the same: it is only the various operation of moral causes that gives variety to the social or individual character and condition. How otherwise happens it that modern slavery looks quietly at the despot on the very spot where Leonidas expired? The answer is, Sparta has not changed her climate, but she has lost that government which her liberty could not survive." ‡

* Curran's Speeches, p. 202.

† This, by the way, is an absurd and degrading practice; but it shows the enthusiastic admiration which his countrymen justly felt for Curran.

‡ Speeches, p. 118.

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Next, with regard to the emancipation of the Catholics, after alluding to a measure of that description then lately passed by the Irish parliament, he bursts forth into this glowing and celebrated passage, where the man and the orator seem completely blended, —

"I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil; which proclaims, even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced, — no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery, — the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation!" *

They who could hear such a passage unmoved must have had heads and hearts of stone! It has been suggested by some literary critics, that the orator was indebted for the elements of this grand passage to some splendid lines in the "Task †," which poem was published about ten years before the trial of Mr. Rowan.

"I would rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves *at home*, — then why abroad?
And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and freed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England: if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free,
They touch our country, and their shackles fall."

Probably, however, both the poet and the orator derived their common view from the arguments in the celebrated case of Summersell the negro ‡, in which it was expressly decided, a very few years before the publication of the "Task §," that a slave, on touching the shores of England, ceases to be the property of his master. Mr. Hargrave, who argued this case in support of the freedom of the negro with his well-known learning, constantly uses the idea, and almost the expression (which he adopts from preceding judges) of Cowper and Curran.

We must now again change the scene, and return to England, where a few months afterwards Erskine achieved his greatest forensic triumph. We refer to the most remarkable trial of modern times, — the trial of Hardy, Tooke, Thelwall, and others for high treason. The great irritation of feeling produced by this celebrated prosecution, and by its result in the defeat of the government, has now subsided; and it seems to be clearly agreed among intelligent men of all parties, that the verdict of acquittal was essential to the maintenance of constitutional liberty, and was the only one which could have been given by an honest jury. The pithy expression of Lord Thurlow conveys the general feeling, that conduct which required a speech of seven hours from the Attorney-General to explain into treason, *could not be* treason. We agree with a great living historian, and a strong conservative, Mr. Alison, who says, "Their acquittal by the independent verdict of a British jury is to be regarded as an eminently fortunate event at that period." ‖

The sufferings to which the unhappy prisoners were exposed, the threats with which they were menaced, the power brought to bear, and the pre-

* Speeches, p. 120. † Book ii. ‡ Vol. xx. State Trials. § 1772.
‖ History of Europe, vol. ii. 444.

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judices excited against them, the difficulties, dangers, and privations which they endured and surmounted, may be found depicted with the graphic power produced by a strong feeling of attachment to one of them, in the recent "Memoirs of Mr. Thelwall," by his widow. That interesting work adds another to the many lessons which teach us how strongly it behoves the people of England to guard with the most jealous anxiety the purity of the administration of justice, as the only effectual security, in troubled times, for the preservation of their liberties!

The best summary account of this famous trial is probably that of Mr. Roscoe (a gentleman of great intelligence, learning, and mildness of temper, unfortunately for letters and legal science too early deceased!) in his "Biographies of Eminent British Lawyers."

"The first person brought to trial was Mr. Thomas Hardy, a respectable tradesman, who had acted as the secretary of the Constitutional Society. Mr. Erskine, assisted by Mr. Gibbs, appeared as his counsel, and never in the judicial history of this country did so weighty, so overwhelming, so appalling a duty devolve upon any one man. The trial commenced on Tuesday, the 28th of October, and the opening of Sir John Scott, the attorney-general, occupied upwards of seven hours. The evidence for the crown was not concluded until two o'clock on the following Saturday, when Mr. Erskine, who had petitioned for and obtained an adjournment for a few hours on that morning, to afford him an opportunity of arranging the evidence, came into court, and delivered a speech which, standing alone, would place his name at the very head of the English forensic orators. The two grand objects to which he applied himself, were to cut down the law of constructive treason and to prove the innocent and legal intentions of the accused. His argument on the first branch was even superior to that which he delivered on the trial of Lord George Gordon, and may be regarded as the most substantial monument of his genius. Of his indignant and triumphant defence of the principles upon which the obnoxious societies were founded, it is impossible to speak in terms adequate to its skill, its force, and its splendour. The noble effort was crowned with merited success, and the verdict of the jury might have been foretold in the popular acclamations which attended the close of the speech. When Mr. Erskine had finished his speech, an irresistible acclamation pervaded the court, and to an immense distance around. The streets were seemingly filled with the whole of the inhabitants of London, and the passages were so thronged that it was impossible for the judges to get to their carriages. Mr. Erskine went out and addressed the multitude, desiring them to confide in the justice of their country, reminding them that the only security of Englishmen was under the inestimable laws of England, and that any attempt to overawe or bias them would not only be an affront to public justice, but would endanger the lives of the accused. He then besought them to retire, and in a few minutes there was scarcely a person to be seen near the court. No spectacle could be more interesting and affecting." *

Hardy was acquitted, but immediately afterwards Horne Tooke and Thelwall were put upon their trial. Erskine procured *their* acquittal, and then the prosecutions were dropped. When we state that his speech on Hardy's trial alone occupies 175 octavo pages, our readers, we feel sure, will not expect us to attempt even a summary outline of the plan and arguments of those great orations.† To be adequately appreciated and enjoyed they must be carefully and minutely studied. We shall merely quote one striking passage from his speech on Horne Tooke's trial, which contains the principle of his conduct, and is no more than a just though proud vindication of the course on which he professed to act, and which unquestionably he pursued. We cannot better sum up his forensic greatness, — "I WILL ASSERT THE FREEDOM OF AN ENGLISHMAN, — I WILL MAINTAIN THE DIGNITY OF MAN, — I WILL VINDICATE AND GLORY IN THE PRINCIPLES WHICH RAISED THIS COUNTRY TO HER PRE-EMINENCE AMONG THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH; — AND AS SHE SHONE THE BRIGHT STAR OF THE MORNING, TO SHED THE LIGHT OF LIBERTY UPON NATIONS WHICH NOW ENJOY IT, SO

* In Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia, p. 367.

† His speech on Thelwall's trial has unfortunately not been preserved; but, as it was equally successful with the others, we must presume it to have been equally eloquent.

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MAY SHE CONTINUE IN HER RADIANT SPHERE TO REVIVE THE ANCIENT PRIVILEGES OF THE WORLD, WHICH HAVE BEEN LOST, AND STILL TO BRING THEM FORWARD TO TONGUES AND PEOPLE WHO HAVE NEVER YET KNOWN THEM IN THE MYSTERIOUS PROGRESSION OF THINGS!"

We now take leave of Lord Erskine, and return to Curran, who continued his efforts for some years afterwards, in the dreadfully exciting and disastrous era which immediately preceded and followed the great rebellion in his native country of 1798. In the four prosecutions connected with the events of that lamentable period, on which his speeches have been preserved, he was unsuccessful in three. The fourth, whereon Mr. Patrick Finney, the prisoner, was acquitted, is remarkable for one of those powerful exposures and awful denunciations of the informers who disgraced and distracted Ireland at that day, which formed so frequent a theme for the eloquence of Curran.

Another picture, equally vivid, and more celebrated, is of Reynolds, the chief informer of the day.* Curran thus describes him in his defence of Mr. Finnerty, —

"I speak not now of the public proclamation of informers, with a promise of secresy and of extravagant reward; I speak not of the fate of those horrid wretches who have been so often transferred from the table to the dock, and from the dock to the pillory; I speak of what your own eyes have seen, day after day, during the course of this commission, from the box where you are now sitting; the number of horrid miscreants, who avowed upon their oath that they had come from the very seat of government — from the castle — where they had been worked upon by the fear of death, and the hopes of compensation, to give evidence against their fellows, that the mild and wholesome councils of this government are holden over these catacombs of living death, *where the wretch that it buried a man lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up a witness!*"

"Is this fancy, or is it fact? Have you not seen him after his resurrection from that tomb, after having been dug out of the region of death and corruption, make his appearance upon the table, the living image of life and death, and the supreme arbiter of both? Have you not marked, when he entered, how the stormy wave of the multitude retired at his approach? Have you not marked how the human heart bowed to the supremacy of his power, in the undissembled homage of reverential horror? — how his glance, like the lightning of heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused and mark it for the grave, while his voice warned the devoted wretch of woe and death, — a death, which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent: there was an antidote — a juror's oath; but even that adamantine chain, that bound the integrity of man to the throne of eternal justice, is melted and solved in the breath that issues from the informer's mouth, — conscience swings from her moorings, and the affrighted juror consults his own safety in the surrender of the victim!"†

This portrait, which almost seems to bring the very man reeking with blood before our eyes, has been condemned by some cool critics, on this side of the water, writing in the safety of English government and the retirement of the closet. To them it appears exaggeration and rant. Thus, a reviewer of Curran's speeches in the "Quarterly Review‡," observes of this passage, that "although evidently meant to be eloquent and irresistible, to us it appears the perfection of *fustian and extravagance.*" It must be owned that, in both the vivid portraits we have quoted and referred to, there is a boldness of metaphor and expression, not perhaps quite in taste, nor adapted to an English tribunal. But an orator must be tested by the nature of the circumstances which surround him, and of the assembly he is addressing. The reader, or the critic, must identify himself with the position of the speaker and his audience, or the most powerful appeals of eloquence will appear *extravagant.* Let us, for instance, ask any impartial inquirer how the abrupt oath, *which is known to have been most effective,* used by Erskine

* See Moore's Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. † Speeches, p. 98. ‡ Feb. 1809.

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on the trial of Lord George Gordon, can be exempted from the same charge of *extravagance,* to say nothing of its indecency and impiety? These great efforts of eloquence were not "fustian or extravagant," *because* they were adapted to the surrounding circumstances of the orator, and the assembly he was endeavouring to excite to the utmost. And we may take this opportunity of applying the remark to Curran's eloquence *in general.* It is well observed by Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, when criticising the early poems of Lord Byron, that "it is necessary to return to past emotions, in order to judge of the merits of past appeals to them." * To judge, or even understand Curran, we must endeavour to realise to our minds and feelings the distracted state of Ireland in his day — we must suppose ourselves in an audience of men living amidst the horrors and exposed to the dangers his eloquence so vividly pourtrays, to be fully impressed with it; and when we have done so, passages that may at first appear "extravagant," will be found only in keeping with the highly excited state of the times in which they were delivered. Nor can we, in justice to the memory and fame of Curran, refrain from referring to the opinion of a man of great weight on such a subject; we mean of Lord Byron, on the power of the great advocate's imagination. His lordship was not a man to be misled by "fustian or extravagance," but, on the contrary, was rather likely to watch Curran jealously, if not sneeringly; yet he has borne the most decided testimony to Curran's imaginative power. In his journal, preserved by Mr. Moore in his interesting biography of the great poet of our age, we find the following reflections: — "Curran! Curran! — the man who struck me most (referring to one of the select dinner-parties at Holland House). Such imagination! there never was any thing like it, that ever I saw or heard of!" And again, "The riches of his Irish imagination are exhaustless. I have heard that man speak more poetry than I have ever seen written." Such is the testimony borne to the real strength of the imaginative faculty in Curran, by a man who was himself so largely endowed with it.

The last great occasion on which Curran exerted his forensic talents was, in moving for the discharge of Mr. Justice Johnson from imprisonment, who had been apprehended on a warrant of the English Lord Chief Justice, for a supposed libel on the Irish Government. Although the questions connected with the speech were of a technical nature, yet it is one of considerable interest, as being his last public effort in behalf of liberty, being delivered by him in 1805, only a year before he was appointed Master of the Rolls, on the accession of Fox to office.

In an early part of his address, he explains and justifies the proper conduct of an advocate: —

"*If advocates had always the honesty and the courage, upon occasions like this, to despise all personal considerations, and to think of no consequence but what may result to the public from the faithful discharge of their sacred trust, these phrenetic projects of power, these atrocious aggressions on the liberty and happiness of men, would not be so often attempted; for though a certain class of delinquents may be screened from punishment, they cannot be protected from hatred and derision.* . . . . . If you are obliged to arraign the acts of men in high stations, approach them not in malice, nor fawn, nor fear; . . . no attack can be either hazardous or inefficient, if it be just and resolute. If Nathan had not fortified himself in the boldness and directness of his charge, he might have been hanged for the malice of his parable." †

It was in the course of this speech that he made the well-known touchingly beautiful appeal to his old friend, Lord Avonmere, which drew down floods of tears, as well it might, from the venerable and warm-hearted judge. It shows how nobly the same master, whose satire was so awful, could

* England and the English, b. iv. c. 2. † Speeches, p. 152.

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panegyrise when a worthy object was before him. He concludes his speech with the following spirited and mournful, but proud vindication of his forensic career, and which common justice demands us to cite, as the best statement and justification of his troubled and glorious career.

"No, my lords, I have no fear for the ultimate safety of my client. . . . . In the anxious sympathy of the public — in the anxious sympathy of my learned brethren, do I catch the happy presage of a brighter fate for Ireland. They see that within these sacred walls the cause of liberty and of man may be pleaded with boldness, and heard with favour. I am satisfied they will never forfeit the great trust, of which they alone are now the remaining depositaries. While they continue to cultivate a sound and literate philosophy — a mild and tolerating Christianity — and to make both the sources of a just, and liberal, and constitutional jurisprudence, I see every thing for us to hope. Into their hands, therefore, with the most affectionate confidence in their virtue, do I commit these precious hopes. Even may I live long enough yet to see the approaching completion, if not the perfect accomplishment of them. Pleased shall I then resign the scene to fitter actors — pleased shall I lay down my wearied head to rest, and say, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'" *

We have now performed the task we allotted ourselves, in the examination of the forensic powers of Erskine and Curran. In pausing at the termination of this agreeable duty to reflect upon the considerations naturally and prominently suggested by it, we find the first impression forced upon our minds to be, a deep sense of the obligation due from the people of this empire to those splendid advocates, for the resistless courage and the unexampled skill with which they maintained the liberties of their country. Never can we be too grateful, and never ought the memory of their illustrious deeds to pass from amongst us. They lived in remarkable times, when great talents were needed, and their mighty energies were fully equal to the occasions which demanded them. Indeed, a public interest was and is attached to their career, characters, and memory, which has rarely surrounded advocates. The great counsel, like the distinguished actor of his day, draws the eyes of the world upon him; but when he, like his rival in fame, quits the stage, the public attention is absorbed by his successor, and his fame only lingers awhile in the memories of his cotemporaries or of his profession: in a second generation it has completely faded. But in considering the career of Erskine and Curran, we must go back to the times of Roman jurisprudence for a parallel, and we find it in Cicero addressing the Roman citizens assembled in the Forum. The speeches of our great advocates were delivered not only to the jury, but the whole excited audience, and were intended to reach the most distant corner of the realm.

The difference in their characteristics we endeavoured to explain in a former article, when referring to the opposite genius and condition of the people of the two countries wherein they flourished. With the English advocate logic, an anxiety to convince the understandings of the jury, the particular merits of the cause before them, and, in short, the business in hand, are evidently uppermost; while the Irish advocate seems most intent on hurrying along the minds of the jury and of the audience by irresistible appeals to their imagination and feelings; and he often makes diversions, of great beauty and merit indeed when considered by themselves, from the case before him. Not that we intend to be understood as admitting that Lord Erskine was deficient in the power of exciting the passions (far from it!), or that Curran's speeches are weak in reasoning. Often does the oration of the former flow along in a mingled stream of rhetoric and logic, by which the understanding and feelings are at once overwhelmed; and often does the latter conduct a nice chain of argument in a manner which would

* Speeches, p. 184.

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be felt and appreciated by all as an admirable effort of reasoning, but for the splendours of the eloquence in which it is presented, and by which it is so much obscured. We are only observing on what appears to us the grand characteristics which peculiarly distinguished their respective styles. But it is by those qualities which they possessed to such perfection, *in common*, that their fame has been achieved, and the title to our gratitude won. We feel confident that the English people will always be ready to acknowledge the weighty debt they owe their champions. We gratefully pay our humble tribute; we hang our chaplet on their monumental urns with pious awe. Under a deep sense of their transcendent merits, we have thus endeavoured to render some of their countrymen familiar with their *deeds* as well as with their *names;* and if we have discharged that interesting duty in a manner inadequate to its importance, we have at least done it with a sincere veneration for their illustrious memory!

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Of all the writers who have graced the literature of America — or rather of that small band that may be said to have created whatever there is of a distinct and national literature in the Union — Dr. Channing enjoys, beyond all comparison, the highest and most widely-extended European reputation. The historians of America are hardly known, except to a few curious readers, out of the pale of their own country. Sparkes, the biographer of Washington, Prescott, Dunlop, and Emerson,— writers of history and travels, philosophers and poets and novelists, of whom there is to be found a fair average proportion in the population of the States, are strange and unfamiliar names beyond the territories of Uncle Sam. Yet Channing is a household name every where: not equally admired, it is true, every where; but as well known as any of the great names that stand out in the universal literature of the age to be abused or applauded according to the prejudices, capacities, or caprice of their judges. Now, as this well-attested fame could not have been accomplished by artificial means — as neither puffs, nor slavish predilections, nor local bigotry could have procured for any man so large a share of consideration unless he really had some title to it, nothing can be more natural or reasonable than to infer that Channing's writings must, in some way or other, justify and vindicate his celebrity. If we were speaking of Scott, or Southey, or indeed of any other writer of equal notoriety, such a proposition would be preposterous; because the exact grounds of the popularity of every other author who has made a deep impression upon his contemporaries are fixed, defined, and well understood. But in Channing's case this common condition of the literary character is inverted. His reputation has penetrated where his works are unknown, and hundreds of persons in England, who have never read one single word of his writings, are ready to protest that he is one of the greatest writers of the day!

This curious fact — which any one mixing largely in society can very easily verify — is, however, susceptible of some sort of explanation. A few loose rumours of the general tendency of his labours have got abroad, and satisfied the multitude that he must be what he is believed to be, and thus

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his reputation increases and advances from the simple circumstance that people take it for granted. It is known, for instance, that Dr. Channing is a Unitarian, that he is an advocate for the abolition of slavery, and that he takes the highest rank in his own country as a critic and an essayist. Almost every body knows that he has written a character of Napoleon Buonaparte, and another of Milton, and that he has written about the annexation of Texas, and published a number of philosophical and religious discourses bearing upon the moral and intellectual improvement of man. Where so much is accepted on the surface without investigation, it is not surprising that the name of Channing should be famous; nor is this carelessness of the public in suffering a reputation to grow up in comparative ignorance of the claims on which it is founded a matter to excite much wonder, all circumstances considered. The celebrity of Channing, coming to us from America, operates in some measure like a tradition descending from antiquity. The world subscribes to the glory of Pindar, and Homer, and Eschylus, by a sort of silent inheritance of opinion, without ever dreaming of looking into the title-deeds; for, of the myriads of human beings who have assented to the honours that are paid to the great of old, how few have explored their works, and rendered them the true homage of conscience and knowledge! The Atlantic is to Channing in Europe what Time is to the ancients every where. Distance softens and consecrates, and has, in this respect, something of the effect of a venerable superstition which is neither doubted nor asserted, but tacitly admitted. Remoteness of scene and age appear alike to lull and satisfy inquiry. Mr. Willis tells us that our living popular authors are regarded in America with pretty much the same sort of sentiments Englishmen entertain towards Shakspeare, Milton, and the writers of the old times; simply because they are so far removed by such a space of land and water from personal intercourse as to be, for all direct and palpable influence, as far off as if they had lived in the age of Elizabeth or Charles II. Making some deduction for the exaggeration which a gentleman of so romantic a creed was likely to throw into a statement of this nature, there is still a grain of truth in it: — and somewhat in this fashion, but with a modified enthusiasm, Channing is recognised in England.

That such a mode of dispensing a reputation must be productive of injustice, is sufficiently obvious. Indiscriminate praise is quite as likely to be wrong as indiscriminate censure; and both are unphilosophical. It would be difficult to determine the precise opinion entertained in this country of Channing, because he is usually spoken of, for the reasons we have assigned, in general and unsatisfactory terms; — admired for his talents, but rarely quoted, and still less frequently referred to as an authority on any of the numerous questions of morals, religion, policy, or criticism he has from time to time discussed. You constantly find him alluded to in the language of loose panegyric; but you seldom meet a distinct expression of particular approbation. His popularity is indefinite — a sentiment rather than a conviction.

This sentiment in a great measure springs from the estimation in which he is known to be held in the United States. A writer who has produced such an effect in his own country must, *à priori*, possess high powers compared with his contemporaries. If we turn to his publications for the purpose of investigating the sources of this admitted supremacy, the enigma of his fame is solved; and we see at once why it is that he enjoys so much favour in America, and is so little read out of it. A new edition of his collected works, which has just been published in Glasgow, enables us to

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glance at those characteristics which appear to us to bear upon the subject in this point of view.[1]

American literature generally reflects the turbulent chaos of Action and Opinion in which it is nurtured — rugged and bold, seldom stamped with the visible impress of scholarship or careful revision, hurried, inelegant, and vehement. Now Channing's style is exactly the reverse of this. His manner is refined, — often florid, never excited: his mellow and leisurely periods typify the quiet affluence of his life: he writes like one who thinks and composes at his ease, apart from all contact with vulgar existence, and who only occasionally comes into the noisy arena of the crowd to temper their counsels, subdue their passions, and exemplify the felicities of an accomplished taste. This is precisely the literary character most likely to gratify the pride and secret aspirations of the Americans. They love aristocracy and its exclusiveness in all its forms: and nothing can be more aristocratic and exclusive than the polished turns and elaborate simplicity of Channing. Whatever subject he handles, he infuses into it the same bland and polite spirit, the same grave and condescending elegance, the same tone of confident repose and educated sensibility. These are the attributes which, above all others, are calculated to procure universal admiration in America, because they confer upon the literature of the people some of those external graces which have elsewhere been the result of accumulated experience and severe training. Channing is in advance of his time in he art of authorship, anticipating in the nonage of the republic the refinements of a voluptuous era; and he is, therefore, an object of peculiar and enthusiastic interest amongst his countrymen.

But the influence of forms has died out in older communities, supplanted by a clearer conception of ideas, and a more practical ambition for solid acquisitions. The time is gone by — in England at least — when a writer could produce a striking or permanent effect by the mere force of style, or by any idiosyncracy of expression whatever. There are five hundred writers in England who are capable of emulating the ornate tranquillity of Channing; but they do not waste their time in cultivating that species of excellence, because it would be unprofitable. What is wanted here is plenitude of mental power, extensive information, vigorous capacity for labour, and facility in the application of talent in the right way and at the right moment. The race of ruminating essayists, reproducing familiar reflections in novel and agreeable shapes, is extinct. Forster, the last of that class, is unknown to the rising generation; and even the Spectators, Guardians, and Idlers are library books, adorning shelves that are seldom disturbed by eager and curious hands, but that must always be held in implicit respect from a natural veneration for the by-gone ages of our national literature. The principal — or, if not the principal, certainly the most prominent — merit which Channing presents to the American people is not here, therefore, accounted much, except for the salutary ascendency it exercises over the tastes of the New World, and the useful channels into which it directs the inquiries of a busy and restless population. Channing is not a bold or original thinker; he has originated nothing; he has given no new impetus to philosophical speculation: he has merely sifted existing opinions, traced the bearings of the questions upon which his attention has been concentrated, and exhibited the results with eloquent perspicuity. He has done this with masterly skill, and, in almost all cases, with a persuasive beauty and appropriateness of diction that shed a soft and alluring charm

[1] *The Works of* William E. Channing, D.D. 4 vols. Third Edition. Glasgow: James Hedderwick & Son. 1840.

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over his writings. But attractions of this description are not enough to ensure him a *reading* public in England, although they are sufficient to ensure him a large circle of superficial admirers.

We are quite sure, however, that the diffusion of his works must be productive of beneficial effects; for we are not aware that there is any writer amongst us who takes so much pains in displaying old truths in novel, fascinating, and intelligible shapes. In addition to this recommendation, it may be justly observed that he exhausts all phases of the topics he addresses, leaving not a single argument at either side unexplored, until he has fairly traversed the entire subject. Thus, whoever has read Channing's articles on Slavery, need not be at the trouble of consulting any other treatises; for Channing has thoroughly threshed the inquiry in all its aspects, religious, political, and legal.

The exquisite decorum that prevails throughout his works is in no respect so remarkable as in this — that it perpetually restrains him from arriving at a decided opinion, as if, in the excess of his courtierly feelings, he desired, above all things, to avoid giving offence. He seems to be always employed in balancing the evidence at both sides, and in the end you have some difficulty in determining on which side the preponderance lies. He never exposes a fault without setting a virtue against it; and in this way he pairs off affirmatives and negatives until he empties the house, and leaves you to give the casting vote yourself. Even upon that solemn theme which calls up all his strength, and upon which his mind is too long and too firmly made up to permit him to impregnate his pages with a doubt, the habitual duality of his nature does not desert him: — he repudiates the Trinity with all the force and singleness of which he is capable, but deprecates the wrath of his opponents by insisting all throughout upon the sublime character of Christianity and redemption by the cross. Even his creed is a perfect image of that mental composition of difficulties and objections which pervades all his productions.

The best and noblest, and most enduring portions of his writings, are those which relate to the culture and discipline of the mind; and these, peculiarly valuable in America, cannot fail to be useful wherever they are circulated. He points out, with great ability, the importance of training the moral faculties, of giving them an early and safe direction, and of avoiding those wastes and pestilences of sensual and debasing enjoyments which destroy the energy of the intellectual character, and the capacity for high and worthy pursuits. These essays have already accomplished much good, and must accomplish more; nor are we willing to deduct from their ultimate utility, by objecting to some points which are hardly consistent with their general tendency. The theatre is one of Dr. Channing's antipathies. He disapproves of acted plays, not merely because they are liable to abuse, but because he thinks there is more or less contagion in the idleness and demoralization of the associations to which they expose their frequenters. He prefers select recitations, as being free from those dangers, and better calculated to draw out the passions and poetry of the drama. This is a question of truth as well as morals, which we have no desire to argue; and it is only to be regretted that he did not exhibit his usual ingenuity in availing himself of the *pour et contre* on this as on other occasions, as he might then have succeeded in bequeathing to his readers a Janus-truth, of which they might choose whichever face they pleased.

The edition to which we have referred in these remarks is in four volumes; the first containing reviews, the second essays and miscellaneous papers, and the third and fourth discourses or sermons. It is got up with care, has

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the advantage of being announced by the author as the only acknowledged and complete edition of his writings; and is likely, from its accuracy and elegance, to make him better known in England than he has hitherto been — but not better, on all accounts, than he deserves to be.

Although the spirit of an utilitarian age has done much to extinguish the honest, hearty, genuine loyalty of the olden time, there can be no doubt that the feeling still lingers, slumbering, perhaps, and undeveloped, but deep-rooted and deeply seated in many a breast. Loyalty, indeed, in the true sense of the word, that is to say, willing reverence and love for the power which God has placed above us — a feeling equally remote from blind servility on the one hand, and grumbling, mutinous discontent on the other — is one of those primitive and beautiful instincts of our nature, against which logicians and philosophisers struggle in vain. The existence of this instinct of true loyalty, even in those degenerate days, is, we think, abundantly evident from this fact alone,— the disgust which is universally shown at every public and glaring exhibition of the want of it on the part of those to whom, from their position and character, the public have a right to look up as its guides and teachers. There is felt to be something revolting in the idea of a disloyal clergyman. In one of his sacred character we look for loyalty, or at least the decent show of it, almost as a matter of course; and when a reverend M'Neill or Chando Pole comes forward amid the orgies of an electioneering dinner, or worse, in the pulpit itself, to rail against his sovereign, we feel almost the same sensation of disgust, as if we were to hear a female inveighing in public against the trammels of matrimony or the restraints of chastity.

Unfortunately we have had but too many instances of late of this indecent disregard of public opinion on the part of bold and brazen priests, who, not content with stripping off altogether the garb of the ministers of peace, and exhibiting themselves to the public as missionaries of discord, and furious political partisans, have mixed up with their factious invectives the highest name in the realm; — a name which every maxim of the Constitution, and every feeling of gentlemen, ought to have taught them to hold sacred.

With these instances fresh in our memory, we have peculiar pleasure in referring to a little poem on the Queen's marriage, from the pen of a clergyman of the Church of England; a work which has in every page the evidence of being dictated simply and sincerely by a sentiment of the purest and most heartfelt loyalty.[2] There is indeed something singularly beautiful in the spirit of loyalty which breathes throughout the whole of this piece; — a loyalty which, although removed as far as possible from any thing like servility or superstition, reminds us not a little, by its warmth and devotion, of the old-fashioned Christian's loyalty of former days; and which is tempered moreover by a consideration of the age and sex of the Sovereign Lady to whom it is addressed, with a feeling of affectionate and almost paternal regard which beseem well the years and character of the reverend author.

To a small circle of friends it has long been known that the Rev. Mr. Kennedy was the author of several unpublished poems, of the merits of which his cotemporary and college friend Coleridge had expressed a high opinion. To them, therefore, it will be no surprise to find that he has at length published a work containing so many beauties; but to the public it will, perhaps, appear strange that one who can write so well should in this publishing age have written so little. It is from a feeling of genuine admiration for the true spirit of patriotism, the beautiful moral tone, and the distin-

[2] *Britain's Genius: a Mask. Composed on occasion of the Marriage of Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg. To which is added, The Reign of Youth: a Lyrical Poem.* By the Rev. R. Kennedy, M.A., formerly of St. John's College, Cambridge. London: Saunders & Otley. 1840.

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guished literary merit of this little publication, that we are induced to lay a short notice of it before our readers. In the first poem, entitled "Britain's Genius," we find the Mask, that graceful form of composition to which our our older writers were so much attached, and of which Milton has left us, in his *Comus*, such a noble specimen, revived with much happiness and success. We have "Britain's Genius," a Chorus of Spirits, with Ariel their monarch, and a band of Fairies, in alternate dialogue, narration, and choral song, celebrating the auspicious day,

"When a Queen
Of Brunswick's stem, who sways these sea-girt realms,
Will give her hand in wedlock's bonds, to one
Of kindred German blood — a princely man,
Son of a ducal house, conjoin'd with those
Who now maintain the Ancient Faith restored,
For which (when conscience deem'd it such) their sires
Raised up a standard against papal Rome:
Fit husband for the Queen of such a land."

The festivities and rejoicings of the occasion are first described: the harmless din of cannon, and the merry bells of England pealing up from many a town and hamlet, many a proud cathedral tower and humble village spire, and ringing out their chimes over waters, woods, and leas. A band of villagers are then introduced, marching in procession, with song and mirth, with rebeck, flute, and drum, and a masquer dressed up to represent Robin Hood at their head, to chant "Long live the Queen" around the hawthorn tree.

The second part, in which the fairies discourse together of the marriage of the royal pair, contains several passages of much feeling and purity. We quote the following as a specimen both of Mr. Kennedy's powers of poetical composition, and of the pure and amiable spirit which pervades the work. A Fairy speaks:—

"Thus would I
Accost the prince — Thou never canst possess
The nation's diadem; yet in its stead
Thy spouse will oft be crowning thee with smiles
That glisten on her lip, and dimpled cheek,
Or in her eyes, where a soft melting thought
May turn them, now and then, to liquid pearls
That shame all other gems.
* * *
Mark now the moon — a bard is often wont
To mark her well — fair empress of the night
That heaven's high sphere and earth beneath illumes:
Yet not the less in narrow woodland glen,
Her gleam of radiance may be thought to rest
Only on one, whose eye shall woo it there.
And it may look, reposing on a bank,
Like sleep that dreams of him. What thus the moon
Can but *appear* to such an eye, thy spouse
In deed and truth shall ever be to thine,
Reserving for it every softest glance;
While in her rule, and by example too,
She, as a queen, must shine for all the land."

The image of the moonlight, which, while shining on all alike, seems to the musing night-wanderer to shine for him alone, strikes us as exceedingly true and beautiful indeed; the whole passage gives ardent proof of genuine poetical feeling.

The third part is devoted chiefly to the description of the virtues which, whether in the cottage or palace, can alone minister to the happiness of wedded life.

"Self-forgetting Love
Upon the breast of faithful Truth reclined;
And near them Kindness, ever on the watch,
To say and do, becomingly, in season
A thousand little things, — little themselves,
Yet wondrous in effect when thus combined."

We can assure our readers, and especially our young married readers, that they will find in this part of Mr. Kennedy's poem more beautiful morality and sound practical advice, conveyed in the captivating form of poetry, than

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they might get from many grave orations and authoritative treatises. The whole concludes with a vision of a solemn shrine,

> "At which a female worshipper is kneeling,
> Her head encircled with a golden crown,"

surrounded by the wise, the great, and the good of the land, which the spirits of those

> "That once had ruled or counsell'd, fought or bled
> For Britain's weal, and in a holy cause,"

appear to have roused. Strains of solemn music are heard aloft; and mixed with their voices, chanting in alternate response, words of supplication and prayer to the Author of all good, to shower 'down his choicest blessings on the nation, and the object of the nation's love.

We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting four lines, the sentiment of which derives increased value from the circumstance of being uttered by a minister of religion: —

> "What priests are clothed in purest dress
> Of truth and righteousness, —
> In every rank, on every side,
> Be knowledge multiplied."

It is to this diffusion of knowledge we must look for the true safety of our institutions, and the improvement of the people in morals, arts, and intelligence; and if the clergy, imitating the admirable example of Mr. Kennedy, were to assist in the promotion of this great means of enlightening and elevating the masses, we might attain that end, not only without commotion, but with the happiest prospects of reaping from it the full benefit it is capable of yielding.

The next piece, "The Reign of Youth," is an ode, designed, as the author tells us, to illustrate, with the colouring of poetry, yet at the same time with philosophical correctness, the attributes and passions of youth, as they manifest themselves in the order of nature. With regard to the merits of the production, both in a poetical and philosophical point of view, the following observations of Coleridge will be a sufficient testimony: —

"Like a skilful magician, you have purposely kept yourself out of sight, as far as you could, while you caused a scenic exhibition to move before us. You have, therefore, properly given us *description* without *sentiment* — I mean sentiment *expressed*, for it is often *implied*, and finely implied in such lines as those beginning, 'Her eyes proclaim'd that in her bosom dwelt,' &c. On this account, however, I should conceive that, notwithstanding the lyrical harmony of its measures, your Ode is not, as a *whole*, well adapted for music; while no composition, of the same length, affords more scope for painting. In saying this, I am aware that, in general, painters had better not take their subjects from allegory. But allegory is here only a veil of gauze, thrown over reality; and your personifications are but other names for boys and girls acted upon, as you have represented them, under certain circumstances. Other parts may be quite as well worked up; but Wonder, Desire, and Love appear to me the most original, especially the last. The movement, indeed, in your love scene, is slower and less dramatic than it had been, and something didactic is unavoidably admitted. But you have here treated a trite, and therefore difficult topic, with most ingenious novelty, and with so much of the truth of nature, that the figures in your metaphysical machinery have the vivid appearance of flesh and blood."

A Narrative of a Voyage along the Shores of the Mediterranean, including Visits to Algiers, Egypt, and Palestine, by Mr. Wilde, is entitled to a place of distinction amongst the best works of its class.[3] A tourist who explores countries that have been so frequently explored already, and which,

[3] *Narrative of a Voyage to Madeira, Teneriffe, and along the Shores of the Mediterranean, including a Visit to Algiers, Egypt, Palestine, Tyre, Rhodes, Telmessus, Cyprus, and Greece, &c.* By W. R. Wilde, M.R.I.A. 2 vols. Dublin: W. Curry, Jun. & Co.

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through repeated descriptions and portraits, may be said to have become familiar to the reading world, can hardly be expected to make discoveries; nor do we find any in Mr. Wilde's volumes. But an accurate observer, who brings good sense and useful acquirements to the labours of this species of inquiry, is always sure to present things in a new light, to enlarge with advantage upon matters hitherto treated scantily or superficially, to separate the true from the false, and to confirm and render permanent many impressions that were previously vague or evanescent. This is exactly the character and tendency of Mr. Wilde's publication, which is written throughout in a style remarkable for freedom, perspicuity, and picturesque grace.

He accompanied a friend to the Levant in search of health. They voyaged together in his friend's yacht, which enabled them to call where they pleased, to linger in particular places just as it suited their inclination, to choose their own tides and winds, and to extract as much pleasure and utility from the expedition as might be reasonably expected from the ample convenience of their circumstances. The benefits of this commodious and easy way of touring through the waters of the blue Mediterranean, and over the sandy wastes and sunny plains of Egypt and Palestine, are visible in the fulness and maturity of our author's notes. The work bears none of the usual traces of hurry and sight-seeing: the hasty opinion, the crude sketch, the tone of flippant wonder, the scramble, tumult, and prejudice that deform the majority of modern travels. All the subjects embraced are treated with care and patience, commensurate to their relative importance; and although the form of the journal is preserved, it is evident that the author never advances assertions upon any topics of moment until he has satisfied himself generally of their correctness. The account he gives of the varied scenery, costume, and habits of the countries through which he passed, is vivid, fresh, and characteristic. The most striking parts of the whole, and which may be referred to also as the most valuable, are — his occasional observations on climate, supplying some of the unavoidable desiderata of Sir James Clark's able work; his remarks on the present condition and prospects of Egypt and Palestine, a subject which rises in European interest every day; his account of Algiers, acquiring increased attraction from the recent events of its colonization by the French; and his incidental gatherings in natural history.

We ought not to dismiss this work without adding, that it is printed in Dublin, and equals in typographical elegance and beauty of embellishment the most costly productions of the English press; a circumstance upon which Ireland may justly be congratulated as indicative of advancing prosperity in the noblest and most humanizing art.

A grand and cheap edition of the dramatic works of Massinger and Ford[4] has been added, by Mr. Moxon, to the many delightful reprints for which the intellectual circles of England are already so largely indebted to his taste and his enterprise. In this single volume, of portly dimensions, and small but clear type, we have the entire collection of the labours of two great poets who were singularly neglected in their own time, and who have only of late years been rescued from comparative oblivion, and elevated to their proper place amongst the worthies of our Shakspearean stage. Massinger is little known to the multitude, and Ford still less, and both are well worthy of being thus placed within every body's reach. Mr. Hartley Coleridge furnishes an introduction which is chiefly remarkable for a quaint and gossiping spirit, and for bringing together, without method or aim, a

[4] *The Dramatic Works of Massinger and Ford.* With an Introduction. By Hartley Coleridge. London: Edward Moxon. 1840.

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variety of curious discursive points, in the history of plays, players, and poets. This kind of rambling dissertation will, no doubt, amuse some readers, and put them into an unsettled and perhaps exploring mood; but it is deficient in the elements of appreciating and comprehensive criticism. The writer exhibits an acquaintance, more or less, with the works of almost all the dramatists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, except the very two to whom he specially draws attention. He leaves the genius of Massinger and Ford to make way by the force of innate power, and hardly assists us to a single commentary upon the traits by which they are to be especially distinguished from and amongst their contemporaries. Probably we have no right to look for criticism in such preludes, and ought to be grateful, as we are, for the pleasant fireside lively rattle with which Mr. Coleridge has furnished us; but as there was so little to be said about the lives of these poets, and as that little had already been said by Mr. Gifford, it would not have been amiss to have thrown in something, at least, about their works, which are so pre-eminently suggestive. In the course of his variegated and entertaining prologue, Mr. Coleridge makes many witty and apposite hits; and sometimes, in a sort of wilfulness, squandering the riches of memory and imagination, commits himself prodigally to a heresy of taste, or an erroneous assertion. Thus he declares that the "Noctes" in Blackwood's Magazine, "barring an occasional irregularity of *plot*, are perfect specimens of *comedy*;" and he wonders that the assassination of Marlowe has never been dramatized. Now, we believe this is the first time the strange, cloudy, and extravagant dialogues of Christopher North, and his ambrosial squad, have ever been suspected of containing the elements of comedy; and Mr. Coleridge ought to have known that the melancholy fate of Marlowe has been profoundly and poetically dramatized by Mr. Horne. Of Webster, he seems to entertain a feeling almost amounting to contempt. Ford, he tells us, "assisted Webster in 'A late Murther of the Sonne upon the Mother,' a play not extant, *and perhaps no great loss.* Such as have an appetite that way, and no dread of the nightmare, may 'sup full of horrors' on the remaining dramas of Webster." We must be excused for observing, that we think this play a very great loss; for the subject was peculiarly adapted to the tragic genius of Webster, with which Mr. Coleridge appears to be wholly unacquainted. One can hardly, after this, be surprised at his admiration of the "Noctes." His preposterous verdict upon the author of "The Duchess of Malfy" is every way worthy of a critic who sympathises with the wholesale sins of such outrageous productions.

Mr. J. E. Taylor has published a small volume, in which he proposes to consider the character of Michael Angelo as a philosophic poet.[5] The design is praiseworthy, but it is better meant than executed. The character of Michael Angelo is almost inexhaustible, and always interesting. That his labours should be assailed by detractors is the inevitable penalty of their unrivalled excellence. The man who built the cupola of St. Peter's, sculptured the Moses, painted the Last Judgment, and wrote the Sonnets, whatever may be said of him, was a genius of the most elevated order. Perhaps the intensity of his energies and the wildness of his conceptions are not to be *imitated*, and therefore he is a bad model for inferior minds; but he remains an everlasting wonder and monument of the might of intellect. We regard, therefore, every reverential inquiry into his works as an acceptable offering; and Mr. Taylor's essay, if it serve no higher purpose than that of showing how deeply Michael Angelo was admired by his contempo-

[5] *Michael Angelo, considered as a Philosophic Poet.* With Translations. By JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR. London: Saunders & Otley. 1840.

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raries and successors, will not be without its use. Mr. Taylor is evidently a reader rather than a thinker, and his book is consequently overloaded with quotations, relevant and irrelevant, exhibiting an extent of research very commendable and agreeable, when united with original powers; but unfortunately he gives us little "of his own except the thread that binds" his excerpta. This is somewhat provoking on a subject where we look for new views, instead of the citation of old ones; but there is considerable enthusiasm in the volume, which will go some way to make amends, and faithful translations of several of the sonnets, which will recommend the book to all persons of taste.

The title of "Camp and Quarters"[6] fairly expresses the contents of two lively, light-hearted, ephemeral volumes of military reminiscences, by Major Patterson of the Queen's Own. The scenes are principally laid in Ireland, England, and Portugal, and are exactly of the same pattern to which our literary officers have rendered the public so familiar during the last twenty years. Major Patterson has seen a good deal of picturesque service, and delineates it with appropriate *gusto*. He writes in high spirits, tells an anecdote capitally, and garnishes his narrative with an abundance of remarkable characters and humorous adventures. A medley of this kind has at least the recommendation of being full of variety; and readers who are curious to know how soldiers pass their time in war and peace — skirmishing and love-making — dancing and fighting — drinking, singing, and marauding, will be amply gratified by a perusal of this publication.

There is a State Protestant Church in Prussia, distinguished by the name of the Reformed Church. There is also a church — a community of Protestants, whose ancestors embraced the Augsburg Confession, which is still maintained by their descendants; and this church is called the Lutheran Church. It appears that the King of Prussia has been very anxious to blend these two churches into one fold — the established church being, of course, desirous to absorb into its own bosom all the Christians within reach. Finding, however, that he could not prevail over the consciences of the simple Lutherans by fair means, he attacked them with troops of horse; and the consequence has been that, rather than abandon the religion of their forefathers, they resolved to abandon their native country. Some hundreds of them have emigrated to the remote parts of America, where, unmolested by the tyranny of an establishment, they may worship God in their own way. The history of this miniature persecution — as awful in all the attributes of cruelty as any of the acts of the Inquisition — is detailed in a little work compiled from German publications.[7] The existence of such a despotism within the heart of a reformed church is revolting; and its exposure, however humiliating to the virtuous pride of English Protestantism, which ought to be identical with religious freedom, may be received as a wholesome warning and admonition.

[6] *Camp and Quarters, or Scenes and Impressions of Military Life. Interspersed with Anecdotes of various well-known Characters who flourished in the War.* By Major Patterson. 2 vols. London: Saunders & Otley. 1840.

[7] *Persecution of the Lutheran Church in Prussia, from* 1831 *to the present Time.* Chiefly translated by J. D. Löwenberg. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1840.

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THE

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

ROYAL LITURGIES. — CHURCH AND STATE IN PRUSSIA.

Meine Suspendirung, Einkerkerung, und Auswanderung; Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des Kirchenkampfs in Preussen. Von OTTO FRIEDRICH WEHRHAN.— My Suspension, Imprisonment, and Emigration; a Contribution to the History of the Church-Struggle in Prussia. By Otto Frederick Wehrhan, late Pastor of the Lutheran Church at Liegnitz in Silesia. Leipzig, 1839.

WE have had much talk lately of the PATERNAL Government of Prussia. "PATER PATRIÆ" has indeed stood on the pedestal of many a monument to despotism, with as much significance as "SERVUS SERVORUM" introduced the fulminating bulls of a Gregory or a Boniface; but this new Prussian paternity is, we are assured, quite a different affair — romantic, poetical, transcendental; almost coming up to Cowper's idea, —

> "A father whose authority in show
> When most severe, and mustering all its force,
> Is but the graver countenance of love."

— The very *beau-idéal* of Toryism, — at least according to the most recent doctrine of the "Quarterly Review;" for, "in one word, men are and will be CHILDREN, and as children they must be dealt with." * If any man, therefore, will understand what Toryism is, let him not look to Britain (an old purple cloak, all patched over with linen and cotton rags), but to Prussia, where every thing is of a piece — an organic crystallisation of the paternal principle, distilled from the cold clear intellect of Frederick the Great — a very strong heart and centre of despotism, pumping perpetually with one will and purpose, spreading through the whole body, inspiring the hairs of the head and the nails of the fingers with a homogeneous vitality. And let him not be surprised if here and there "paternal" should not mean "kind:" it may be strict, severe, unyielding, — nay, according to the Roman law (from which the Frederician Code was mainly taken), a father has the power of life and death over his children; and, at all events, when the boy behaves obstreperously — for example, takes religious whims into his head, and claims to have a private conscience for himself — then the father is entitled to interfere with the lash and the black-hole, shutting of doors, curse, disinheritance, and other paternal appliances of that sort.

We have read not a few sensible articles in the public prints on Prussian education, Prussian militia, Prussian agrarian laws, Prussian municipal corporations, and many other excellences. With regard to all these points more or less, we are willing to say, with Herr Von Raumer (whom we had here a few years ago lionising), that his Majesty of Prussia has proved

* Q. R. vol. lix. p. 470.

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himself "the greatest reformer in Europe;" and we say, also, no wonder, and small thanks to despotism,—for it was the battle of Jena and the battle of Leipzig, the spirit of the French revolution and the spirit of the German people, that compelled these reforms. Not even in Prussia is Toryism perfectly consistent. Let the crust of the material earth be as hard as it will, the fire within must have vent somewhere. Even in Iceland there is a volcano and hot-springs.

It is our intention on the present occasion to take a peep into a corner of the Prussian paternity system, somewhat out of the way of common English speculation, but happily at the present moment possessed of a peculiar interest. We mean the connection between church and state, and the practice of religious toleration. We shall find here a strange mixture of contradictory principles; on the one hand a systematic and pervading assertion of the *jus circa sacra*, and even *jus in sacris*, without which an absolute monarchy cannot conveniently exist; and on the other hand, a broad glaring practical proof that no monarchy, however absolute, can, under certain circumstances, carry into effect the mad Gladstonian, old Cameronian, new Puseyite theory of a religious State-Personality, and a State-Conscience.

The Prussian government has long been famous for toleration; and no doubt "the Old Fritz" (as they call Frederick the Great), being "Jack Indifference" in the matter of religion, was tolerant enough, without making heavy draughts on the virtue of self-denial. But as Frederick had no toleration for political pamphlets, and protested against free discussion on matters of government* (being himself a politician), so his successors, to whom religion might not be equally a matter of indifference, had the right, by the principle of absolute monarchy, to be as intolerant of religious freedom as Frederick was of political, or at all events to repress and keep back the spirit of church inquiry by every means in their power. We find, accordingly, that no sooner had the stout old sceptic gone to solve his doubts in the region of the dark unknown, than the new prince, Frederick William II., under the direction of priests and Pompadours (like Charles II., very pious and very dissolute), began to take measures to suppress the freedom of religious discussion in Prussia, and prevent the dangerous principle of toleration from spreading any further than it had already done. Frederick died in 1786; and in 1788, of date the 9th July, the following royal edict was added to the Frederician Code (we translate from the last edition of the *Allgemeines Landrecht*, Mannkopff, Berlin, 1838):—

"We, Frederick William, by the grace of God, King of Prussia, &c., decree and ordain—

"Primo. That the three principal confessions of the Christian religion, to wit, the Reformed (*i. e.* Calvinistic), Lutheran, and Roman Catholic, shall remain and be maintained and protected in their respective constitutions, according to the laws and edicts of our royal ancestors thereanent.

"Secundo. That that religious toleration of other sects, which has ever been characteristic of Prussia, shall be maintained as heretofore inviolate, and no force shall be put upon any man's conscience, so long as he remains a quiet citizen, fulfilling his duties to the state, and *so long also as every sectarian keeps his own opinions to himself, and carefully abstains from endeavouring to propagate the same, bring over other people to his opinion, or shake their belief in their own creed.* For, as every man has to take care of his own soul only, we think it is proper to allow him the most perfect freedom of action in this matter; and while we are of opinion that it is the duty of a Christian governor to provide for the instruction of the people in the Christian religion true and unadulterated, by preachers and teachers, and afford to every one the opportunity of informing himself thoroughly on so important a matter, it is not within our province to force any individual to make use of the means so graciously provided. This remains with his own conscience.

* This is well known. See "Lessing's Letter to Nicolai," No. xlviii. Werke, vol. xxvii.

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"The sects hitherto tolerated in our dominions are, besides the Jews, Herrnhuters, Memnonists, and the Moravian Brethren, which have been allowed by the government to hold religious assemblies; and this liberty shall remain. But, *for the future, our spiritual department shall see to it, that no other conventicles pernicious to the state and to the Christian religion, under the name of religious worship, be permitted; for this would be to allow dangerous persons and teachers of new doctrines to disturb the peace of society by proselytising,—a manner of behaviour by which the true principles of toleration are much abused.*"

This is a document of the true Tory stamp. Sir Robert Peel, or Lord Aberdeen, bringing in a bill *in favour of* the Scottish Veto Act, could devise nothing more cunning. Principal Campbell, of Aberdeen, once heard a sermon by a "Moderate" divine on the necessity of good works to salvation; "an admirable sermon," quoth the keen old rhetorician (for he was a Moderate himself), "but it was marvellous to me that he should have chosen the text—'By *faith* are ye saved.'" So Frederick William begins with the praises of Prussian toleration, and ends by concluding that it is a thing most dangerous both to Church and State, and by all means to be eschewed. Altogether the HYPOCRISY, so characteristic of Tory legislation, shines here with walls most decently whitened. It seems a confession, also, that the paternal principle, however proper to act on, is not always expedient to be publicly avowed. "Think what you please, sir, but don't contradict ME!" —So a father might say to his son without offence; so Frederick William virtually did say to the Prussian people; but the injunction of spare diet, on account of old habits of good living, not being particularly palatable at that moment, was honied over, in the true cabinet style, with CANT.

But let Mr. Gladstone explain to us this other mystery, that whereas according to the edict it is the duty of a Christian governor to provide his people with religious instruction, pure and unadulterated (*treu und unverfälscht*), nevertheless by the same edict three separate and contradictory religions are recognised as established by the State—the Calvinistic, the Lutheran, and the Roman Catholic—all equally, and as public functionaries (*Beamte*) entitled to public pay, share and share alike.* In Britain the difficulty may be got over, by saying that the Presbyterian and Episcopalian religions are only varieties of one great religion, the Protestant; a mere shift, certainly, as the *consistent* Presbyterian (a church-republican) and the consistent Episcopalian (a church-oligarchist) well know, besides doctrinal matters, Arminianism, Calvinism, Puseyism, and what not. But on what principle does the Evangelical Majesty of Prussia establish POPERY?—that Majesty being personally Calvinistic, the very antipodes of Romanism? —And which of these three established things is the *true and unadulterated* Christian nourishment with which it is the duty of a Christian governor to provide his people?—Or are they all false and adulterated? and being so, which has the least admixture of falsehood and adulteration—Popery, with apostolical succession, or Calvinism without it? Let Mr. Gladstone answer these questions.

To any man of common sense the matter is plain enough. There are three ways in which a contest between a State-Conscience (after Mr. Gladstone's fashion) and a refractory people is wont to issue. The first is the way of thorough conquest on the part of the State-Conscience—a successful evangelising, according to the principles of Charlemagne, Saint Olaus of Norway, and preacher M'Neill—by the SWORD. In this way Bohemia

* We entreat particular attention to this fact, because we have seen it asserted in quarters where more accurate knowledge was to have been expected, that the *Protestant* is the *Established* religion of Prussia. But the *Landrecht* (tit. xi. § 17. 26.) gives the law as we have stated it. The recent *union* of the two *Protestant* churches into one "united Evangelical" church, does not affect our present argument. Besides, the *three* confessions still stand as established on the face of the statute-book, and the rights of the Catholic Church are not touched.

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was cleared of heresy; through thirty years of blood and burning did the State-Conscience of a most Catholic Ferdinand assert its apostolical succession, and approve its infallibility before men. The second way is the Scottish way; the way of complete triumph on the part of popular freedom, to the utter rout and prostration of the State-Conscience — a sad issue to men of Mr. Gladstone's faith, that the sceptre in the hand of a king by divine right should have fallen palsied before a three-legged stool in the hand of an old woman by no right at all; most sad and most ludicrous, when a catastrophe so sublime was expected! Nevertheless, Jenny Geddes did triumph over Charles I.; and the Scottish fashion of dealing with the State-Conscience stood forth a panoplied fact in the history of men, and became a precedent for all peoples. In the third place, we have the Irish issue of this notable contest; a thing, properly speaking, not yet come to an issue: no decided victory; apparent conquest on one side, unwilling submission on the other; a compromise of words, but no real peace; an interim arrangement; an external thing called a *Union*, but within hatred, deep-rooted and irreconcileable; long-protracted groans; fitful convulsions and upheavings of the buried giant; a state of political indigestion; alternate stagnation and fever; no rest nor hope of rest, till the rabid madness of the Protestant State-Conscience be tamed down to the admission that a Roman Catholic also is a MAN. Now, these three ways of adjusting the matter between a refractory people and a State-Conscience being possible, how did the King of Prussia act? Religious sects, as contrasted with Catholic piety, are little better than wild beasts, having as much to do with real religion as law has to do with justice. Mr. Gladstone would set one of these wild beasts to eat up the other two; or, if that should seem Quixotic, set two together to eat up the third. This latter is the way we manage in our *United* Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The King of Prussia, not having much population to spare, and being full of a noble ambition out of the *disjecta membra* of Poland, Silesia, Brandenburg, and the Rhine, to make himself a great nation, and a mighty hunter before the eyes of Europe (as he has now, in fact, become), managed in a quite different manner. He applied himself to tame these wild animals by an equal, just, and regular providing of provender—the true philosophy of established churches, according to David Hume and Adam Smith; and in all probability Frederick the Great, personally, had no higher. But the present King of Prussia, Frederick William the Third, is a pious good man, by whom religion could never be treated as a mere matter of state policy. He is a Protestant also, and a Calvinist *; nevertheless, he supports these same three religions, and pays a whole colony of Maynooths without sinning, according to German notions, against God or man. We do not pretend to guess how Mr. Gladstone will explain this anomaly; but it does seem plain to us, that the State-Conscience of Prussia is, in one respect at least, essentially different from the State-Conscience of our glorious *Protestant* constitution. Perhaps, like other things German, it is something very inexplicable, very transcendental. Perhaps it has something to do with Neology? — and yet this cannot be, for the King of Saxony, who is an orthodox Romanist, acts upon the same anomalous principle of supporting a religion contrary to the religion of the State-Conscience. A plain practical man, without any church-theories in his brain, will say that the religion of 60,000 Catholics (as in Saxony) *can*-not, and therefore *ought* not to be forced upon two millions

* When we say that the King of Prussia is a Calvinist, we of course mean, in reference to the matter of the *Union*, to be spoken of below, that *Calvinism*, or as they call it in Germany more generally, "*Reformirt*," as opposed to *Lutheranism*, was the religion of the reigning family in Prussia before that Union took place.

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of Lutherans. The Prussian minister of spiritual affairs, also, will tell Mr. Gladstone, that an attempt to establish the Protestant religion in the Rhine provinces, as the Episcopal religion is established in Ireland, would, in all likelihood, cause the revolt of those provinces, not more warm in their loyalty than they ought to be — is practically impossible — mere madness. But in the face of all this, the English Tories will support that monstrous engine of sectarian despotism, the IRISH CHURCH; and they will theorise, in the face of history written in blood, that the religion of the State-Conscience, with all its indignities, and all its injustice, *ought* to be forced upon a refractory people, and, because it ought to be, *can* and *must*. Three hundred years of guilt and misery, and the groans of an oppressed people wearying Heaven's ear with the call for revenge, have failed to convince the Anglican priests that the gospel of God's love never can be preached with the sword of man's selfishness. Bigotry, with a hard iron inflexible gaze; Fanaticism, with a fierce, red, self-consuming glare; ugly Phorcys' daughters, with one eye between them, and that eye looking eternally one way, and one tooth pregnant with the poison of sanctified malignity; — these two monsters you shall often find, by an art of transmutation well known to the devil, in the shape of amiable young men, reading Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, at Oxford; marvellously wise in the wisdom of antiquity; curiously trained up, by a cunningly devised system of intellectual mechanics, to quote the Bible in support of all iniquity; boasting much of a learning called classical; deeply read in folioed Fathers; and in the vast volume of Earth's history (as a miser's fears turn always on gold), seeing only the long genealogy of their own madness.

So far the theory of established religions in paternal Prussia contrasts favourably with the rabid insanity of Church-of-Englandism in Ireland. We said that Iceland was not all cold, and we wish to do the greatest reformer of Europe justice also in religious matters; but we have a sad story to tell. The King of Prussia (we speak now of his living majesty), though gifted with a mysterious triple conscience, which our thorough-going Anglican bigots will not understand, is as far from understanding or practising the principles of religious toleration as any Henry Exeter might wish. In religious matters, also, *so far as circumstances allow*, the Prussian government is most consistently despotic; principles are professed, and measures are executed in Prussia, which, if they could be stereotyped (according to the conceit of kings, who vainly deem their whims eternal), would lay the minds of all German men beneath the paternal sway of Prussia, in respect of religious life, as flat and as barren as the sands of Brandenburg. The present King of Prussia acts fully up to the spirit of his father's famous edict, that talks of toleration. Certain things are established (*öffentlich aufgenommen*), and certain things are tolerated (*geduldet*); but all things, whether established or tolerated, are established or tolerated only according to strict mechanical rules: *no spontaneous spiritual vitality, no free utterings of honest thought, no vigorous exercise of natural functions* is tolerated — as the wire draws, the puppets dance. The subjects of the King of Prussia do not require to be MEN,— thinking and acting for themselves, as we generally distinguish men from boys. At all events, the more stupid and inert the men are under an absolute government, so much the better. "*Wir wollen keine Gescheidte Leute!*" as "our good Kaiser Franz" very honestly said at Vienna, — "WE WANT NO CLEVER PEOPLE." The King of Prussia could scarcely adopt this phrase, considering how much he has done for raising the intellectual tone of his people by schools and universities of European celebrity; but he might say very properly, and many Tories

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in this country might join him, "WE WANT NO CONSCIENTIOUS PEOPLE." We will have no private personal conscience, that shall in any way dare to set itself up against our curiously organised triple State-Conscience; we want the Gospel to be preached, but it must be preached by men whom WE license, and whom WE can depose; men of whom we can be sure, by various tests, that they possess "safe opinions" (*zuverlässige gesinnungen*); men who will prefer our psalm-book to their own, and not reply to a royal liturgy (like Jenny Geddes) with the argument of the stool; men who will do their *church duty* regularly; by aid of catechisms and communion-tokens, make as many decent respectable Christians for every-day currency as may be; and, by a sacred horror of conventicles and prayer-meetings, prove to the satisfaction of "a high ministry" that their religion is not of the stirring voluntary kind, and their piety nothing tinctured with sedition.

Of all this, the history of "My Suspension, Imprisonment, and Exile, by Otto Wehrhan, late Lutheran pastor at Liegnitz in Silesia," supplies us with evidence at once the most edifying and the most graphic. The book is just new from Fleischer's press in Leipzig, and will supply us with a few traits of ecclesiastical life in Germany, such as we hope will touch every human heart, altogether irrespective of the temporary interest which the church-questions of the day are likely to superadd to the narrative. The blustering brawling Presbyters of the North, who have lately been working themselves up into the sublime of fancied persecution and martyrdom, may see here in some small degree what real persecution is, and learn to know (if they have not read Boehmer) that the *jus circa sacra* is one thing, and the *jus sacrorum* another. Patronage may be bad enough; we think, with Beza, it is an offspring of the devil; but it is their own purchase, and they must keep the bottle, imp and all, till they get rid of it in an *honest* way. Royal liturgies, however, are something worse; and to be suspended and deposed for rejecting them, and to be imprisoned and banished for attending prayer-meetings, and baptizing the children of the saints, — this, we think, even under a *paternal* government, may not improperly be termed PERSECUTION.

His Majesty of Prussia is not only a very good and a very pious man, "*ein wahrshaft religioser König*," says Professor Bulau, but he even seems to make religion his hobby-horse, — a dangerous amusement for any person without a very strong head, and especially for a king, as not Byzantine history only testifies. In the following cabinet order of the 3d of April, 1821 (*Landrecht*, titil. xi. theil ii. § 39.), we seem to behold his Majesty mounted upon this hobby.

"The names of Protestants and Protestant religion, for the confessors and confession of the Evangelical doctrine, has always appeared to me offensive (*anstössig*); these designations had a merely temporary and accidental significance. The Confession of Faith of the Evangelical Churches is founded exclusively on the Bible, and from this the name of the church should be derived. In the usage of common life, it is of course difficult to abrogate at once a designation that through a long course of years has attained general currency; but in the style of public business, in the censorship of books, and the newspapers and state gazettes, it is hereby ordered, that the name 'Evangelical' shall universally be used instead of 'Protestant,' whereby, in the course of time, the use of this latter offensive designation will, it is hoped, altogether cease. The ministry of the state is accordingly instructed to give to each inferior minister, in each department, the necessary advice hereanent, and principally to see to it that the censors of books and newspapers be enjoined strictly to observe the present order.

"FREDERICK WILLIAM."

We are not concerned to inquire here how far his Prussian Majesty is justified in this deep aversion which he cherishes to a word which has long

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been sanctified in the mouths of British Tories, and even now and then calls forth a sectarian oration from a man who is, for the most part, a perfect stranger to cant — the Duke of Wellington. But we note the *animus* of the Prussian monarch, and perceive that had he not been moved with a vital concern for religion, taking habitually a deep interest in its well-being, such a cabinet order had never seen the light. This will assist us to comprehend the matter of the royal liturgy, for recusancy in regard to which our worthy Silesian curate has become a sort of martyr before men.

The new liturgy (*die neue Agende*) arose out of, or rather seems to form a part of, a scheme for uniting the Lutheran and Calvinist churches into one "Evangelical" church, which the pious Frederick William evidently has much at heart. The object is no doubt laudable; and we give Germany and his Prussian Majesty all praise for the liberal and enlightened views of the Christian religion, which the proposal of such a union implies. For it is evident that an amalgamation of this kind can only take place when each sect, giving up the extravagancies of its particular creed, agrees on a more general confession of faith, embodying the essential doctrines of the Gospel. If, for example, the Episcopalian and Presbyterian churches in this country would surrender, the one Puseyism, or the Pharisaism of a lordly priesthood, and the other somewhat of the sternness of Calvinistic dogma, and the baldness of Puritan worship, there is no doubt that a more perfect Christian church than either could be compacted out of the two. But the thing is practically impossible, as every body here in Britain knows. The nose of John Brown may be somewhat too long, while that of John Smith is as much too short; but they must remain noses, as Mother Nature, in her wanton sport, made them, being part of the living growth of the body, and not to be manufactured with a wish, like Robert Owen's new moral world, or changed from what they are suddenly by any "very superior arrangement of external circumstances." Albeit in Germany, where things more strange are done, this also has taken place. In various provinces of broad Deutschland the Calvinists and the Lutherans have voluntarily united into a common Christian faith, willing no longer to be baptized after Paul or Apollos, and swearing hearty oblivion to all pious rancour and ecclesiastical discord.* This is one triumph of Neology, and we rejoice in it. Whatever sins may be laid to the charge of German theology, bigotry is certainly not one. But the Germans are not all philosophers, nor dowe wish that it should be so. Bigotry itself is merely the rigid feature of a stern conviction; and woe be to that man, king, pope, or presbyter, who shall loosen, directly or indirectly, that firm foundation of all healthy humanity, — earnest conviction and honest faith. "LET EVERY MAN BE FULLY PERSUADED IN HIS OWN MIND! WHATSOEVER IS NOT OF FAITH IS SIN!" In this respect the King of Prussia is verily guilty, for he has been tampering with the consciences of his honest Lutheran subjects, and been endeavouring to *unite* them to his own Calvinistic church by FORCE. He has been playing Charles II. over again on a small scale. With one consideration he may comfort himself — he is not the only man in Europe for whom the history of Scotland has been written in vain. But let us hear our pastor: —

"When, in the year 1824, I entered upon my duties as curate at Kunitz (not far from Liegnitz), I found waiting me a copy of the new liturgy, bound in violet, with a golden

* Of these voluntary unions between two sects, formerly hating one another with as perfect a hatred as ever Presbyter did "black Prelacy" — unquestionably one of the most cheering phenomena in the recent history of the Church — there is a short, but instructive account, in an article of the "Conversations Lexicon" (edit. 1836), entitled *Union* (*kirchlich*).

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cross on the cover, presented to the parish of Kunitz by his Majesty himself. My predecessor, pastor Weber, I knew very well had never had the new liturgy — had, indeed, refused to his dying day to have any thing to do with it; but the superintendent of the diocese, pastor Rilke, in Leiffersdorf, during the vacancy of the benefice, got it from the king in this quiet way, endeavouring to make me believe that it had been there before I came, and that, therefore, I had no right to make any objections to it. But I did not acknowledge his right to interfere with the worship in any way during the vacancy; and notwithstanding many oral and written expostulations, I continued for six years steadfastly to reject this new prayer-book. I looked upon the introduction of a new liturgy as a measure at once superfluous and pernicious; superfluous, because the congregation had long been accustomed to the old Coburg liturgy, connecting their fondest associations with its very phraseology; pernicious, because with weaker brethren the change of the form was scarcely practicable, without endangering the permanency of the substance. For these reasons, and not at that time from the higher motive of principle, and because no force had hitherto been employed in the matter of the new prayer-book, I refused to have any thing to do with it. But in the year 1830, on occasion of the centenarian festival of the delivery of the Augsburg Confession, this affair was more seriously taken up, and *significant hints were given by the authorities that unless the royal prayer-book were immediately adopted universally, the recusants might expect very disagreeable consequences.* The great majority of the Lutheran clergy immediately adopted the book; and not to appear singular and obstinate about a matter that I had not then learned to look on as a point of conscience, on the 25th of June, of that same year, with great festal pomp, I introduced the new liturgy to my congregation."

The reader will observe from this account how cunningly the matter was managed on the part of the authorities. Whatever Boehmer or some of the old canonists might say, the King of Prussia knew very well that the making of liturgies was an office which the great majority of Lutheran divines would not allow to be included within the *jus* CIRCA *sacra* of secular majesty.* He therefore did not venture directly, by a cabinet order, to enforce this thing; but he insinuated his views cautiously and slowly into the minds of the superior clergy, whom, by the aid of state patronage and the continued influence of the ministry of spiritual affairs, he could, with a little dexterity and patience, manage as he pleased. This point gained, the consistories and superintendents being all on his side, the inferior clergy in submissive Germany were not expected to stand up in battle array against their united ecclesiastical and secular superiors. Suspension, deposition, imprisonment, starvation, hung by a single hair over the head of every poor Prussian curate who should have the misfortune to think Luther a better guide in theology than Von Altenstein, the minister of the church department. But even in Prussia not a few men were found who, for the sake of conviction, could look authority in the face.

Our pastor, by a concurrence of circumstances, and an accompanying course of thought, unnecessary here to detail, was gradually brought to the conviction that the adoption of the new liturgy was contrary to his vows as a Lutheran priest, and, in fact, tantamount to a renunciation of the peculiar and distinguishing principles of his church. It was part and parcel of the scheme of union, for which Wehrhan was as little prepared (were it from mere reverence to Luther's memory) as the Bishop of London, we may suppose, is to become a simple Presbyterian by act of parliament to-morrow.† But over and above this he began to see plainly that the ac-

* See Boehmer's "Dissertation on the Royal Right of making Liturgies," prefixed to the third volume of his well-known work on Church Law. But even the *Rationalists* will not allow this right, much less the thorough Lutherans. See Bretschneider, "Dogmatik." vol. ii. p. 862.

† The affair of the Union of the Churches in Prussia has been so dexterously *managed*, that it was difficult for any Lutheran clergyman to know whether there still was a Lutheran church in the state or not. Part of the Machiavellian policy seems to have been to carry out the Union among influential persons, *leaving the inferior clergy in the innocent belief that there was no such thing.* But the secret came out, and a war of pamphlets, suspensions, and depositions commenced, not yet ended. The Silesian pastors received no official information that the Union had taken place; but

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knowledgment of the right in the civil power to legislate for the Church in matters of worship, was contrary to the very idea of Christianity — an act of spiritual suicide. He found himself suddenly constrained to deny the infallibility of the State-Conscience, and to stand forward (*monstrum horrendum!*) as a virtual VOLUNTARY in Prussia: —

"The spiritual and secular government (says he) are altogether distinct, and can in nowise be confounded, unless either the secular shall lose itself in the spiritual, or the spiritual in the secular; a church, like every thing else that exists, cannot exist abstractly, but must have a body — an outward ministry, with the inherent power of originating and regulating itself — an outward worship flowing from this inward organising vitality of the Church, and from that only. A union of two churches there may be; and I am not opposed to it when brought about naturally and voluntarily; but I protest against the levelling system of absolute external will, as much in religion as in politics, and more. One might as well unite all the states of Germany into one great monarchy *forcibly*. Such a union might be very desirable, very expedient, but essentially unjust, and contrary to the plainest principles of right and wrong." — Pp. 19, 20.

Thus was our Prussian state-parson suddenly metamorphosed into a voluntary by a royal liturgy, as the Presbyters of the North have lately begun to argue, and here and there with a desperate inconsistency to act, or seem to act, on voluntary principles, by virtue of a decision in the House of Lords. But the Scottish Presbyters have not yet seen the inner walls of the state-prison; their only acquaintance hitherto has been with the state-purse, and they have found the connection too convenient to be rashly dissolved. Far otherwise our German. He went about for a week or two, indeed, in a most miserable unsatisfactory state of half-convictions and imperfect resolves: —

"I was (he says) like a man who has gone to a dentist to get a tooth drawn, and being unnerved by the first twitch, had returned home with his tooth half-drawn, and now goes about day and night in unspeakable torment."

Poor man! he had a wife and five children, and no doubt was right to think twice before he let the purse go, and enter upon a voyage of discovery into the interior of state-prisons in Prussia. But to this it must come, or his whole life would become a lie and a self-contradiction. He, therefore, made at last the honest resolve to send back the prayer-book to the superintendent, and notify to the consistory at Breslaw that he was no longer a member of the United Church, but a Lutheran. *Jacta est alea!* Robert Clive will fight all the nabobs of India, let prudent councils of war babble fear as they will! So our parson threw the councils of worldly wisdom behind; and the PERSECUTION began. First came the examination before the authorities at Breslaw; and after consistorial councillors and superintendents had argued the matter ecclesiastically, —

"Government-councillor HINKELDEY (we are told) began to expound: a violent young man, and the Jurist of the Board. 'You rob his Majesty of a right of the crown; evangelical princes have from time immemorial enjoyed and exercised the right of introducing new liturgies; — by sending back the king's book, you, Otto Frederick Wehrhan, have made yourself guilty of a manifest and gross offence against the laws of the realm; and by declaring your adherence to the old illegal liturgy before the whole people, you have acted as a stirrer up of seditions and a troublesome person. You are, in plain words, a REBEL. Can you deny it?'"

Here was legal thunder. Happily, however, the government councillor could not say to the parson (as was said lately in a Scotch Veto case) that

in Westphalia, where he could do it safely, the king threw off the mask; and in the Church order for that province, issued in the year 1835, we find the following passage: — "His Majesty of Prussia will not allow a separate *Lutheran* worship to exist in his dominions. He knows only one *United* Church." "Berzedorfer Bote" (Hamburg), No. xvi. 1835. — Wehrhan, p. 17.

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he was a "thimble-rigger;" — the conscience was clear of all double-dealing; truth answered triumphantly; and the parson was SUSPENDED.

But what sort of a suspension was this? — spiritual, secular, or both together? The discerning reader will answer at once — *both*. For in a consistent thorough-going absolute monarchy the Church has no separate existence; she is incorporated with, or, to speak with perhaps a more exact similitude, *built into* the State; and her supreme council is the "Ministry of Ecclesiastical, Educational, and Medicinal Affairs" — supreme supervisorship of soul and body, perfect mould of all shapes that humanity can take within that certain space of square leagues; an "arrangement of *external* circumstances," according to the philosophy of Robert Owen, cunningly adapted to create and perpetuate a race of "very superior" mortals, in whom thought shall be as calculable as machinery, and religion as certain as the clock — a world of squares, and hexagons, and all manner of straight lines. In such a world pastor Wehrhan was suspended from his secular office, as minister of the Church of the New Liturgy, and vainly imagined that he might continue to officiate in a spiritual and voluntary way with the Church of the Old Liturgy. Ah no! He was discoursing over his perplexities one evening with a pious gardener and vendor of "fruits in their seasons" not far from the manse, and behold an adventure takes place of a very Prussian kind:—

"I was visiting my friend Fischer, the gardener, as is the custom with us often of a winter evening in the country; some neighbours chanced to pop in, and we were gossiping over our coffee, and smoking our social pipes, when the dog began barking in a vehement style. Fischer went out, and called, 'Who's there?' but nothing could he either hear or see, and he came in again. But in about a quarter of an hour the dog began to bark again; and immediately upon the back of that in came the baillie of Kunitz with two policemen. They started and looked blank, seeing nothing but a few coffee cups and tobacco-pipes. Fischer asked them what was their will; to which in evident embarrassment they brought out the answer — 'We only wished to know if the host of the house entertained any strangers that had gone through the village without a pass!'"

Der Casus macht mich lachen! as Dr. Faust said, when he saw the travelling schoolman come out of the hippopotamus poodle dog. Here we have a small sketch of the Prussian SPY SYSTEM, or *Conventikel-riecherei*, as our parson calls it; for the reader will see at once that the sharp-nosed baillie, informed by some loyal and orthodox peeper through key-holes, had scented a conventicle here, and the high treason of social prayer meeting was being committed.* But the baillie was mistaken! no Bibles nor old prayer-books were found on the table; but there was suspicion, serious suspicion; and what more likely than that, after suspension, the clergyman of the parish might go about among his old parishioners (most of whom were indeed on his side of the Liturgy question), and hold *Lutheran* (not "Evangelical") prayer-meetings with them. This matter of the pipes and coffee-cups accordingly was reported to the government of Breslaw: another examination was made; nothing expiscated, indeed; but on the morrow morning, to help the digestion of his breakfast, pastor Wehrhan received the following official communication: —

"By our Commissary, the Herr Government-councillor *Hinkeldey*, it has already been intimated to you, that unless you scrupulously eschew all intercourse with the parishioners of Kunitz, your removal from that neighbourhood, and perhaps your arrestment, must follow. We hope you will attend to this notification; otherwise you will have yourself to blame for any measures of a severe kind that the authorities may see cause to adopt. We give you timely

* "Secret meetings, which might prove dangerous to the state, though held under the pretence of family worship, shall not be tolerated." (*Landrecht*, tit. vi. § 9.) In practice this means that all social worship of every kind, beyond the narrow domestic circle, *without special leave* given, is illegal.

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information that arrangements have been made to keep a strict watch on your movements; and we also advertise you, that the proceedings of our Commissary Government-councillor Hinkeldey in regard to you receives our complete approbation. We wish in the most friendly possible manner to express our opinion that the avoidance of every appearance of illegal intercourse on your part with the Kunitz parishioners is as imperiously called for by the precepts of Christian morality, as by a regard to your own personal safety.

"Liegnitz, 21st Jan. 1835, Royal Government Department of the Interior.

"I. SECKENDORFF."

Pastor Wehrhan, from conscientious as well as prudent motives, did avoid all intercourse with his former congregation. He left the village altogether, and came to reside at Liegnitz, where he had received a "call" by a congregation of old Lutherans in and about that place, to minister to them in spiritual things. Having gone out of the Church, he hoped to be clear of the Church authorities; but he had leaped, poor man, "out of the frying-pan into the fire," as the sequel will show. In the meanwhile we cannot forbear to extract the following account of his ministerial labours, exhibiting graphically, and with genuine feeling, the PAINS AND PLEASURES OF VOLUNTARY PREACHING IN PRUSSIA:—

"In Liegnitz, with my scanty flock of Lutherans, I had almost more to do than in the large parish of Kunitz. My congregation here was scattered; I had to wander from village to village; and *as meetings by daylight were dangerous*, I was often obliged, through the mirk of night, when other people were preparing for rest, to set out, in the teeth of storm, snow, and rain, and now in this and now in that narrow crowded cottage, baptize, dispense the sacrament, expound the Scripture, or do other office appertaining to the ministry. After this continued exertion, heat, and perspiration, I had then to make the best of my way back to the town. But these labours were sweetened to me by many an experience of the purest joy hitherto unknown. The honest welcome of these kind people, the countenance of many a silver-haired old man lighted up with the bliss of unaffected devotion, the hearty squeeze of the hand at my departure, I never can forget. No common congregation was here; no respectable Christians, who, from custom, fashion, the command of superiors, or mere vanity to parade fine clothes, frequent the national church; but an assembly of genuine believers, who, in the face of danger and detraction, seek the Word of God and its ordinances because they *need* this spiritual nourishment. And how happy was the little hour of quiet intercourse with the family after the congregation had been dismissed; how kind the convoy which I never failed to receive from some member of my flock, almost to the gate of the town; what a home I found waiting me; what a sweet sleep after such labour! The most oppressed situations have hidden joys, that are revealed only to the oppressed."

Well moralised this; as indeed what German is not a philosopher in some shape or other? But these pleasures of Voluntary preaching were transitory; and neither shutters, nor thick blankets where there were none, could screen these "separatistic stirrings-about" (*separatistische Umtreibe*) from the Argus eyes of the Prussian police. The centralising government of Frederick William considers wisely, in the language of the Scottish Act of Charles II. 1670, c. 5., that conventicles and prayer-meetings are "the ordinary seminaries of rebellion," tending manifestly "to the prejudice of the public worship of God in the churches, to the scandal of the Reformed religion, to the reproach of his Majesty's authority and government, and to the alienating of the hearts and affections of the subjects from that duty and obedience they owe to his Majesty, and the public laws of the kingdom." Pastor Wehrhan had to suffer two separate imprisonments, the one of forty-four, the other of sixty-six days; and he afterwards paid a fine of three dollars (nine shillings) to the chief magistrate for the offence of baptizing his own child! Such is toleration under a paternal government.

After getting clear of the prison, our stout Lutheran priest was allowed to betake himself to Erfurt in Saxony, as a place less infected with Separatism than any town of Silesia. Here he had the liberty of moving about within certain limits, at pleasure, but was strictly enjoined by the burgo-

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master "to keep himself quiet, not to attempt exercising the functions of a spiritual person, to attend no prayer-meetings, and, without special leave, not to stay out of Erfurt over-night." These injunctions he conscientiously followed, for in all things we have to admire his conscientiousness; and now began to consider what scheme he should fall on to keep soul and body together for a time, without "launching into the wide kingdom of debt,"—a resource that was open to him, no doubt, as to other Christian men; but he had not moral courage enough for this. His first attempt was (like Jack Ragg) to earn a little "in the literary line."

"I applied to a bookseller in Erfurt, who *gave* me something (my *genius*, of course, not being consulted in the matter) to do after his plan. I was to make an abridgment of 'Cook's Voyages,' for young people, with additions from certain more recent voyages which he showed me, especially a new French work, which I was to buy from him, *i. e.* the price was to be deducted from my earnings; original drawings, too, were expected; and, what I disliked most of all, it was expected that I should myself write a laudatory advertisement of the works for the newspapers and periodicals of widest circulation. For all this, if the work came up to his idea, I was to receive, after the printing of the first volume, two or three dollars for each sheet of twenty-four pages; but if I failed in the execution, and particularly if I did not hit the proper style for young people, all my labour was to go for nothing, and I might do with my handiwork as I pleased. Hard as these conditions were, I was obliged to accept them. I then sought through the whole town for 'Cook's Voyages'—six thick quarto volumes, at least four weeks' hard reading to be fully mastered—and 'Campe's Selection.' But I had not proceeded far in my preparatory studies, before I discovered that it was impossible, out of 'Cook's Voyages,' to make one connected voyage, according to the bookseller's idea; and that as for mere selection here and there, Campe had already done the work so well, that it would be impossible for me to do any thing but repeat him. When I considered further, that in whatever way I might get through these difficulties, I risked the loss of all my labour from the mere whim of the bibliopole, who assumed a very arbitrary tone from the beginning, I thought it the best plan to send him back his French books, and give up the whole transaction."

Thus failed the literary scheme, as it has failed with many a better head than parson Wehrhan's, even in England, where "writers of books" are, on the whole, better paid than in Germany. The next attempt was humbler, but more successful,—the reverend recusant actually gained a few pence by painting Heidelberg Castle upon pipe-heads, as it has been often seen and admired by many a devotee, native and foreign, of the soothing weed. But even these pence came to an end; even black bread became scarce; and the worthy parson knew what leanness was, not by overmuch study, but by systematic retrenchment of the belly. But he kept a good heart, as well he might, having a good conscience,—a sort of spiritual air-bladder, that makes an elastic fish of a man in the most stormy sea. Heaven rained gold when Jung Stilling prayed, and out of the pipe-adorner God made a portrait-painter in the hour of need. There were not a few pious "old Lutherans" in Erfurt also; these sought a faithful brother out amid his deep distresses (he durst not seek *them* out for fear of the police). Every one had some little "*Hans*" or "*Lieschen*" to be "counterfeyed" for a dollar; and parson Wehrhan knew the joy, after a long Lent, to eat a good dinner, and, in the healing balm, to forget the sharpness of the wound.

This was a temporary sunshine. But the parson's wife and five children were still at Liegnitz, under the jurisdiction of the Prussian police, and another child was expected. A long foot-travel back to Silesia, through storm and snow, was the consequence of this. Then followed the birth of the sixth child, the baptism, and the payment of three dollars for that offence, as above mentioned. After this came perplexed and hope-deferring negotiations about a pension of twenty-five dollars monthly, which the government had made offer of to the parson's family, *on certain conditions.*

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Then, again, great difficulties about a pass; for to get out of Prussia by all means, as soon as possible, seemed now the only course. Saxony happily, though considerably infested with Rationalists (among whom Von Ammon, in Dresden, is well known to theological students), was still Lutheran; no mechanical union had been attempted there; possibly very few Calvinists were in the kingdom, and the king himself, being a Romanist, had no interest in the matter. To Saxony, therefore, Wehrhan fled, and was kindly treated by all parties, Rationalists as well as orthodox Lutherans, in and about Dresden. But the matter of the twenty-five dollars had not yet been brought to any satisfactory termination, and the cholera broke out in Liegnitz, where his wife, expecting the pension, had been left for a season. A decisive step was now necessary: another journey back to Liegnitz was made; house and household there were disposed of in one day; 200 dollars' worth of furniture sold on the urgency for forty, and our pastor found himself again in Dresden (the old pass having been sufficient), almost a beggar indeed, but free from the jealous supervisorship of the Prussian State-Conscience; happy in the sympathies of many pious brethren in the faith, and allowed to baptize his own children, or get them baptized by Lutheran clergymen, without the fear of the church minister before him. How to shift for his daily bread, after the forty dollars shall have been expended, he does not exactly know. The government pension has become hopeless, because he has abstracted himself and family altogether from Prussian protection; and to grant pensions to Separatists living abroad would be an "abnormity unheard of," as a letter from the ministry of the interior declares. But a man with a good conscience seldom wants good hope; God feeds the ravens: pastor Wehrhan is wandering somewhere in Baden, Bavaria, or Wurtemberg, on his way to France, where his wife's relations live, and where he hopes finally to receive an asylum. Portrait-painting he may try occasionally here and there in a village, as Goldsmith played the pipes; but he has given up all serious ideas of making himself a regular artist, and has taken himself again to literature, of which the history of his own spiritual adventures seems the first fruits. We have no doubt the book will sell beyond the bounds of Germany; it is likely to be interdicted in Prussia; but here is a copy of it on British editorial table, nourishing the Liberal stomach with choicest food a thousand miles from Berlin. A Silesian old Lutheran pastor may seem to have very small claims on the sympathies of an English Liberal, to whom even the "old lights" and "new lights" of scholastic divinity have become a matter of pretty considerable indifference; but the sufferers for conscience-sake form a sort of Freemasonry all over the world; the first Christians were Freemasons; and so long as church rates shall be paid in England, the most busy British heart (not sold to the State-Conscience) will have a tear and a smile to spare for the pains and pleasures of the German Voluntary.

One word to the King of Prussia before we part. Professor Bulau, of Leipzig, a man very favourable to the Prussian policy generally, in a work which has lately appeared *, tells us, that in consequence of military interference with the Silesian churches, to compel the universal reception of the royal liturgy, and the Evangelical union, of which it is a part, *several hundred Lutherans have taken themselves into a voluntary exile*, and are at this moment worshipping GOD, according to the use of their fathers, in Australia and America. Now we ask Frederick William, in all seriousness, whether this is not a very unhappy result of his paternal policy, and that mad passion for uniformity by which intolerant absolutism strives to plane

* Allgemeine Geschichte der Jähre, 1830 bis 1838. Leipzig, 1838, p. 299.

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down nature to a chess-board, human souls being figures thereon, with which kings may play a skilful game of centralisation? We may whisper in his ear — if the voice of British Liberalism can by any magic reach him — that it were better for himself, and the permanency of his own system, if he could now and then bate a little from the perfect *consistency* of his policy. Sir Robert Peel, who has as much of manhood about him as to make a *statesman* (so Macaulay said), might teach him a lesson here. It is not safe for politicians generally, least of all for Tories, to be perfectly consistent. This sponging out of the old Lutherans will not tell to the honour of Prussia any where. The simple story of a simple parson will make the paternal system suspected all over Europe, where he may chance to wander in search of bread, let the "Prussian Gazette" say what it will, — or rather say nothing, for that is the wisdom of German newspapers. Meanwhile, we do not wish to part on ill terms with Frederick William, — we blame his system, not himself. A better-hearted man, a more decent, respectable, church-going Christian king does not live in Europe. But in matters of state policy, he governs as his father governed before him, and cannot help thinking prayer-meetings exceedingly seditious. His character has been made FOR him, and not BY him, as the Socialists say; his heart has been clear of evil intention, and the things that have been done in Germany were such as might be done *there* without surprise, and without much offence. In England, let Henry Exeter (for we know he does not want the WILL) try a like experiment if he DARE.

*** Since this article was written, a short account of the persecution of the Lutherans in Prussia has been published in English by J. D. Löwenberg, briefly noticed in our last Number. The whole matter is one of the most interesting chapters in the history of Church-establishments that these latter times have seen. The *Protestant* persecution in Prussia forms a good side-scene to that famous one of the Romish priests in the Tyrol, of which the "Quarterly Review" lately gave us an edifying account. It had been well that the logic of the Reviewer had in any degree equalled his learning. Popish states do persecute in the nineteenth century, but not Popish states *only*. — ED.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

No. IV.

"I say, boys, who will go into the porch with me? Come along! There she sits — there sits Lady Bowles in a white sheet — there she is! Now she moves — now, now! She is going back into the church again. No, she is not; there she sits; who will go? Come along!"

It was nearly nine o'clock on a cloudy evening in the middle of August; the moon, which was almost full, shone by fits, and for some minutes her light fell with great brightness upon the porch of the village church. Within the porch some white object was visible; and being seen from a distance through the window, across the garden, across the road, and the churchyard, it certainly seemed to move. A lively noisy boy watched it, as he stood in the window-seat, and loudly invited his schoolfellows to go with him to the porch. Some of the boys still ventured to look through the window, crying, "It moves, it moves!" Others withdrew, hiding their faces with their hands, or shrinking into the darkest corners of the room; and many declared

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they would not enter the churchyard for the whole world — not for twenty worlds. The courage of the boy on the window-seat was inflamed by the apprehensions of his comrades. He repeated the invitation boastingly, and in a louder voice, when the words "I will go, Sam, if you like," fell upon his ear. "You would not be such a fool, I hope, would you, as really to go?" he eagerly inquired, having overcome his surprise, descended from his elevation, and presented himself in the doorway to him who accepted the invitation, and who was a younger boy and a new-comer. "Yes, to be sure! Why not?" "Well, if you are going to be such a fool, you shall go first; I am quite determined upon that!" "Very well, I go first then."

Away ran the younger boy along the straight broad walk of the garden, which lay in the full light of the moon, and quickly opened the gates. Here he paused a moment; for the narrow hollow road, being shaded by the walls of the garden and of the churchyard, was shrouded in blackness. He crossed the dark road cautiously, fearing a fall, and then ran up the stone steps, and halted at the little white gate of the churchyard, which stood high above the road, and glittered with the moon's brightness. Gravestones of a glistening whiteness threw their black shadows across the narrow path paved with single flagstones: here he halted through dread, not of spectres, but of the birch, and in doubt whether it was lawful to proceed further.

"Ah! ah! Sam, Sam! Before I would be such a coward! Ah! ah!" The elder boy still lingered in the doorway; and his companions, offended by his boastful challenge, rejoiced to find that he shrunk from the test, and loudly hooted at his reluctance to follow. The last new-comer, the fag of the school, had gone before, and the head-boy and captain hesitated to go after him: fear yielded at length to pride. Sam advanced with tolerable composure along the broad walk, whilst his friends, who had thrown up the windows, cheered him. He stopt suddenly at the garden gates, being startled at the black hollow road. "I say, come back! What nonsense!" "No, no! Come on!" The cheerful voice of the younger boy, who stood at his ease and in safety in the bright light, encouraged him; he slowly crossed the road and climbed the stone steps; the cheers of the boys in the windows were distinctly heard, when their captain emerged from darkness. "May we go farther — may we go any farther without being flogged?" "Yes, yes! if we *are* going to be such infernal fools!" "Come on, then — come on!"

The little white gate was thrown open, and the younger boy proceeded steadily along the narrow paved path, dragging after him his senior, who shrunk behind, and with his right hand firmly grasped the left elbow of his junior. "My God! there she sits! Now I'll be hanged if you shall go a step further! She moves — she moves!"

At a turn of the narrow path the inside of the porch, which had been hidden before, suddenly appeared; it was filled with intense black darkness, except that the moonlight fell in exceeding brightness upon the lower part of the whitened pillars on the left of the door. As the light clouds flitted over the moon, their light shadows flitted over the illumined pillars, upon which other and stronger shadows also played, whenever the gentle breeze waved to and fro the branches of the ancient trees.

"She moves — she moves! Now, now she wastes away! she vanishes!" The clouds had concealed the moon, and the light in the porch disappeared. "Now, I say, let us go back — let us run!" "Very well! But I will just have a touch at her first." And the younger boy stooped for a boy's argument — a stone, anticipating the deep reverberation of the oaken doors, and the echoes of the hollow porch and empty church. "What are you about?

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— are you mad? Don't throw for God's sake!" And the elder boy, as he spoke, seized with his left hand the right hand of the other.

"Come here, young gentlemen — come back — come in — come home; what in the world are you doing?" At the well-known and angry voice, both hastened, not without alarm, to the garden gates, from which spot the usher, not deeming it prudent to cross the black hollow road, recalled the two stray boys. Having locked, bolted, and fastened the gates very carefully, he drove the boys before him slowly towards the house along the broad walk, mingling sage expostulations with the alternate strokes of a thin hazel wand. "A pretty business, indeed! Very fine! A nice piece of work! The master and mistress go away on a visit, leaving every thing under my care, all the young gentlemen in my charge; and when they return I am to tell them, I suppose, that the devils have carried off two of them, as they certainly would all persons, except clergymen, who should go into a churchyard at this time of night." Some time before reaching the door the blows had ceased; and the elder boy, presuming somewhat on his seniority, anxiously inquired, "Pray, sir, would it not be a very dangerous thing to throw a stone amongst them?" The usher was silent.

The gentle breeze of a summer's evening waved to and fro the long branches of the ancient trees, and the moonbeam carried their shadows, together with its own brightness, into the porch. Ancient trees sheltered the ancient and graceful Gothic church, and surrounded, except a part of the southern side, the lonely churchyard. Nor were these vulgar timber trees — ashes, sycamores, or elms; the generous luxuriance of the widely spreading boughs bespoke, in the universality of extension and influence, a patrician dignity: equally expansive with the free-born oak, these noble trees wanted the rude energy and blunt confidence of that hardy forester. The smooth surface and the delicate hue of the bark indicated a certain gentility of growth; and the texture, and colour, and charming odour of the leaves looked and breathed refinement. The younger boy was never weary of gazing upon and admiring these lordly trees: in the month of August they were in their utmost glory and beauty; and, moreover, their aspect was altogether new to him. Some two degrees of latitude further towards the north, at the distance of some seven or eight miles from the eastern coast, it must not be too positively affirmed that this kind of tree will not flourish, for subsequent experiments tend to show that it will; but it is certain that forty years ago there were not any specimens in the immediate neighbourhood of the precise spot to which he inwardly refers, although it is believed there were then such trees still farther north in more favourable or more fortunate situations. To the advantage of latitude may be added that of being removed seventy, or eighty, or a hundred miles from the sea and its blighting north-east winds, and also that of the limestone rock, of a most genial foundation. Accordingly, the ancient trees in the lonely churchyard were admired equally by strangers from the south, as from the north. Visitors were invariably informed that they were reserved for the sole use of the young gentlemen; and the young gentlemen were told, on the other hand, that if any boy should dare to set his foot within the churchyard, which at other times was the permitted and frequented play-ground, from the end of the midsummer holidays until express notice was given, he should have a sound flogging, and good reason to remember it. The latter communication was made with such an air of candour and earnestness, that the prohibition was never violated; besides, the churchyard and the only way to it were in full view of the windows of the vicarage.

One fine day in October, the lessons ceasing as usual at noon, the ser-

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vants of the vicar, farming men, for he was a considerable farmer as well as a clergyman and a schoolmaster, had been busily employed upon the trees for three or four days before, with ladders and sacks; on a fine day in October at noon, the usher said aloud in the schoolroom, with much gravity, rising from his desk as he spoke, "Young gentlemen, I have the pleasure to inform you that the churchyard is free! You may all go there as soon as you please!" A sudden noise at once tore into a thousand pieces the solemn stillness of the school; there was a loud cheering, a simultaneous rushing, and in a moment all the boys were in the churchyard, shouting under the ancient trees, climbing, pelting, seeking amidst the long grass, and pocketing. The younger boy, the new-comer and fag of the school, went with the rest, wondering at the joyous riot, and ignorant of the object of the keen pursuit; a true schoolboy scorns to communicate with any being so immeasurably his inferior as a boy who happens to be his junior in the school by half a year; consequently he had not yet learned the name and nature of the trees, the comely and dignified aspect of which he had already admired for several weeks.

He ventured, however, to search, like some of the younger boys, in the long grass, and found, after a time, a large plum, green and brown, somewhat resembling a very ripe green-gage; he bit it twice and once, but the flavour did not encourage him to proceed. Presently the first dinner-bell rung, and the boys reluctantly approached the vicarage to wait before the door for the second signal. "Well! how many have you got?" A slight acquaintance formerly contracted at home, and a distant family connection, induced a good-natured boy of a little higher standing to condescend to address to the fag other words than those of imperious command. "How many have you got? Is this all? But it is a fine one. Why, you have been biting it! Is it good to eat?" A pocket-knife was produced, the husk at once removed, the shell neatly opened, and the kernel dexterously peeled without breaking it; for the boy was from Essex, and it is said to be the privilege of an Essex man to peel the kernel of a walnut whole. "There!" With the word, the white unbroken kernel lay shining on a low wall, and the Essex boy had departed.

Walnuts grow upon trees, and so do cocoa nuts: a few walnuts in a china dish had been seen before occasionally, and some pieces of cocoa nut in another; they had been brought from a distance by sea, and had been bought at the fruiterer's as rarities, together with oranges and lemons, almonds, chestnuts, and raisins; or, perhaps, at the grocer's, with tea, sugar, and coffee, and all delicious and outlandish things. The growth of walnuts, therefore, was as little known as that of cocoa nuts — as mysterious as the discovery of babies in parsley-beds, until the unexpected and delightful revelation. How intense and how delicious was the surprise! and the vivid recollection of this striking passage in childhood is still sweet.

Another and a very different revelation, of which the recollection is not less vivid, was made, but more gradually, the same autumn. Respecting its value there is a considerable diversity of opinion, a very great majority, however, as is usual on divisions, being on one side, especially if the voices of the present generation only, as is also usual on divisions, are to be reckoned. A church had hitherto been considered merely as a large and lofty room, wherein twice every Sunday, and once on a few other days in the year, prayers and sermons are to be heard at a length and under a degree of extreme restraint, which are exceedingly irksome to young persons; and a churchyard appeared to be but a small field adjoining the church, wherein now and then coffins are slowly deposited with much ceremony by a con-

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course of people; and where many gravestones repeat the same facts, the same verses, and the same texts, and stand forth, as public witnesses, boldly to attest that the number of the illiterate is great, and that poverty of invention and sterility of fancy are universal. But these places were soon to be viewed in another light. The church was ancient and handsome, in a good Gothic style, and more spacious than the solitary district required. In the wide aisle in the middle of the nave was an enormous flag-stone with two huge iron rings, like the rings fixed upon piers and in harbours for mooring vessels; they were thick and ponderous, and not less rusty than such as have been exposed to the sea water. The massy stone closed the entrance to vaults, which extended, it was said, on all sides under the church. The edges of the stone for the most part fitted the pavement very closely, but, at certain seasons, and particularly during the hay-harvest, for especial reasons, it appeared to have been raised and replaced carelessly; as it then lay unevenly, and there was a vacant space at one side, where the black darkness beneath might be plainly discerned, and through which a letter, or a thin volume, might be dropped into the vault. At these times the congregation did not choose to tread upon the stone, or to come very near it in going out of church. It had been a hot and dry summer, as the size and soundness of the walnuts proved, the level of the stone had been much disturbed, the chinks gaped wider than heretofore, and had not yet closed at the commencement of autumn.

"Well, indeed, I know not what has come to our vicar! I told him the great stone was quite awful to look upon — that we ought to put up a bit of a rail round it to keep people off; they are afraid to go near it. It would be a dreadful thing certainly, if it should fall in and carry some of them into the vaults along with it. But I suppose we are to have them up in the church amongst us next! Well, when it comes to that, I hope I may be a long way off! He would not hear of a rail, but told me there was no danger, that the stone lay unequally through the drought, which caused the pavement to shrink from it; that it is unwise to be alarmed, for there is no more danger in a vault than in any other place. But I said, 'Pray, sir, did you ever tread upon the stone yourself?' He made no answer; so I asked him if he would like to go down into the vault by himself. He looked a little pale at this I thought, and after some study said, 'Why, Joshua, would it not be rather a vain thing, think you, to descend thither alone without a very pressing occasion?' It is very well for the parson to try to lay it all upon the drought; there might be a very sore drought upon the earth, but there is a far sorer drought where *she* is!"

Thus did Joshua Longbotham, an honest farmer, and one of the churchwardens, and consequently a man worthy of attention, grumble aloud against his vicar in the churchyard after evening service on a fine Sunday in the autumn. Two or three boys drew near: the good-humoured old man loved the company of boys; he loved their conversation, or rather that they should listen to his interminable discourses, and assent to his assertions, for the confirmation of young gentlemen in the actual receipt of a learned education was flattering and satisfactory, and their patience and complaisance were often rewarded with apples, pears, and plums. He repeated in the churchyard to his youthful audience the complaints which he had just uttered to himself, with large additions and illustrations; he repeated them more fully by the way, with considerable augmentations at his own door, and presently again in all their detail, before the fire in his airy and ample kitchen. The boys heard and approved; Martha, the maid, sent at intervals from the window-seat a deep-drawn sigh, and having deliberately

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wiped an eye, a mouth, or other feature with the corner of a snow-white apron, sadly ejaculated, "Eh me!" Not so the dame: "my poor Kit!" she struggled hard to interpose — "but only think of my poor Kit!" It was impossible to force in more by any effort, until Joshua withdrew to the chamber to select a few mellow apples, then Betty Longbotham, her eyes and mouth being much wiped, began in her turn an orderly discourse; and Martha, when her mistress was in possession of the house, came from the window-seat, and stood, a patient listener, behind her elbow-chair. "But only think of my poor Kit!" Christopher Longbotham, the son of Betty by a former marriage, and her only child (for the story is short when it is stripped of repetitions, reflections, sighs, and tears) being then a fair-haired, bright-eyed boy of nineteen, with his poor father's smile and glittering teeth, once drew near to the chink. "It is easy to talk, but it is all nonsense to say, that it was never so wide or never open so late before!" The years were signified very precisely when the chink appeared as early, gaped as much, and remained as long. In one of these years Christopher — he had always been a venturous child — crept up softly to the big stone, the church being open just before evening service, and listening silently heard scratchings in the vault beneath, and he thrust a long wand, which he had cut from the old elder-tree in the garden for the purpose, down the chink. It entered readily, and he moved it about freely for some time, but on a sudden it was snatched violently out of his hand with great force, as by a strong man; and upon this he was so much terrified, that he instantly ran away. Oftentimes afterwards the thought of what he had done would come across him in his place in the gallery over the side-aisle, whilst he was playing the flute for the singers. He would tremble, and a cold sweat broke out all over his body, and his breath failed him, so that he could not blow; he was forced, therefore, to leave the singers, male and female, to themselves, to get through the psalms as they could, ceasing to assist them most reluctantly, because with no other accompaniment than the double bass, the clarionet, and the bassoon, and without his flute, as he constantly declared, and his mother believed, the music was not worth listening to.

"And I solemnly affirm, that often in my bed at night, when I think what an act my own flesh and blood has done, when I think where the stick that grew in our garden has gone, and in whose keeping it certainly is at this time — a stick which my poor Kit, God forgive him, cut with his own hands off the elder-tree, from which so many gallons of good wholesome wine, that has been drunk in our house, were made (I never was so glad in my life as I was when the old tree was blown over by the great storm, and I only wonder that our old house and all was not carried away) — when I think upon these things, I tremble so, that the bed trembles, and the chamber trembles all over, so that you may hear the china and glasses jar together in the corner cupboard in our parlour below. Poor fellow, he never got quite over it! My poor Kit never throve well after it; and when he went away to the South to get a purer air, as they told me, he only went to be buried far away from us all, in a strange land! Oh! that Lady Bowles — she was a hussy! It was all through her! Only think of my poor Kit!"

The pretty Gothic church may be said to have had a double chancel; on the north side of the eastern end was the ordinary chancel, with a large window at the extremity, and the communion table under it, and several handsome monuments in marble on each side. On the south of the same end was an additional chancel, or rather a porch or chapel, which had no

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window at the end, but three narrow lancet windows on the right in the south side. One of these gave light from the top only: the rest were closed on the inside with stone, so that the place was very dark. The tomb was on the left, or north side: it was protected by iron rails on three sides; on the other side was the wall. The rails were very high, twelve feet at least, and very thick, and set very close together; consequently it was impossible to see much of the tomb: they increased the darkness by their shadows, and the obscurity was augmented by the continual accumulation of dust and dirt. A female larger, much longer surely than any living woman, lay upon her back on a couch, enveloped in most ample draperies: pleat within pleat, fold upon fold covered the whole person, the arms, and the feet; the head likewise was enshrined in cowls and hoods. At her feet was a drawn sword: this, at least, was plainly to be seen, for the light fell upon it; at her feet also, but in the darkest corner, sat a low black figure, called the Imp of Sin. To trace it distinctly would have been impossible, even if terror did not impede the vision, yet the dusky outline closely resembled other representations of the same being. The body of Lady Bowles had been deposited in the vault immediately under her tomb, and the entrance to the vaults being at a great interval, it seemed, as was reported, that they were very extensive.

At the distance of three measured miles from the church, towards the south-west, stood the Hall; the spot might be discovered for a mile and more on every side, by the incessant cries of countless rooks, and it was often clearly indicated by a black cloud of innumerable birds hovering above the lofty trees. The mansion was encompassed by a flat level park; old trees, crowded with nests, seemed to press together and to hem it in closely, save that on the south side they had retired a short distance to afford room for certain antique gardens and their clipped hedges, straight walks, and gradations of terraces. The house was of grey stone, its aspect gloomy and ancient, its form square, each front similar, being alike surmounted with gables, crowned with a forest of tall chimneys, and pierced by numerous casement windows of very various forms and dimensions. For every week of the year there was a chimney or hearth in the roomy edifice, and for every day a window. Sundry ancient men affirmed, that they were able to show the window of the very room in which the foul deed was done. Some murky casement, in a dark corner, was pointed out with much mystery, after long deliberation, but it was remarkable that of the 365 windows, a different one was selected by each of the hoary seniors, and indeed the same awe-stricken guide would occasionally indicate, in trembling perplexity, another instead of that which he had himself lately distinguished as the only true one. Sundry ancient women told, that they had heard from a grandmother, or a great-aunt, that her companion, when a girl, had been led by a former housekeeper at the Hall into the fatal dressing-closet, and that there, upon her knees on the bare floor, she had gazed with her young eyes at the indelible stains which, when the sun shone strongly, were evidently blacker than the black parqueted oak itself; and that when she could no longer endure the intolerable sight, how the terrified maiden rushed out of the room, thanking God that she had escaped so, and vowing that she would never set foot in it again, not even if she might thus win the heart and hand of the finest young lord in the land.

In the long gallery was a dingy old picture, which any body might inspect; it represented a young lady seated in a chair, her long hair falling all around, the ends not merely touching, but lying in large ringlets upon the ground. Her features were regular, her countenance handsome, but hard,

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her eyes bright and bold, with something of fear lurking in the corners; it was not the aspect of a happy woman, — a forced cheerfulness strove in vain to hide an aching heart, and an affected confidence to cover perpetual apprehension. At her feet lay a drawn sword, and in deep shadow at the back of the picture, sat crouching on the ground behind her chair a low black figure, like a mis-shapen dwarf, or an ape, slowly combing the lady's hair with short crooked fingers. "There sits Pride!" said the old housekeeper, with conspicuous aversion in showing the painting. "It is not for me to speak against her, that is not my place! — or to tell all I know," she added very mysteriously; "but there sits Madam Pride!" "That is Lady Bowles, is it not?" "Yes." "And that is the Imp of Sin?" "Yes." "The same that is on the monument?" "Yes." "And there is the sword?" "Yes." Like one who having much to hide, fears lest some disclosure should be extorted forcibly, the cautious housekeeper was already standing before another portrait, explaining that upon which she could dwell with more satisfaction. The Hall, it is true, had been the scene of the cruel and unnatural slaughter, yet it had been cleared by repeated and powerful exorcisms, lustrated by innocent prayers and pure piety, and sanctified by the long practice of maiden virtues, by heavenly kindness, and the meekest charity. Save only the dismal dressing-closet, the access to which had been walled up for more than a hundred years, it was not accounted an uneasy habitation, nor were the grave, formal, antiquated grounds, or indeed the immediate vicinity, terrible even on the darkest nights; the territory was rather reputed to be, on the contrary, safe and innoxious.

There was a rude rock about two miles from the Hall, situated in a pleasant valley; the sides were steep, and the top was covered with long grass and hazle bushes. It was called Lady Bowles's Chair, and was in size equal to an ordinary dwelling-house; it could not be ascended without a ladder, except by an active climber; it was believed that nobody ever ventured to get to the top, and certainly in the autumn the ripe nuts were seen there hanging ungathered; and when a few of these slipped their shells and fell to the ground, they remained unheeded by the boys. A field-path passed close by the Chair on the western side: by day, for a rustic footway it was not unfrequented, but by night the traveller made a large and inconvenient circuit towards the west, shunning the direct and well-trodden road; for the rock hung over the path, and there was a narrow ledge on the side, upon which two or three persons might sit. And here sat side by side Lady Bowles and the Imp of Sin by night, and chiefly about haytide, when the bloody deed was done. The belief of the reality of such visits was firmly rooted, and the dread of the spot was strong among the country folk, but it was not rumoured that any body had ever seen or heard any thing remarkable here.

At the "Alders," Jonas Coverdale's farm, where the poor handmaiden was born, it was far otherwise. Of numerous windows, many were built up with stone, gray as the dingy walls; many were blocked with mouldering boards, and a few still admitted a doubtful light through dim warped casements. Moss, stonecrop, and tall grass stood securely on the pointed roofs and lofty walls, which were tinged with a dull sap-green, as were the sluggish pools and ponds, whither all the waters that fell from heaven upon the rank herbage of the adjoining fields slowly crept, and where it stilly slept. "It always rains at the 'Alders,' and when it rains nowhere else!" A dark cloud hung over it in the air above, and in the air beneath a dense chilly fog folded it around. Slugs and frogs, toads and newts crawled forth

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from the stagnant waters to the rushy lawn, to the long damp passages, and to the gloomy kitchen. The huge edifice, house, stalls, and barns, was sheltered by high hedges of holly, box, and yew, which for several generations had run into wild disorder, unclipped and unheeded, and the winds were warned to seek another course, and to shun the humid spot, by clumps and belts of ever dripping trees, of alders, willows, and sycamores. Damp as the grave, silent as death, the cattle were fat and sleek, but mute: they fed in silence, looking sad, as though they knew their fate, and quietly waited for the butcher's knife. The sheep would never bleat, the kine lowed not, nor would the drowsy house-dog bark at any earthly visitor; during the night the poor beast howled miserably with frantic fear. The occupiers grew rich, but they throve not; old Saul Coverdale, the grand-uncle of Jonas, might have paved his chamber with silver, and made his bed of gold, yet he found small comfort in his wealth. "You say no good will come of it — that may be; but it is hard for an old man to quit the house he was born in. They will not harm me — I am not unrighteous enough for them; I am a poor, but I am a just man!" He was often warned, but he answered thus, and he staid there until he had a stroke of palsy in his bed, whereby he suddenly lost the entire use of his right side, and then he suffered himself to be carried to the house of his niece, a widow, where he remained nearly a year, until he died. Old Saul appeared to have lost his speech also through the palsy: however those who were accustomed to him, although his words were very indistinct, could sometimes understand them. He was often heard muttering to himself, "Well, when the devil has got fast hold of one half, it is better not to struggle with him, but to let him have his way, and take the other half quietly, for he is sure to get the whole at last!" And he told them things which he had himself seen and heard at the "Alders," and that made their hearts to sink within them.

It was a dismal deed for a gentlewoman to slay with her own hand her helpless handmaiden! The poor girl was combing Lady Bowles's long hair, as she was wont to do daily for several hours, one rainy afternoon during the hay-harvest in the fatal dressing-closet. She remarked that the hair was turning gray at the back of the head; her mistress, in anger, told her to prove her words, and to take two looking-glasses and show her the gray hairs. This the poor handmaiden attempted many times, but in vain, for the Imp of Sin caused the gray hairs to seem dark in the mirrors, darker than the rest: the lady insisted the more on seeing them, and railed at her, and threatened her, so that at last she fell down on her knees before her, declared that she had been mistaken, and besought her earnestly, with many tears, to forgive her blemished sight. Then Lady Bowles ran her through the bare breast with a drawn sword, as the poor handmaiden kneeled weeping at her feet. The sword hung high over the chimney, out of the lady's reach, but the Imp of Sin took it down, and put it into her hand ready drawn.

The black traces of innocent blood could not be removed by washing from the floor of the dressing-closet; water made the stain darker; and whenever a dog enters that chamber, he runs at once to the spot, and snuffs there, although it be covered with carpets, as if he scented blood newly shed. Lady Bowles, being exceedingly rich, was able to purchase impunity: her wealth prevented punishment, and even inquiry; but she was forbidden to quit the Hall: and there she remained until her death in deep solitude. After the murder she became charitable towards the poor, expending large sums every year in her bounties, and especially in marrying and portioning

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poor maidens; nor did she ever receive the services of another handmaiden, but the Imp of Sin acted as such, and for several hours each day combed her long hair with his crooked fingers. Some persons affirmed that the young servant was slain, because she had possessed herself of her mistress's secret, and that the quarrel about the hair was only a pretence to conceal the real motives for committing the crime, of which the lady made a full disclosure and confession on her death-bed. What a dreadful secret was that, which could impel a young and handsome widow, rich and without children, to slaughter thus cruelly her gentle, complying, flattering handmaiden!

Some told, that they had seen at nightfall in that dolorous dwelling, the "Alders," the poor handmaiden still bleeding, and lately pierced through the bosom with a sword. Some had seen there about midnight Lady Bowles herself, alone and in a condition not to be described, but rather to be forgotten, if, indeed, such spectacles can ever be forgotten. Others had met Lady Bowles slowly gliding under the trees, hanging down her guilty head, whilst her long loose tresses covered her face, and descended to the earth, and the moonlight displayed her shoulders bare and bloody, and her hands bound behind her back with an iron chain, of which several fathoms trailed along the ground. All men had heard, at times, in the night season footsteps, now quick, now slow, shrill shrieks and piteous wailings, the miserable moaning of the affrighted dog, the clank of chains, far-resounding strokes, thrilling whispers, and the rustling of silken robes.

During the occupation of Nathan Coverdale, the nephew of old Saul, and the father of Jonas, the household were sorely tormented and terrified. From midnight until a little before daybreak, the fierce threats of the enraged lady were echoed through the uninhabited rooms; the unavailing supplications of the unhappy handmaiden, lower, but not less audible, were intermingled — her death scream, her dying groans, the devilish laughter of the Imp of Sin, who was distinctly heard to smack his lean, parched lips with delight, as he greedily sucked the warm blood from the wound. Presently the murderess was hunted from chamber to chamber by avenging fiends with whips of fire; and the old building rocked from its foundations amidst savage yells, thundering stripes, and shrieks full of despair.

Just when the grievance was at its utmost height, relief and a remedy were confidently promised. Captain Grainger was able to remove every grievance. The captain was a short, spare, active man, with a bald pate, the hair being forced violently on every side from its natural bent to cover the naked top of his head, with a wild, restless eye, and with the countenance of a weasel, a ferret, or a brad-awl, sharp and piercing. He was a reformer in the true and best sense of the term, as he alleged — an implacable enemy of abuses, for all which he had, as is ordinary, one single, simple, and certain remedy, the fault lying not so much in our institutions as in our razors. Man, by habit and social compact, a shaving animal, strives first to emancipate himself from the thraldom of barbers, under which his fathers groaned: this step has been gained, but much still remains. Through the miserable imperfection of his organ the freeborn citizen of the universe is disappointed every morning in the execution of his primary resolution; hence an early and inveterate habit of submitting tamely to be frustrated in his purposes is engendered and fostered, and thus the earth is peopled with poor, irresolute, half-shaved creatures. If, on the contrary, in the prime daily act man's will were the law of his destiny, it would soon become such in all his other acts and intentions, and having completely effected his designs before breakfast, he would not endure to be disappointed after that meal, or at any other period of the day or night. When the first grand abuse is removed,

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all the rest will certainly and speedily follow, and man will be man! Accordingly, the captain was scraped from the eyes to the collar-bone so carefully, that not a single stray bristle could ever be discovered; and his time was fully occupied in setting his own razors, and those of his acquaintance. He had "the largest hone within the four seas, and the best incomparably." The management of the rest of his person was not less exact and precise than of his chin: his worn and faded clothes were without spot, and his scanty habitation was as tidy as his minute body. There the genuine freedom, which he loudly preached, assumed the appearance of rather strict discipline towards his only companion, his servant or his landlady, for it was not known whether he was a housekeeper or a lodger. "Wherever the social relations are undefined, or ill-understood, there can be no genuine freedom. Perfect liberty and perfect equality are the law of this house. I have a perfect liberty to do what I please, being accountable to none; and you enjoy an equal liberty of doing whatever I bid you instantly, without question or murmur!" The exposition of the nature of genuine freedom was commonly enforced by some sharp strokes with a cane upon the seat of a chair, and the full, uninterrupted enjoyment of it secured the most exemplary neatness, and banished disputes from the humble dwelling.

The captain was not the slave of spectral delusions; his sum of theology was brief, plain, and peremptory. "When the breath stops, the game is up; the rest is all nonsense together: man is dust and ashes, and nothing besides; these the wind will eventually dissipate, and would blow away much sooner, but for two enormous abuses, — the abuse called a grave, and the abuse called a coffin."

He never entered the church, and approached it only on Sunday during divine service, when if the day was fair, he took his walk, cane in hand, in the churchyard, that he might thereby offer his public testimony to the value of what was going on within. This behaviour caused scandal, and gave offence, so that the churchwardens desired to expel him forcibly, but the vicar, a former vicar, repressed their zeal. "The poor fellow occasions no noise, or actual disturbance; in other respects he is an inoffensive neighbour; he has been a brave officer, and was wounded in the head: his errors, however gross, may proceed from a laudable motive; let us hope that some day he will think as we do!" And he added to those in whom he could confide, with a significant gesture, "The man evidently is not quite right!"

The conciliatory deportment of the vicar gradually mitigated the captain's aversion, not so far indeed as to induce him to abide even for a moment under the same roof with a high-priest of superstition; but so far as to allow him to acknowledge, that the old parson always behaved like a gentleman. Moreover, he consented in time to exchange salutations, and occasionally to shake hands after a short absence, and more especially to set the vicar's razors with peculiar care, and to accept in return small presents of fruit, vegetables, and cucumbers. "Punch after supper is the *summum bonum!* It is the *sine quâ non!*" This was the captain's whole stock of Latin; nothing but the praises of punch could draw it forth, and these never failed. "And then for a fresh cucumber in the morning! There is nothing like it when the coppers are hot; just eat it at breakfast with a little salt; it dispels all fever, and directly reduces to the just temperature that fine fimbriation of matter, erroneously called the intellect."

In virtue of the office of churchwarden, Nathan Coverdale ventured to expostulate respectfully with the captain, submitted to listen patiently to long tirades against superstition, and finally charmed the reformer by his ndour, and with the hopes of a conversion, inasmuch as he consented to

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have all his razors set, and to give them a fair trial: nothing more was necessary. This operation led to further communications, to a visit to the "Alders," and to certain disclosures; whereupon the captain pledged his sacred honour to make the old house as quiet and comfortable as his own little cabin; and declared, somewhat boastfully, that he would soon send Lady Bowles to the place of her last legal settlement.

The rumour of the boastful undertaking rapidly spread through the neighbourhood; it created much curiosity and interest, and many speculations; the captain was viewed with a profound reverence, not unmixed with terror. Nor was he not flattered by the distinction: the philosopher was right glad to be pointed out by the callous fingers of carters and ploughboys, and to be stared at by the open-mouthed mothers and sisters, wives and daughters of the vulgar. Nevertheless, he moved not towards the performance of the exploit for which he was admired in advance; and when he was civilly reminded of his promise, he freely declared that he had not forgotten it, but he gave no day — made no appointment. The engagement was of Michaelmas; towards the end of winter it was apparent that public observation had ceased to be grateful, and, indeed, the remarks and the demeanour of passengers had become distrustful, or irrisory. He became pale, thoughtful, silent, and finally renounced his accustomed walks in the churchyard.

"Ay, ay! so our captain shows the white feather; well, I always thought he would!" Stung by the sneer which a butcher threw out to a farmer in driving sheep together under the open window, where the captain was lying upon three chairs, basking in the March sun, he felt that the sacred honour which he had given in pledge was at stake, and snatching up his drab hat and cane, set out at once for the "Alders." On his way, and before his wrath had subsided, he met Nathan conducting a calf to the same butcher, whose sting was still rankling in his heart. "You would think that I had forgotten my promise; no, I am a man of my word! — but in fact my health has been such, that I could not possibly take upon me in the winter to sit up all night, which would be necessary: now there is no objection; the weather is milder, and I am at your service." Friday was proposed; the captain preferred Friday week. For ten days it was most manifest that he had risen full one thousand per cent. in public estimation, especially amongst the women, who all declared tenderly that it was a pity!

One Friday evening, at the end of March, he took the field: the supper hour was eight, but the party sat lingering over the kitchen fire until near ten. The guests were an exciseman and a land-surveyor, two travelled men, who knew the world, having been in several counties and many towns, and a young farmer, who once had a taste for the army, and was bolder than his neighbours. "Captain, I fear much you will be very dull when you are alone all night in this gloomy place." The exciseman remarked as they entered, with an affected indifference, "No, no, I can never be dull with my hone! With an old razor or two, a man can never want amusement!"

A spacious apartment had been selected in the uninhabited portion of the house, and in that part where the noises were most frequently heard. The farmer's men, under the superintendence of the captain (for the women refused to set foot in it) had cleansed the room and removed the crazy boards from one of the windows. It was large, but low, and the walls were lined with panels of black oak. A fire blazed on the hearth, and a good store of logs was piled around. A supper suited to a whole garrison had been set out on the solid table in rustic plenty. There was a mighty kettle

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of boiling water, several bowls, and all ingredients for preparing punch. Two lighted candles stood on the supper table, and two more on a side table, upon which, also, were many spare candles in a tin box; two horse-pistols, loaded and cocked, the captain's sword drawn, some powder and balls, the largest hone within the four seas, a flask of oil, and several razors. The supper was abundant and excellent, but little was eaten; the company was select, but little was said. The captain was pale, trembling, thoughtful, silent; he brewed punch, drank freely, and urged his companions to partake: he pressed them to remain, to take another bowl, — it would be better than the last. They were inexorable; at eleven they unanimously declared that it was bed-time — that it was late. His thin lips quivered, his eyes were wild and restless; he took leave of them repeatedly, shaking hands with each, although they were almost strangers, again and again with much seriousness, and the guests departed an hour before midnight.

The day had been serene, the evening was still; a breeze sprung up during supper, which rapidly increased. Nothing was heard all night but the raging wind howling amongst the leafless trees, and sweeping over the high-pitched roof, and the rattling of doors and windows, of broken shutters and mouldering boards, with hail and rain, and the ceaseless pouring of spouts and gutters. The morning, also, like the preceding day, was serene and still; the sky was blue and the sun bright, and birds and trees gave a clear and certain promise of spring. The captain, an early riser, was eagerly looked for at daybreak. When breakfast was ready, it was announced loudly under the window, and at the end of the long passage: there was no answer — all was silent. "Fatigued with watching, he has fallen asleep at last: he still sleeps; let him rest himself; it is not late." Nathan's voice faltered as he spoke, and he looked as if he desired what he said to be true, rather than believed it. "Keep things hot; save some breakfast for him; mind that he has all he wishes for!" he added, turning towards the women, in whose eyes tears stood, whilst each offered inwardly a secret prayer.

During the morning's meal every eye was fastened upon the door of the gloomy kitchen, every ear strove to catch first the sound of brisk footsteps, and of a well-known voice. How often after it was concluded were earnest, asking glances directed towards the window of the supper chamber, and to the closed door through the long dusky passage. Breathless listeners stood trembling with patient apprehension, but the old house was so still that no noise was heard or imagined. Noon arrived, and with it the intelligence that dinner waited. "The pudding has been taken out of the pot!" "Then we will wake him! he has slept long enough surely; it is time to wake him. Come along, boys!" With these words, and with an air of desperate resolution, Nathan rushed out, followed by his household. They shouted with all their might under the window of the supper room; a large discordant horn was sounded with its utmost force, and every sonorous vessel of metal was beaten with some piece of metal, as in hiving bees, so that the din was stunning; but when it ceased, all sounds ceased; the loud signals were disregarded and unanswered. Dinner was taken in sorrow and in silence amidst repressed sobs and gushing tears.

After dinner, neighbours, curious to learn the event, began to drop in, so that by three o'clock many persons were assembled in the yard; amongst these were the guests of the last evening. It was proposed to force the door of the supper chamber, but it was of solid oak, locked, bolted, and barred — to set a ladder against the window, and this was done at once. It was light without and dark within, so that nothing could be discerned through the glass. The warped, rusty frames of the ancient casement were stronger

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than they appeared to be; the iron withstood the crow-bar for a time, but it yielded at last. After a pause, the smith, who had forced the window, entered, and two or three others followed him immediately. The supper remained in orderly disposition; the fire was out; three of the candles had burnt to the sockets; the fourth had been overturned, and lay on the floor half consumed — but there was no captain! By degrees the eye accustomed itself to the gloomy chamber, and he was found at last lying upon his face in a pool of thickening blood at the remotest part of the room. The body was cold and stiff, and his throat so deeply cut that his head seemed to be almost severed from his body. On the floor, in the middle of the chamber, was a bloody razor. Both pistols had been fired; the bullet discharged by one was sticking fast in the oaken doorpost; the ball from the other having shattered a deal panel with which the oaken door had formerly been repaired, had passed through, and was not traced farther.

It is difficult in a short, slight sketch to create an adequate impression of the terrors that haunted an old farm house of a gloomy aspect, because it was reported to have been the birthplace of that pale, suffering dove, the poor murdered handmaiden. It would be almost impossible to represent in words the scenes which it is believed were acted in the vaults, where had been deposited, and still remained, the actual body of the fierce, homicidal hawk, the murderous lady mistress, and in the lonely churchyard adjoining these terrible vaults. To have heard one tale of spectres related after sunset with the solemn earnestness of a narrator who firmly confided in the serious assurances of a trembling eye-witness was quite sufficient to remove from the heart of a boy the inclination to advance by night to the porch through the churchyard, and to induce him afterwards to avert his eyes instantly, through the apprehension of beholding something unlawful, when he had caught a glimpse inadvertently from the window of his bedroom of the Gothic church, as the moonbeams fell upon its tall spire, or pointed roof.

Amongst the many strong and lively recollections of childhood there are few, if any, more vivid, than those of the first practical acquaintance with ghosts. It was one thing to read of these beings in story books, together with fairies and giants, as personages invented for the amusement of children; and another and a very different thing to reside all day, and to sleep every night, within a few yards of ghosts, that were seen and heard frequently and almost perpetually by all the neighbours, under strong emotions, by people of character and respectability — plain and honest country folks, wanting wit to invent, and malice to feign.

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THE SURETY.

FROM SCHILLER.

"Non certes, la Vie n'est pas si aride que l'Egoïsme nous l'a faite. Tout n'y est pas prudence, tout n'y est pas calcul." — *Mad. de Staël.*

"HERE, guards!" — pale with fears, DIONYSIUS cries, —
"Here, guards, yon intruder arrest;
'Tis DAMON — but hah! speak, what means that disguise?
And the dagger which gleams in thy vest?"
"'Twas to free," says the youth, "this dear land from its chains!"
"Free the land! wretched fool, thou shalt die for thy pains."

"I am ready to die — I ask not to live;
Yet three days of respite, perhaps, thou may'st give,
For to-morrow my sister will wed,
And 't would damp all her joy, were her brother not there;
Then let me, I pray, to her nuptials repair,
Whilst a friend remains here in my stead."

With a sneer on his brow and a curse in his breast,
"Thou shalt have," cries the tyrant — "shalt have thy request;
To thy sister's repair, on her nuptials attend,
Enjoy thy three days, but — mark well what I say —
Return on the third; if beyond that fix'd day,
There be but one hour's, but one moment's delay,
That delay shall be death to thy friend!"

Then to PHINTIAS he went, and told him his case;
That true friend answer'd not, but, with instant embrace
Consenting, rush'd forth to be bound in his room.
And now, as if wing'd with new life from above,
To his sister's he flew, did his errand of love,
And, ere a third morning had brighten'd the grove,
Was returning with joy to his doom.

But the Heavens interpose,
Stern the tempest arose,
And, when the poor pilgrim arrived at the shore,
Swoll'n to torrents, the rills
Rush'd in foam from the hills,
And crash went the bridge in the whirlpool's wild roar.

Wildly gazing, despairing, half phrenzied, he stood;
Dark, dark were the skies, and dark was the flood;
And darker his lorn heart's emotion;
And he shouted for aid, but no aid was at hand,
No boat ventur'd forth from the surf-ridden strand,
And the waves sprang, like woods, o'er the lessening land,
And the stream was becoming an ocean.

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Now with knees low to earth and with hands to the skies,
" Still the storm, God of might, God of mercy," he cries;
" Oh, hush with thy breath the loud sea;
The hours hurry by; the sun glows on high;
And should he go down, and I reach not the town,
My friend — he must perish for me!"

Yet the wrath of the torrent still went on increasing,
And wave upon wave still dissolv'd without ceasing,
And hour after hour hurried on; —
Then, by anguish impell'd, — hope and fear alike o'er,
He, reckless, rush'd into the waters' deep roar;
Rose, sunk, struggled on, till at length the wish'd shore —
Thanks to Heaven's outstretch'd hand! — it is won.

But new perils await him. Scarce 'scaped from the flood,
And intent on redeeming each moment's delay,
As onward he sped, lo! from out a dark wood,
A band of fierce robbers encompass'd his way.
" What would ye?" he cried; " save my life, I have naught, —
Nay, that is the king's!" Then swift, having caught
A club from the nearest, and swinging it round,
With might more than man's, he laid three on the ground,
Whilst the rest hurried off in dismay.

But the noon's scorching flame
Soon shoots through his frame,
And he turns, faint and way-worn, to Heaven with a sigh:
" From the flood and the foe
Thou 'st redeem'd me — and oh!
Thus, by thirst overcome, must I effortless lie,
And leave him, the belov'd of my bosom, to die?"

Scarce utter'd the word,
When, startled, he heard
Purling sounds, sweet as silver's, fall fresh on his ear;
And he sees a small rill
Trickle down from the hill!
He hears, and he sees, and, with joy drawing near,
Laves his limbs, slakes his thirst, and renews his career.

And now the sun's beams through the deep boughs are glowing,
And tree, rock, and mountain, their shadows are throwing,
Huge and grim o'er the meadow's bright bloom;
And two travellers are seen going forth on their way,
And, just as they pass, he hears one of them say,
" 'Tis the hour that was fix'd for his doom."

Still anguish gives strength to his wavering flight; —
On he speeds; and lo now! in eve's reddening light
The domes of dark SYRACUSE blend;
There PHILOSTRATUS meets him — (a servant grown gray
In his house) — crying " Back, not an instant delay;
No cares will avail for thy friend.

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No — nothing can save his dear head from the tomb;
So think of preserving thine own.
Myself, I beheld him led forth to his doom;
Ere this his brave spirit has flown.
With confident soul he stood hour after hour,
Thy return never doubting to see;
No sneers of the tyrant that faith could o'erpower,
Or shake his assurance in thee!"

"And is it too late? And cannot I save
His dear life? Then, at least, let me share in his grave!
Yes, death shall unite us. No tyrant shall say
That friend to his friend prov'd untrue; he may slay,
May torture, may mock at all mercy and ruth;
But ne'er shall he doubt of our friendship and truth."

'Tis sunset, and DAMON arrives at the gate,
Sees the scaffold and multitudes gazing below;
Already the victim is bared for his fate,
Already the deathsman stands arm'd for the blow;
When, hark! a wild voice, which is echoed around, —
"Stay! 'Tis I — it is DAMON, for whom he was bound!"

And now they sink into each other's embrace,
And are weeping for joy and despair.
Not a soul amongst thousands, but melts at their case,
Which swift to the monarch they bear:
Even he, too, is moved — feels, for once, as he ought,
And commands that they both to his throne shall be brought.

Then — alternately gazing at each gallant youth,
With looks of awe, wonder, and shame —
"Ye have conquer'd," he cries — "Yes, I see now that truth,
That friendship, is not a mere name.
Go, — y'are free; but, whilst life's dearest blessings you prove,
Let one prayer of your monarch be heard,
That — his past sins forgot — in this union of love
And of virtue you make HIM the third!" *

* For the original story, see Cic. Offic. iii. 10.; Valer. Max. iv. 7.; and Lactant. v. 17.

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THE WAR WITH CHINA.

THE Chinese question, like every other of public importance, has no sooner begun to excite an interest in the public mind than it has been seized hold of by the tools of party, to serve their factious purposes, and studiously misrepresented, with a view to disguise the truth, and promote that one great object to which, constant as the needle to the north, toryism ever turns — the recovery of place and power. After the lengthened debate and decisive defeat of the Tories, on their motion of want of confidence in Ministers, at the beginning of the session, the country was in hopes, notwithstanding the ominous threats of *obstruction* held out by Lord Stanley, that a period of comparative tranquillity would ensue, and that the course of public business would not be soon again interrupted by another pitched party battle. However, the prospect of catching a few stray votes, and striking a fatal blow at the government, before public opinion had time to form itself upon the subject of their Chinese policy, was a temptation too strong to be resisted.

The conduct of the Tories, throughout this affair, has afforded a finished specimen of the most undisguised and unmitigated factiousness. Down to the very eve of Sir James Graham's motion, sympathy with the Chinese, and indignation against the iniquities of the opium trade, were scouted and ridiculed by every tory publication. Their cry was all for war, and their attacks against the government furious, for not having had a fleet ready to batter Canton about the ears of the insolent barbarians who had insulted the British flag and plundered British property. All at once a change came over the spirit of their dream. Intelligence arrived from India which showed that Ministers, instead of slumbering at their posts, had been directing formidable preparations for an expedition against China. Lord John Russell declared in the House of Commons, to the great satisfaction of the mercantile community, the East India interest, and the public at large, that the object of these warlike preparations was to demand redress from the Chinese government for the injuries sustained at their hands by British subjects, and to place our commerce with that country, for the future, on a secure and honourable basis. After this declaration it was impossible to persist any longer in accusing Ministers of neglect of the national interests and honour: one course only remained for the Tories, if they wished to make the Chinese question a tool for attacking the government, and that was to fall back upon the moral feeling against the opium trade, which they themselves had been the first to ridicule and denounce. This, to their eternal disgrace, they did not hesitate to do. More suddenly than ever the wind shifted from north to south, the journals of the faction veered round, from one extremity of the compass to the other, and began to open their batteries of abuse against the government for conniving at smugglers, confederating with buccaneers, and plunging the country into a disgraceful and immoral "opium war." This was the substance of the attack on the ministerial policy, this the real issue between the government and their opponents, namely, whether the war was an "opium war," or a war forced upon us by the violence, perfidy, and unprovoked aggressions of the Chinese.

Sir James Graham, however, knew too well what he was about to bring forward his motion in terms which should directly convey the charge insinuated against Ministers of having plunged the nation into an unnecessary

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and unjustifiable war. He knew too well that, although the immorality of the opium trade might do well enough for popular declamation, he should lose the votes of several of his supporters if his motion conveyed any censure, express or implied, of a traffic to which the East India Company was indebted for such a large portion of its revenue. He knew, also, that the war was altogether inevitable; and that if he and his party were, by any accident, to succeed to power the next day, they would be compelled, by the force of circumstances, to adopt the very line of policy for which they were about to pass a vote of censure on Lord Melbourne's government. Amidst these difficulties, Sir James Graham, to do him justice, steered with the skill of a practised tactician. He framed a long, involved, confused, clumsy motion, conveying, with many tortuous involutions of bad grammar and worse sense, pretty much this meaning, "Let us vote the Whigs out and ourselves in, and take advantage of the China question as a pretext for doing so." In this form there was no great fear of the elastic consciences of any of his party refusing to vote for the motion.

The debate was pretty much what might have been expected, where the speakers on one side were almost all speaking against their own known and avowed sentiments, and were, moreover, afraid of speaking out, for fear of committing themselves and creating a schism in their own party. Sir Robert Peel's speech, to his credit, was singularly flat and ineffective. To his credit, we say, for he evidently felt ill at ease in the part which he was compelled to act, and spoke like a man arguing reluctantly in support of a cause which he disapproves. Sir Robert Peel's position is any thing but enviable, since his party have broken through those restraints of moderation and decency which his prudent and decorous temper imposed upon them, and launched forth in a course of open undisguised factiousness, and hard, impudent disregard of public opinion, under the congenial guidance of the petulant and irritable Stanley, and his coarse-minded and vindictive associate and fellow-deserter, Sir James Graham.

Afraid to enter upon the discussion of principles and general measures, the gist of the attack against Ministers lay altogether in paltry, unimportant, and often ridiculous details. The "Blue Book" was ransacked with all the diligence of perverse ingenuity to make out a case, or the shadow of a case, to justify the vote which the Opposition were one and all determined to give. Some curious discoveries were made. Sir William Follett, for instance, brought to light the novel axiom in diplomatic science, that the instructions of a person entrusted with the management of difficult affairs requiring immediate decision, ought always to be long in proportion to the length of the journey they have to make; in other words, that the instructions of an officer 15,000 miles off, at Canton, ought to be 15,000 times as minute and prolix as those of an agent working for you across the street. Mr. Gladstone made the equally felicitous discovery in moral science, that the poisoning of their wells by the Chinese was an exceedingly proper and praiseworthy mode of conducting hostilities; and that we were not justified in going to war with China for imprisoning innocent British subjects and confiscating their property, *since the innocent were very few.* One tory member thought the war was occasioned by giving the superintendant too great powers, another by giving him too little; one that more ships of war should have been sent, another that too many had been sent; one that Captain Elliot had behaved admirably, another that he had behaved like a madman —and so on; but on one point they all agreed, namely, that it was an exceedingly desirable thing to turn Ministers out, by hook or by crook, and

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that, to effect a consummation so devoutly to be wished, they were ready, nay, willing and anxious, to vote that black was white, or white black.

Lord Palmerston's triumphant and unanswerable speech exposed so completely the inconsistencies of the charges brought against the government — the absurdity of some and the utter falsehood of others — that the attempt to justify the vote given by the Tory party has been abandoned by their own organs, which openly and unblushingly avow that it was a mere repetition of Sir John Yarde Buller's motion, and intended for the sole purpose of displacing, or, if that was not possible, embarrassing and obstructing the ministry. After this confession it is needless to follow in detail the flimsy charges against the government which formed the staple of the late debate on the Tory side.

The only question in which the nation are interested is in the broad general question of the justice or injustice of the war. There is a feeling abroad, most honourable and most gratifying to those who recollect the blind precipitate fury with which the nation used in former days to plunge into war for the mere sake of fighting, which recoils from the idea of embarking in wanton hostilities. Still more does it recoil from the idea of entering upon a war, not merely wanton and unprovoked, but undertaken in the prosecution of unlawful gain, and in flagrant violation of all the most sacred laws of God and man. Such, we freely admit, or, rather, we strenuously and fearlessly assert, would be a war with China, undertaken in defence of opium smuggling. If, on a careful examination of the official documents relative to the events at Canton which have led to the present crisis, it appeared to us that there was any ground for the assertion that ministers or their representative had, directly or indirectly, sanctioned the opium trade after it was definitively prohibited by the Chinese government — if it appeared that the war was, either expressly or virtually, a war undertaken in defence of that trade and for the purpose of forcing the noxious drug on the Chinese — if we were convinced that the Chinese government had taken no steps beyond those necessary to suppress that illegal traffic — if there was not the clearest evidence to show that they had acted with a perfidy, a violence, and an utter contempt for all the laws of nations and dictates of natural justice, which left no alternative but war or degrading and immoral submission, — not one word would we write to palliate that war or to defend the conduct of the government.

We shall now lay before our readers a short and succinct summary of the evidence which has led us to the conclusion that the British flag was never unfurled in a more righteous war than that which has been forced upon us by the arbitrary and capricious violence of the Chinese government.

Since the accession of the Mantchou Tartar dynasty, the commercial policy of the Chinese government in regard to foreign intercourse has been singularly jealous and exclusive. The privileges formerly enjoyed by foreign traders were gradually withdrawn, and the external commerce of the empire confined to the single port of Canton. In this policy the Tartar rulers seem to have been actuated by two motives; first, the desire to secure heavy transit duties to the government on the teas, silks, and other principal articles of export, which are chiefly produced in provinces at a considerable distance from Canton; and, secondly, the wish to exclude foreigners as much as possible from intercourse with the native Chinese, and to place them in a dependant and humiliating situation. This policy will be easily understood, when it is recollected that the ruling Tartar race are but a

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handful of men in the midst of a vast population, and that a national feeling still exists among the native Chinese, as is evidenced by the existence of the "White Water Lilies," and other secret associations, formed for the express purpose of keeping alive a spirit of resistance against the Tartar oppressors. It seems clear, indeed, from the tenor of several of the Chinese state documents, that the secret of the extreme tenacity of the government in matters of etiquette and dignity, and of the humiliating affronts systematically heaped upon foreigners, is to be found in the knowledge that their power is very much one of opinion, and dependent on the moral ascendency enjoyed by the descendants of the conquering race, which is liable to be impaired, if not impressed every now and then upon the minds of the Chinese by a little seasonable bullying of some unhappy "outside barbarian."

As long as the East India Company's trading charter continued in force, things went on smoothly enough, that body rather encouraging than opposing the Chinese government in its jealous policy, and playing into its hands, with a view to preserve their own monopoly. In some cases they carried their submission to a humiliating and even criminal extent; as, for instance, in the memorable *gunner's case*, in which the gunner of a vessel, who in firing a salute had accidentally killed a Chinese, was given up as a sacrifice to the barbarous law which requires life for life. On the abolition of the East India Company's privileges as a trading body in 1833, it became impossible to pursue any longer this policy of unqualified submission. The British government being now brought directly into contact with that of China, it became necessary to send out an officer to represent the British crown, and exercise those functions which had formerly been discharged by the East India Company's supercargo. Indeed, the Chinese government itself no sooner heard of the intended dissolution of the East India Company than it issued an edict to the British merchants at Canton, desiring them to tell their government to send out an officer to represent British interests.

This is a fact of importance, as affording a conclusive answer to those who pretend that the original policy of sending out a superintendent was wrong, and calculated to excite jealousy and alarm in the Chinese government. In compliance with this request Lord Napier was sent out as chief-superintendent in the end of 1833. The following extract from Lord Palmerston's instructions will show the extreme anxiety of the British government to guard against giving the Chinese any reasonable grounds of offence: —

"We command and require you, in the general discharge of your duties as such superintendent, to abstain from and avoid all such conduct, language, and demeanour as might needlessly excite jealousy and distrust amongst the inhabitants of China, or the officers of the Chinese government, or as might unnecessarily irritate the feelings, or revolt the opinions or prejudices of the Chinese people or government; and that you study by all practicable means to maintain a good and friendly understanding, both with the officers, civil and military, and with the inhabitants of China with whom you may be brought into intercourse.

"And we do require you constantly to bear in mind and to impress, as occasion may offer, upon our subjects resident in or resorting to China, the duty of conforming to the laws and usages of the Chinese empire, so long as such laws shall be administered towards you and them with justice and good faith."

The proceedings of Lord Napier, which unhappily terminated in his death, on the 11th of October, 1834, need not be here mentioned, as they have no relation whatever to the present quarrel between us and the Chinese; the point in dispute between Lord Napier and the Chinese authorities, namely, the recognition of a British officer in the capacity of representative of the

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British crown, and not as a mere commercial agent or supercargo, having been subsequently arranged. Captain Elliot, by prudent and dexterous management, obtained from the Chinese authorities the fullest concession of this important point. In his despatch of 1st April, 1837, he says —

"The imperial edict which I have had the honour to transmit is certainly a very formal and unequivocal recognition of my character as a British officer appointed by the government of my country to manage its public concerns in these dominions. No attempt is made to evade the material distinction between my position and that of the chief servant of the Company, or of any other foreign functionary hitherto permitted to reside here."

This fact is of the utmost importance, both as justifying the policy of sending out a superintendant in an official capacity, showing that no connection existed between the dispute with Lord Napier and the present rupture, and fixing upon the Chinese the responsibility of outraging in their subsequent proceedings the law of nations, and the honour of the British crown in the person of the officer whom they had formally admitted as its representative. We come now to the question of the opium trade, and to the measures of the Chinese government which were the immediate occasions of the war. The following extract from a despatch of Captain Elliot's, dated the 27th July, 1836, will show the footing on which, up to that period, that trade had been conducted: —

"It has been a confusion of terms to call the opium trade a smuggling trade; it was a formally prohibited trade, but there was no part of the trade of this country which had the more active support of the local authorities. It commenced and has subsisted by means of the hearty concurrence of the mandarins, and it could have done neither one nor the other without their constant countenance."

In a subsequent despatch he says —

"Up to a very late date, no portion of the trade to China has paid its fees so regularly to the officers of this and the neighbouring provinces, high and low, as that of opium."

These statements are fully borne out by the official documents of high Chinese authorities, which describe the prohibitions against the importation of opium as having long since become "altogether obsolete."

Under this tacit encouragement the opium trade speedily assumed an importance which attracted the attention of the Chinese government. The imports increased progressively to upwards of 20,000 chests, the amount in 1838. The balance of trade, which had hitherto been in favour of China, was turned by this excessive importation of opium, and the stream of silver began to flow out of the Celestial Empire. This fact, as is evident from all the memorials in which the question of legalising the importation of opium is discussed, first drew the attention of the government to the subject, and excited apprehension. During the years 1835 and 1836, the opium trade seems to have been the subject of anxious deliberation in the imperial councils, and a series of most remarkable memorials were presented to the emperor by the first officers of the empire for and against the measure of legalisation. The arguments used in favour of legalisation by the Hong merchants, the viceroy of Canton, and Heu-Nuetse, the vice-president of the sacrificial court, appear unanswerable, and have been fully borne out by the event. They turn chiefly on the impossibility of enforcing measures of total prohibition, and the danger of converting a peaceable and regular traffic into a lawless buccaneering enterprise. They hint also at the danger of collision with foreign nations, and insist strongly on the vital importance

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of their foreign commerce. For a long time it was believed that these representations would be successful, and that the importation of opium would shortly be legalised on payment of a moderate fixed duty; and the authorities at Canton did every thing to encourage this belief, which naturally gave a great impulse to the opium trade, and occasioned an enormous increase of importation.

Towards the end of 1837, however, it began to be rumoured that a memorial of the councillor Choo-Tsun had turned the scale, and that the prohibition party had gained the ascendency in the Chinese cabinet. The chief arguments urged in this memorial are, that the enervating use of opium had weakened the military force of the empire, and that nothing short of total prohibition could put a stop to the leaking out of the Sycee silver. Accordingly, an imperial edict soon afterwards appeared, directing the prohibitory laws to be strictly enforced; and measures were taken by the Chinese authorities which led to increased difficulties in carrying on the traffic, and to a considerable stagnation in the demand. Still, however, the conduct of the authorities was so uncertain and contradictory, at one time taking severe measures against the native opium smugglers, at another winking at its introduction, that it remained a matter of the greatest doubt whether the whole show of prohibition was not a mere pretext to enable the Chinese government to extort a large amount of fees and bribes prior to the legalisation of the trade. Captain Elliot's opinion seems to have been formed as early as 1838, that the government really was in earnest, and intended to make the attempt to enforce prohibition; the opposite opinion, however, prevailed almost universally among the British residents at Canton, and Captain Elliot admits,

"That the frequent changes of policy of the government in relation to the trade left it a matter of perfect doubt to the day when Commissioner Lin's first edicts appeared (March 1839) whether the avowed purposes were to be depended upon or not, or whether the object was merely the extensive check of the trade by subjecting it to heightened temporary inconvenience, and exacting some considerable fees for the price of its future relaxation."

This uncertainty as to the policy and proceedings of the Chinese government was alone sufficient to prevent either Captain Elliot or the government at home from taking any decided measures with reference to the opium trade. It has been said that, on the first intimation of the intention of the Chinese government to enforce their prohibitory laws, an order should have been issued, either by Captain Elliot or the British government, prohibiting all British subjects from pursuing the illegal traffic. But, in the first place, it is clear that neither Captain Elliot nor the government had the power to do so without the authority of an act of parliament; and it is clear that, while the intentions of the Chinese government were involved in the utmost doubt no ministry could have taken upon themselves the responsibility of asking for an act of parliament to enable them to destroy a trade from which the East India Company derived a revenue of 2,000,000*l.*, and which could not be suddenly abolished without a ruinous shock to the whole commerce of China and of the East. Another still more decisive answer is, that the British government had not, and has not at this moment, the power of enforcing such an order. The whole coast-guard establishment of England would go a very little way in protecting the extensive bays and creeks of China from the opium smuggler, an attempt in which, as we have seen by the experience of the last year, the whole force of the Chinese empire has signally failed; moreover, more than half the opium imported into China is

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not the produce of British territories, and no prohibition of ours could prevent it from being smuggled in under the American flag. Nothing but the grossest ignorance of the whole state of the case could imagine that a formal prohibition of the opium trade by the superintendent at Canton, could have been of the slightest use in putting down the buccaneering smuggling trade carried on in armed clippers along the Chinese coast.

All that the government could do under these circumstances they did. No sooner did Lord Palmerston receive Captain Elliot's despatch, informing them of the probable intention of the Chinese government to enforce the prohibition of opium, than he wrote him to the following effect:—

"With respect to the smuggling trade in opium I have to state, that Her Majesty's government cannot interfere for the purpose of enabling British subjects to violate the laws of the country to which they trade. Any loss, therefore, which such persons may suffer in consequence of the more effectual execution of the Chinese laws on this subject, must be borne by the parties who have brought that loss on themselves by their own acts."

Captain Elliot's conduct was strictly consistent with the spirit of these instructions, and with his private feelings, which, as he says, "led him to entertain a deep detestation of the disgrace and sin of the illegal traffic on the coast of China, and to regard it as little better than piracy." To use his own words, "As a public officer I have steadily discountenanced it by all the lawful means in my power, and at the total sacrifice of my present comfort in the society in which I have lived for some years past." Shortly before Lin's arrival, Captain Elliot took upon himself the responsibility of suppressing, on his own private authority, the most dangerous branch of this illegal traffic, which threatened to lead, at every moment, to a collision with the Chinese; namely, the smuggling of opium in British boats inside the Canton river,—a task which he performed to the complete satisfaction of the Chinese authorities. On this occasion he appealed to Lord Palmerston for an expression of support to strengthen his hands in the difficult circumstances in which he was placed, an appeal which was promptly responded to by a despatch conveying the entire approbation of the government of his conduct.

Thus, then, stood matters at the date of Commissioner Lin's arrival, armed with full powers from the emperor for the complete suppression of the opium trade. Up to this period, although the Chinese government had entered upon a course full of danger, and adopted a policy in the highest degree impolitic and impracticable, no act had been committed of which we had any reason to complain, and the relations between the two countries continued on an amicable footing. The arrival of this headstrong and violent individual soon changed the scene. He appears to have formed from the first the design of seizing the British residents at Canton, and making them hostages for the delivery of the opium on the coast. Accordingly his first step on arriving at Canton was to place a guard round the factory, and execute a Chinese convicted of smuggling opium before their windows, by way of warning to them what to expect. Captain Elliot, who was at Macao, hearing of these events, gallantly pushed up the river, passed through the Chinese blockade, and, landing at Canton, hoisted the British flag, and assumed the command which in that hour of danger was gladly conceded to his talents and energy. The commissioner, baffled in his design of extorting terms from the merchants individually, drew the blockade more closely round the foreign residence, and, with many dark and signifi-

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cant threats, declared his intention of not allowing them to escape until they had complied with his demands, —

1. Of giving up all the opium in the receiving ships at Lintin and on the way to China; and,

2. Of signing a bond subjecting themselves, without appeal, to Chinese penal legislation, and to the punishment of death, in case of opium being found in their possession; and undertaking that the masters of all vessels arriving in China hereafter should sign a similar bond.

Captain Elliot, considering that the lives of upwards of 200 British subjects, many of them totally innocent of all participation in the opium trade, were at stake; that Lin had it completely in his power to extort the opium intrusted to individual merchants; and that, with a view to the settlement of any future demand for compensation, it was exceedingly desirable that the claim should be lodged in the British government for one clear and ascertained amount, took upon himself the responsibility of surrendering the whole amount, of 20,283 chests, to the commissioner, granting acknowledgments in the name of the British government for the quantities severally delivered up. He entered into an arrangement with the commissioner by which he and the other English were to be allowed to depart from Canton, when three fourths of the opium had been delivered up. This pledge, however, was broken by Lin under the most frivolous pretences, and the whole party detained in captivity for six weeks, during which period various attempts were made to enforce the signature of the bond, which were all steadily rejected. At length, the whole quantity having been delivered up, Lin expressed himself perfectly satisfied with Elliot's good faith, and he and his companions were released. They immediately repaired to Macao, where Captain Elliot issued a notice warning British subjects, after the recent acts of violence, from proceeding to Canton.

The negotiations respecting the signature of the proposed bond were continued; but the demand of subjecting the crews of all ships which should henceforward arrive in China to the penalty of death, upon the determination of the Chinese government that they had introduced opium, was firmly resisted. The following extracts from Captain Elliot's despatches will show the views by which he was actuated in rejecting any conditions involving the signing of a bond of consent to the trial and capital punishment of British subjects by Chinese officers, and will at the same time enable our readers to judge whether he was right in so doing: —

"In investigation upon such subjects, the Chinese authorities would probably be guiltless of any deliberate intention to commit acts of juridical spoliation and murder; but it is plain that, in the present state of the intercourse, there would be excessive risk of such consequences. It places, in fact, the lives, liberty, and property of the whole foreign community at the mercy of any reckless foreigners outside, and more immediately at the disposal of the Hong merchants, linguists, compradores, and their retainers."

And again,—

"The chief superintendent never pretends to deny the right of this government to make what laws it sees fit; so that no share of the responsibility, either of their principle or administration, should be cast upon the Queen's officers and subjects not parties to the one or the other.

"The liability of the Chinese officers to irreparable error, attended with sacrifice of innocent life, has recently been manifested in the violence committed upon the Spanish brig Bilbaino, under the impression that she was the British vessel Virginia. This declaration has been repeated over and over again by the government; so that the high officers of the empire are deliberately sustaining shameful blunder by shameless falsehood, or the

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truth cannot reach them even upon subjects of this momentous nature. Either alternative affords irrefragable reason for resisting a bond of consent to the infliction of capital punishment by their forms of trial."

This appears to us quite conclusive. It must be borne in mind that the whole British community had come forward and offered to pledge their word, in the most solemn manner, never again to be concerned in the opium trade; and that the whole opium on the coast of China had been surrendered, to the entire satisfaction of the commissioner himself; so that the sole point on which the superintendent and the merchants stood out, and on which the negotiations for a peaceable renewal of the trade were broken off, was the signature of a bond of consent to the infliction of capital punishment by Chinese officers, on Chinese evidence, and by Chinese forms of trial. In the mean time an unfortunate event occurred, which, while it placed in the strongest light the impossibility of submitting to Chinese penal legislation, greatly aggravated the quarrel with the commissioner, and was the immediate cause, or at least pretext, of acts of hostile aggression on the part of the Chinese.

A party of English and American sailors going ashore from some ships anchored in Hong Kong Bay, an affray ensued, in which a Chinese of the name of Lin Weihee was killed. The Chinese, according to their invariable custom in such cases, immediately demanded that the murderer should be given up. Captain Elliot forthwith issued a notice offering 200*l.* reward to any one who would discover the man by whom the native was killed, and held a court, at which the Chinese authorities were invited to attend, for the purpose of trying the boatswain and certain seamen of one of the English ships, who were ascertained to have been concerned in the affray. It appeared on evidence that the death of Lin Weihee was accidental, and that his own relations had admitted at the time that such was the case; it appeared also that seamen of the American shipping were to all intents and purposes as deeply engaged in the riot as the English, and that it was impossible to say by whom the fatal blow had been struck. Under these circumstances the grand jury most properly ignored the bill.

The Chinese, however, persisted in their demand of having a man given up to them; and, upon Captain Elliot's refusal, Lin marched down a body of troops to Macao, compelled the Portuguese governor by threats to expel the whole British community, took severe measures for cutting off all supplies of food and water from the British shipping, and, in a word, proceeded, *de facto*, to make war upon the British nation, by every means of aggression in his power. It is a mistake to talk of the war as now beginning, or to talk of this country as about to go to war with China; in point of fact, the Chinese went to war with us upon our refusal to give up a man to be executed without form of trial, in retaliation for the accidental homicide of a Chinese, and to sign bonds submitting ourselves to their penal legislation in all similar cases. If the British flag is not at this moment swept from the Chinese seas, and every British subject in China an inmate of a state prison, the reason must be sought in the weakness and not the want of will of the Chinese authorities. The attack on the Bilbaino shows that commissioner Lin did consider himself, *de facto*, as at war with Britain, and hesitated at no measure of hostile aggression where he had the power. This vessel, a regular Spanish trader between Manilla and Macao, was attacked by armed government boats during the night, under the impression that she was the British ship Virginia. She was pillaged and set on fire, some of the crew massacred, others drowned in jumping overboard to escape, and the remainder carried off prisoners by the Chinese, by whom they have been

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confined ever since in a loathsome dungeon, and compelled, by threats of death, to sign a declaration that they are English, for the purpose of screening the mistake of the commissioner. As Captain Elliot well observes, "it is no mitigation of the insult upon Her Majesty's flag that the outrage intended for British subjects should have befallen the property and persons of other foreigners."

A similar outrage was perpetrated upon the British passage boat, Black Joke, in which a British merchant, Mr. Moss, was cruelly mutilated; but this we do not dwell on, as some doubt has been raised whether the attack was made by the sanction and under the orders of the imperial commissioner.

These outrageous and unwarrantable proceedings of the Chinese had clearly left no alternative on the part of the British government but war, or the most humiliating and abject submission which ever disgraced the annals of a civilised country. Subsequent events, however, hastened the crisis by bringing about a serious collision between Her Majesty's naval forces and those of the Celestial Empire. The history of these events exposes, in the clearest light, the utter faithlessness and insincerity of the Chinese authorities.

Commissioner Lin, finding himself disappointed in his expectation of reducing the English to unqualified submission by the stoppage of the trade and the expulsion of their families from Macao, and finding also that his violent measures had only served to give a fresh impetus to the opium trade, which was audaciously carried on in armed vessels all round the coasts of China, in contempt of the imperial edicts and authorities, seems for a time to have faltered in his resolution, and wished to escape by a compromise from the difficult position in which he had become involved by his intemperate and violent conduct: accordingly he voluntarily entered into an amicable arrangement with Captain Elliot for carrying on the trade outside the Bocca Tigris. By this arrangement he waived the disputed point of the bond, and virtually gave up the demand for a man in retaliation for Lin Weihee. This is important, as showing that the demands of the commissioner, which led directly to the rupture of amicable relations, were not considered even by himself as indispensable, and that the war between the two countries is attributable rather to the want of will than want of power of the Chinese authorities to settle the disputed points on fair and reasonable terms. Scarcely, however, was the ink dry in which this agreement was written when it was broken through, openly and shamelessly broken through, by the commissioner who had just signed it. The master of a British vessel, the Thomas Coutts, having most unwarrantably taken upon himself the responsibility of entering the Bocca Tigris, and signing the obnoxious bond, in defiance of the earnest request of the superintendent and the general feeling of the British community, Lin appears to have thought that the whole body of British merchants were about to abandon Elliot and surrender at discretion; accordingly he broke off his concluded arrangement, and sent a demand for the entrance of the whole British shipping upon the same terms as the Thomas Coutts, under menaces of destruction if they refused. The British, to their honour, unanimously refused to comply with this unwarrantable demand; and Captain Elliot, with Her Majesty's ships Volage and Hyacinth, proceeded to the Bogue, where the Chinese fleet of war junks was stationed, with a flag of truce to demand the reason of the arrangement being broken off.

The following extract from Captain Elliot's despatch gives the best account of what ensued: —

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"The Chinese squadron, under the command of the admiral, broke ground, and stood out towards Her Majesty's ships, which were immediately got under weigh, and directed towards the approaching force. As soon as this proceeding was observed, the squadron anchored in good order, to the number of twenty-nine sail; and Her Majesty's ships were hove-to, whilst the accompanying paper was transmitted by the linguist to the admiral."

The paper was a request by Captain Smith of the Volage to the Chinese admiral to abandon his menacing attitude, and return with his fleet to his former anchorage. An answer was returned by the Chinese admiral to the following effect: —

"At this moment all that I want is the murderous foreigner who killed Lin Wiehee. If Elliot will name a time in which the murderer shall be given up, the force shall be immediately drawn back to the Bogue; otherwise, by no means whatever will I accede."

Captain Elliot sent back a reply stating his inability to discover the murderer, and once more warning the Chinese admiral to retire, or he should be compelled to fire upon him. Of this no notice was taken, whereupon

"Captain Smith informed me that he did not feel himself warranted in leaving this formidable flotilla at liberty to pass inside of him in the night, in order to carry into effect the menaces against the merchant vessels; and thinking that the retirement of Her Majesty's ships before a force moved out with the palpable intention to intimidate was not compatible with the honour of the flag, he should forthwith endeavour to constrain them to return to their former anchorage. Conscious that all had been done which was within my power to satisfy the just demands of the Chinese officers, and perceiving that the necessity had arrived for checking their hostile movements, I could only offer Captain Smith the expression of my concurrence in his own sentiments. At about noon, therefore, the signal was made to engage; and the ships, then lying hove-to on the extreme right of the Chinese force, bore away in a line a-head, and in close order, having the wind on the starboard-beam. In this way, and under easy sail, they ran down the Chinese line, pouring in a destructive fire. The lateral direction of the wind enabled the ships to perform the same evolution from the opposite extreme of the line, running up it again with their larboard broadsides bearing. The Chinese answered with their accustomed spirit, but the terrible effect of our fire was soon manifest. One war-junk blew up at about pistol-shot distance from this ship, three were sunk, and several others were obviously water-logged. It is an act of justice to a brave man to say that the admiral's conduct was worthy of his station. His junk was evidently better manned and armed than the other vessels; and after he had weighed, or more properly cut or slipped, he bore up and engaged Her Majesty's ships in handsome style, manifesting a resolution of behaviour honourably enhanced by the hopelessness of his efforts. In less than three quarters of an hour, however, he, and the remainder of the squadron, were retiring in great distress to their former anchorage; and as it was not Captain Smith's disposition to protract destructive hostilities, or, indeed, to do more than repel onward movements, he offered no obstruction to their retreat, but discontinued the fire and returned to Macao."

This completes the narrative of events up to the final crisis; the subsequent step of declaring the British trade at an end for ever may be looked upon as the formal declaration by the Chinese government of that war which, as we have seen, they have been actively prosecuting for some time before by every available means in their power.

We confidently appeal to those who have followed us throughout the preceding narrative, whether this war can, with any shadow of justice, be denounced as an "opium war," and whether it is not a war forced upon us by the unjustifiable aggressions of the Chinese government and their authorised agents. One point is perfectly clear; and that is, that no conceivable instructions from the government at home could have been of the slightest use in preventing the rupture. We say no *conceivable* instructions; for we will not for a moment imagine the case of a government so lost to all sense of honour, and so destitute of moral feeling, as to have sent out the only instructions which could have averted the catastrophe, — we

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mean instructions to imitate the dastardly conduct of the East India Company's factors, in giving up an innocent man to be butchered without even the form of a trial. It is clear that, if the Chinese admiral chose to sail out with his fleet in a hostile attitude, and insist upon having a British subject given up to him for execution, there was no alternative but war or submission. If, under these circumstances, we repelled force by force, are we to be considered as the aggressors, and are ministers to be blamed for involving the country in an unnecessary war? God forbid that, because the Chinese are beyond the pale of European civilisation, we should violate in our behaviour towards them the strictest rules of that law of nations which regulates the intercourse between European countries! God forbid that we should ever embark in a war of aggression against China, or seek to establish a Chinese empire by force or violence! But, on the other hand, away with the cant which says that, because the Chinese choose to put themselves beyond the pale of civilisation, they are to be exempted from its laws. Away with the cant which tells us to submit to injuries and insults from China which we should never dream of tolerating from France or Russia. Suppose Spain was, on the pretext of our carrying on an extensive contraband trade from Gibraltar, to seize our ambassador and all the British subjects at Madrid, and extort from them, by threats of death, an order on the merchants at Gibraltar to give up all the goods warehoused there for the Spanish market; suppose that, not content with this, she was to insist on all British ships coming to Spain signing a bond obliging them, in cases of accidental homicide, to give up one of their crew for execution, and, on their refusal, was to take steps for expelling all British subjects from the country; suppose, lastly, she was to send out an armed force to demand that an innocent British subject should be given up as a victim — what should we think of the morality of men who exclaimed against a war with Spain as an act of unjustifiable aggression? What should we think of the morality of a party who attempted to turn such a war into a handle for a factious attack upon the government of the country, at the risk of inflicting a serious injury on the public service, and encouraging the enemy to make an obstinate and prolonged resistance? What should we think, in a word, of men who played the same game which the Tories have done in a precisely analogous case with regard to China?

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BOILEAU'S "FIRST SATIRE,"

ROUGHLY DONE INTO ENGLISH.

DAMON the chimer, whose falsetto lines
To mirth the court and all the town inclines,
(But what their worth his dress abroad bespoke,
No shirt in summer, and no winter's cloak,)
Whose long lean body, and his famish'd face,
Ran, with his verse, for fame, and won the race —
Poor Damon, tired of losing time and pains,
To force the frigid muse, and plough his brains;
Of borrowing first of this friend, then of that —
Till some one asks, if he is *much* in debt;
With credit low — scarce knowing what to do,
Resolves (perforce) to fly from public view —
Away from tipstaves, duns, and courts of law,
In search of peace he 'll never see, nor saw —
Away, lest justice, long with him at strife,
Plunge him in durance, for his natural life;
Or worse, a *green* hat * — such the prospect now! —
The laurel shames which decks his bashful brow.
He leaves the town, sadder the day he went
Than the sad penitent the last of Lent;
But as he turns its spires once more he views,
And vents his anger in these dull adieus: —
Since in this place, where once the muse abode,
Nor merit nor even wit are *à-la-mode*,
And a poor poet 's like one cursed of God;
Since virtue has no place and no respect,
Her altars unapproach'd, her fanes undeck'd, —
I'll fly to some lone cave or distant rock,
And all the bailiffs' old manœuvres mock;
On close seclusion's friendly shade rely,
The tipstaves' coarse compelling arts defy;
And, not to pester heaven with foolish vows,
From time's deep injuries myself I 'll house;
For, thanks to luck or providence, I'm free —
Age has not laid his weight of years on me —
My sturdy limbs support an active frame,
Nor shall reverse my haughty metal tame.
The ills or hopes behind, with destiny
I leave, and calmly wait its just decree.
Let George live here, for George knows how to live,
And how, by various crafty means, to thrive.
By gold's judicious aid, he learnt to mount,
And lackey once, and pimp, is now a Count.

* An insolvent debtor might be released from gaol, on condition of wearing for the future un *bonnet verd*, which was publicly put on his head.

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Let Paquin live here too, and ply his trade —
Outdo the mischief war or pest e'er made;
Then tell his manors by the alphabet,
And lo! they form a "Calepin*" complete.
He has the right to please himself, of course,
And may do better — and he may do worse.
But I live here! with such as these are — I!
What should I do? I cannot cheat or lie —
And, if I could, the base deceit would fly:
I cannot play the scoundrel, and require
Of some offended fool the secret hire
For writing down a foe at his demand,
And clear his mean affronts at second hand;
Nor with my sonnets flatter all the town,
Though sweet the palatable draught glides down;
And though the bidder's coin might stock my purse,
I cannot sell my praises or my verse:
I'm rustic, blunt — my lips tell all I know;
Whate'er a thing is, straight I call it so;
An independent candour nature gave —
A cat with me's a cat — Rolet† a knave;
I cannot urge the love-sick youth's caress,
And win a lady's heart with soft address:
I linger here a poor dull sad recluse,
And more than worthless grown by long disuse.
But why, you say, though fate has cross'd your hope,
Turn puling eremite, or misanthrope?
To wealth some few stiff notions we allow,
But supple poverty should always bow:
'T is there the author, press'd for want of peace,
Resists the stars and their curst influence;
And thus that fate in this hard iron age,
In sheer burlesque, dubs Pelletier a sage;
Or on some shallow pedant — say Riviere‡ —
Moulds an ungraceful shallow kind of peer.
So fortune sports with virtue! Need I name
Him now, so favour'd by the jilting dame?
And as the coach with cumbrous blazon strown,
The unskilful driver leads to where 't is thrown;
So he, by fatal schemes and long rehearsed,
Would ruin half the country if he durst.
I know that fear — in this at least he's wise —
Has, for the present, hid him from our eyes;
But, with the coming season, he 'll return
With pompous show, and each in triumph spurn,
Flush'd with the spoil from hungry thousands torn,
And Heaven's just indignation laugh to scorn;

* Book of extracts.

† A notorious lawyer, condemned at last to make restitution for his knaveries, and then to perpetual banishment.

‡ Abbé de la Riviere, promoted to the bishopric of Langres.

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While poor Colletel *, bespattered to the head,
Ekes out, from board to board, his daily bread;
Skill'd in the painful craft, which smooth Montmaur †
Taught to choice eaters, gratis, long before.
'T is true the king a gracious hand extends
To make the muse, at length, some spare amends,
The fatal blindness of his youth recalls ‡,
And limping Phœbus from the hospitals;
But if the fount 's confined, the streams are few —
Without Mæcenas, what can Cæsar do?
Who now in these harsh times would patronise
My threadbare suit and looks, and push my rise?
Or if some generous spirit might be found,
How shall he pierce the needy throng around
Of tattered rhymers, scrambling to receive
The smallest trifle chance or he may give
In praise or current coin? The grateful crowd
Soon reap the harvest which their betters sow'd:
So barren, brainless drones, the types of these,
Spoil the sweet store of honey-making bees.
Be mine to scorn whate'er 's to dulness given,
Or only when by noisy clamour driven,
Merit has no reward on this side heaven.
Saint Amand's § genius on this time-worn stage
Was his sole lot — a coat his heritage —
A bed and stool his worldly goods comprised,
And would be dear at *nothing's* worth appraised:
He, taunted by a poor and unknown name,
Enlists that nothing to create a fame.
Charged with the precious song, of hope the sport,
The young enthusiast seeks the polish'd court.
How tell the tale of his afflicted muse?
Stabb'd by the sneer which every throb renews,
O'erwhelmed with shame and coarse insult, he flies,
And, near his home once more, heart-broken dies.
The speedier fever drinks his failing breath,
And kindly cheats slow famine's lingering death.
Genius at court! The fashion 's out of date,
'T is of all bores the most unfortunate.
The finest wit or writer you shall see,
Will never reach the lot of Angeli. ‖
Must I thenceforward play another part,
Forsake the charming shell for Barlbole's art?
In silk and lawn cite Brodeau on Louet,
And clear the court at every dull display?
That court where Patru gains less than Mezier,
And all the Ciceros are Pé-Fournier! ¶

* A very poor poet, who composed a great deal.
† A celebrated parasite — Ménage wrote his life.
‡ Colbert had just pensioned several men of letters.
§ There are several works of his indicating some genius. He was ignorant of the classics, and very poor.
‖ The king's jester.
¶ Pierre Fournier, a celebrated lawyer, familiarly called Pé-Fournier.

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My soul recoils at e'en the fancied dream.
I plead for wrong! and justify the theme!
In purest innocence detect a flaw,
Lost in the cruel labyrinth of law!
Or by heap'd precedents, in truth's despite,
Prove black at bottom is undoubted white!
Before I steep myself in such a crime,
The Seine shall turn to ice in summer-time —
Arnaud or Clarenton a Huguenot —
Saint Lorlin Jansenist — a wit Quinaut.
And now to quit, for aye, this guilty town,
Where honour battles hard with fortune's frown;
Where brazen vice erects his sovereign stand —
Mitre on head he stalks, and cross in hand;
Where science, dull — pedantic — obsolete,
By taste is scouted — a discovered cheat;
Where the best act is how to pilfer well;
Where all offends me more than I dare tell.
Who can restrain his overflowing bile
At its vile aspect, and its manners vile?
Or, but for once and virtue's sake sublime,
'Spite Muse or Phœbus, would not turn a rhyme?
To pour the scorching strain with nature's skill,
Demands no rescript from Parnassus' hill;
Nor the calm vale beneath to burn the fire —
A virtuous rage is worth Apollo's lyre.
But psha! my friend, you cry — pray where 's the use
Of these tirades? and, soft! — can you produce
Your licence to assume the pulpit's right,
And preach your drowsy audience into night?
'T is there alone that one submits to hear
Of good and ill, and so forth — pray forbear.
Thus rails the uneasy mind that satire wakes,
(The voice is satire's — but 't is conscience speaks,)
That the rebuke and sentence would annul
And plead the censor 's so austere — so dull!
'T is he, intrepid! who, when sickness steals
His manly strength, admits 't is God that heals —
Lifts high his hands to Heav'n when lightnings fall;
But if the sky is clear — 't is folly all!
For *then* to hint — a God directs the scene,
And secret movements of this round machine,
Or that short life can stretch across the grave;
'T is — come what will — a creed he 'll ne'er receive.
On me, in careless health, I 'll e'en confess,
Awe of a future world does sometimes press:
I think the soul immortal — and yet more —
I hear the warning voice when thunders roar;
To Heaven and to myself I must be true —
And all I leave behind is my adieu.

J. A. S.

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THE CONVICT SYSTEM OF VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

By Frederick Maitland Innes.*

The spirit of inquiry which so peculiarly distinguishes the present age, and which is gradually exposing to the test of improved science and philosophy some of the most important institutions and arrangements of society, has recently been directed to the detail, operation, and general influence of a system of convict management, through which, within the space of half a century, more than a hundred thousand British criminals have been committed to pass, and on which an expenditure approaching to eight millions sterling has been made. The inquiry, conducted by an able and persevering committee of the House of Commons, has unfolded a compound rarely paralleled in the history of political combination, whether it be viewed in itself or in its results. The integrity, however, of the committee has been questioned; the credibility of the evidence received by them has been disputed; and their labours have been exposed to all that sort of opposition which comes from the boasters of "practical," which means partial or limited, experience; from the opponents of "theory," which means any improvement in the place of existing abuse; and from the claimants of "vested interests," who are the fraction against the whole. It might perhaps be sufficient to overthrow the defences thus generally characterised to state them; but, independently of the dulness of arguing against folly, and of analysing verbiage, which generally provides its own antidote, better service may be done by submitting the arrangements of the system in question, detailing their operation, and characterising their social consequences, as these have respectively struck a very recent and attentive observer.

According to the "system" of convict management in operation till within a very recent date, on the arrival of a transport vessel in Van Diemen's Land a return was delivered to the local government, by the surgeon-superintendent of the vessel, showing the number, age, birthplace, crime, period and place of conviction, sentence, whether married, whether able to read and write or either, trade, character from the jailer and from the hulk, alleged qualifications, behaviour on board the transport, with a reference to each convict. An abstract embracing these particulars was submitted to the lieutenant-governor, and from him passed to the Assignment Board, — a board composed of four officers of the government, not necessarily or generally all of the police department, whose duties were to consider the return or abstract in connection with applications for assigned men or women, wanted either for public (government) or for private service. The state of assignment corresponds, in its essential features, to the state of slavery, and, in reference to the convict, was determined by an economical demand on the one hand, and by a corresponding supply on the other. The *regulated* condition of a felon in assigned service will be most unobjectionably shown in the words of the official memorandum particularising it; and from this I quote: — "He is required to devote his whole time, and his best services, from morn to night, to his master. A fixed but limited ration is

* We consider it essential to the interests of truth that a paper of this description should bear the impress of authority and responsibility; and therefore it appears with the name of the author, — a gentleman who has resided for some years in Van Diemen's Land, where he was proprietor and editor of a public journal. — Ed. M. C.

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allowed; and clothing of the commonest description, according to an approved scale, must be furnished by the master, together with decent bedding and surgical attendance when required," &c.

"Beyond the common necessaries of life, no luxury is authorised by the government: plain food, and merely such rest as nature and circumstances require, is all that the convict assigned servant can obtain for his labour; but his master is bound by government regulations to see that the moral state is strictly attended to, and he is also compelled to attend divine service whenever practicable." The penalties attached to misconduct in assigned service are imposed by a magistrate, and consist of flogging, solitary confinement, being sent to a road party, to a chain gang, and, in extreme cases, to the penal station of Port Arthur.

Presuming the successful operation of this discipline — so to name it — upon the convict, and that he had escaped magisterial punishment, — if he were transported for seven years, at the end of the fourth; if for fourteen years, at the end of the sixth; and if for life, at the end of the eighth year, — he might receive his ticket of leave. A ticket of leave, according to the official memorandum, "entitles the holder to choose his own employment, and to engage on wages, if he labours for another; and it imposes on him the obligations of attending divine service weekly, if there be a place of worship in the district; of being present at occasional musters; and of confining himself within the bounds of the district, unless where special leave from the magistrate is given." The ticket-of-leave man is not held legally capable of possessing property, and he can neither sue nor be sued. The tenure by which he holds his indulgence is characterised as "a slight one; the condition of holding it (continues the official memorandum) is such, that the very first conviction of any offence before a magistrate renders the possessor liable to forfeit it, and be returned to the state of bondage from which his ticket relieved him."

With the above outline and definitions, embracing the two prominent features of this "system," and all that (till recently) was necessarily comprehended in the general punishment of transportation, I shall be enabled to proceed intelligibly to the reader. I observe, then, that from the outset of these arrangements, the supply of labour — accommodation to economical wants — not the punishment of the convict, was the object contemplated. England, when she sanctioned them, established not so much two penal as two slave communities, in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land; and the whole character of the results which have followed will be found to illustrate the parallel. Penal or reformatory efficiency has scarcely been contemplated; it is invariably lost sight of in the colonies, when you come to discuss the "system," even in intelligent circles. I never once found myself in argument with a colonist of Van Diemen's Land on the question, without the discussion degenerating into one of labour supply. Take the press of the island, the same nearly exclusive prominence is given to economical, in contradistinction to moral, considerations. Consult even the reports addressed to the home government in defence of the "system," by the officers engaged in its administration; and although there some caution was obviously imposed, still an undue regard to what has been, and ought only to be, an *incident*, is manifest; the incident is magnified into a primary *object*.

From the beginning the arrangements in question abandoned the convict to the chance treatment of settler-masters. The government was left only a casual part to act in connection with the interests of the criminal, either in the way of punishment or reform. Regulations might be imposed; but

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regulations which embraced some hundred establishments it was vain to expect would be obeyed. The conditions of three hundred convicts, landed from the same vessel, might be as various, within a month after their arrival, as the tempers, caprices, and circumstances of nearly as many masters. Not only so; the adoption of an economical standard in determining the lots of the convicts often proved a precise reversal of the order of justice. Suppose three men, accomplices in the same crime, convicted in the same court, condemned to the same punishment. The first is a fellow of bad principle, an adept in crime, but a clever domestic servant; the second is an out-door labourer, a modification of the former in point of moral worth; and the third is a simpleton, neither positively good nor evil, and, substantially, of corresponding value: they arrive in the colony; their destination, under the arrangements detailed, would probably be, — the first to be the well-fee'd, well-fed, well-clad, comfortably-housed servant of an easy-living townsman; of the second, the comparatively (to England) trifling labour, the abundant fare of a settler's establishment; and of the third, an assignable road party, where he would enjoy common fare, meet with abandoned associates, sleep in a gloomy hut with thirty or forty other beings like himself, have to submit to jokes whose point consists in their brutal indecency, and listen to the habitual language of blasphemy.* The rogue had thus a sphere provided in which to practise his villany, and the fool was sent where he could not fail to be instructed.

Assignment is destitute of every feature calculated to give it preventive efficiency; it has many features likely to allure to crime. Colonel Arthur, in his evidence before the Transportation Committee, admitted that it required a long residence in the colony to discover the severity of assignment, while he strongly insisted on the fact of that severity. It has thus been in opposition to the best ends of punishment, which embrace society; it has failed to produce fear; while it has had the worst effects of punishment which relate to the criminal, and are involved in the production of an insurgent spirit incompatible with any thing like reform. Its inefficiency to deter arises from its physical associations, — ordinary labour, plentiful fare, companions, &c.; but its positive cruelty is as certain as its preventive impotence; and the apparent contradiction is explained by the fact of that cruelty being of a moral character. From the first the convict is at a loss to comprehend the justice which gives to an uninjured individual the benefit of his retributive sufferings. In relation to his master, he does not feel as perhaps he might in relation to the man he had injured, were he required to recompense *him;* as he probably would under a judicious system in relation to the government, whose right of coercion can be readily apprehended: the connection between *crime* and *retribution* is broken by the intervention of a third party, and by the character of the relationship into which he is introduced to *him;* and to that party he feels, not as a humbled and penitent transgressor, but as an injured *slave.* The insulting idea degrades him; incidental mitigations are powerless in conflict with a social arrangement whose regulations interfere with his every-day and every-hour existence and agency: he *is* a slave; and he revenges himself on his driver by doing as little for him as his own safety permits, and by doing that little as badly, subject to the same limits, as he can. I have taken every opportunity in my power to collect the feelings of these men: it is by *them* we are to judge the influence of the arrangements in question, and of all corresponding arrangements; and I have been

* I have been shocked at the familiarity with which convicts take the name of God in vain, in the person of the third in the Trinity.

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struck by the familiarity, the readiness, and the varied illustration in which the obnoxious sentiment in question has been stated; while its practical demonstration did not fail to arrest my attention every where. The physical relations of life are those to which our natures soonest accommodate themselves; they are those which least affect our permanent happiness or misery; and yet it is by them we persist in determining the lot of our fellows — its joy or sorrow. This error is a great one; it led to the defence of black slavery on the score of humanity, and it disguises the cruelty, at once useless to society and ruinous to its outcasts, of white slavery now.

The inequality of infliction, without any proportion to crime, which essentially belongs to assignment, renders it severe, without advantage. Convicts soon learn the different circumstances in which an old shipmate or companion is placed, and they are irritated by its conceived injustice. This irritation is perpetually being renewed, and imparts its character to these men as a class. The assigned servant of a friend in the interior spent a night in my house, where he acquired some distaste for his master's establishment, by seeing the comparatively easy service of the only assigned man I kept. On going shortly afterwards in my friend's direction, I was apprised at a place of stoppage (a friend's) that the man in question had produced a day of irritation and indolence there, by his accounts. Such incidents are worthy of mention, not because they are uncommon, but precisely the contrary, familiar, and every-day. They are the pervading effects of a bad "system," and combine the mischief of a disordered, peevish, and irritated character in society, with hopeless criminality in the convict.

The cruelty and moral wickedness, as well as the political folly of assignment, appear in the temptations to which it exposes the convict, the severity with which the "system" punishes his guilt, and the lottery in which it involves either his suffering or impunity. Suppose a convict in domestic service in Hobart Town; suppose the master abides by the government prohibition of wages. The poor being is, in the midst of the strongest temptations*, deprived of the means of honestly enjoying any of them. The town has more than a hundred *licensed* public-houses, whose open doors invite him to buy a temporary oblivion to his cares, his mortifications, his degradation; it has, beside, numerous "sly grog-shops:" one or two streets literally forbid the passage of a respectable individual, they are so tenanted by harlots, whose brazen effrontery is disgusting†; and the unfortunate convict finds in every town some readily vendible article which he can carry to one of the many marts for stolen property which the town supplies, and thereby gratify his solicited appetites.‡ And what follows the discovery of his guilt? why, that is a question which requires the settlement of a preliminary one in order to its determination. Is the convict a generally useful, though a dishonest, and sometimes drunken, servant? The master cannot spare him then; his crime is overlooked,

* Between the arrangements of the assignment system and the crimes most commonly practised, the connection is as obvious as cause and effect can be. In reply to the question of the Prison Discipline Society, "What description of crimes are most prevalent in the colony?" the officers chief in control of the convicts reply, "Drunkenness, disobedience, idleness, and pilfering." Are these not *necessary* results?

† These women are chiefly importations sent out to purify the community; many of them were as bad as they could be before their arrival; and others have fallen victims to the influences abroad.

‡ Mr. Murdoch, in his evidence before the Transportation Committee, speaking of the *female*, — but the remark equally applies to the *male*, convicts, — justly observes, that their refractoriness is owing, not to the insignificance of the punishments to which they are exposed, but the intensity of the temptations by which they are surrounded. (Question 1452.)

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no charge is brought against him; a smaller inconvenience, involving crime and impunity on the part of the convict, is preferred to a greater, the want of a good servant, by the master. But suppose the convict has committed himself in such a way as not to escape a constable. Then, if he is of any value to the master, the latter promptly appears at the police-office the following morning, when the man is likely to be brought before the magistrate, and the probability is, that by the favourable representations made of the general conduct of the prisoner, and the entreaties of the master, who cannot spare him, if his offence is venial, he escapes; if of any magnitude, his punishment is made a brief one. Should the poor fellow, however, not be of much value economically, no master in all probability appears; no mitigating circumstances are brought forward in his defence; no previous good character;—*nothing!* I gave my assigned servant a holiday on one of the days of the races annually held in the neighbourhood of Hobart, in ignorance that convicts were forbid to be present on those occasions: he did not return at the appointed hour; he did not return at all; and as my time was a good deal engaged, I had no leisure to inquire what had become of him. I procured a ticket-of-leave man in his place, and quite forgot the other; till about a fortnight afterwards, when he made his appearance, on questioning him, I found that he had been arrested on the course, taken before the magistrate, and sentenced to the treadwheel: his face corroborated, in some measure, his representations of a discipline, new in his experience. In mitigation, as it were, of his offence, and in gentle reproach against me, the fellow said, "Had you only come to the office in the morning, Sir, I would have got off; there were numbers in the same way." He spoke truly; for, I had once been at the police-office, and got away two pressmen; *because pressmen could not be had otherwise;* and such incidents were familiar. In 1838, a striking and notorious illustration of the "system," and its accommodation to economical, and indifference to moral, objects, was furnished. A cook in the employ of the ex-attorney-general, was convicted of appropriating to himself monies to a considerable amount (85*l.*), which in small sums (*every one* of which he had appropriated) had been given him for the purpose of meeting weekly claims upon his master: his guilt was aggravated by the fact of his master having, some time before, procured him his emancipation, and otherwise greatly befriended him: the sentence imposed on the prisoner, on two indictments for felony, on *both* of which he was convicted, was transportation for fourteen years on each. But it so happened that the colonial secretary at that time wanted a good cook, and almost before Clapperton was sentenced, his destination to the service of the officer in question became known. Within a month from his arrest, this dishonest and ungrateful servant found himself in the equally comfortable kitchen of a new master, in the immediate locality of his old place,—in convenient neighbourhood to those who had benefited by the fruits of his guilt,—with all the opportunities of renewed villany, and actually, on his way thither, entered the house of the ex-attorney-general (his late master), and proclaimed to the astonished servants the terms of impunity on which he was now nearly as well off as before! Cooks being scarce, and Clapperton being a good cook, constituted a sufficient atonement for Clapperton being a great thief. Had he been less guilty, but also less valuable, in an economical sense, his fate would have been the penal station of Port Arthur, or a chain gang in the interior.

The Transportation Committee, in their Report*, show, that while in

* Transportation Report, pp. 23, 24.

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1834 the number of convicts in Van Diemen's Land was 15,538, and in 1837, 18,000, the number brought before the police was upwards of 12,000 in the former year, and in the latter 14,000. Of course, many of these were renewed charges; so many *different persons*, it may be concluded, did *not* appear before the police: but many appeared two, three, and more times. Yet, gross as is the showing furnished by the returns quoted by the committee, they may be concluded to fall far short of the actual crime committed, from causes which have been already stated and illustrated, and which are comprehended in the general fact of the interests of a settler, and the duties of a jailer* conflicting.

The government, indeed, required on the part of masters an attention to the moral improvement of the convicts assigned them: but, even did social organisation† not do more than neutralise the effect of any moral teaching, where it is attempted, what security is there for the effort in the conduct or character of the assignee? It were too obnoxious a thing for any Board to undertake minutely to determine whether the character of a private individual entitled him to have assigned servants or not; and, that the characters of many to whom the office of jailer is committed in Van Diemen's Land do not justify the trust, I shall quote recent and impartial evidence to show. The *True Colonist* of February 15th, 1839, in a lengthened *defence* of assignment, on the score of moral efficiency, and financial saving, has this admission coming from a writer of unequalled local information: —

"It is a fact, which the authorities cannot deny (for I — the writer is addressing Lord Glenelg in his own name — have, within this month, shown several instances of it to the principal superintendent, from documents in his own office), that convicts are often, on recommendation of the district police magistrates, assigned to persons of known bad character, as common thieves or receivers of stolen goods. The Board of Assignment cannot prevent this, when they get a certificate from the resident police magistrate that the applicant is a proper person to have assigned servants. Nothing can be worse, my lord, than the manner in which the assignment system has been carried on."

The writer proceeds to give his suggestions for the amelioration of the "system:" these consist in an extended, more minute, and obnoxious discretion. "Blunder upon blunder has been perpetrated in the arrangements devised for these colonies; and it is the character of their school of government and of politics never to revise principles, but to seek to amend details; to be plainer, how to solder, how to stop a leak, how to keep up the floating carcass of a crazy and diseased system‡, betwixt wind and water, swimming still upon her own dead lees, that is the deep design of their politicians."§ It was a very *green* idea (if the expression may be allowed) from the first, to suppose that men, colonising a new country, called to put forth all their energies to keep above water, and from circumstances, in part only indicated, having less of that disinterested sympathy than may perhaps be found in communities differently situated, —

* "Bentham's notion, that jailers should possess a personal interest in the reform of the convicts under their charge is beautifully realised in Van Diemen's Land: settler or farmer, his prosperity depends, not only on the discipline and control, but also, which is more pertinent to the present question, upon the selection of his servant."— So says Sir George Arthur!

† For preaching, indeed, is the gift of the Spirit as best seems to his secret will; but *discipline* is the practice-work of preaching *directed* and *applied*, as is most requisite, to particular duty; without which it were all one to the benefit of souls, as it would be to the cure of bodies, if all the physicians in London should get into the several pulpits of the city, and, assembling all the diseased in every parish, should begin a learned lecture of pleurisies, palsies, lethargies, to which perhaps none there present were inclined; and so, without so much as feeling one pulse, or giving the least order to any skilful apothecary, should dismiss them from time to time, some groaning, some languishing, some expiring, with this only charge, — to look well to themselves, and do as they hear!— *Milton's Reason of Church Government*, book i. chap. i.

‡ "Monarchy or State" (original). § Milton's "Of Reformation in England," book ii.

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would ever very earnestly set about the troublesome office of regulating the "moral state" of a parcel of refractory convicts; and, that they did *not* do so, involves them in no very serious blame. But what did the government ever do for this "moral state," respecting which some regard is professed? In districts in which hundreds of assigned servants were to be numbered, no church bell was sounded, and no itinerant ministrations were in most instances provided; and this state of things yet exists. The missionary sent out by the Independents in 1838 writes home of a visit made by him to a district in which there were upwards of two hundred free persons, and where there must have been a proportional amount of convicts, in which (the italics are in the original) "*there have been but three religious services for nine years.*" The dispersion of the convicts occasioned by assignment incurred the alternative of a most extravagant religious establishment or a total disregard to the moral improvement and everlasting welfare of those unhappy men. This indifference, however, proved itself, in time, to involve not the moral interests of the convict only, but the substantial interests of the settler; and the corrective has been an increasing police establishment, which now costs upwards of 24,000*l.* yearly. It is the wind in the fable; the effects of which are to make the convict wrap himself more closely in his cloak of crime,— assume appearances, while the disease is raging with greater virulence within. In the latter part of 1837, an ecclesiastical arrangement was adopted by the legislature of Van Diemen's Land, the total omission in which of all reference to, or provision for, the spiritual interests of the most needy, and the class whose claims were otherwise most imperative, is in keeping with the arrangements of the convict "system," and in harmony with the conclusion that, as moral agents, the unhappy objects of that "system," are not recognised. The act* in question engages the erection of a church, and the support of a minister, on conditions, one of which is, in the country districts, the subscription of eighty *free* adult persons, residing within a radius of ten miles, to a declaration that they frequent, or intend to frequent, such place of worship; which must belong to *one* of three denominations, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic. But there may be seventy only †, of either of the denominations in question, with, however, *five hundred* convicts; and still no provision can be claimed by this act. Here we have religion ministered to those who can receive it with pomp or external decency; here it is virtually denied to the poor, the naked, the blind, and the miserable. Worse than Lazarus, *they* are denied the bread of life which *he* mingled with the crumbs from Dive's table. "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it, but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores; they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment." The picture is a melancholy one for a Christian people to contemplate, and a Christian country to have so long sanctioned.

The good which a well-disposed master, taking a religious interest in his convict servant, may do, is nearly certain to be obliterated in the subsequent experiences of the individual. I knew one who, by judicious management, had impressed his servant beneficially; the man however was, from changes in the assignee's establishment, removed into the interior. Seeing him

* In referring to the ecclesiastical arrangement above, I commit myself to no opinion of its merits in the design of embracing the religious interests of the free population, and only remark on its *entire neglect* of the convict as a religious or moral agent.

† It is perhaps obvious enough, without specific reference, that the provision above referred to does not comprehend eighty *persons*, but eighty of *one* denomination. The distinction is immaterial.

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there, the latter accosted him at the door of his employer's farm-servants' hut, expressing his hope that he attended to the counsel which had often been tendered him, kept from vice, and escaped censure. The poor fellow replied with a shake of his head, and an expression of remorse, — looking in at the hut door, — "that it would be a difficult thing for a man to keep right there." Indeed, that was sufficiently apparent; for there were half a dozen "old hands" exchanging their lewd jests, and the hut was an almost nightly scene of promiscuous intercourse with an assigned female in the master's house hard by.

Assignment, viewed in relation to female convicts, is as bad, — if possible, worse, than in relation to the male. Should the destination of one of these women be the country, an application is first made to the Assignment Board, and an order is thence received on the female factory. I was commissioned by a friend in the interior on an errand of this kind, exactly twelve months from the time at which I now write. I had in town a gig belonging to my friend, and an assigned farm servant, a man of bad character, who had frequently come under local sentence, was sent to take the vehicle back, and in it the female for whom application was to be made. Having driven to the factory, I was there shown a list by the superintendent, and at length, from a number, older and younger than each other, in crime as well as years, one was procured. Having attired herself with some respectability for her station, she was committed to the protector, whose character has been given, for a journey of between two and three days' duration, through a thinly-peopled country, many miles of which the pair must have travelled without meeting a soul. This was punitive and moral discipline! It could not surprise me, a few weeks after, to learn that, beside having arrived in very tattered garments (the others had probably been sold on the way), the female in question was the brute property of five or six men on the farm. In one sense it might, but in another it did not, surprise me, some months later, to learn that it had become necessary to dispense with her services, and to send her away to ——. Her place I found, on my next visit, supplied by an old woman, ugly as sin; ugly, with indecency in the character of her ugliness; who was generally understood, even by the young females of the house, to have been at one time (whether in the condition of a ticket-of-leave holder in the colony, I could not ask) the keeper of a house of ill-fame. Such is the common character, and the too frequent condition, of convict females in the interior of Van Diemen's Land; a character and condition gross and demoralising, but entailing less inconvenience upon the assignee there than in the towns. In towns masters are perpetually changing their female assigned servants: nearly one half of the time of these women is passed in satisfying local sentences. Even in establishments controlled by government, in which responsible officers are employed, and where some degree of system may therefore be presumed, effects are the same. The Queen's orphan schools in Van Diemen's Land are supported at an expense of nearly 6000*l.* annually; their objects are the support and education of destitute children of both sexes, the offspring indifferently of free or convict parents: the average number in the institution is about 500; 250 of these are generally estimated as convict offspring, and of this number the great proportion is illegitimate. From the Report of a Committee of Inquiry (in the latter part of 1837), consisting, among other public officers and private individuals, of the chief police magistrate, the colonial treasurer, and the attorney-general, the two former warm defenders of assignment, some useful hints and illustrations may be gathered,

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bearing immediately and generally on the question in review. I begin with the following: —

"We cannot adduce stronger evidence of the necessity which exists for putting an end to the employment of convict women in the institution, than that which is afforded by the principal superintendent's return now before us, by which it appears that in three years terminating on the 10th of June, 1837, no less than 123 female convict servants have been sent from the factory to the Queen's orphan schools. Ten of them are there now (the number to be kept up was fifteen); but the frequency of change manifested by the return, added to the detailed history of each woman's offences, which another return we have received from the chief police magistrate exhibits, proves, beyond all doubt, the demoralising consequences which may be expected to arise to the children of the institution from coming in daily contact with servants of such abandoned character. Had we not seen the return, with the names and particulars of each woman's case, we should scarcely have credited the statements we have received as to the extent of the danger of contamination."

In a previous page the Report has these testimonies to the baneful influence of female assignment on the rising members of society, —

"At an early period after my appointment to the superintendence of the institution (this is the evidence of the superintendent, quoted by the committee), I found an utter disregard of truth and honesty amongst the children of both schools; and disclosures were made evidencing that they were well tutored in vice and cunning. Upon tracing this to its source, I found, by the admission of the persons who had been previously in charge, as well as by that of the children themselves, that contact with the prisoner servants had mainly prevented their moral improvement, and tended to confirm any bad habits which the children might have brought with them."

Again, the committee report —

"It appears also (as might be expected) that licentious and profane language has been frequently used by the female convicts. It further appears that there have been some instances of intoxication among the girls (children), the cause of which was traced to the introduction of spirits by the convict servants. Mr. Naylor, moreover, mentions an instance of one of the convict women having been dismissed from the institution for having got into one of the boy's beds."

The foregoing are illustrations, furnished with the frugality of a Board, and commented on with the mildness to be expected from the defenders of a "system" whose effects they were obliged to record. And yet how conclusive the condemnation which the details of the Report pronounce! I cannot afford, however, to dismiss this document yet, and I borrow one more passage from it — the grave recommendation of the committee, — which is —

"In the event of children above *five* years of age entering the school, whose conduct or language denotes a depraved character, some provision should be made for them by the appropriation of a separate school-room, play-ground, and dormitory."

Provision for the moral ablution of the tainted victims, of *five* years of age, of a *defended* "system!"

Hired service is rendered degrading, and thereby becomes demoralising, in relation to the free*, under the influence of assignment. A free man or woman, entering into employment, finds no distinction by which the one or the other can be known from the bond; no difference of treatment can be pursued in an establishment where the two classes are met; and

* This is corroborated by a writer, whose testimony to the *fact* I adopt: — "Ticket-of-leave men, as they are now denominated, whether as superintendents or other servants, are preferable for employment to *low freemen*, who, in consequence of the want of power in their masters to control them, *become often insufferable*. The free low-born European soon acquires a thorough acquaintance with the evil practices of the convict, and speedily becomes as little worthy of confidence; while at the same time he imbibes such ideas of liberty, equality, and independence (in which he is borne out by the government and by the courts of justice), that he is found to be afterwards completely incapacitated for the situation of a subordinate." — *Observations on New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, by Henderson.* Calcutta.

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thus identified, the free compensate themselves for the disgrace by the licence of the other class. They become even worse; for, without any moral or social influence to deter them, they are also free from the restraint of regulation.

And the "system" of assignment continues to exert its evil influence over the whole course of the convict's subsequent career. Trained under it as a child, — fed, clothed, housed, acting in social relations, yet required in them to preserve no foresight, — equally deprived of the possibility of being frugal or extravagant,—when he becomes free he has only the capacities of a child, for the duties of a man. This is the consequence of the economical features of assignment, as much, or perhaps more, than of its moral, as the above indicates; — but the evil goes further. In the service of a settler, the convicts' huts are not generally most decent or cleanly*, and their persons correspond. Housed together in groups or parties, there is no individual feeling sufficiently strong to secure the first; and its neglect will any where entail the omission of the other, even did not the omission in Van Diemen's Land more palpably evince itself as the necessary effect of a service from which wages are excluded, and in which consumable enjoyments are too liberally, both in kind and quantity, afforded. Mr. Malthus, in his second volume on population, has a passage which receives its illustration in many characteristic features, in Van Diemen's Land.

"It seems (says he) to be proved by experience that the labouring classes of society seldom acquire a decided taste for conveniences and comforts till they become plentiful, compared with food, which they never do till food has become in some degree scarce. If the labourer can obtain the full support of himself and family by two or three days' labour, he will; and if to furnish him with conveniences and comforts, he must work three or four days more, he will generally think the sacrifice too great compared with the objects to be attained, which are not strictly necessary to him; and will, therefore, often prefer the luxury of idleness to the luxury of improved lodging and clothing."

In the penal colonies, men systematically trained in the abundant gratification of their grosser wants, and in the negligent provision of the "conveniences and comforts" of good housing and clothing, when they come to receive wages, instead of accumulating money, or indulging the salutary pride which induces an English peasant to clothe himself with neatness and cleanliness, spend it on "sprees," in which are included eating, drinking, and debauchery.† Here is one vice correcting another; the vice of a dissipated and gross habit correcting the vice of indolence. We have the labourer, be he emancipist or freeman,—for all acquire the same character,—passing through alternations of excessive labour and excessive dissipation. The effect predicated by Mr. Malthus is modified, if not checked, by the action of another cause; his principle, nevertheless, remains (generally) illustrated.

* Bentham, in his *Panopticon*, prescribes details, which he premises "are not dignified in themselves, but receive a dignity from the object proposed." Among these are, a clean though coarse dress, hair short, regular use of the bath, prohibition of tobacco, and every custom contrary to the practice of the best-ordered houses;" and he finely observes on these minute provisions, — "An attention to cleanliness is a security against indolence; it accustoms the mind to circumspection, and teaches us to extend, even to the smallest things, a regard to decency. Moral and physical purity have a common language. We cannot praise one of these virtues, without a part of this praise being reflected on the other. Hence those minute rules of purification and ablution, to which the founders of the religions of the East have attached such importance. Those who have no faith in the spiritual efficacy of these sacred rites will not deny their external influence. Ablution is a type: may it also be a prediction." The remark finds a negative illustration in assignment.

† "1521. I suppose, in a colony where wages are so high, freemen were disinclined to undertake laborious and irksome operations?—They had no objection to laborious operations, if they were not constant operations; but they like to go and have a spree, as they called it, every month or so, after they collected 20*l.* or 30*l.*, to go to Hobart Town, and spend it in rum and women."—*Mr. Murdoch's Evidence bef re the Transportation Committee.*

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The fact that convicts have accumulated immense wealth is no contradiction of what I have laid down; — it is an *exception;* and, considering the numbers attached to that class, and the opportunities of acquiring money and property in the penal colonies, a rarely illustrated one.

The assignment "system" has been the pretext employed in justification of a discretionary government, whose distinct impress is the most obnoxious feature in the character of society in Van Diemen's Land. Deprived, by this "system," of a control calculated to benefit the unfortunate convict, the government possessed itself of a discretion most obnoxious in its manifestations to the free community, and fruitful in jealousies, animosities, and bickerings; a discretion which penetrates the establishment and the domestic arrangements of individuals, and turns the testimony of felons into a ground for annoying freemen and exposing their private relations. In Van Diemen's Land, for a long period, a spy system was kept on foot, which reflected all its wickedness on the character of society. When this could no longer be permitted, when it ceased to be *systematic*, it did not, however, cease to be *incidental;* and whether the interpretation were correct or not, so sure it was said as an individual happened to be in collision with the government, at any particular time, so sure was he to receive some intimation or other connected with his convict servants, from the Assignment Board. A friend, who did not impose on me the obligation of withholding his name, gave me some of these notes in May last. That which I shall give is rather an amusing *rencontre*, in which the Board comes off second best:

I.

"The Board request Doctor Imlay will be so good as to furnish them, as early as possible, with a list of the names and ships of all his assigned servants employed at his whaling stations on the coast, should Doctor Imlay have convicts there employed.

"Board of Assignment,
"17th July, 1838."

II.

"Mr. Imlay will be happy to furnish any information to the Board of Assignment respecting the employment of his assigned servants, and has given directions to the superintendent of his farm at Forrester's Peninsula to transmit a return of his assigned servants on that farm, the whale fishery at that spot being the only one to which any of his assigned men could have access, — but, before producing this return, Mr. Imlay expects that the Board will call for a similar return from Messrs. M'Lachlan, Ker, Alexander, and Co., A. Morrison, Petchey, Hewitt, and Kelly, who have whaling stations on the coast.

"July 24th, 1838."

III.

"The Board, in reply to Dr. Imlay's letter of the 24th instant, beg to acquaint him that it is as unusual as it is inadmissible for any settler to impose, as he does, conditions on the Board previous to supplying them with any information they may require on the subject of their assigned servants.

"The Board therefore request that Dr. Imlay will be pleased forthwith to furnish, as requested in the Board's letter of the 17th instant, a list of his assigned servants employed on the whaling grounds at Forrester's Peninsula, or elsewhere upon the coast.

"The Board beg further to observe that it is not courteous towards them to presuppose that they were about to adopt a measure which was not to apply equally to all persons engaged in the whale fishery upon the coast.

"Board of Assignment,
"26th July, 1838."

IV.

"Mr. Imlay regrets to find that the Board of Assignment has misapprehended the purport of his note of the 24th instant, transmitted on his return to town, in reply to the Board's note of the 17th instant.

"Mr. Imlay disclaims the most distant intention of imposing conditions in furnishing any information which the Board might call for respecting his assigned servants; but with reference to his conversation with the principal superintendent on the subject, who, in his usual

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candid and straightforward manner, informed Mr. Imlay that the return was required in consequence of notice given to the Board, or some of its members, that Mr. Imlay's fishery at Forrester's Peninsula was composed of his assigned servants, with two or three exceptions, and that they were even employed as headsmen of whale-boats; which statements Mr. Imlay at once, in the presence of Captain Cheyne, declared to be at variance with the fact. The Board will also find that Mr. Imlay did not presuppose the measure adopted; but in the principal superintendent's office was actually informed that the Board was not even aware of the names of the persons engaged in the whale fishery upon its coast, which was the sole reason which induced him to communicate to the Board the concluding paragraph of his note, considered as uncourteous; and he did so under the impression, that in the impartial conduct of the members of the Board, as exhibited in the communications and conferences which he has had the honour to hold with them, he would find in this case an ample guarantee that they would not exact from him information which they would not equally require from others similarly situated with himself."

"Campbell Street,
"July 27th, 1838."

Dr. Imlay, at the period of this correspondence, was in collision with the government respecting the boundaries of a property belonging to him; in which the point being referred to the Caveat Board, — a board of equity, established by local enactment, — it was virtually taken out of the Board's hands. The only decision which the government would sanction was communicated to it, and the case in the issue was adjudicated against him. How natural is the process which connects one dispute with another, and one annoyance with another, under a discretionary administration of affairs.

I have far from embraced all the arguments, both in theory and practice, which condemn the crude "system" under discussion; but I think I have embraced enough to justify the analogy I have alleged it bears to slavery. Here we have the convict like the negro, it may be, physically better off than the free labourer, but degraded in his own eyes, and in the estimation of others *miserable*, while the process of his destruction, his misery, and his degradation, passes for actual benevolence! Here, as there, we find the standard of estimation applied to a fallen, yet not hopeless, creature, and, under all circumstances, a being stamped with his Maker's image, and destined to survive time, the same which regulates the purchase of a horse, or the disposal of an ox! "The greatest villain in a moral respect," writes an opponent* of black slavery in 1824, "may be, and sometimes is, the most valuable slave; the natural consequence of which is, that the negroes, as a people, are as destitute of correct morality as they are of liberty." Precisely the effect pourtrayed by the most intelligent and competent observers† of things in the penal colonies; while the analogy in the cause is, without any equivocation, employed in vindication of assignment by the most strenuous supporter of that "system." "He (the assignee, says Colonel Arthur‡) acts under a similar inducement with that which prompts him to break in the colt he intends for a riding-horse." As black slavery was defended on the score of its lenient execution, so now is white; as there, so here, executive ameliorations have been substituted for systematic correction; but the force of the principle in both cases has been found to survive the changes in the arrangements embodying it; and in the systematic character of its effects the condemnation of the principle is pronounced, and its hopeless iniquity shown, in spite of incidental mitigations. Identity of interest was contended for, as the security of the slave; and here the convict fares the worse: he is a temporary property, and the permanent value of the animal is sacrificed to his temporary use as a beast of burden. In the penal, as in the slave colonies, the process of

* Mr. Cooper. † Captain Maconochie, Dr. Lang.
‡ Observations on Secondary Punishments, p. 26.

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demoralisation applied to its victims has been justified by its effects; and men brutalised, it has been contended, should be dealt with *as* brutes: they were *made* what they were; and they ought to be *kept* so, because they *were* so. There is the logic of the argument. As in the one instance, so I have shown in the other, hired service has been degraded, in relation to the free, by its compulsory character on the bond; and the latter being identified in outward position with the former, the former again have identified themselves with the vices of the other. It is beside my purpose to show that the analogy is economical as well: let it suffice that it is so; the labour of a convict in assigned service being in the same proportion in value to that of a free labourer as that of a slave has been found.* And this whole discussion has been characterised, like that on black slavery, by the same forward contempt for the conclusions of a science founded on human nature, not on any particular exhibition of it; and the same absurd claims for local observation, and executive experience, in the one instance as in the other. The last defence of a threatened edifice of corruption has been appealed to, and "vested rights" have even been contended for, in the perdition of British convicts as of negro slaves; but the assumption is too gross to have fared otherwise than it has. The axe is at the root of the detestable upas; the abominable iniquity has received its condemnation; and the greater wonder is, that in an age like this it should so long have escaped. It is a reflection on the science, on the humanity, on the religion of England; a lamentable demonstration of the wisdom of practical men, and a lesson of caution before committing to a distant legislation British interests so liable to be brought in competition with local. I have termed the crude mixture of incapacity and sin a "system;" but I have felt all along, in applying the substantive, that I erred against the proper meaning of words. It merits no such distinction, and I now explain the licence by alleging its convenience.

Having discussed the question of assignment, the only punishment applied till recently, and the only moral machinery employed in reference to three fourths of the criminals sent out by the mother-country for offences strictly British, I desire now to direct attention to other incidents and arrangements in the convict system; in the review of which a solution will be furnished to the problem, — how, consistently with the showing of the preceding pages, assignment has been so much defended. The vindication has in every instance been on grounds purely *comparative*. Towards the end of April, 1839, immediately before leaving Van Diemen's Land, I requested from the acting superintendent of convicts an order to inspect the arrangements of the Penitentiary, Hobart Town, which request he politely acknowledged by accompanying me through the establishment, and affording every satisfaction in his power to my inquiries. I applied at the same time to Mr. Spode, the acting chief police magistrate, for an admission to the female factory, and from him I received the same prompt attention as from Mr. Gunn, the officer before alluded to, in the shape of an order on the resident head of that institution. And lastly, from Captain Cheyne, the intelligent and excellent director-general of roads and bridges, I received a letter to the superintendents on the roads, directing them to afford me every facility in examining the apparatus, and learning the operations pursued by the parties there. The result of my inquiries and inspection, in the respective quarters mentioned, I recorded with pencil at the time, and subsequently transcribed at length. I may, perhaps, be

* See Hodgson on Slave Labour, and Report of the Director-General of Roads, Van Diemen's Land, on Transportation.

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deemed unnecessarily minute in this preliminary explanation, but my desire that nothing affirmed may be exposed to the doubt attached to a heedless record, is the sufficient reason which I offer.

The Penitentiary is designed to receive all male prisoners on their first landing in the colony. New arrivals are kept apart from those already in the establishment. From the Penitentiary they are distributed in assigned service, and on the roads; those only being retained for whom there is government employment in and about Hobart. During hours of leisure, with the above temporary distinction only, the men are flocked indiscriminately together — youth, age, the old convicted, and the young in crime, the simpleton, and the adept. The day on which I visited the Penitentiary being rainy, the men attached to the works in the neighbourhood were loosely associated in the dinner-hall, to the number of some hundreds — *idle.* The religious provision attached to the Penitentiary is a simple attendance on Church of England prayers, and in a church frequented equally by the free population. No clergyman comes in personal contact with the prisoners. The separation in the sleeping wards between the beds consists of nothing more than a board, scarcely more in breadth than is necessary to keep one from rolling upon another during sleep: the wards contained divisions for forty men, and under; a lamp is kept burning at night, and a watchman *sleeps* in each ward. The overseers attached to the working parties belong to the class of prisoners; and their general moral character was described as bad. There is no established standard of punishment for offences; it is discretionary, and rests with the superintendent, who is a justice of the peace; he is determined in apportioning punishment by his knowledge of the character of the offender — his greater susceptibility to one or another form of it. The solitary cells are unaccompanied by labour, and are generally dreaded; flogging was found to harden most men, and, therefore, is comparatively seldom inflicted. I asked Mr. Gunn, with some apology for putting the question, whether he had ever studied criminal treatment as a science; at which he smiled, ridiculed "theory," praised "practice," and assured me that for the many years he had been in that institution he had never read one work on the subject, excepting a Report, circulated among the officers of his department by the lieutenant-governor, relating to the separate and silent systems, a few months previously. In reply to an interrogatory on another point — the reformability, &c. of convicts — Mr. Gunn shook his head, and doubted the effects of *any* system, in a general sense, proving really reformatory: — he had seen very, very few instances which he could refer to in that sense. I inquired whether there was much sympathy of feeling, freemasonry, or *esprit-de-corps* among the convicts; to which Mr. Gunn replied, by stating the celerity with which a report, involving the interests of the class, or of individuals in it, was communicated through the colony; and adding that measures could often be scarcely put in motion for the conviction of under-hand offenders at a distance, before they were fully prepared to baffle them! — prepared from a distance, sometimes, of nearly 100 miles! In reply to a third question, whether attention was paid to the recriminations of the convicts among themselves, I was informed in the negative; which Mr. Gunn justified, by alleging that he would have nothing else to do, were he to attend to such complaints. I visited the treadwheel, the cells, bakehouse, &c. on the establishment. The first seemed to keep in motion a good many culprits; the second, as I have already said, were described as very effective; and of the last, as of all the other physical arrangements here — *in themselves* — I can only say that it was good.

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There were few sick, and the health maintained, every thing considered, I found to be tolerable.

Mr. Gunn, who has been long over this part of the convict establishment, is an indefatigable, a benevolent, and excellent officer. The pity is, that one whose character is composed of features so valuable should have a "system" to carry out more powerful in itself for evil than his personal qualities can ever be able to make it for good. His contempt for science in penal arrangements is no reflection upon him, but exhibits the school in which he has been trained — the whole school of penal wisdom in the colonies. His shrug of the shoulder, and shake of the head, at the question as to convict reclamation, afford a twofold lesson; they instruct us that the executors of the "system" are animated by low objects, and that their arrangements are only calculated to secure such. "Practical" men are apt to measure the attainable by what *they* realise; to reduce their object to that standard; to condemn as visionary arrangements which aspire after any thing higher, and to blame poor human nature for the consequences of their own bungling or empiricism. "The progress of society is retarded by nothing more than by the low views which its leaders are accustomed to take of human nature." The remark is Dr. Channing's, and it comprehends every machinery designed to operate on man as a moral and intelligent agent.

The average number of females in the factory (an establishment corresponding to the Penitentiary) I learned, from the superintendent, to be between two and three hundred. At the period of my visit there were 275. Of this number, all except one (Miss Julia Newman) were sent there under local sentence. Separation is maintained between those who are assignable, those who have undergone sentence, and are again assignable, and those who are under punishment: the two first are associated, the latter are kept by themselves: the one class is engaged in easy employment about the establishment; the other at spinning, the washtub, &c. Three fourths of the women then under punishment had been, in the opinion of the superintendent, there before. This illustrates what dread is entertained for the place: women smile at being sent there; some even commit offences for the purpose. When sentenced by a police magistrate to the tub for a certain time, they are often heard to exclaim, "I'll soon bowl that out!" They have the association of numbers like themselves, and the work imposed on them is uncared for. The solitary cells (I was informed by the superintendent) alone were dreaded; no punishment was felt so severely. The officer in question remarked to me, with much decision, his conviction, that long sentences were highly prejudicial; they ceased after a while to be felt as severe, while, in the process of their operation, they hardened their victims. The old women in the factory, of whom there were several, were pointed out to me as by far the worst. Forty or fifty females had been sent, during the preceding year, to be delivered of illegitimate offspring at the institution; many more had been sent to the Launceston factory. Mr. Hutchinson, the superintendent (who is a Wesleyan preacher), had seen one or two women of this class die penitent; but he shook his head incredulously at my interrogatories respecting the tendency of the system generally. The factory is attended every Sabbath by a clergyman of the Church of England, and by a Roman Catholic priest; and their labours, accompanied by the distribution of a few bibles, tracts, &c., constitute the medicament by which the redemption of these poor lost creatures is looked for, in defiance of the hostile power of promiscuous association, circumstances of intense trial and

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temptation, long and cheerless processes of punishment and degradation, unrelieved by hope; for every object of hope is placed at too remote a distance for it to act on the life. A flickering taper, every moment liable to be blown out, is thus expected to dispel the thickest darkness; an infant's arm to break the moral antitype of a Hercules' strength; the cold, wishy-washy discourse of a once-a-week sermoniser to put to flight the deliberately concentrated and interwoven strength of sin! God forbid that I should question the power of religious truth; but I do doubt the virtue of the mere letter, — of the letter contradicted with refined care, in the spirit of social arrangement. But the foregoing is the consistent illustration of Australian penal science. When I fancy to myself a poor being, probably of some religious education in youth, but by crime engendering crime, reduced to the condition of a convict in Van Diemen's Land, on some occasion or other, by a sentiment often impressed in earlier years, by a text frequently quoted to him then, by a parable familiar to his memory, or coming home to his experience, suggested by the preacher; — when I conceive to myself the moving power in his soul of such an influence; when I enter into the silent invocation of the penitent to the Father of Grace and Mercy, and am made to appreciate his wishes and resolves, and then again, after a short lapse, am made to see the invincible power of sin-concentrating arrangements upon his habits and his history, I am reminded, in the difficulties with which exhorted virtue is encompassed, of the fate of Tantalus, — his appetite ever solicited by lovely fruits, which there was a physical or moral impossibility interposed between him and the enjoyment of. The "system" is a machine contrived to make the sense — the traces of virtue in the mind — a burden or an incubus; its arrangements necessitate guilt, which its incidental moral teachings, while they are powerless to prevent, are yet capable of punishing with remorse and misery.

The road-stations, to visit which I availed myself of Captain Cheyne's letter, were those of Green Ponds, Spring Hill, Snake Banks, and Perth. I was regulated in the choice by no previous bias or prejudice, but by the convenience of a journey to the northern side of the island.

The men at the Green Ponds station, I found, were *assignable;* their average number 160. The huts in which they slept and fed were of the most rude description, something like inferior barns or stables; the floor being earth-hardened, and the roofs thatch. Such is the general character of the road-huts; but I shall particularise as I proceed. The first dormitory I entered was intended for forty-nine men: the number actually in it varied. It was kept (as *all* are) locked at night, and (as *some* are) dark. No watch was kept within; but I was informed that the cook, or some other prisoner-officer on the station, having a greater stake than the convicts generally, was usually looked to for the exposure of any thing outrageously bad. I was also given to understand that, in case of sudden and serious illness, the watchman, who walked up and down without the hut, was informed from within; that he again apprised the resident (convict) surgeon, who used his discretion in attending the patient immediately, or not, where he suspected the reality of his sickness. A fire was kept burning during the night. There were other dormitories for smaller parties, the individuals composing which were determined by some standard of good conduct. No prayers or daily service was kept up here; but a clergyman of the Church of England visited the station three times in the week, including Sunday. Offences committed on the station, I was further informed, were punished by the sentence of the visiting magistrate, whose

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residence was not far distant. The police character, which generally embraces breaches, not average conduct, had a considerable part in determining punishment. I met here a prisoner employed in some particular service on the station, in whom I was led to take some interest, on learning the place of his nativity and his relations, known to me by name: from this man, who possessed superior intelligence, I received most dreadful accounts of the corruption and brutality which passed under his notice.

Spring Hill, the next station I visited, was intended for a force of 200 men, not in chains, but under local sentence. The huts I found easy of access or escape, by the roof: my rough notice on this place was "miserable hole:" its situation was the declivity of a steep hill. In the huts, I was informed, the men slept and fed as well. No light or fire was kept here, as at Green Ponds, by night (this matter, I was informed — the government memorandum nevertheless — rested with the superintendent). I visited an edifice used as a chapel: the overseer, who had been on the station for three months, informed me, that during that time no clergyman had performed service. There was a morning service, however, daily, which, I was told, required so much time as was occupied in its performance to be taken from the men's sleep: the service used was that of the Church of England, after which a chapter was generally read. On Sabbath sermons were delivered in the forenoon and afternoon, from a book published by the Religious Tract Society: the officiate was an officer on the station, whose aspect and tongue did not give promise of very effective teaching. There were, in an apartment adjoining the chapel, some books, which were lent to the men on Saturday, and returned on Sunday evenings: I numbered among them Paley's Natural Theology, Secker's Lectures on the Catechism, Beauties of Dwight, Abbott's Works, Tract Society's Publications, Penny Magazine, and sundry others, chiefly of a religious character, making, in all, about ten dozen books and tracts.

The average number on the Snake Banks station, which was just on the eve of being broken up, and the men removed to a different place on the road, was little more than a hundred. The dormitories, fitted for the number of forty men, were included in a confined space, and in structures corresponding to those at the other stations. No watch was kept inside at night; light occasionally. Every morning Church of England prayers were read by a prisoner, who had undergone his sentence, but was retained for that and other purposes. There were only two solitary cells, and supposing more than two men were convicted of the same offence on the station, it was necessary, on the surplus number, to inflict a different punishment from solitary confinement, — it might be flogging, — or to be at the trouble, expense, loss of time, &c., to send them a distance of ten miles to another station, to undergo the same penalty there. The station, on Sundays, I was informed, was visited by a catechist (lay preacher), who read the Church of England service, and addressed the prisoners extempore. I had some conversation here with the surgeon — a convict; he gave me the history of his misfortunes: he had married early, lost his wife, fallen into dissipation — into crime, — was transported. In reply to my inquiries, after a good deal of hesitation and reserve, he assured me of the crime and obscenity perpetrated in the huts; in a feeling, though still diffident manner, he described his alarm and disgust, when for some time he was obliged to witness the scenes there passing; I remember well, the poor fellow saying, "I would have given all I was ever worth to have found a place by myself." He assured me of the pernicious effects of association, physical as well as moral, which came under his notice, especially from culprits of extreme

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ages being mingled together. I was much affected by this man's conversation, and, as I gave him my hand in departing, could not fail marking his subdued spirit — subdued by a word of kindness, and an expression of good will. Few are the sympathies such unfortunates meet; the executors of the "system" in question, and those who witness its operations, stand as dry-rocks to them, hardened, callous, indifferent; and they become petrified in return, panoplied alike against heaven or hell! inaccessible alike to hope or fear!

The Perth station I found to be superior to any of the previous in its physical arrangements; and it embraced a chain gang, a road party, and a mechanic party; each of which was kept apart from the other, but rationed, &c. alike: the number of men was nearly three hundred. Prayers were read daily, and a clergyman preached at the station every Sabbath. The diseases most prevalent here (as at all the stations) were diarrhœa, dysentery, ophthalmia. The solitary cells, though recently erected, and apparently designed for permanent purposes, were very close; the stench, on opening the doors of one or two, which were occupied, I found to be intolerable. It was some time before I discovered how fresh air *could* enter. In making inquiries as to the crimes of some who were under sentence to this punishment, I was amused in learning, in reference to one man, that he was there as an hospital patient; — being a notorious runaway, a cell was deemed the most suitable place for him.—There was science here certainly!

My space is circumscribed; I therefore, as briefly as possible, sum up the testimony contained in the preceding pages. The influence of the convict system upon its immediate subjects is inexpressibly cruel, capricious, deteriorating; upon the free labouring classes even worse, in some respects, than upon the bond, because not counteracted in their case by those causes which restrict it in the other; upon the better classes of the community it needs some discrimination in the statement.

1. In estimating the social features of the community in Van Diemen's Land, we ought to bear in mind that it is a *colonial* community, and in referring effects to their causes, we ought not to attribute to the convict system effects that are common to all similar societies — effects owing to *colonial* causes alone.

2. In reference to Van Diemen's Land, we are to remember that the convict system has not been so long in operation there as in New South Wales; that a society has not had time to *grow up* under its operation; consequently, that a *social* effect produced by it can there scarcely be predicated.

Colonial communities are made up of *elements*, in which generally the same stability is not found as in the elements of an old society; they are themselves — the communities — not so much under the influence of established interests and relationships as older communities. The nature of an old society is to establish relationships, to equalise profits, to give certainty to business; the nature of a new society is to afford opportunities of excessive profits, to make business fluctuating, fortunes rapid either in acquirement or loss; — and the effect of these incidents again is to intoxicate society, to weaken moral feelings, &c. We are not to allege against the convict system the production of such effects as these, nor subsequent effects of the same *genera* — they are *colonial*.

The character of convicts is of a decided, unqualified, and gross description, embracing those elements which the *vulgar* part (an expression used in contradistinction to our refined perceptions) of our moral nature repels; and from which, consequently, least danger of contagion is to be appre-

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hended. We ought not, therefore, to look for the effects of the convict system in such characters, especially, as I have hinted, in a community not born and trained under their influence.

The influence of the convict system of Van Diemen's Land has been, and is, the influence of *its arrangements;* not of the convicts, but of the *system.* This is a distinction which has been overlooked in the estimate formed of the better classes of the free society of Van Diemen's Land; and a distinction which, had it been preserved, would have obviated in the mind of the Archbishop of Dublin the conclusions on which he has founded his extreme recommendations respecting the emigration of settlers and others to that colony; — recommendations, the force of which, at the same time, I do not perceive, even supposing the truth of their premises. And what is the influence of the arrangements in question?

On the master of assigned servants, it is the influence which produced the character of the slave-owner in the West Indies, modified by the fact of the slave being English and convict; the modification compensating the owner for the restriction of his tyranny by the aggravation of his suspicion. On society, it is the influence of a discretion which holds in subjection to it the most minute interests and relationships of individuals; — a discretion enjoyed by the government, which stifles every independent feeling, and tends to produce a mean, cautious, sneaking subservience. Such are the tendencies of society in Van Diemen's Land. There the police-office of every district is an established tyranny, which penetrates a man's politics, presumes to investigate his character, exposes him to spies, has him enrolled as a favourite or a marked man; and, through its discretion in punishing present servants, either summarily to the convenience, or in a prolonged way to the inconvenience of masters, pleases or annoys them; — and which, in recommending for new assignments, or interposing difficulties in the way, secures their fealty or irritates their opposition. No one can calculate the effects thus produced, — the reserve, the suspicion, the sacrifice of principle to interest. These are its natural fruits; and I hesitate not to say, while I am careful to discriminate their character, they are the *worst* fruit of such a cause: they are effects which accumulate and involve others apparently having a grosser quality, but really not so; for they come not so entirely within the number of Bentham's *prolific* vices.

A SISTER'S MEMORY.

How oft we turn the pages of the past,
And measure cherish'd hopes with present joy;
'Till each glad dawn seems brighter than the last,
And Manhood weeps o'er all that bless'd the Boy!

How oft, in vain, that parent hand we seek,
Which flung the sunny locks from childhood's brow;
And forms, whose laughing lips oft press'd our cheek,
Seem lovelier far than those which fly us now!

Sweet sister Marian! can I e'er forget
Thy look of heaven — thy gentle ministry?
Sweet sister Marian! dost thou linger yet
Where each lone hearth proclaims thine elegy?

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Sole comrades in our father's echoing halls,
Thy patience stoop'd each childish sport to share;
Nor dar'd I scan those warrior-dighted walls,
Till veil'd beneath thy golden streaming hair.

Thy dauntless heart — and oh! that loving eye! —
The silvery song, soon lost in childhood's dream —
The fairy step that trod so joyfully —
Float, like soft music, down on Memory's stream!

Thy little petted steed even starts again,
As some light footstep falls upon his ear;
And many a homestead bordering on the plain
Mourns for the smile that bade the sorrows cheer!

And when, alas! warm youth's maturer thought
Taught me to judge of woman's heart by thine,
'T was but to mourn that beauty may be bought
With treasures found not in affection's mine!

Still, oft that voice comes on the breath of night,
In dreamy songs of heaven-restored ties,
Till Time's wide shadow faintly dims the light
That streams where Joy's eternal mansions rise.

'T is thus we linger o'er each absent grace,
And weave our garland of the flowery past;
Behind — before — unveil'd is Pleasure's face;
The present sky alone is overcast!

SKETCHES OF SPANISH GENERALS, CARLIST AND CHRISTINO.

No. VI. — SARSFIELD.

"Je sais bien qu'il n'importe guère à des gens qui n'ont plus ni conscience ni foi, de ruiner leur patrie, et de bouleverser un royaume où ils ne sont point considérés. — Mais peut on suffrir que leurs intrigues se fassent sous *votre* nom ——?"

Matignon au Connétable de Bourbon. MÉZERAI, *Histoire de France.*

HOWEVER picturesque and beautiful may be the character of the country in Spain, the appearance of the smaller towns and villages, on a close and intimate survey, is most uninviting. Ferrer, in his "Memorias de la Monja Alferez *," utters bitter complaints against the barbarity of the

* Monja Alferez means, the Nun an Officer — alferez being the term in Castilian for ensign, or sub-lieutenant. The extraordinary person whose memoirs are alluded to was a nun in the convent of the Antigua, near San Sebastian, in the sixteenth century. She escaped from it at the age of eighteen, and became a volunteer in the army, having assumed male attire for that purpose. She distinguished herself so much that she soon obtained promotion. She passed through so many strange adventures, and underwent so many vicissitudes, that her fame soon became spread, not only throughout Europe, but also through Spanish America, the entire of which she traversed on foot. Her daring boldness, and utter contempt of danger and of death, made her renowned at all

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English, in wantonly destroying almost every vestige of the ancient habitations of San Sebastian, and against the cruel necessity imposed on the inhabitants of rebuilding, at their own cost, that "very ancient and very loyal town." His patriotism as a Guipuzcoan gets the better of his love for improvement — as is of course excusable. It is no doubt true that none except the conquerors themselves feel it a pleasing sight to witness the total annihilation of their birth-place. Were it possible, however, to lay aside for a moment this disagreeable feeling, it must be admitted that no greater benefit could have been conferred, could it have been conferred in a different manner, than to have razed to the ground the mass of filthy, gloomy heaps, called houses, which at one time encumbered the small isthmus that connects Mount Orgullo with what was once the picturesque village of San Martin.

Any person who has had the opportunity of comparing the present neat compact town of San Sebastian with the *pueblos* of the interior, and of reflecting that the former was a collection of the same gloomy masses, on a somewhat larger scale, will feel convinced that, apart from the calamitous manner in which it was effected, a similar change with regard to many of the other towns in Spain, would have been most desirable. In place of the narrow, dark passages, called streets, entered by means of a dungeon-like porch, and similarly terminated, the pavement broken up into deep holes, which in wet weather form copious reservoirs for rain water, which make it dangerous for man or beast to pass without extreme caution, and strewn with putrid vegetables, or offal, cast from the shambles, and rotting in the sun, you now have the neat, though narrow, street, well paved, well cleaned, and well purified by the uninterrupted current of air which enters freely from the Cantabrian ocean and the mountains without.

Though Pamplona has not passed through the same fiery ordeal, yet this capital of the kingdom of Navarre has, since the period when its keys were entrusted with grand ceremony to the Duke of Wellington, by the civil authorities, also witnessed much improvement; and the seven-and-twenty years which have passed since that event have produced good. The town is large, well distributed, clean, and populous. There are yet some vacant spots which remain to be occupied by edifices, and which will doubtless be soon built upon, now that the cessation of the exterminating war has left time, means, and opportunity, for such a work. In some remote corners you may also discern a few small habitations hastily constructed of wood, and which procrastination, or, perhaps, necessity, has prevented from being replaced by more durable buildings. There are also some spots in the neighbourhood of the vast convent of Santa Teresa, where one curious in these matters, may observe some ancient houses, massive and dark, the survivors of centuries, the walls encrusted over with the armorial bearings of the old barons of Navarre, and looking, in their faded grandeur, like the last remnants of the expiring feudalism in Spain.

Pamplona is a most agreeable town to live in. The spacious and regular square, terminated at one end by the *Casa Consistorial*, the town-house, a chaste and graceful building, the light and lofty mansions balconied to the roof which enclose it, and the encircling colonnade which serves, in wet

the Continental courts. She was invited to Rome at the express request of the reigning pope, who was most anxious to see her. Her adventures are of the wildest and most extravagant kind, and are narrated by herself in good Castilian, in a most vigorous and masculine, though abrupt and sententious, style. She was a native of San Sebastian, and descended from an ancient Guipuzcoan family. Her memoirs have been edited by the late M. Ferrer, an eminent scientific scholar, brother to the well-known patriotic and intelligent senator of the same name.

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weather, as a pleasant promenade, add grace and elegance to the whole; and, beheld from some sunny height at a distance, the gorgeous cathedral overtopping the rest, and the lofty citadel in the centre, from whose summit floats the banner of Saint Ferdinand, red and yellow, present a picture of romantic and striking beauty, which would suffer by any attempt at description.

The writer of this notice happened to reside for a short time in Pamplona in the summer of 1837. His quarters were taken up in the square. He was amusing himself on the morning of the 26th of August in transcribing a few hasty notes, put together in the course of a short ramble in some portions of that most beautiful country which lies in the vicinity of Pamplona. It was during the fierce heat of a Navarre sun, the ardour of which, as it beat upon the dark tiles, was but little tempered by the breezes from the Pyrenees. It was the feast of San Zepherino, and the streets were as yet almost silent as death; scarcely a human being was abroad, and the music of the Basque pipe and tabor was not yet heard to break the slumber of the indolent, or awaken the world once more to life, or to wound the sabbath stillness of the hour. Every blind was down, and every balcony was unoccupied. The voluptuous silence of the morning was, however, soon disturbed.

Within a short distance from Pamplona are several picturesque villages, the principal of which are two, named Zeru Mayor and Zeru Menor; and in these places a portion of the army, then under the command of Iribarren, was stationed. The two villages we have named were occupied by the first and second battalions of the tiradores of Isabella II. and a squadron of the lancers of Navarre, in all about 900 men. About nine o'clock on that morning these troops left their cantonments, and marched to the gates of Pamplona, in such regular order and with so much precision, as to leave no doubt that the movement was the result of a previously planned, and well combined, arrangement. They were accompanied by their colonel, Don Leon Iriarte, as well as by the whole of the officers under his command. On arriving at the entrance of the town, their first act was to disarm the guard. Two companies were also despatched to take possession of the principal posts of the town, whilst the main body marched on to the *Plaza*, or square, where the consistorial house stands. In an instant these hostile movements spread dismay throughout the city. The authorities hastily assembled together in the square, and summoned the principal officer, Iriarte, the superior officers of the tiradores, as well as those who were in command at the garrison, to render an account of this disturbance, and to explain why the public tranquillity was thus outraged. Iriarte replied, that at an early hour the same morning, immediately after the usual inspection at parade, it was announced to him and the two superior officers, by the subalterns of the battalions, that they should consider themselves under arrest, unless they consented to lead the troops into Pamplona, whither they were about to proceed, to demand payment of the arrears due to them. This he declared to be the sole reason of their moving, as far as he knew; and he requested that the magistrates should address themselves for further explanation of their motives to the subalterns of the corps. On hearing this, the authorities desired that a deputation of the subalterns should wait on them, in order to present, in the name of their brother officers, a statement of their grievances. This invitation was haughtily and arrogantly rejected, and the entire of the subalterns proceeded in a body to the town-hall, whither the magistrates also repaired. On arriving there, they declared that this extreme measure was occasioned by the state of utter distress and

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destitution to which they were reduced: — they were possessed neither of money nor of clothes; and their demand was now limited to receiving one month's pay, instead of the three which were due to them. If this were granted, they assured the authorities that the troops should be withdrawn, and the peace of the city remain unviolated. After some deliberation the magistrates consented to comply with their demand; and delegates were requested to present themselves again, within an hour, at the same place, to receive the amount they required.

This movement thus commenced, was not, however, to be checked so easily as they had imagined; and the leaders possessing no other influence over their comrades than what the courage of being the first to advance had imparted, were unable to induce them to consent to measures, which, if granted, would, in all probability, have put a stop to any further outrage. Discipline had been disregarded, and all respect for superior authority thrown aside; and it now became a task of difficulty to hinder an unrestrained and licentious soldiery from committing all excesses. Those who had communicated with the magistrates had announced the result of their mission to their comrades. Success in a lawless attempt produced, however, its usual result; and their demands were increased in proportion as they perceived, and understood, their facility of enforcing them. The subalterns refused to agree to the terms proposed, and declared that they would not withdraw the troops from the town. They proceeded in a body to the consistorial house, and demanded that the public authorities of the city should lay down the badges of office, and surrender their powers. The magistrates, perceiving the ferocious determination of the insurgents, and knowing that nearly a thousand armed men were ready to commence the work of blood at the first signal, did not dare to hesitate. The revolters stripped, with their own hands, the badges of office from the persons of the alcaldes and their subordinates, and invested Lapirgna, a colonel of artillery, with the municipal costume, and named him, on the spot, first magistrate, and sole dictator.

Whilst these occurrences were taking place at the consistorial house, the revolt was rapidly increasing in the town. The troops had marched up, and occupied the square, where they were soon joined by the vine-dressers, the muleteers, and the whole of the lower classes. As soon as the result of the second conference with the magistrates was made known, they despatched patroles, with muskets loaded, and bayonets fixed, to arrest the principal inhabitants of the place. General Sarsfield, who was lodged in the street called Santa Clara, leading from the square, had made his appearance in order to induce them to retire peaceably to their quarters. His harangue was received with shouts of indignation, and his voice was drowned in yells of wrath. His friend, and old companion in arms, the Colonel Mendivil, made repeated efforts to tranquillise them; but he soon perceived that a perseverance on his part would only hasten the commencement of deeper atrocities, and when once begun who could fix their limit? Sarsfield was placed under arrest, but released in a short time at the intercession of Lapirgna, who promised that their pay should be forthcoming immediately. On learning his release from restraint, the soldiers became infuriated; and their rage was raised to the highest pitch, when he again attempted to address them on the enormity of their proceedings. A few shots had been fired in the air; and it was evident that the first sight of human blood would only whet the appetite for more. It was now clear that necessity alone was not the excuse for thus outraging all military discipline, and setting the public authority at defiance; and that arrears of three months'

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standing only could not have been a sufficient reason for such extreme violence. The real reason was far different.

The whole of the Spanish army, but more particularly the soldiers, the non-commissioned officers, and subalterns, are thorough Constitutionalists, as the events of latter years prove. A deep feeling of indignation pervaded this body, by reason of the intrigues and dishonesty of the superior officers, who, utterly regardless of the good of the country, only worked to enrich themselves, and promote their own selfish views. Amongst the generals most suspected and most disliked by them, was Sarsfield; and, unfortunately, his conduct during the whole of the war, but more particularly with regard to the British Legion some months previously, afforded every reason to believe that he was a traitor, as criminal, and, perhaps, more so than the others who openly trafficked in their blood. This feeling of hatred towards their superiors was by no means confined to the force around Pamplona. The governor of Vittoria, with twenty-three of his friends and supporters, had been massacred a short time before. Escalera was assassinated by the *urbanos* of Miranda del Ebro, a party of whom formed his own personal guard; and we have already mentioned that in the month of July of the same year, Count Mirasol was forced to fly at midnight from an infuriated soldiery at Hernani. Though we are not of course the advocates, or apologists, of massacre and assassination, yet we must confess that such crimes, revolting as they are, become sometimes forced on the perpetrators, for the terror and instruction of unprincipled men. It was also said at the time, that this revolt had been originated by Espartero himself, against the Estatutists, as the means of elevating himself to the high position which he now occupies. Such an idea, however, gained but little ground subsequently in the public mind, and was, in all probability, unfounded.

Finding that their efforts only tended to exasperate, instead of appeasing the multitude, the two generals thought it better to retire. Mendivil had already gained his quarters, and shut himself up in his apartment. Sarsfield was proceeding to his home, and the writer of this sketch beheld him about to enter the door, when he was met by the patrol. On seeing their ancient general, their first military instinct prompted them to present arms; and after paying this compliment, which was responded to by his taking off his hat, they might have passed on without doing him injury, had not the evil genius of Sarsfield prompted him to make one more effort to induce them to return to their duty. He approached the serjeant in command of the party and seized him by the arm: this became the signal for vengeance; two or three commenced the terrible cry of *Muerte al traidor!* and he was instantly grasped by five or six men. Still they might have been contented with detaining him, had he not made desperate efforts to free himself from their hold. The serjeant caught him by the breast, and flung him a few paces aside, — levelled his fusee, and the next moment we saw him lying across his own door-stone, weltering in his blood. The wound he at first received was not mortal; but three or four wretches at once despatched him with the butts of their firelocks, and, in a few moments, he became a disfigured and mangled corpse!

This atrocity was followed up by others of a similar kind. Mendivil was followed to his house, the doors burst open, and his apartment forced. He stood in the doorway, and there attempted to defend himself, for a few moments, with his pistols; but it was of little avail: he fell across the threshold, pierced with twenty wounds by the bullet and the bayonet. The work of blood was followed up. The soldiers, who had drunk largely of the strong and intoxicating wine of Navarre, now gave themselves up to the

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utmost licentiousness. Their blood was heated to fury; and, in a short time, eight-and-twenty of the principal inhabitants who were chiefly obnoxious were butchered in their own homes. It required the utmost exertions on the part of the leaders of the insurrection to prevent the massacre from becoming general; and there were many who believed that much life and property would be destroyed before sunset. The subalterns, seeing the success which attended their attempt, became bolder, and proceeded, a third time, to the consistorial house, where the deposed magistrates were still assembled. They declared that they had not the slightest confidence in the promises of the municipal authorities; and that they would not rest satisfied with the issue of their pay, neither for one, nor yet for three months. It was then announced that a committee of officers was appointed, whose first duty it would be to take into consideration the propriety of immediately establishing a new government, and of forming the basis of a new administration of affairs. Such an extraordinary proposition struck the hearers with astonishment, and the disorder and confusion became general. Murder and rapine were in the streets, and all hope of restoring the city to its tranquillity seemed given up in despair. The authorities dared no longer to resist — they abandoned the attempt; and, driven by fright and terror, fled for life, each to his own home, and left the town to the mercy of the maddened soldiery.

This state of things lasted until about four o'clock in the evening; and though excesses of many kinds were committed during the course of the day, yet, through the exertions of the *urbanos*, or national guard, who comprise the class of shopkeepers and artizans, bloodshed was at length put a stop to, and the violence of the military was gradually reduced to some acts of petty plunder. Having satiated their vengeance on some obnoxious individuals, they abstained from further massacre; and their object seemed after all, less of a predatory, than a revolutionary, nature, which could not well be advanced, in the present instance, by deeds of indiscriminate murder or robbery. The principal victims were immolated; and they now set about making changes in the municipal administration of the town. These intentions were, however, frustrated by the arrival, on the same night, of a large detachment from the corps under Iribarren, which was stationed at a short distance. The first violent excitement having passed by, and little or no sympathy being manifested by the rest of the army at that moment, the insurgents showed but little disposition to persevere. On the next morning the town was restored to comparative tranquillity. With the consequences of this disturbance, or with the ample vengeance subsequently taken by Espartero on the authors of this commotion, as well as on those who were aiding and assisting, we have at this moment but little to do.

When it was known that Sarsfield was murdered, the first act of his own servants was to rob his house of every thing in the shape of money or valuables that it contained, and to escape into France, as was supposed, with the plunder. The body of the general was taken up and borne to the town-house. The sight of the bleeding corpse of their old general affected even the revolters who were assembled there, and the conviction flashed then on their minds that they had gone too far. The first effect of their repentance was to send immediately some of their body amongst the marauders in the streets, for the purpose of exerting their influence to put a stop to any further massacre; and the original violators of the law, both military and civil, were compelled, in their own defence, to use all their efforts to repress the outrages which they themselves had occasioned.

In this manner perished one of the bravest and most gallant officers that

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modern Spain has produced, the victim of political discontent, which, it must be admitted, his own equivocal conduct throughout the war principally occasioned. Of the superiority of his military talents none could doubt, and his courage in the field was pre-eminent. His natural abilities were great; and he was known to manifest, on other occasions, so much firmness and decision, as to place it beyond doubt that his vacillation in the commencement, as well as in the course, of the war, was less the result of any defect of understanding, or talent, than of intentional and deliberate treachery to the cause he was engaged in.

In a week or two after the death of Ferdinand of Spain, the Government of the Queen Regent, finding that the insurrection in the northern provinces was assuming a much more serious character than had been anticipated, became determined to use the utmost efforts to repress it effectually. Their first object was to find a general whose military reputation was such as to inspire both the army, and the nation, with confidence. The names of Rodil and Sarsfield were the first that were suggested to their minds. The former, whose character stood high, was at the time engaged at the head of about 14,000 men watching the movements of Don Carlos on the frontiers of Portugal, and he had exhibited so much fidelity and care in this task that they were unwilling to recall him from that post. Sarsfield then became the object of their choice. He had commanded with much distinction during the war of independence, and had shown himself an accomplished and gallant officer. He also was employed, at the period alluded to, at the head of a force of about 15,000 men, which, in conjunction with the army under Rodil, formed a sort of *cordon* on the Portuguese frontier, to guard against any attempt at invasion by the Pretender in connection with Don Miguel. Sarsfield had already received the official announcement of the death of the King, as well as the order to proclaim to his troops the accession of the young Queen Isabella. The first symptom of his disloyalty was made apparent by his hesitation in complying with the orders he had received; and his delay had occasioned the greatest anxiety to the Government, which was considerably embittered by the report that he had actually declared in favour of Don Carlos. If such had really been the case, the capital would soon have been in possession of the Pretender. Conceiving high hopes from this vacillation on the part of the Queen's favourite general, Don Carlos was advised to communicate with him instantly; and the Baron de los Valles was, at his own desire, made the bearer of his despatches, with powers, besides, to make the most tempting offers to secure his adhesion.

After having spent some time in tormenting one party, and encouraging the other, by this conduct, Sarsfield at length appeared to decide; and this decision was made in favour of the liberal cause. He was ordered to direct, in all haste, a portion of his troops on Burgos, and to present himself immediately at Madrid. On his arrival he was received at the palace with joyous welcome, and received from the fair hands of the Regent herself the grand cross of Charles III., which honour was followed up by his appointment to the viceroyalty of Navarre, as well as by his nomination to the command-in-chief of all the troops destined to operate against the northern provinces. In a few days Sarsfield set out for Burgos, where he arrived after having met with some resistance from the Carlists, who then blocked up the high roads. In Burgos he again showed symptoms of dishonesty. It is even said that he was in actual treaty with the Carlist *junta*, which had held its secret sittings in the vaults of the cathedral of that city, and which had, previously to his arrival, already organised their plans in the expecta-

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tion that they should have his aid. At his approach, however, they removed their place of meeting to the country, but still in the environs of the town. In this place he remained, without any apparent reason, for three weeks, during which time the enemy were allowed to extend their influence throughout the country. He at length came to the resolution of departing, and of marching towards the provinces. On his route he succeeded in dispersing numerous parties of the royalist volunteers commanded by Cuevillas, Berasteguy, and the Curé Merino. In a few days he entered Breviesca, and shortly after retook Miranda del Ebro, Vittoria, and Bilbao, which had fallen into the hands of the Carlists. His previous conduct, however, had excited so much suspicion in the minds of the Government, that, in two days after his capture of the capital of Biscay, he was removed from the command, and Valdez, a restored Constitutionalist, named as his successor. Sarsfield, who still retained his appointment as viceroy, proceeded with Valdez to Pamplona, which they entered on the 10th of December, 1833. That city, which had been blockaded by the enemy during the whole of the month of November, was relieved at the approach of the Cristino troops, and the two generals took possession of it without striking a blow.

The faults committed by Sarsfield were serious, and of a nature to compromise the stability of the new Government. On his departure from Madrid, he should have commenced his movement on Ciudad Rodrigo on the 8th, but he did not arrive at Burgos until the 23d, of October, and this delay was regarded by the Carlist *junta* as an indication of his lukewarmness in the cause of the Queen Regent. From that moment he became the object on which intriguers of every kind fixed their regards. There were traitors found in his own personal staff, and amongst his most intimate acquaintance, and they incessantly repeated to him that if he stirred one step from Burgos, his entire army would abandon him at the very first movement; that Merino would enter the place, that his communications with Madrid would be cut off, and that he himself would be abandoned to the tender mercies of the insurgents. General Walsh, Count Armildez de Toledo, a gallant soldier, descended from an Irish family long settled in Spain, had been sent from Madrid with a brigade of cavalry to act with Sarsfield. This officer was a most decided Constitutionalist, and the political sentiments of his troops were in unison with his own. It then became necessary for Sarsfield to do something decisive in order to remove the strong suspicions which were entertained of his fidelity, and he proposed a movement on Breviesca on the 29th of October. As he approached, the bands of Merino, as we have already observed, were dispersed; but, instead of advancing as he could, and ought to have done, he stopped short, and returned to Burgos, under the pretext that the passes of Paucorbo were occupied by the enemy. Armildez, who was no longer in the confidence of Sarsfield, continued to move on the left, as far as Herrera; but perceiving that he was no longer supported by his superior officer, he was obliged to return. From that moment he regarded his general as a traitor, and denounced him as such to the Government. Menaced with disgrace and dismissal, he seemed for a space to have repented of his vacillation, and affected to manifest some zeal in the cause, the sincerity of which could not, however, be tested, on account of the nomination of Valdez as his successor.

The treason of Sarsfield was, however, in the end, productive of benefit to the cause in which he was ostensibly engaged, as it became the means of arousing the country to the fact, that the safety of the state had been entrusted to incapable, or treacherous, men. The dismissal of Sarsfield from the command of the army was soon followed up by the celebrated manifesto

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of General Llauder, addressed to the Queen, in which he criticised, with much bitterness, the system which had been pursued by the Government agents, and declared that there was no resource left but to consult the will of the nation, and assemble the Cortes. This bold and patriotic declaration was followed by the appointment of Martinez de la Rosa to the office of President of the Council; one of the first acts of whose administration was the promulgation of the *Estatuto Real*, which was, in the fulness of time, succeeded by the very liberal constitution by which Spain is at this day governed. The new Government soon comprehended the necessity of employing none as generals of the army, but men of the purest principles and character. The reputation of Sarsfield had been now sufficiently tainted; he was recalled from his command at Pamplona, and Valdez named viceroy of Navarre, as well as commander-in-chief of the army of the North, whilst the troops of that province were confided, under his orders, to the care of Walsh, Count Armildez de Toledo.

If there yet existed any doubts as to the treason of Sarsfield, his conduct to General Evans would have sufficiently removed them. It may be in the recollection of such of our readers as have taken an interest in the operations of the British Legion, that, in the month of March, 1837, a movement was made by the officer commanding that auxiliary force, on the left of our lines. It was intended to have been a combined movement of the three corps under Espartero, Sarsfield, and Evans, with the intention of expelling the Pretender from Guipuzcoa, and destroying the military establishments of the province. The force under Espartero was to have advanced from Bilbao on Durango, whilst that of Sarsfield was to have proceeded from Pamplona (he having been lately restored to the command of a division in the province) by Velate and Vera to Oyarzun, at which place a junction might be formed with Evans. This plan of campaign had been agreed on some months previously, but the want of resources was the constant excuse for not having followed it up. At length, however, all obstacles seemed to have been removed; and on the 10th of March, 1837, Evans, in accordance with the arrangements already fixed on, moved by his left in the direction of Oyarzun, in order to cover the operations from Pamplona on that place; and of this Sarsfield had been duly apprised on the 3d, 4th, 6th, 8th, and 9th of the same month. Espartero successfully performed his part of the movement, and reached Durango almost without any resistance; whilst the Spanish and Legionary troops took, in a most gallant manner, the positions of the enemy in the direction indicated. Instead of hearing the thunder of Sarsfield's cannon in the rear of the Carlists, what was the astonishment of Evans on receiving despatches from his unworthy ally, announcing that he was about to operate on *Lecunberré* and *Las dos Hermanas*, which were on the right of our lines, and totally in a contrary direction from that which had been already agreed on as the scene of action. Even this unaccountable and extraordinary movement he did not make; for, having advanced a few leagues from Pamplona, he was compelled, as he himself states, to return from amongst the mountains, being impeded in his march by a heavy fall of snow. Had he, however, persevered in proceeding by Lecunberré, his force would have been annihilated, as the tremendous passes which abound in that district were then entirely occupied by the enemy. His hasty retreat to Pamplona was not even announced in proper time. The information should have reached Evans at least two days sooner (and there existed no reason why it should not), and in this case the disasters which followed on the 16th of March might have been spared.

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Throughout the whole of this affair Sarsfield exhibited either the grossest stupidity, or the vilest treachery; and as he was by no means deficient in general ability, and particularly in military talent, we fear we must incline to the latter accusation. At the very commencement of the struggle, his conduct was most mysterious and unaccountable. He had let slip many opportunities of annihilating large masses of the insurgents, and he afforded to them by his vacillation various occasions of strengthening themselves in positions which it was afterwards most difficult, if not impossible, to dislodge them from. Had he, when at the head of his force on the Portuguese frontier, boldly proclaimed Don Carlos as king, his name, though perhaps uttered with detestation by all liberal Spaniards, might have escaped that contempt which want of firmness and decision always excites — so true it is that the world is more inclined to look with indulgence on great crimes allied to courage, than to pardon the less manly vice of weakness of character. He who had been renowned in his own country as a skilful general, a high-minded man, and an accomplished and gallant officer, — a renown won during the war of Independence, — is now execrated as a traitor, who, whilst detesting the liberal cause in his heart, had not moral courage sufficient to side openly with that to which he was predisposed; and the soldier who had witnessed, and shared in, and survived, a hundred battles, fell by the hand of an obscure assassin in a brawl in the streets of that city, where, a few months before, he had reigned as a viceroy!

Carlos Isidor Sarsfield was descended lineally from the celebrated Sarsfield, Lord Lucan, who was so intimately connected with the history of James II. of England. The family had been settled in Spain for the last century and upwards, and was allied to some of the most ancient houses of Old Castile. The profession of arms was that followed by its different members, and their reputation for military talent and valour is as well established as that of the O'Donnells. The subject of the present sketch was married at an early age to a wealthy Murcian, who died before the breaking out of the civil war: she left him two sons, the elder of whom is a large proprietor in the South, and who never mixed himself up with politics; the younger is, we believe, a captain in the army.

In personal appearance, Sarsfield was a most interesting-looking man; and he combined, in a superior degree, the polished manners of the courtier with the frank and proud bearing of a successful soldier. His demeanour was polished, courteous, and dignified. His education was finished and comprehensive; he spoke and wrote most of the Continental languages; and though never in this country, his knowledge of our language was correct and classical, whilst in speaking and composition his style was almost wholly free from foreign idioms. He was a good scientific scholar; and his acquaintance with ancient and modern literature, but particularly with that of France and Spain, was intimate and profound. He was equally skilled in the lighter accomplishments; and his acquirements, both in music and design, would not have done dishonour to an artist.

Such was the man — accomplished, noble, gallant, courteous, personally brave and high-minded — who found an unhonoured and unpitied fate, because he knew not how to decide, and because he was deficient in one important quality, the possession of which would have brought him near to perfection; but wanting which, his talents, and accomplishments, and moral gifts became contemptible, his valour worse than useless, his declining years tainted and dishonoured, and the termination of his career bloody and ignominious!

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THE PAST AND FUTURE.

LINES WRITTEN ABROAD.

HOME! thou sweet vista in my memory!
How oft my fancy's wishes cling to thee!
And all that 's dear — and all I ever loved;
All that was true — and all that falsehood proved;
All that was felt of sorrow or of joy;
All the dim yearnings of the struggling boy;
High hopes defeated — thoughts misunderstood;
Heart-craving sympathy as well as blood;
The midnight studies, and an o'erwrought brain,
Bursting with impulses and visions vain;
Wayward— impulsive — dreaming —doing nought
To realise the end I fondly *thought;*
All that existence yet has given me,
England! my Home! is centred still in thee!
At thought of thee, remembrances throng fast
Of passions burnt out, and of struggles past;
Of deepest love that ever lived within
The human heart — so deep, that love was sin!
Of happy hours that seem'd long years of bliss,
And an existence crowded in a kiss!
When trembling lips first told in Love's own tongue
All that had panted in our hearts so long! —
All that is *past* an era forms for me,
And but exists now in fond Memory!

Onwards I look! a vista'd hope I see,
Clothed in the sunlight: — it is Italy!
To thee my heart turns with an impulse strong,
Midst hopes and reveries hast thou been long;
The ground I tread on sacred is to me
By wisdom, and far dearer Poesy:
But thou art dearest — thou art Italy!
And when beneath thy blue and cloudless skies
My mind has been imbued with mysteries —
The mysteries of Beauty and of Art —
If what is gather'd in my inmost heart
Can *then* find voice — then will my hopes be true!
If not, I may be made those hopes to rue!
In Germany I seek Minerva's head;
In Italy the heart with Beauty fed;
Beauty and Truth — the brain and heart in one,
Even in glimpses, are but rarely won! —
And shall I win them? Hope falters its reply —
"The field is open; wherefore wilt not try?
"Life lies before thee — 't is a godlike fight —
"Ending in deathless glory, or in night!"

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I cannot know myself: — I cannot tell
If the vague impulses I know so well
Be true or false: — but this shall be my pride —
Success and failure here stand side by side —
Succeed, or fail, they shall not say I had not tried!

G. H. L.

Berlin, Nov. 1838.

HINTS ON DRAMATIC VERSIFICATION.

THE length of our recent remarks on Leigh Hunt's "Legend of Florence," prevented (among many other points we reluctantly passed over) our noticing the bold but well-timed hint, in the preface, of Shakspeare's inferiority in versification to Beaumont and Fletcher; and we therefore determined to inflict on our readers a separate essay on the subject.

Leigh Hunt is a known sinner in respect to traditional propriety of versification, and has been not a little abused for it; but in the face of all this abuse, we assert, with some of the deepest thinkers of the day, that in *principle* he is unquestionably right, and in *practice* also *often*, though not *always;* indeed, the chances of his being right, and his critics wrong, include all the odds, which a poet with a fine ear, a graceful soul, an intense study, and devotion to poetry in its inner life, as well as its beautiful form, must have against critics, — rarely poets, and rarely men who *know* what poetry is. Indeed, it is, *à priori*, ridiculous to suppose a poet like him, the predominant feature in whose soul is *grace*, should *wilfully* select an *ungraceful* form for his poems!

But is there no standard? no law? no treatise to which to refer? Alas! no; and this is a remarkable feature. In an age like the present, when analysis is paramount, —when the house, no matter whether palace or hovel, is judged by a specimen brick, — when critics praise and condemn poems on the strength of quotations, and a single passage of ridiculous applicability is sufficient to damn a poem or a play, — when the distinction of a tragedy is in its having a death in it (and, by a parity of reasoning, the more deaths the deeper), —when, in short, the form is idolised, and the life unrecognised, and poetry truly realises Bacon's definition of it, and does raise "*shows of things* to the desires of the mind;" — in such an age, that no result has been obtained on this very matter of form, is indeed surprising. To prove the barrenness, we have but to point to the very subject of this essay, and to ask where, in the whole English language, is the treatise, or attempt at such, which sets forth the laws and critical canons of *dramatic versification* — or, indeed of any versification beyond mere school exercises? English scholarship should blush — English criticism should blush — English literati should blush, — that, in this nineteenth century, an individual, seeing the wants, and the likelihood of their remaining unsatisfied, should make such a charge.

On versification of the Ancients, much laborious puerility has been put forth from time to time, and more will continue in the same strain, amply demonstrating these two things; —1st, their own *learning;* 2d, its utter *uselessness.* In fact, on this, as in most matters, men may append the four and twenty letters of the alphabet to their names as signs of their learning;

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but unless the twenty-fifth — viz. right understanding of the thing — looked at with *eyes* rather than academic spectacles, be added, the result will ever remain the same. With regard to the versification of the Greeks, those only who have looked into the treatises on it, can conceive the extent of voluminous twaddle, giving no result, which has appeared on it. One fundamental point is striking: we universally apply Latin versification to Greek poetry, from our utter hopelessness to discover the real secret; and yet our scholars are well aware of the fact, that Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Quinctilian, and others state, that it was widely different from the Latin! and even Mr. Mitford, who has written a celebrated book on the subject, declares that "all inquiry about the harmony and versification of a language were vain and idle, without the means of discovering in some degree how it was *spoken**;" but we will add another thing, — *how it was sung!* The student of Greek poetry, who forgets the influence of song, is clearly blowing out his solitary torch in the benighted forest, and preferring the light of his own "improved spectacles!"

While on the subject, we cannot omit mention of John Sidney Hawkins, Esq., who has written an "Inquiry into the Nature of Greek and Latin Poetry," in which he contends, that what are called "poetical licences" never existed amongst the Ancients, but are mere forgeries of the Moderns! John Sidney Hawkins, Esq., is a man of extensive reading, undoubted scholarship, and becoming arrogance, — three qualities which have found him great favour, in spite of his theory. Among many novel and profound remarks, is that regarding Milton, who, he says, "introduced *licences in his poems to show his learning!*" and further, "his *style is so egregiously stiff, harsh, dissonant, and disgusting*, that it is difficult to read it so as to produce any thing like metre, and is scarcely tolerable!!!" And in conclusion, he asserts, that it was owing to this want of just versification, that "Paradise Lost" was neglected on its first appearance!† One was accustomed to regard Milton as having an intense appreciation of the melody and harmony of language, — more so than any man in the language; but we see how erroneous *that* was, and how completely John Sidney Hawkins, Esq., has crushed that notion. But, seriously, there is *one* good passage in his book, though he means it to demonstrate *his* superiority; viz., "every man who has written on metre in general has been in *continual error;* all that has been taught on the subject is *deception.*" (P. 102.)

But if we are so poor on the subject of the Ancients, we are still more so on that of our own language; and it is therefore that we think the few hints we have gathered may not be unacceptable; and we hope it may induce Leigh Hunt to do that which he has been so often urged to do, — viz., write a treatise on English versification, — than whom no man more fitted: in the meanwhile we venture to put forth our own results.

I. *The English language adapts itself to verse, not as in Latin, by quantity, but* (as the present writer conjectures was the case with the Greeks) *by rhythm.*

That is to say, we have no feet 'long and short,' as the Latins, which continue so throughout the language, and are only changed from short to long by the juxtaposition of a consonant; and to which rule the Romans were so severely attached, that Cicero says, *Si versus pronuntiatus est una syllaba longior vel brevior exsibilatur et exploditur histrio.* On the contrary, the *quantity* of our vowels is, in prose and in verse, always affected by

* Mitford, "Inquiry into the Harmony of Language, p. 189.
† "Inquiry," p. 100.

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position, and changes with the position. Mr. Mitford has therefore erred in quoting from Shakspeare thus (the marks are his own): —

The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended, and I think, &c.; (p. 97.)

whereas it should have been thus, —

– ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑
– ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑ – ⏑

Let the reader repeat aloud Mitford's version, and he will see at once how false it is. That he is not determined by the rules of the Latin language, is evident from his elsewhere giving —

Thickets — message — descending — Nature, &c.

and his attempt to regulate the verse by accent is absurd, —

Thus then to man the voice of nature speaks;

for what is the meaning of calling 'then,' 'of,' 'ture' *long*, when they *must* be pronounced *short* to read metrically? If it be long, it must be pronounced long, or else calling it long is absurd; but then to pronounce it long would totally corrupt the harmony; and further, we would ask, upon what principle is 'doth' *long*, and 'thick' *short*, or "Nāture and ăttended?"* The connection of Metre and Rhythm are too closely conjoined thus to be separated in poetry, though they may be separated in theory; for as Longinus, in one of his Fragments, observes, metre differs from rhythm, inasmuch as syllables are the materials of metre, and without them metre cannot be; but rhythm may exist without syllables, as in *strokes* (on a drum). Διαφερει δε Μετρον Ῥυθμου· ὑλη γαρ τοις μετροις ἡ συλλαβη, και χωρις συλλαβης ουκ αν γενοιτο Μετρον. Ὁ δε Ῥυθμος γινεται και εν συλλαβαις, γινεται δε και χωρις συλλαβης· και γαρ εν κροτῳ.

II. So much for versification; but with regard to *dramatic versification*, we are anxious to institute some inquiry into its *laws*.

Up starts the critic fire-eyed, and exclaims, "Laws of versification! they are fixed and simple! ten feet — iambics varied with an occasional trochaic — and the licence of redundant syllable." Simple truly! — but *fixed?* by whom? "By Shakspeare and Johnson," — good names and true, but not sufficient for fixing any thing of the kind, — dost think, because *they* are virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? The only laws in poetry which are immutable are *æsthetic*†; and those, not because Shakspeare has adhered to and ratified them, but because the souls of men are the same. The *forms* of poetry are not immutable, but may be changed whenever a good reason is apparent for so doing; and let us first ascertain æsthetically the true position of versification.

Why is verse used instead of prose? All tragedies are not written in verse; *e. g.* Schiller's *Fiesco*, *Rauber*, Göthe's *Clavigo*, Moore's *Gamester*, *The*

* The syllables in English are not, correctly speaking, *long and short*, but *loud and soft*; and it is this *αρσις* and *θεσις* — this rising and falling of the voice — which gives its harmony.

† This word, expressive of "the philosophy of the Fine Arts," is objected to by Hegel and many of the latter Æsthetikers, but without sufficient ground. It was invented by Baumgarten, as expressive of the "*doctrine of emotions*" (from *αισθανομαι*), which Hegel thinks confined, but which, in our opinion, gives in a concrete way the whole "philosophy of the Fine Arts." Art, whatever its object, invariably and necessarily uses the emotions as its *means*; hence every thing which is in accordance with the laws of emotion is fit, and *vice versâ*.

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Stranger, &c.; but there are exceptions, and in the case of *The Gamester*, and what may be called real life tragedies, are very judicious exceptions, as will be seen.

Tragedy (and often Comedy of the higher kind) is an *ideal* representation of men and life; hence the necessity for its ideal accompaniments (distance of time and country, rank of the persons, or intensity of their passions and language). Versification is, therefore, a necessary ingredient; because, to make ideal personages speak in the language of every-day life would not only be insipid, but the contradiction between the reality of the one and the ideality of the other would become too strikingly apparent; the language must therefore be elevated by some means. Pompous prose would not be sufficiently ideal; but beyond this there is the principle that *art has ever the beautiful for its medium*, and seeks to concentrate every beautiful or pleasurable element within its sphere, and the music of rhythm naturally suggests itself. Hence the internal necessity and cognate cause of dramatic versification, and the law that,

In proportion to the ideality of the subject, must be the ideality of the verse within the limits of pleasurable emotion.

When Tragedy descends from its "stilts" to such subjects as *The Gamester*, coming thus "home to the business and bosoms of men," its language must naturally descend with it to the level of *sustained prose;* and when reality is so nearly approached as in the *Farce*, the language must drop its sustainment altogether, and become that of every-day life, whose only ideality is that it is more *choice* than the absolute language of the day *potted* commonplace!

III. The two species of Tragedy and Comedy with the Greeks, French, and Italians, are radically distinct, and confined within their own respective limits of *earnestness* and *mirth*. But, with the Spaniards and English, these distinctions are little attended to, and a new species from the blending of the two (like the new Comedy of the Greeks) has resulted, called by the moderns *Play*.*

Now, the shackles of ten syllables encumber the "pert and nimble spirit of mirth," or of easy colloquy, without giving any recompence in beauty; and the same ten syllables no less shackle the vehemence of passion, curbing its "high argument," and causing it to pause on words which it would fain slur over,—for the poet must never forget that *words*, so far from being dwelt on by passion, are mere hindrances — it is fixed upon the *thought*, and uses words but as feeble substitutes of expression; whereas in wit or description it is quite the contrary—every word has its peculiar force and value. From this we deduce this law: —

Passion and Colloquy admit redundancy. Description and the quieter parts of passion demand regularity, filling the ear with a sense of its own harmonious completeness.

For, in Description, every one is aware how much in common conversation is attached to the words which shall vividly and minutely complete the image, and that we preserve a sort of slow measured tone, dallying as it were with the sweetness of our own thoughts — which in passion or colloquy is precisely the reverse.

IV. The necessity for versification having been shown, as also for its shades of elevation, it now becomes an inquiry, why we use blank verse rather than any other — or why not Rhyme?

Iambics (of which blank verse is composed), as Aristotle acutely observed,

* It is popularly supposed that a Play is a Tragedy with a happy ending, and that a Tragedy must needs have an unhappy ending, — both *essentially* false.

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is of all measures the most adapted for colloquy, because we naturally use more iambics in our conversation than any other: Μαλιστα γαρ λεκτικον των μετρων το ιαμβειον εστι· σημειον δε τουτου, πλειστα γαρ ιαμβεια λεγομεν εν τη διαλεκτῳ τη προς αλληλους: (*Poet.* 4.)—and the principal part of the drama consisting of colloquy, as distinguished from description, the iambic naturally gains the preference, — to change the verse from one to the other would have a too palpably artificial air.

And so of Rhyme. The clause in the law already laid down (II.), "within the limits of pleasurable emotion," is decidedly against Rhyme — if grief or passion be overstrained and sink into bombast, we dry our tears — and Rhyme is *the bombast of prose.* But if Grief makes use of intense figures or words not amounting to bombast, we are excited enough to allow this language; and blank verse is the *excitement of prose*, preserving its natural air sufficiently to prevent our noticing the artifice, "*ars est*" here "*celare artem.*" Compare the tragedies of Dryden, Hayley, or Racine, and the effect will be instantaneously perceived. But as the regularity and recurrence of rhyme admirably suit description, it may be suggested that there might be changes of the blank verse into occasional passages of rhyme; but the completeness of the whole renders this bad; and regular blank verse is sufficient.

V. *Licence.* — The practice of poets has sufficiently shown us how much is to be gained in variety and harmony by the use of redundant syllables and poetical licences; and as we have attempted to evolve the laws which regulate those redundancies in dramatic versification, we shall here say a few words on the structure of the verse, as it is a subject of vehement dispute.

And, first, let us correct the error of supposing the terms *harmony* and *melody*, as applied to verse, anything but figurative. Verse possesses nothing of the kind to which these terms are applied in music — rhythm being the only thing they do possess in common. "The musical qualities applied to verse," said an acute writer in *Blackwood*, "have regard to mere *articulations* of sound, not to *intervals* or *combinations* of it. In the audible reading of verse, however, and even of metrical prose, there is room for the introduction of musical intervals; and the inflections of a good speaker are not, as is usually stated, performed by *chromatic* or *imperceptible slides*, but by real *diatonic intervals*, and these generally of the larger kind — such as fifths, sixths, and octaves — bearing a considerable resemblance to the movements of a fundamental bass, the difference being mostly in the nature of rhythm and cadences. So intimate is the connection between a musical sound and its concords (thirds, fifths, and octaves), so natural and easy the transition, that any but a practised ear is apt to take for an imperceptible slide what is in reality a *large interval.*" *

The measure of blank verse is *five accents*; and the verse must therefore be measured by the ear, not the finger: if you can introduce, as Beaumont and Fletcher have done, fifteen syllables in a line to read harmoniously and to the same TIME as one of ten syllables, you are at perfect liberty to do so. Take this example: —

> "Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
> The varying verse, the full majestic line,
> The long-resounding march, and energy divine:"

where three lines of ten, eleven, and twelve syllables read perfectly harmonious, having but the same number of accents and time, with a fulness

* "Blackwood," December, 1835.

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in the alexandrine swelling from the last syllables of "energy" very pleasing. But when Pope ridiculed the alexandrine thus,

> "A needless alexandrine ends the song,
> Which like a wounded snake drags its slow length along"—

he either mistook the true nature of the alexandrine, or else he reasoned unfairly; because in this line he has given an alexandrine of *six* accents, besides the *interval* occurring between "its slow," almost amounting to an accent. Compare the word "energy" in this matter.

That the Romans also had a notion of this effect of variety, is obvious from the licence of substituting a dactyle for a spondee — of trochaic for iambic — of the anapæst, &c. We have just opened our *Terence* at random for some illustration, and alight on the following singular couplet, which we confess ourselves wholly at a loss to reconcile to our ear or finger: —

> "Anti|quamque a|deo | tuam | venus|tatem ob|tines,
> Ut vo|luptati | obi|tus, ser|mo, affa|tus tu|us, quo|cunque ad|veneris."
> *Hecyra*, Act V. Sc. IV.

Fifteen and twenty-one syllables!

In a very slightly known poem by Leigh Hunt, the versification is throughout on the principle of accent, not syllable; a specimen of which we select: —

> "Victory! Victory! man flies man;
> Cannibal patience hath done what it can;
> Carv'd and been carv'd, drunk the drinkers down,
> And now there is one that hath won the crown."
> *Captain Sword and Captain Pen*, p. 10.

Here the third line is faulty, having *five* accents; but the flow of the rest need not be pointed out.

> "In the bright muse though thousand charms conspire,
> Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
> Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
> Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
> Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
> These equal syllables alone require,
> Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
> While expletives their feeble aid do join,
> And ten low words oft creep in one dull line."
> POPE, *Essay on Criticism.*

The principle is precisely similar to that of *chanting*, where the voice pauses on certain words, and then hurries over the rest to keep up the time.

VI. The whole tendency of this essay has been to point out the beauty and superiority of the versification of Beaumont and Fletcher. Shakspeare, who has hitherto been considered as the great model of dramatic verse, we quite agree with Leigh Hunt and others in considering too formal; and, as a sort of support to this opinion, we have taken the trouble of making some extensive tables of comparative versification, selected from Marlowe, Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, &c., some of which we shall presently cite.

Marlowe, the Æschylus of England, both historically and mentally, was the first to bring blank verse into regular acceptation on the stage; for though *Gorbuduc*, as Mr. Collier observes, was the first attempt, yet to

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Marlowe is due the merit of establishing it.* But when Mr. Collier says that Shakspeare took versification almost as he found it, and that he altered Marlowe very little†, he is in error, as a rigid comparison will show. Marlowe does not much indulge in redundancies, but his licence of measure is most extravagant. The meaning of his "mighty line," which Schlegel (who never read him) did not find, lies in the wondrous strength and energy, the fulness of sound, and the *completeness* of each verse. "I always compare his lines to so many *ingots of gold*," said a distinguished critic to the writer; which completes all we can say of it, and which we cannot resist placing by the side of Schlegel. "His verses," said that clever but vain critic, "are *flowing, but without energy.* How Ben Jonson could come to use the expression *Marlowe's mighty line*, is more than I can conceive." This is exquisite! Marlowe's merit being precisely energy, (Jonson's *dictum* ought to have warned the critic, had he not been too all-sufficient), and his fault that he is *not* flowing! And this brings us again to Mr. Collier. Shakspeare is remarkable for his close adherence to regularity in measure, and to his letting one line run over into the other; Marlowe, on the contrary, rarely fails to complete the sense in every line; and this is the meaning of Leigh Hunt terming his verse a "princely monotony." Shakspeare's beauty consists in the variety of his pauses; Marlowe rarely pauses but on the last syllable. As a specimen of the two compare this table: — the passages were selected at random.

MARLOWE. *Jew of Malta.* Passage commencing

So that	of thus	much that	return	was made.	
– ⏑	⏑ –	– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –	
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	
⏑ –	⏑ ⏑	– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ ⏑	
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	– –	–

In the whole ten lines there are but two of pure iambics, and but two redundancies, and but two pauses in the body of the verse.

SHAKSPEARE. *Richard II.* Commencing

Give me	that glass	and there	in will	I read.	
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ ⏑	
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	

The uniformity of the changes and measure is very remarkable, as also the richness of the pauses. Shakspeare has then not only great differences, but great superiority over Marlowe; but he is not equal to Beaumont and Fletcher, as the annexed random examples show. We have selected pas-

* Consult Collier, "History of the Drama," vol. iii.

† "History of the Drama." We have not the work at hand, but that is the meaning of Mr. Collier.

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sages of passion, colloquy, and description, in order to allow the principles before laid down to be applied.

PASSION.

Othello.

Villain	be sure	you prove	my love	a whore.	
⏑ –	⏑ –|	– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ ⏑	–|
–| ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –|	
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –|	
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –|	⏑ ⏑	– ⏑	–|
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑| –|	⏑ ⏑	–| ⏑	– ⏑|
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –|	⏑ –|	
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑| ⏑|	– ⏑	– ⏑	–|
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –|	⏑ –	⏑ –|	
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –|	

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *Maid's Tragedy,*

Suppose	I stand	upon	the sea	beach now.	
⏑ –	⏑| –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –|	
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑| –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑|
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑| –	⏑ –	
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑|
–| –|	⏑ –	⏑ –|	– ⏑	– ⏑	– –
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –|	⏑ –	– ⏑	– ⏑|
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑| –	⏑ –	
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –|	–| ⏑	– ⏑|
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑| –|	–| –	⏑|

Hamlet.

O heat	dry up	my brains	tears | sev	en times.	
⏑ –	⏑ –|	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –|	
⏑ –|	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –|	
– ⏑|	⏑ –	⏑| –	⏑ –	⏑ –|	
⏑ –|	⏑ –	⏑| –	⏑ –	⏑ –|	
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –|	⏑ –	⏑ –|	
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –|	
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –|	⏑ –	⏑ –|	
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –|	
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –|	⏑ –	⏑ –	–

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *A King and no King.*

Fool that	I am	I have	undone	myself.	|
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –|	
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑| –	⏑ –	⏑ –	
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –|	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑|
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑| –	⏑ –	⏑ –
⏑ ⏑	– ⏑	– ⏑	– ⏑	– ⏑	– ⏑|
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –|	– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑|
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –|	⏑ –	⏑ –|	
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –|	
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑| –	⏑ –	⏑ –	

The reader will do well to compare these citations, and to study them. He will observe that in the first Shakspeare uses the redundant syllable four times (with one alexandrine), and in the second only twice; whereas Beaumont and Fletcher use it six times and five times, and the alexandrine three times and twice.

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COLLOQUY.

Merchant of Venice.

Beg that	thou mayest	have leave	to hang	thyself.
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ ⏑	– ⏑	– ⏑
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ ⏑	⏑ –
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ ⏑	⏑ –
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ ⏑
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *Philaster.*

Come my	brave myr-	midons	let us	fall on.
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ ⏑	– ⏑
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ ⏑
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ ⏑
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –

It is to be noted here that one line of Beaumont and Fletcher contains but nine syllables; but on inspection it will be found to contain its five *accents* as well as the others, and therefore an allowable licence, as the time is the same.

DESCRIPTION.

Richard II.

No joy	ful tongue	gave him	his wel	come home.
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *Philaster.*

I found	him sit	ting by	a foun	tain's side.
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	– ⏑	⏑ –
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ ⏑	⏑ –
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –
⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –
– ⏑	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –	⏑ –

It will be seen that here the regularity is in both more attended to; but according to the law laid down (III.) these licences are faults. We have no

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time to point out the various differences and resemblances in the above tables, but must leave the reader to study them at his leisure.

Another point in Shakspeare, and indeed the others, we cannot help protesting against; viz. the filling up the line with an unconnected interjection or monosyllable. Thus:—

"If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians?
"*Cominus.* *If*
He should," &c.
—— *Coriolanus*, Act IV. Se. III.

"*Queen.* Though the king
Hath charged you not to speak together.
"*Imogen.* *O*
Dissembling countess!" &c.
—— *Cymbeline*, Act I. Sc. II.

"My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—— *O*
I followed that," &c.
Antony and Cleopatra, Act III. Sc. IX.

This in the reading has a very absurd effect, and in the recitation it would be equally absurd were it properly read; and to avoid this the actor is forced to tag it on the beginning of the next line, so that the completion of sound which it is meant to represent is entirely lost.

VII. As far as Leigh Hunt's play is concerned, we need not state that our principles are not always confirmed; he has purposely been loose in his versification, but is not, according to our notions, always right. Nothing can be finer than the hurry and passion of the "soft" syllables in this —

The fire of the heavenward sense of my wrongs crowns me,
The voice of the patience of a life cries out of me,—

and of many other instances; but we cannot like the same liberties in the quieter parts, and in the descriptions. The description by Da Riva of the festivals (Act I. Sc. III.) is a notable instance. Out of the seventeen lines only seven are of ten syllables, the rest eleven, twelve, and thirteen; this we regard as altogether faulty: and the line,

"A joy, at once sacred, and earthly, and charming,"

has a singing rhythm quite unsuited to the pomp of description, at least, so far as our theory goes. At p. 46. this line,

"And not till then will I throw open my doors,"

is prose; change it to

"And not till then will I my doors throw open,"

and it is rhythmical. The same at p. 19.:

"(Not the best *judges* of angels) might o'erlook them,"

change to (if sense admitted it)

"Not the best *judge* of angels," &c.

the quietude of the passage ill befitting the hurry of the words.

This may seem carping at particular lines; but he has boldly broken the trammels of convention, and set an example to others, which, if it be not regulated by some sound principle, will in the end sweep away all beauty—for irregularity is so easy as *mere irregularity*, though difficult enough upon principle. We have already stated that we thought him right upon principle, but these licences must not be left to go abroad unexplained; and we reiterate our fervent wish that he will himself devote his knowledge and taste to the full and complete elucidation of this and other mysteries of versification, thereby adding another debt to the "national debt" of gratitude already due to the loving and benevolent *Indicator*.

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ODE TO CLARA NOVELLO.

OCCASIONED BY THE BASKETS-FULL OF POETRY HER BRILLIANT SUCCESS IN GERMANY HAD INSPIRED.

Don't you, Clara,
Know how rare a
Thing it is to hear the truth?
From *all* men hard,
But from a bard *
It's quite impossible while you have youth:
And I will prove,
For very love,
In spite of all poetic fire,
That every poet-lover is a liar.

Bards have bombarded you, both great and small —
Old bards and young bards, short bards and tall, —
Droll dogs all.
Lisping your name
In verses lame,
And jargon the most unpronounceable
And bounceable,
They likened you to nightingale and lark.
Your name is *going through a course of bark;*
And the spark
Your beauty kindled hath become a fire,
And strung the lyre
(I mean the liar)
Of German twang,
With noisy clang,
Nose-music unmelodiously sang.
And 't is worth telling,
Nor Kant nor Schelling,
With metaphysics most sublime,
Made such a noise,
Midst grubby boys,
Produced such quantities of (unread) rhyme.
As your sweet eyes
And melodies; —
And yet, I say, these verses were but lies.

Sweet Clara!
You're *not* an angel (I thank God for that),
Angels know not how to "quiz" or "chat."
Then, to wear a
Pair of wings — cool unbecoming dress —
In Russia would distress.

* Mrs. Easy was of opinion that all men were *liars* — poets particularly.

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Besides, you're human
Above all *woman*,
And worth a host of angels young and pretty:
So that I
One small lie
Have clearly proved without much bother;
And will as easily now prove another.

They call you nightingale: — whoever heard
So exquisite a bird?
No compliment,
However meant:
Your throat *a nest of nightingales* doth seem —
The music of a dream.
A nightingale can't sing Italian — no, nor Spanish;
Besides, you are most feminine, and he is *mannish*.
A nightingale
Can plaintive wail,
And from his trembling bosom send sweet melodies:
'Tis true — but then
We wicked men
Love more to gaze,
In rapt amaze,
In the blue depths of thy soul-thrilling eyes!
In short, it may be settled in a word —
You are (I think) a woman — not a bird.

The lark may trill much better than Rubini,
But I much doubt his knowledge of Rossini;
And as for Mozart, Beethoven, or Haydn,
These are strains I'll swear he doesn't trade in.
The lark may be a musical young fellow;
But nought I've heard,
From throat of bird,
Ever approached a note of *La Novello!*

And having shown, in mode most psychological
And logical,
Your poet-lovers have not disobey'd
Their principles of trade,
But made
Their solemn farces,
And "written themselves down" liars
As well as asses,
I'll leave the subject ere it tires.

Poetry we all know is a gift from heaven
(So poets tell us);
I wish the verses then to God were given
They give or sell us:

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For I am not yet reconciled to diction
Which calls a lie "a mere poetic fiction."
So, Clara, compliments I have to pay
Shall be in well-turn'd prose — another day!

G. H. L.

Berlin, Nov. 1838.

*** This trifle was written without the remotest idea of publication, and consequently betrays a little more "poetic familiarity" than is usual in print. If the reason of its publication be demanded, a reference to Mr. Walker, the Postman, will satisfy all enquiries.

London, 1840.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

ANOTHER true knight has entered the dramatic lists, armed *cap-à-piè*, with every chance of ultimate success, could he but once have *faith*.[2] It is certainly strange that a man intimate, as Mr. Darley is, with the literature of the day, should have so utterly mistaken its tendencies and significance, as to be "impressed with the idea that the age of legitimate Acting Drama has long gone by—that means to reproduce such a species of literature do not exist in our present cast of mind, manners, and language!" Entertaining, as all our readers are aware we do, the very contrary opinion, it is unnecessary for us to say more on this point than to express our regret that Mr. Darley should have allowed such a feeling to influence his judgment in the execution of his play, inducing him to give us a comparatively barren Chronicle, instead of a stirring passionate tragedy, for which he unquestionably possesses the requisite capabilities. To review this "Dramatic Chronicle" is no easy task. The preface seems to obviate any dramatic objection, and gives us no other standard whereby to try it. It must not be compared with Shakspeare's Chronicles; what then is it to be compared with? As a poem it is not to be considered, because it is not only cast dramatically, but the author has "seldom made his characters what the metaphysicians call *subjective*, but on the contrary made them the agents of the first person, themselves doing and suffering, where possible, that which they are supposed to have done and suffered." Hence the peculiar modern composition of a "dramatic poem" evidently offers no criterion. Absolving ourselves, then, from all necessity, otherwise so strong, of viewing this as a whole—as a work of art—which could only be done at great length, and at expense of much discussion, we must content ourselves with simply observing, that "Thomas à Becket" evinces dramatic power of a high order in the general treatment of the subject. The characters are not discriminated with much insight into human nature, and the only two that are well drawn, à Becket and Henry, are purely ideal, admirably executed, it is true, but requiring nothing more than a poet's enthusiasm to render them what they are. But why was the character of Rosamond, which a poet would love to develope in all its beautiful phases, left a mere every-day delineation? Why is Eleanor merely a stage devil? It is this want of living truth that is most to be lamented in this clever work, and it would have been well if Mr. Darley had cultivated it in preference to

[1] *Thomas à Becket. A Dramatic Chronicle.* In Five Acts. By GEORGE DARLEY, Author of "Sylvia," &c. London: Edward Moxon. 1840.

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sneering at the *subjective*, which he considers as a tendency of our refined age fatal to the regeneration of the Drama, but which we suspect he does not altogether understand. Becket's indomitable pride and energy, his firm self-reliance, and his towering intellect, are depicted in a marvellously fine manner, the intense passionate spirit of the drama shining lustrously through the portrait, and making us only the more regret that the author so much misunderstood the *subjectivity* which would have suggested to him some of those minute but striking traits that complete the orb of a character, and serve so admirably to throw the stronger passions into relief. Nevertheless, our not quite perfect Becket is a noble figure. Let the reader look at Act IV. Sc. II. and IV., and Act V. Sc. XI. and XII., if he want to see specimens of real dramatic power, or indeed all those scenes wherein Becket appears. The fate of the proud primate is full of real grandeur in conception and execution: the calmness and boldness with which he fronts it, amidst the tumult and horror of his friends; his arraying himself in all his church dignity, and walking calmly to the altar, there to await them with the steadfast firmness of his soul, when their swords glitter in his face, and he sternly answers "No!" is thrilling and sublime.

"*Enter* GRYME *hastily.*

Gryme. To the church! to sanctuary! fly! fly! fly!
Becket. Have they got in?
Gryme. De Broke, that privy traitor,
Mad to be excommuned beyond all grace,
Hath join'd, and leads them up the postern-stairs,
When we had barr'd the portal.
Becket. How soon, think you,
Will they have burst their way to us?
Gryme. Five doors!
Becket. Five oaken, clouted doors? — Fetch me my robes.
John of S. My gracious lord — my friend — upon my knees — [*Kneeling to him.*
Becket. Richard, obey me! — All in time, good John!
Get up and help me to array. [*Noise without.*
My alb —
My pall — my sandals; let me have the mitre —
You hurry, John: be calm; more haste worse speed!
Now, where 's my crosier? [*Noise approaches.*
Henry Bosham, you
Go to my almery, here 's the key (remember
'Tis somewhat stiff, so force it not!), and fetch me
My emperor of rings, bright *Peretot*,
Jewelry-all — [*Exit* BOSHAM, *and soon returns.*
John of S. (*to himself.*) I know not which to name it,
Grandeur of soul or pettiness, pride of state,
Contempt of peril, calm from sense of right,
Or contradictiveness insane!
Becket (*putting on the ring*). I 'm ready.
Nay, my precedence is to be preceded,
The greatest comes the last. Go ye before me.
[*Exeunt.*
FITZ-URSE, DE MORVILLE, DE TRACI, BRITO, DE BROKE, *and others, break in.*
Conspirators. Where is the traitor? where? where? he is fled!
De Broke. Here is a secret passage to the Church.
Thither the wild beast scours as to his den,
I 'll wind it like a terrier after him,
And lead the pack into his very lair:
Follow me, friends! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

St. Benedict's Chapel in the Cathedral.

BECKET *before the Altar.* JOHN OF SALISBURY, BOSHAM, GRYME.

Becket. Who closed that door? — Open it, I command!
What! will ye make a castle of a church?
The Conspirators rush in.
De Traci. Where is the traitor?
Brito. Where is the Archbishop?
Becket. Here am I, an Archbishop, but no traitor!
De Morville. Will you absolve the prelates?
Becket. No!
Brito. Will you to Winchester,
And beg the young King's grace, for your attempt
Most traitorous to disorown him?
Becket. I made none.
And will beg grace of none, save God on high!
De Traci. You are my prisoner; — come along, proud traitor!
Becket. Take off that impious hand, which dares profane
My stole immaculate; or I will shake thee,
Vile reptile, off, and trample thee in the dust!
Bosham, let be! — I have an arm as stout
As any stalking Norman of them all! —
Away!
[*He casts* DE TRACI *from him, who draws.*
De Traci (*aiming* at BECKET, *strikes off the arm of* RICHARD GRYME).
Get thee a wooden one, thou false confessor,
To bless thee with! thou supple, whispering knave!
BECKET *and his friends are assaulted by the Conspirators, many of whom* BECKET *overthrows.*
Fitz-Urse. Here strikes King Harry!
[*Cleaving* BECKET *down.*
Becket. *Execrabilis esto!* [*Dies.*"

The character of Richard Lion-heart, as a child, is felicitously given, and

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harmonises with all our romantic notions of him. But what could have possessed Mr. Darley to introduce that absurd abomination, *Dwerga the Dwarf*, fit only for Mrs. Ratcliffe, or Hoffmann's *diablerie?* The employment too (Act V. Sc. XV.) of the *shade of the murdered Rosamond* is singularly inappropriate in these non-ghost-believing days.

Viewed as a poem, this Chronicle is entitled to hearty praise; there is much beauty and simplicity in some of the passages, and evident traces of a strong love of nature. The dialogue is solid and high sounding, though frequently inharmonious and careless. We had marked many passages for extract, which we are reluctantly obliged to set aside for want of room, but cannot resist the following specimen from the first scene: —

" *Becket.* May 't please you, sire, now that the evening sun
Reflects him somewhat redly in our looks,
Which he perchance, — so tinged are they with wassail, —
Mistakes for clustering grape, whereon he loves
To hang with warmest kisses —
Henry. Let him kiss!
And send his burning soul into our cheeks,
Till he change back our blood again to wine,
That fed it! An old wassailer himself!
That swills the nectarous ether till he reels.
Look you, he wears an after-dinner flush
Crimson as ours! Rogue, he has had his drench,
And purple streams run down his fleecy skirts,
Staining them deep as thine!"

A young gentleman, Master J. B. Worrell, who deprecates criticism on the ground that he is under eighteen years of age, has ventured on the publication of an historical poem, entitled "Edgina."[2] We would readily allow his youth to plead for the glaring faults of the composition, if we did not honestly think it more charitable to warn him against a pursuit for which neither nature nor circumstances have adapted him. If he do not abandon poetry at once, the likelihood is that he will wear out his strength and enthusiasm before he arrives at manhood; and, without advancing one step farther in the art of which he is so foolishly ambitious, become utterly unfitted for any thing else. This piece of advice may not be very agreeable, but it has the advantages of being very candid and very true; and we are the more earnest in urging it, because there are a great many ingenious youths in exactly the same situation as Master Worrell.

The subject of this poem is a love passage in the life of Edward, the son of Alfred the Great, a prince who built and repaired more castles than any king in our annals, and who had at least quite as strong a passion for real brick and mortar as for the *Chateaux en Espagne* of a sentimental lover. According to Master Worrell, Prince Edward falls in love with a peasant girl, Edgina, whom he meets in a ramble at night; and, after much virtuous display at both sides, he marries her, and brings her home to the court of his father, who, being convinced that there is nothing like innocence, receives her as the "future queen," and presents her to his consort, observing,

" She'll take thy seat when dead, and Edward mine."

The king immediately commands a national festival to be held for three days in honour of the bride; and at the expiration of a short time — but the poet must relate the circumstance himself.

" Few moons had pass'd before Edgina press'd
A royal infant to her *virt'ous* breast:
The sire, well pleased, called Athelstan his name;
And England's annals boast his glorious reign."

All this would be very well if it were historically correct; but unfortunately the moons were *too* few (if Master Worrell will pardon the solecism) for the *virt'ousness* of the lady. Athelstan, notwithstanding that he after-

[2] *Edgina; an Historical Poem.* By John B. Worrell. London: Edward Bull. 1840.

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wards came to the throne, was, in fact, illegitimate. Edgina was no better than she should be, and the pathetic sentimentality of the legend consequently goes for nothing. Dealing, however, with so remote a period, when legitimacy and illegitimacy were probably not easily distinguishable in a royal brood of fifteen children, some latitude may be allowed to the fancy of the writer; the licence he takes in his verse is quite another affair.

The manner in which the story is treated is a mere echo of the forms of Parnell and Goldsmith, the first poets, in this line, who are likely to captivate the imagination of the young. Such unconscious imitations might be forgiven, if they were executed with tact, or indicated even a promise of future skill, but Master Worrell breaks all laws of taste and art, and commits the most fearless outrages upon the commonest principles of construction. His metre is so frequently barbarous, and he makes such havoc with his words in the fruitless attempt to cut and clip them into the prescribed limits, that it is impossible by any means, lisping, whistling, or slurring through the teeth, to escape the terrible discord that, ever and anon, in single lines, ruffles the dead flow of his verse. Here are a few specimens of metrical curiosities and inelegancies of expression, which will stand in lieu of any further description. The reader will see how little Master Worrell thinks of experimentalising upon his native language. He is a perfect Majendie in this department.

If so, the sacred sisters have long since died —
'Tis Virtue's path 'lone leads to Honor's throne—
Treads 'long the beaten path of mossy ground —
Dominion, power, or life endlessly —
Go, wash thyself in Pactolus' stream—
Is sweet to ponder on when time intervenes —
A hectic flush
At times came o'er him, it seem'd the modest blush —
Possession of angels! belov'd by Heaven —
Lulling to rest, while life they eas'ly past —
Furious with defeat, aimed the fatal blow —
Thickly studded, and gave me diadems —
And round, a thousand slaves obediently wait —
Oddune hast'ly a band collects —
Will the blithe minstrel the ruin mourn?
Avoiding men'als who 'n attendance wait —
Merchants and artizans
Repose: suddenly loud peals the cur'ous arouse —
They tell to nature, and nature's God gives rest —
Her deep-dyed ruby lips their own penalty —

Master Worrell's rhymes are equally remarkable.

In two days' march we met the lawless *Danes*,
Surpris'd their fort, while they pursu'd their *games* —
A trickling tear chok'd further *utterance*,
He wip'd 't away, another bid *defiance* —
Far from the sounds of boist'rous *revelry*
A soft voice pours its notes of *melancholy* —
O, lik'n them to the *babe*
That dies in innocence, before he *staid* —

What was Master Worrell's *ear* doing while he was tagging these jingles? We do not appeal to any higher quality of the poetical nature than the simple perception of the resemblance of sounds, putting rhythm wholly out of the question. If young gentlemen will write rhyme, they ought to be made to go over their lessons again and again, until they bring out the right harmony. An indulgent critic may excuse them if they cannot always measure metrical quantities with correctness; but they ought to be put to some task, like the little girls in the boarding-school described by Mrs. Hall, for such rhymes as "danes" and "games." This kind of criticism, we frankly confess, is poor work; but then the flood of poetasters swells daily, and something must be done to stop it. What better can be done than exposure in detail, and Master Worrell serves well enough for the purpose? As to his plea on the score of age, all that need be said is, that youth may be a valid apology for writing execrable verses, but not for publishing them.

We opened "Sordello," a new poem by Mr. Browning[3], with the most pleasurable anticipations, and closed it with the most painful disappointment,

[3] *Sordello.* By Robert Browning. London: Edward Moxon. 1840.

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after reading patiently through the six books, still hoping — still deceived. We were to read of that Sordello whose name has ever rung in our hearts, whom Dante saw in Purgatory —

> " Non ci diceva alcuna cosa,
> Ma lasciavane gir, solo guardando,
> *A guisa di leon quando si posa;*"

and we were to hear of him from the poet who had touched us with his " Paracelsus." We confidently expected that the crudeness and harshness which were the small drawbacks on that deep-thinking and delightful poem, would have been softened down by additional experience, while the thoughts would have been riper and mellower, and the execution of the whole more perfect: but we missed every thing except the faults of that work — we missed the fervent hopes, the wild dreams of *Paracelsus*, the idyllic gentle wisdom of *Festus*, the exquisite beauty and gentleness of *Michal*, and the passionate noble extravagance of *Aprile*. " Sordello " has the worst of all poetical faults — dulness: in spite of the attempts at liveliness in the narrative — of throwing a minstrel romantic ease and rambling discursiveness into it — the poem is dull to sleepiness. The story is badly and tediously unfolded — the reflections for the most part are commonplace and prosaical — the versification is every where rugged, imperfect, and inharmonious — and the imagery seldom novel or striking. It is interspersed with the worst sort of wordy metaphysics, equally unattractive and old. As a specimen of the versification we open at random, and find —

> " Ecelo, dismal father of the brood,
> And Ecelin, close to the girl he wooed;
> Auria, and their child, with all his wives,
> From Agnes to the Tuscan that survives," &c. — p. 20.

And such lines are constantly appearing. Those who remember Mr. Browning's tragedy of " Strafford," — which a witty friend said was a tragedy in a constant *spasm* — could not very well tolerate the short abrupt sentences of which the speeches were composed, and which bore more resemblance to the mode of elocution adopted by our facetious friend *Jingle* (in *Pickwick*), than any thing we have been accustomed to recognise as dramatic; precisely this fault has he preserved in " Sordello." Take a couple of specimens.

> " Time stole: by degrees
> The Pythons perished off; his votaries
> Sunk to respectful distance; songs redeem
> Their pains, but briefer; their dismissals seem
> Emphatic; only girls are very slow
> To disappear: his Delians! Some that glow
> O' the instant, more with earlier loves to wrench
> Away, reserves to quell, disdains to quench;
> Alike in one material circumstance —
> All soon or late adore Apollo! Glance
> The bevy through, divine Apollo's choice,
> A Daphne!"

> " Time fleets
> That's worst! Because the pre-appointed age
> Approaches. Fate is tardy with the stage
> She all but promised. Lean he grows and pale,
> Though restlessly at rest. Hardly avail
> Fancies to soothe him. Time steals, yet alone
> He tarries here! The earnest smile is gone.
> How long this might continue matters not:
> For ever, possibly; since to the spot
> None come: for lingering Taurello quits
> Mantua at last, and light our lady flits
> Back to her place disburthened of a care.
> Strange — to be constant here if he is there!
> Is it distrust? Oh, never! for they both
> Goad Ecelin alike — Romano's growth
> So daily manifest that Azzo 's dumb
> And Richard wavers . . . let but Frederich
> come!"

Mr. Browning seems to have forgotten that the medium of art must ever be the *beautiful*; he seems to be totally indifferent to pleasing our imaginations and fancy by the music of verse and of thoughts, by the grace of his diction as well as of his imagery; and when this want of a sweet flowing beauty both in thought and versification — a want of that " linked sweetness long drawn out," — is coupled with a positive want of dramatic or speculative

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interest in the story, and a by no means new or newly put moral, we may be pardoned if we say we regard "Sordello" as a failure *in toto*.

There is no task in criticism more unpleasant or more superficial than that of finding fault, especially where you have no great balance of praise as a counterpoise, and this becomes doubly unpleasant when the subject under consideration is the work of an author who has already given such indications of genius as are to be found in "Paracelsus." But criticism would be valueless if it were not strictly just.

The lovers of old romance, of the stories of chivalry and the fairy mythology, of ballads and lyrics, will be transported back into the enchanted realms and times of ancient feudalism by a charming little volume of poems, dedicated expressly to the superstitions and characteristics of those most poetical scenes and ages, by Mr. Prideaux.[4] It consists of thirteen legends, in which the writer has completely caught the spirit of early minstrelsy — its picturesque simplicity, its dancing rhythm, and dramatic pathos. "The Lay of Sir Amys," the longest and best, is irregular in structure, but crowded with beauties. It least of all resembles the old ballads in form or treatment, while in the turn of expression, in the sweetness and variety of its music, and in the choice and use of descriptive images, it possesses a kindred fascination with the reliques of our elder poetry. "Roland and Ferragus" is a more perfect specimen of the pure ballad, and is in harmonious keeping throughout. Some of the shorter pieces, such as "The Perilous Castle of Douglas," and "The Maiden's Song," are exquisitely chaste and touching: and the whole collection is highly creditable to the author. The following pretty lyric may be selected as an example: —

"THE FAERIES' SONG.

From the mossy cell wherein we dwell
Beneath the roots of the aged tree,
Forth we go, on nimble toe,
Merrily dancing o'er the lea,
When the moon in the heaven is clear and bright,
And the green leaves play in her quivering light.

On banks of flowers, in sylvan bowers,
Where the tenderest smile of Nature lies,
In a moon-beam's light, on a summer's night,
When the softest wind of midnight sighs;
Wherever the fairest things are seen,
There we dwell with our Faery Queen.

In mystic ring we dance and sing,
And thus the hours of night employ;
Our tents are spread with gossamer thread,
More delicate far than silken soy.
We feast on sweets from the cowslip's bell,
And on lips we cherish with rapture dwell.

And though we fly, when, in the sky,
The brightening smiles of day appear;
And quick as light, elude his sight,
Whenever intruding man is near;
Akin to the human race are we,
Friends of mirth, and lovers of glee.

Then chase us not from the ancient spot,
Where the Druids, 'neath the mistletoe bough,
Taught faery lore, in days of yore!
Oh! chase us not, with hatchet and plough!
Our homes are lessening every day,
And our Faery Queen has lost her sway.

We have a part in the human heart, —
Its simple pleasures, — its hopes, — its loves;
And we mourn the day that has pass'd away,
Our lonely heaths, and our haunted groves, —
The trusting heart — and the quickening sense
Of beauty and nature's influence.

But as long as a trace of the simple face
Of nature lingers in the land,
And a home remains, in our woods and plains,
For the Faery Queen and her elfin band,
We never will leave the isle, where long
Our race has flourish'd in tale and song.

And still, amongst flowers, in sylvan bowers,
Where the tenderest hues of nature lie;
In a moon-beam's light, on a summer's night,
When the softest gales of midnight sigh, —
Wherever the fairest things are seen,
We dance and sport with our Faery Queen."

The twenty-sixth volume of "The Naturalist's Library" — forming the sixth of the Entomological series — is dedicated to the natural history of the Bee.[5] The enquiry is, as usual in this carefully edited publication,

[4] *Poems of Chivalry, Faery, and the Olden Time.* By Walter Prideaux, Esq. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1840.

[5] *The Naturalist's Library.* Conducted by Sir William Jardine, Bart. Entomology. Vol. VI. Bees. Edinburgh: W. H. Lizars. 1840.

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conducted with great caution and laborious research. The works of all preceding writers have been consulted and collated — their facts tested by experiment — and to all assertions or speculations which have not yet been satisfactorily confirmed, their conditional value is justly apportioned; so that in this single volume the reader is put in possession of every thing that is known or conjectured concerning the propagation, preservation, and habits of the bee. In the whole range of natural science there is not one department which presents such varied interest, such wonderful resources, and such endless suggestions: and, connected with the annals of apiarian investigation, the fact that Huber (to whose indefatigable enquiries on this subject we are so largely indebted) prosecuted his labours through a long life of blindness, contributes not a little to enhance the curiosity and stimulate the zeal of the student who, for the first time, opens this chapter of marvels. A memoir of Huber is prefixed to the volume, which is further enriched with his portrait — the only one that has ever been published, — and a profusion of illustrative engravings, accurately drawn and beautifully coloured.

A course of lectures on National Establishments, delivered early in the last year by Dr. Wardlaw, having already acquired a wide reputation in a first edition, has lately been issued in a cheaper form for the sake of obtaining a still more extensive circulation.[6] The ultimate object of these lectures is, to demonstrate the national advantages of the Voluntary Principle over the Principle of a State Religion. The lecturer displays ability of a very high order, consummate skill in controversy, and a subtle logical faculty in the conduct of his argument. But it is easier to exhibit the defects, institutional and executive, of an Established Church, than to prove the beneficial influence of a Church Voluntary. In the former branch of his undertaking Dr. Wardlaw is all but unanswerable, and is answerable only on the ground of human imperfection and apathy, which seem to demand some stringent government for the preservation of religious forms in the community: in the latter he is not so successful. Like too many reformers, he is more occupied with the abuse he desires to destroy, than with the remedy he wishes to substitute. He gives us many strong reasons for pulling down the Church, and but few sound ones for setting up Voluntaryism. He shows us clearly enough what is objectionable in Church government, but he fails to convince us that while Voluntaryism would remove these objections, it would at the same time supply a system that should be at once better and equally permanent and influential. To every person, however, who is interested in the discussion, these lectures are indispensable, as furnishing, on the whole, a very complete answer to the brilliant eloquence and brittle reasoning of Dr. Chalmers.

Dr. Dick has added to his "Celestial Scenery" another astronomical work, called "The Sidereal Heavens."[7] In this publication the same characteristics may be traced that distinguished the former. The scientific details, derived for the most part from the observations of the Herschells, father and son, are exhibited in an animating and popular style; and the reflections and suggestions scattered throughout, help considerably to heighten the interest of the subject. The religious warmth, frequently ascending into flights of eloquence, by which Dr. Dick's former publications are so favourably known to a large circle of readers, is equally effective in the present

[6] *National Church Establishments examined: a Course of Lectures*, &c. By RALPH WARDLAW, D.D. London: Thomas Ward & Co. 1840.

[7] *The Sidereal Heavens, and other Subjects connected with Astronomy, &c.* By THOMAS DICK, LL.D., Author of "Celestial Scenery," &c. London: Thomas Ward & Co. 1840.

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work, conducting the reader, by a natural and inspiring progress, from the contemplation of the works of Divine wisdom to the worship of the Divinity. Some of the astronomical speculations are, probably, too imaginative; and, considered abstractedly, as a manual of scientific instruction, the book is not sufficiently condensed and systematised: but it is conceived in so pure a spirit of enthusiasm, and is written so clearly and familiarly, that it may be recommended to general perusal as a work possessing attractions of a peculiar and valuable kind.

Captain Hall's Voyage to Java, China, and the great Loo-choo Island[8], has been reproduced by Mr. Moxon, in a very elegant and cheap edition, uniform with the other reprints which have issued from his press. It is needless to remind the reader that the voyage described in this publication was in connection with Lord Amherst's embassy to China; that it embraces an account of some parts of that coast, and of some islands previously unknown to the English; that the details are every where close and faithful; and that, amongst other points of permanent interest, it describes an interview Captain Hall had with Napoleon at St. Helena on the return homeward. Of all that gentleman's voyages this is, in our estimation, the most curious and entertaining, and it possesses the additional merit of being written with greater simplicity of style than any of his subsequent productions.

Under the title of "The Bible Cyclopedia[9]," a work of considerable research, and of permanent interest to all classes, has just been commenced. The observations of recent travellers in the East, and the continuous labours of antiquaries and philologists within the last half century, have contributed largely to clear up the obscurities of the Scripture history upon all points relative to ancient institutions, manners, customs, arts, and language. It is proposed in this work — which is to appear in parts arranged in alphabetical order — to embody in a popular form the results of all such enquiries, and to illustrate them wherever it may be desirable with engravings of coins, medals, remarkable places, characteristic figures, &c., derived from the most authentic sources of information. The first part is before us, and from the ability bestowed upon it, and the wide scope of matter it embraces, we anticipate an extensive popularity for the series.

A "Pocket Guide to the Toilette"[10] is a work of more utility than its foolish title bespeaks. It contains a quantity of curious and practical hints upon the means of preserving health (which is the only true beauty in man or woman), and the arts by which all subsidiary matters may be cultivated to the utmost point of use. The book is really useful as a personal and household manual.

[8] *Narrative of a Voyage to Java, China, and the Great Loo-choo Island.* By Captain Basil Hall, R. N. London: Edward Moxon. 1840.

[9] *The Bible Cyclopedia; a comprehensive Digest of the Civil and Natural History, Geography, Statistics, and general literary Information connected with the Sacred Scriptures.* No. I. London: J. W. Parker. 1840.

[10] *The Pocket Guide to the Toilette.* Glasgow: W. R. M'Phun. 1840.

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THE

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

SMALL is the number of those who attempt to wade through the multifarious and variegated compound of amusing, instructive, and wearisome details, which in the shape of a morning paper is daily served up for the entertainment and guidance of the great bulk of the reflecting public. Nevertheless, there are certain omnivorous minds, that leave but a small portion unread of all the matter contained in all our morning or evening papers. At every club may be seen certain animated fixtures, who make their appearance in the news-room at an early hour on each succeeding morning, and after spending several hours in the perusal of the great self-constituted organs of public opinion, retire apparently for no other purpose than to recruit their intellectual powers of digestion, that they may be the better able to receive the fresh supply of political lore served up to them by the evening press. These gentlemen are for the most part retired officers or functionaries, who by a service of many years have entitled themselves to pensions. Persons of this description have been accustomed throughout life to a regular routine of occupation, the want of which would prove a serious privation, if they were not able to supply the place by some periodical self-imposed duty; and none presents itself more readily, none partakes less of the character of labour, or more of that of amusement, than the daily visit to the news-room, which, while it relieves them once for all from that most irksome of tasks for common-place minds, the task of daily planning the disposal of their leisure, at the same time qualifies them to shine with no little brilliancy in the little coteries to whom their evening is usually devoted. We could point to more than one old sailor or soldier, whom the liberality of his grateful country enables to spend the evening of his life in honourable independence, who finds himself a welcome guest at every table, and an oracle in many an evening circle, upon the mere strength of the indefatigable zeal he displays in storing his brain with the foreign and domestic intelligence contained in the eight or ten enormous sheets of letter-press which are daily renewed for his edification and amusement.

"Captain Jenkins knows every thing," is a remark that follows the captain from every room which the worthy veteran has enlivened by his harmless prattle. Jenkins goes but rarely to the theatre, for he is too good an economist to buy his evening's entertainment, when he can have it for nothing at his club-room or at a friend's house; yet Jenkins is in full possession of all the merits and demerits of a new play on the morning after the first performance. He knows all the "points" that Macready made in the hero, and is

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able to discourse most learnedly on the "rich pathos" which "that dear Ellen Tree" never fails to throw into every part assigned to her: he can tell upon his fingers all the starts of young Kean in Richard, and all the somersets of the clown in the new pantomime, and is perfectly qualified to sit in judgment upon the public, for the discriminating applause lavished upon either aspirant; yet Jenkins has not seen the inside of a playhouse more than three times within the three last seasons, and when he does repair thither, it is usually after the latest novelty has ceased to be attractive, and before the forthcoming new piece has been got ready, an interval when the money-takers at the box entrance are wont to enjoy a sinecure, while the presiding genius of the free list finds his duties proportionably increased.

Jenkins is far too busy a man to have time to read a new book: but what of that? Not a publication of any importance appears of which he has not seen four or five critical notices; and when seated at the left side of the hostess at dinner time, he is always able to direct her reading for six months to come: he can caution her against the dulness of those authors who do not happen to number a long list of boon companions among the diurnal critics, and he can detail all the choice passages of those sparkling productions which issue from the brains of the favoured few who are free of the editor's room, or who are wise enough to collect occasionally a little coterie of sub-editors around a hospitable board. An author who gives good dinners, and knows how to choose his literary friends, is in the straight road to fame, and cannot miss the way.

Jenkins is a Tory, of course, for he finds toryism in the ascendant in Tavistock Square, where no less than four of his best dinner-giving friends are located; but his Toryism is of a gentle cast, so free from all exclusiveness, that he would rather dine upon turtle and champagne with a Radical banker, than share the beef-steak and twaddle of the most Conservative economist of his club. In his reading he is as impartial as in his friendship. He studies the homely but thoughtful discourses of Lord John Russell, with the same patient perseverance with which he peruses the flowery claptraps of Sir Robert Peel; and with the same singleness of mind he admires the conciseness of Serjeant Jackson and the brevity of Mr. Hume, when he reads the fifteen or twenty lines within which the judicious reporters have known how to condense arguments, that it cost those two distinguished orators no less than three hours to unfold to their enduring auditory.

Even the letters of Mr. Eneas Macdonnell and the political economy of the *Morning Herald* are insufficient to exhaust the patience of Jenkins, who actually had read the ravings of the enthusiast Owen, before the Bishop of Exeter undertook to advertise them; and though the public might have remained unconscious of their existence, had not the pious, meek, and charitable prelate taken it upon himself to disseminate them, our worthy friend the captain would not have shared the general ignorance. However diminutive the type, however obscure the corner to which the printer of the *Times* may consign the explanation of an honourable man whose character had been traduced on the preceding day with all the typographical energy of damning CAPITALS and insinuating *italics*, still the modest paragraph endeavours vainly to escape the searching glance of our indefatigable friend. In short, of the ten hours that are daily left unoccupied by the periodical tasks of sleeping, breakfasting, lunching, dressing, and dining, we are guilty of no exaggeration when we say that Jenkins seldom fails to devote six (four after breakfast, and two before dinner) to the methodical perusal of the daily newspapers.

What would existence be to Jenkins if newspapers were to be suppressed?

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Every working day would become a Sunday to him, and that moreover without the resource of a fashionable chapel to dispose of a portion of his unoccupied time. He is a zealous stickler for the rights and property of the Church; nevertheless, he has been often heard to breathe an impious wish that his own countrymen would relax a little from their religious fastidiousness, and allow the *Times* and *Herald* to be published seven times a week. The ruthless barbarian! He would rob the drudges that labour for his daily entertainment of their only day of rest—their cherished Saturday!

Often when we have been watching the harmless and methodical manner in which the worthy captain idles away the evening of his life, we have asked ourselves whether he had ever given himself the trouble to reflect on the labour of those who, while he was quietly reposing from the fatigues of the day, were busily engaged in preparing his literary repast for the morning. We ventured once to sound him on the subject, and were not a little amused by the strange picture which his mind had fashioned to itself of the internal economy of an editor's room. The majesty of the editorial "we" had imposed upon him most completely. In the simplicity of his mind he had actually taken it for granted, that each of those oracular perorations, to which so much prominence is given by the aid of large type and wide spaces, and which prudent readers are cautious of venturing upon, were the joint production of a learned conclave of editors, who weighed each word and thought with the same deliberate care and diffidence which a cabinet full of ministers are supposed by the vulgar to bestow on a queen's speech or a government bill. The short-hand writer, who made up the parliamentary reports, he thought, must have a most arduous duty to perform; and it had often puzzled him to think how the theatrical critic could so often contrive to give an account of so many novelties, at so many different theatres, on the same evening. He could very well understand how a good short-hand writer might be able to take down long speeches or whole scenes out of a new play; but what he did marvel at very much was the apparent omniscience of the newspapers with respect to the authorship not only of tragedies and comedies, but even of anonymous pamphlets and incognito romances; "but these fellows," he said, "spend their whole lives in reading, and come to know the style of your Bozzes and Pozzes, your Broughams and Publicolas, as familiarly as I do the scrawl of my washerwoman, or the stately pothooks of my tailor's clerk."

Notions equally vague, we are satisfied, are entertained by many of those to whom a newspaper has become an object of daily necessity, or an enjoyment, the loss of which would leave a painful void in their existence. We will lift for them the veil that conceals the machinery to which they are indebted every morning for their mental breakfast; we will usher them into the sacred recesses of the reporters' room; we will even obtain for them a glimpse into the sanctum sanctorum, where the editor himself sits enshrined in regal state,—a place to which it is infinitely more difficult for a stranger to obtain admission, than to the audience-chamber of the prime minister, or even to the dressing-room of a theatrical manager.

"A London newspaper is a volume,—a volume of no trifling magnitude,—and that volume the production of a single night." Such were the words of Lord Lyndhurst, when last year he presided at a public dinner, given in support of a fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of contributors to the periodical press. It was a pithy and correct description. A newspaper is indeed a volume,—a volume which few men, singly, could write at all, and none, perhaps, in less than a twelvemonth, but of which nearly the whole, by a systematic division of labour, is nightly written out, composed,

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corrected, revised, and printed off, between the hours of seven in the evening and five in the morning. The work of an evening paper, of course, must be done during the day; but the evening press of London is, comparatively speaking, of little importance: the leviathans of the morning are the great organs that influence and give expression to public opinion.

The morning paper, then, is eminently the work of the night; and the hardest work about the office is generally going on when the great bulk of those for whose benefit the labour is performed are in the quiet and undisturbed enjoyment of

> "Tir'd Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!"

an enjoyment to which the exhausted labourers themselves can seldom retire, until

> "Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
> Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain * tops."

About one or two o'clock in the afternoon the housekeeper at the office of a morning paper begins to sweep away the litter of the preceding night, and to prepare the rooms for the operations of that which is to come; and at five or six o'clock, perhaps, the several editors drop in for an hour or so, to read their letters or to receive the favoured few who happen to have been honoured with an appointment, something in the same way that certain cabinet ministers condescend to look in at their offices at about four o'clock in the afternoon, on their way "down to the House." The sub-editor shortly afterwards begins to study the evening papers, from which he cuts away, with a pair of scissors, such paragraphs and miscellaneous matter as it may be thought prudent to keep in reserve, to supply the incessant cravings of the printer's boy for fresh "copy." The letters of occasional correspondents are stored up with a similar view; and the police reports and the various heterogeneous contributions of the penny-a-liners pass in succession under the critical eye of the sub-editorial judge, upon whose tact and discretion the general character of the paper often depends a great deal more than upon the talents of the leading man of the establishment. The reporters who have been attending the courts of law in the morning begin to drop in. They are most of them employed later in the evening at the House of Commons, and are now writing out their notes, that they may be ready for the night's work.

At eight or nine o'clock every department of the office has begun to wear a bustling business-like look; by this time the first six or eight reporters have returned from the two houses of parliament, and the editor is enabled to judge from the accounts they bring in whether the debates of the evening are likely to run to a great length, or whether there is a prospect of an early adjournment. As the parliamentary reporting, however, has of late years grown into such engrossing importance for the London morning press, we must devote a little space to a brief explanation of the system by means of which a complete report of an eight or ten hours' debate is almost daily written out, printed off, and distributed to the public, in three or four hours after the adjournment of the assembly.

A moment's reflection must convince any one that a report, extending frequently over eighteen or twenty columns of the *Times* or *Chronicle*, could not possibly be written out by one individual. The mere copying of it would be a task that the most practised penman might find it difficult to achieve in a day, though he devoted the whole of the twenty-four hours to

* *Quære*, on the red tiles and dingy slates of our London roofs.

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the performance. What would be impossible for an individual, however, becomes easy to the united energies of a large number. The parliamentary corps, as it is called, consists at some offices of eight, at others of ten, twelve, or even sixteen members, accordingly as more or less value is attached to the correctness and completeness of the report. The gentlemen forming this corps divide the evening among themselves. The first man takes his place in the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Commons at four o'clock, at which hour the House generally meets, and he remains there for three quarters of an hour, when he is succeeded by the second man, who again remains his three quarters, and so on till the whole corps is exhausted, when the individual who commenced the evening is obliged to go down for a second turn, and is again followed by the rest of the corps in succession. The system of "turns" varies at different offices. Thus, supposing there are seven men for the Lords and seven for the Commons, as it seldom happens that the debate is heavy in both Houses on the same evening, it may happen that one of them has adjourned during the third turn; in that case, supposing the Lords to have adjourned before seven (the Lords generally meet an hour later than the Commons), the seventh man in the Lords will take the eighth turn in the Commons, the sixth will take the ninth turn, and so on, the unemployed Lords-men all becoming Commons-men for that evening. This system of "turns" appears extremely complicated to the uninitiated, and is attended by the inconvenience to the reporters themselves, that they never know, until one or the other House has adjourned, how their turns will run for the evening. On these occasions minutes are most conscientiously counted, for if the adjournment takes place only one minute after the three quarters, that minute is sufficient to constitute a first turn; and, on the other hand, a reporter may have walked down to the House, may have been waiting there for half an hour or more, and just as the hand of the clock is about to point to the important spot on the dial-plate, the adjournment is moved, and the disappointed reporter has to walk away with the mortification of knowing that his first turn will not come on for several hours; and that should the other House prolong its sitting till two or three o'clock in the morning, he must sit up till that hour in expectation of his second turn. Where there is a numerous corps, third turns are never heard of; but on the smaller establishments they are of frequent occurrence. Some of the corps have an understanding among themselves that the last second turn shall remain till the close of the debate, in which case the latter part of the report is necessarily very brief. This, however, is understood to be an act of self-defence on the part of the reporters, to which recourse is only had when the proprietors are too parsimonious to engage the necessary number of men for the proper performance of the work.

Minutes, we have already observed, are most conscientiously counted on these occasions. The instant a man's turn is over he quits his place, and should his successor not be punctual to his time, he is not waited for, but must fill up the blank which his own carelessness has occasioned, the best way he can. On these occasions there is a mutual understanding between different offices to come to one another's assistance, one office giving proofs or "slips" of such parts of the debate as may not be complete in the report of the other. This accommodation, however, it is evident cannot take place till late at night, when the "copy" of the more attentive reporter has been written out and composed. Such irregularities always occasion great inconvenience, and a frequent occurrence of them would insure the dismissal of the guilty individual.

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A three quarters' turn may sometimes yield a body of notes which it will take five or six hours to write out. A stranger might suppose that a reporter would take great pleasure in noting down the eloquence of a leading orator of the day; and, on the other hand, that he would find it exceedingly tiresome to listen to the prosing nonsense of one of those interminable obstructives whose idle talk wearies the attention of the House, and occupies by far the greater portion of the three or four nights' debates which of late years have come so much into fashion. Nothing can be farther from the truth than such a conclusion. The greatest dunce is the prime favourite of the gallery, for his remarks are easily condensed within a very narrow space. When he rises pens and pencils are laid down by common consent; the men who are "on" put up silent prayers that the Honourable Mr. Talkapace may last out their turn, while those who expect to "go on next" hug themselves with the comfortable assurance that the worthy representative is "good for another hour." But the great delight of a reporter is a division; and as the modern practice of taking down the members' names occupies considerably more time than was formerly the case, the innovation is highly approved of in the gallery. A division, if there happen to be a full House, generally takes from twenty-five to thirty-five minutes, the whole of which is counted as part of the reporter's turn. Now, while the House is dividing, strangers are excluded; and for the accommodation of the "gentlemen of the press" a small room, about nine feet square, is provided behind the gallery, and into this room the members of the fourth estate retire, to discuss the merits of the debate that has just been brought to a close; or, by writing out a portion of the notes already taken, to shorten the period of their labour on their return to the office. Notes are also compared, misunderstandings corrected, the Latin quotations adjusted, or where these have not been heard or understood, they are ruthlessly condemned to oblivion.

There is another class of orators that enjoy great favour in the gallery, namely, the gentlemen who send their speeches ready written to the offices of one or more newspapers. This system has sometimes been carried so far, that speeches to be spoken in the evening have been placed in the reporter's hands in the morning, so that the document has been leisurely perused in the gallery before the honourable member has well got upon his legs. Instances have been known even of speeches printed in second editions of evening papers, and sent off by the post, several hours before they were delivered; but these are extreme cases—they are prizes not often to be hoped for, and on that very account the more highly esteemed by the fortunate few who draw them.

Another great delight to the reporter is what is called "a count out." Whenever any member imagines that there are less than forty of his brother members in the House, he has a right to call on the Speaker to count the House. The Speaker thereupon orders strangers to withdraw; and the time lost in turning the public out of the Strangers' Gallery, and the reporters into their little black-hole, affords abundant leisure to the loiterers in the lobby, the kitchen, and the library to hurry in, in order to keep the house together: should the necessary number, however, not muster, the Speaker declares the House adjourned; and reporters and legislators are dismissed together, to dispose of the rest of the evening "as best unto them may seem fitting." There is no surer way for a member to get into good odour with the gallery, than frequently to call on the Speaker to count the House when the mystic number is not present. Indeed the practice is one that ought to be encouraged by the House and the public also, for if mem-

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bers will neglect their duty, it is just as well that the public should now and then be informed of it. These count-outs usually occur between six and eight o'clock, when the House is almost always extremely thin, owing to the numerous absentees who have paired off for a few hours, that they may be able to enjoy their dinner in quiet. At these times there are always two or three of the reporters keeping a balance account of the honourable members who enter and leave the House; and great is the impatience, and deep though not loud the maledictions in the gallery, when, though the assembled senate has dwindled away to thirty-four or thirty-five members, no honest patriot is found ready to call the Speaker's attention to a fact so little creditable to the spirit of the House.

We have been speaking of the prizes—we must now turn to the reverse of the picture. Let the reader imagine to himself a tedious proser, who never had but two ideas in his life, and has not the most distant notion of fashioning those two ideas into any tolerable shape. Let him imagine such a man in Parliament, very fond of talking, and owner of a large number of shares in a morning paper. His speeches must, of course, be given at full length: the omission of a single sentence is a grievous offence; and should some partial friend happen to have cried "hear," when the orator paused to collect a few more words to fling at the House, the reporter who neglected to notice the "cheers" might vainly hope for pardon. Nothing is voted more detestable than to have to report the speech of a proprietor, or of a gentleman high in favour at the office.

It is not much more agreeable when the leader on the Ministerial or the Opposition side of the House happens to rise just as a reporter is "going on." When Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Melbourne, or Lord Brougham is addressing the House, every word is eagerly caught, and a half hour's speech ensures to the unfortunate reporter hard and unremitting labour for at least four hours on his return to the office. Sometimes it will even happen that he has not yet finished writing out his first turn, when he is again obliged to hurry down to the House, and on coming back he has of course to dispose of his first notes, before he can begin upon those which his second visit may have yielded.

The occupation of a parliamentary reporter is a kind of lottery, a game of chance, in which a man sometimes has a run of luck, alighting night after night on a division or a Talkapace; while, on the other hand, he may frequently fall upon two heavy turns the same evening, when he may scarcely be able to crawl to bed before seven o'clock in the morning, with the comfortable assurance that he will awake in the afternoon with a throbbing head, a feverish pulse, and many of the other symptoms that usually follow upon a night's excess. The work of the reporter is thus at times more laborious—upon the whole, however, much lighter than that which falls to the share of the editorial department. The materials on which the reporter has to work are ready to his hand; if the speeches of the night have been dull, he is not called on to enliven their dulness or to create eloquence where nothing but the veriest common-place was intruded upon a patient assembly. Not so the editor. A certain space must be covered with remarks bearing the semblance of originality, and night after night his teeming brain must be made to pour forth reflections on the passing occurrences of the day. No one who has not experienced it can imagine the mental exertion sometimes required of a public writer, when perhaps sickness, personal anxiety, private grief, exhaustion, or some other indisposition of the mind, make it almost impossible for him to abstract himself from the thoughts

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that absorb him. On large establishments, of course, several writers are at all times engaged, and numerous amateur contributions are seldom wanting. These, however, are not always good enough for the editor to feel willing to assume the responsibility of fathering them, though the writer may be one whom it may not be expedient to offend by the rejection of his manuscript. In such a case a title, or a "full head," as it is technically called, is affixed to the article, which is made to figure in the paper, accompanied by a significant hint, to intimate that it comes "from a correspondent," and that the editor is therefore not accountable for any of the principles or opinions advanced in it. But woe to the editor who, as a general rule, relies upon any one but himself for his leading articles; occasionally he may depute his office to another, but if he allow such a practice to become habitual, the tone and character of his paper are gone. A leader must be written, perhaps two, and where a convenient topic is not furnished by the events of the day, a topic must be made, or an old one burnished up again. There is great comfort in writing on an old topic. The arguments on both sides present themselves like familiar friends, the pen flies over the paper, while the thoughts, by courtesy so called, come more rapidly than the hand can trace them. Another great relief to an editor is to have been most mercilessly attacked by a rival paper of the preceding day. The public will of course look for a reply, and while the arbiter of opinion commences his flourish with an assurance of the regret he feels at being obliged to occupy any part of his "valuable space" with a notice of "the wretched attempt at wit," or "the disgraceful personalities" of "an obscure contemporary," or a "ministerial hack" (the Tories affect to look upon every paper as ministerial that does not labour for the restoration of Sir Robert Peel), he is in the mean time chuckling over the ease with which he is getting through his task, determined to season his rejoinder with plenty of spice and pepper, that his adversary may not fail to return the blow, and afford an opportunity for a repetition of the defensive attack. These editorial squabbles are far too valuable to be thrown away upon the public during the session, or when any really stirring events are going on; but during the dead season, in August or September, when all the world is out of town, and not a lie is to be had at the clubs for love or money, a little tilting match between the *Times* and *Chronicle* affords amusing variety to the readers, at the same time that it is a great comfort and relief to the presiding spirits at the two offices.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock, the foreign express, as it is called, generally makes its appearance, and this is an event of the night that never fails to occasion considerable stir in the editor's room, as it is only after the arrival of the express that any estimate can be formed of the space which it will be necessary to devote to the foreign intelligence. At all the leading offices, there is what is called a foreign editor, on whom the task more particularly devolves of putting into order the copy brought by the foreign express, but in some establishments this office is dispensed with, and the foreign express goes at once into the printer's hands, when it is printed off just as it happens to have been written by the Paris correspondent. This system of foreign expresses is one into the mysteries of which we will endeavour to initiate our readers.

The London post-office takes great pains to organise its operations in such a manner that the mails shall all arrive at, and depart from, the great house in St. Martin's-le-Grand as nearly as possible at the same moment. This system contributes no doubt very much to the comfort of the officials, but it is attended with many inconveniences to the public. The Paris post-

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office is organised upon a similar principle, and probably from the same motive. Now it happens that the mail for London is sent away from Paris several hours earlier than is at all necessary, and on its arrival at Dover it is forced to wait till the Dover mail starts for London, where it arrives early in the morning. The proprietors of our morning papers have discovered, that by having their letters from Paris addressed to an agent at Dover, they can have them forwarded on immediately by express, by which means they receive them at eleven or twelve o'clock at night, instead of eight or nine o'clock on the following morning. By this arrangement the Paris news of the preceding evening is nightly received at the offices of all our London morning papers, is condensed, composed, printed, and ready for distribution to the public, while yet the Paris mail is rolling along the Dover Road, and at least an hour before the bags have arrived in St. Martin's-le-Grand. This nightly express costs about 35*l.* a week, but as the same express brings the foreign dispatches to every morning paper, the separate expense to each becomes trifling. The foreign express is at the same time made use of by the old papers as a means to exclude new competitors from the field, by refusing to any new establishment the advantage of sharing in the accommodation. The fear of having to sustain the entire expense of a foreign express every night, has been for some years past one of the main impediments to the establishment of new morning papers. This impediment owes its existence to the indolence or indifference of our post-office authorities, who by establishing a night express from Dover, Falmouth, and one or two other outports, might destroy at one blow the newspaper monopoly that now exists, and which will continue until government interfere to put an end to it.*

This system of foreign expresses gives great importance to the Paris correspondent, who is frequently, to all intents and purposes, the real foreign editor of a London morning paper. It is his duty to condense the news contained in the Paris papers, and to write it out in the shape of a leading article. If the paper has its correspondents at Madrid, at Bayonne, in Switzerland, in Italy, at Malta, at Constantinople, or at Bombay, their communications are all addressed to the Paris correspondent, who condenses and forwards them with his own express, by which arrangement they reach London sufficiently early to save a whole day in the publication. If our readers will take the trouble to look carefully at a number of the *Times* on a Monday morning, they will be able to form some idea of the importance of the foreign express. The interval of the Sunday has led to an accumulation of foreign intelligence. There is a leader to give the Paris news of Friday, and a separate leader for the Saturday's papers. There are two Madrid leaders, and probably two Bayonne leaders; and in addition to these, there are, perhaps, leaders giving the most important contents of private letters from Toulon, Malta, Constantinople, Alexandria, Smyrna, Bombay, &c. All these have reached the office in the course of the preceding night, and the greater part of the impression of the paper has been printed off, and distributed to the newsmen, long before the most eminent merchants have received their private advices of a corresponding date. Mr. Rothschild, if he be an early riser, may, at his own house, read an account of the move-

* This subject has been treated at great length in our February number, in an article entitled "Thraldom of the British Press." The present newspaper monopoly is a serious national grievance, and not the less important because the public in general happen to be unacquainted with its magnitude. In the article here referred to we pointed out several measures by which Government might completely put an end to the monopoly.—*Ed. M. C.*

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ments of the Paris and Madrid exchanges two or three hours before the letters of his correspondents are delivered at his counting-house.

This system is attended by some inconveniences. In the first place, it makes Paris far too much the centre of all the continental politics, for the whole of the London press; for the evening papers and the weekly papers, with respect to foreign news, merely copy their morning contemporaries. Thus almost all the comments on German, Russian, Turkish, and Spanish politics, that appear in our several journals, are tinctured with a French spirit. The Paris correspondent of a morning paper is naturally desirous to obtain as much early and exclusive information as possible, and with this view he attaches himself to some of the leading public men of the French metropolis, to whom he makes himself agreeable, by so shaping his articles that they may promote the views of his patrons. A London ministerial journal contains perhaps a violent attack upon the French ministry. The quidnuncs of London and Paris run away immediately with the notion, that the article has been dictated by the British Foreign-office, and Lord Palmerston has to bear the blame of many a little personal escapade, inspired by the Opposition leader in the French Chamber of Deputies. *We happen to know* that M. Guizot and M. Thiers has each of them the Paris article of a London daily paper completely under his control; and the two papers in question happen just to be the two papers best suited for the promotion of the private and party views of those gentlemen. Whether Marshal Soult has his London morning paper we know not, but if he be still unprovided, and wish to acquire the command of one, he can have very little trouble in obtaining his end by the mere expenditure of a little seasonable civility in the right quarter. These remarks, to the accuracy of which we pledge ourselves, ought to be sufficient to put our readers on their guard, when they are reading the comments on French and Spanish politics which daily fill no inconsiderable space in our morning papers. Those comments are almost invariably written with a view to please some individual public man in Paris or Madrid; and the Foreign editor in London is, for the most part, too superficially informed on continental topics, to be able to counteract the private partialities of his French and Spanish correspondents. Above all, we would caution the public against a very common error, of attributing to our own ministers certain authoritative articles that appear from time to time in what are called the ministerial papers. A ministerial press, in the sense in which the word was understood in the good old Tory times, does not now exist. The public, however, persist in attributing the articles of this paper or that to cabinet ministers; and it is so much the interest of the proprietors to encourage the delusion, that they of all people are the least likely to contradict a rumour as profitable as it is incorrect.

Another disadvantage to which the foreign express system leads, is, that the politics of those countries that lie out of the line of Paris are most scandalously neglected. Nothing can be more disreputable to the London press than the garbled and unconnected form in which the extracts from the German papers are given to the English public. The same remark applies to the Dutch, Belgian, Swedish, and Russian papers, though in all these there are continually articles of incomparably more importance to England than the miserable squabbles of Parisian journalists, or the preposterous paragraphs manufactured by the French penny-a-liners. If a valuable article from a German paper ever does find its way into the *Times* or *Chronicle*, it is usually in the shape of a re-translation from the *Journal des Débats* or the *Courier Français;* and not many months ago the *Times* triumphantly

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announced that a statement in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* must be correct, for they had found a confirmation of it in the *Augsburg Gazette*. It is not to be expected that every body should be aware of the fact, but it ought certainly to have been known to the editor of the *Times* that the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, one of the most influential papers of Europe, is published at Augsburg, and is on that account generally spoken of by the Paris papers as the *Gazette d'Augsbourg*. The statement and the confirmation had accordingly appeared in one and the same column. The fact is, the London papers expend so much on their Paris correspondence, that they are led to adopt a system of corresponding meanness with respect to the whole north of Europe. Instead of farther comments, however, let us endeavour to explain the system.

Some ten years ago, the extracts from the foreign papers, with the exception of those of Paris, were supplied by a gentleman who held a lucrative situation in the Post-office, to the duties of which he could not of course devote much of his attention, having to act as foreign editor to every morning and evening paper in London, besides carrying on a very extensive business as newsvendor. This gentleman, if we remember rightly, received two guineas a week from each daily paper, in return for which he furnished extracts from the German, Dutch, and Belgian papers. Of these extracts as many copies as were wanted were produced by means of a manifold writer, and one copy was sent to each office. Some of the liberal members of the House of Commons called attention to this abuse, and after battling the point a few sessions with the official gentry, it was at last admitted that post-office clerks, who were liberally paid for doing the work of the public, ought not to be allowed to avail themselves of their position to carry on the business of newsmen and journalists. The post-office gentlemen were obliged to give up their trade, and a newsman who had formerly held some very humble post about the office, was allowed to succeed to the vacant place. This gentleman long continued to furnish what is called "the foreign flimsy" to the daily papers, and his son, if we are not mistaken, still directs this department of the editorship of the whole London press. A newsvendor, or some person employed by him, becomes, in consequence of this discreditable system, the sole judge of what part of the German, Dutch, and other northern papers, shall be communicated to the British public; and as the individual we allude to happens to be a Tory, those articles most favourable to his own party are invariably selected for publication. We have not indeed any personal knowledge of the gentleman, but we set him down for a Tory, on account of the evident partiality with which all his extracts are made. It is incomprehensible that the liberal papers should allow themselves to be made instruments for the dissemination of principles opposed to their own! For five or six guineas a week they might secure the services of some gentleman of their own party, who would do the work well which is now done badly, and who would not act the part of an enemy's out-post in their own camp. In the *Post* or *Standard* the extracts selected in a Tory spirit are quite in their place.

The literary notices have of late years occupied a considerable space in some of our daily papers. In some, these notices are the work of gentlemen retained for the purpose; but in general the parliamentary reporters are expected to afford their assistance in this department, without any additional remuneration. These notices are not given so much with a view to the amusement of the public, as in order to oblige the booksellers, who, as they are the largest advertisers, are the most efficient supporters to the public

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press. The booksellers are in the habit of sending early copies of their new publications to the papers, and the editors in return are usually very prompt in making their public acknowledgments, by way of encouraging so agreeable a practice. At some offices, indeed, the proprietors reserve to themselves the right of retaining the presentation copies of new books; in which case the critics, having no longer the same inducement to attend to "the literature" of the paper, the books are either neglected, or slightly noticed. So well are some of the booksellers aware of this, that many of them carefully endeavour to find out the names of the gentlemen at the different offices to whom the "literature" is usually confided, and to them personally address their presentation copies. Impartiality in these reviews is not to be hoped for. If either the editor, or the reporter to whom the book is confided, happen to be a friend of the author, the critic as a matter of course "will look to like," and favour will often be shown to a publisher, where the author is entirely unknown. The object which all parties have in view is nevertheless obtained. The attention of the public is called to the new publication; and though the collector, who takes his newspaper for a guide, is often perhaps deluded into the purchase of a dull book, on the other hand many a good book would remain entirely unknown but for the publicity which the newspaper affords.

The bookseller is not the only man to whom the assistance of the newspaper press is of vital importance. Theatrical managers and theatrical stars are to be kept alive only by the puff of the broad sheet. Merit of a high order, indeed, is sure to command newspaper support, for editors, though they may sometimes lead, are more often hurried away by public opinion. But merit of a secondary order is not unfrequently puffed into a sickly notoriety by a system, against which it is not easy for the most conscientious conductor of a newspaper to be always on his guard.

A man of no little importance in a newspaper office is the printer, and where this post is badly filled, matters are sure to get into confusion. Some portion of the sub-editor's duties necessarily devolve upon him, and, at all establishments, the editors are anxious to get home to bed as early as possible, relying upon the intelligence of the printer to prevent any thing from going wrong. The printer, as a matter of course, can never leave the office till the paper is ready for press, which is seldom the case before five or six in the morning. A stranger, who has never seen any but a private printing-office, can form but a faint idea of the life and activity that prevail in that of a London morning paper, or of the care and method required in the superintendant. The copy of editors and reporters is all written on small slips of paper, for the greater convenience of distributing them to several compositors at the same time. Of these slips, forty, or even more, go to a column, so that to fill the forty-eight columns of such a paper as the *Times* or double *Chronicle*, it is probable that no less than 1600 slips have passed through the printer's hands in the course of the night. The marvel is, that a misplacement of type so seldom occurs, when so vast a mass of letterpress has to be arranged within so short a period of time. The head printer, of course, cannot take any part in the manual labour of his office; the superintendence of his men, and the distribution of fresh copy to the compositors, form a task that occupies nearly his undivided attention. In proportion as the copy is composed the type is arranged in "galleys," each of which contains about as much as will fill one column. As soon as the galley is full, a proof is struck off and sent to the reader's room. This proof has then to be carefully read, and after all the typographical errors have

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been marked, the proof returns to the compositors' room, where the corrections of the reader are made one by one; and when this is done, a second proof, or "revise," is sent to the reader, whose business it is to ascertain that the faults marked in the proof have disappeared from the revise. If the article happen to be an original composition of one of the gentlemen of the editorial department, a copy of the revise is likewise sent to him, when it is very likely that he may think many of his arguments and elucidations susceptible of improvement, extension, or abridgment, alterations which necessarily entail very considerable trouble upon the compositor. A copy of the revise of all original matter is likewise sent to the editor's room, that he may have an opportunity of striking out any paragraph or expression not consistent with his views or the interests of the paper. The discharge of this part of his duties requires extreme delicacy, for it is difficult to curtail or alter arguments without offending the self-love of a contributor; and yet, without some superintendence of this kind, contradictions and discrepancies would be continually occurring. The reporter has no opportunity of revising his composition. His slips, as fast as they are written, are snatched up by the printer's boy, and the writer never sees any part of them again, until he reads their contents in the next morning's paper. But at one office, and, perhaps, a similar practice may exist at others, a gentleman is engaged for the express purpose of revising the debates, in order that any accidental fault of style may be corrected before the paper goes to press.

A portion of the sub-editor's duties, we have said, often devolves upon the printer. In some offices this is more the case than in others, but in all it is of occasional, and in some of nightly, occurrence. The sub-editor, having given into the printer's hands what he deems a sufficient quantity of copy, ventures to wend his steps homeward. He is scarcely gone, perhaps, when some penny-a-line contributor arrives, between four or five in the morning, with an account of a destructive conflagration, a horrid murder, a steamboat collision, or some equally interesting occurrence. The sub-editor having taken his departure, the printer must judge for himself whether or not he shall accept the proffered copy; and if he accept it, some of that previously placed in his hands must be withdrawn. At another time all the editorial gentlemen may have departed, when a long advertisement of great public interest is brought in by some gentleman who must not be denied a favour, and other copy must again be withdrawn to obtain the required space. The foreign express, again, may have been delayed beyond the usual time, stormy weather preventing the steamer from effecting the passage from Calais to Dover. The paper is already full, the forms made up, and the steam-engine about to be set in motion, when the tardy express makes its appearance. Editors have all been gone for upwards of an hour, and the printer is called upon to discharge a double editorial duty—to decide, firstly, what portion of the matter brought by the express he will make use of; and, secondly, what copy shall be condemned to make room for that which has just arrived.

The foreign express arrives nightly; but there are other expresses less regular in their occurrence. An important political meeting, a party dinner, an election, or a trial of more than usual interest, is often deemed of such moment, that one or more reporters are sent from each London paper. Their reports, if sent up by post, would not reach the respective offices till eight or nine in the morning, too late for that day's paper. The intelligence might thus be anticipated by the evening publications. To prevent this the copy must be sent up by express. On these occasions the reporters fre-

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quently write out their notes in the carriage that conveys them back to London, and when they reach their office early in the morning, the printer is perhaps again called upon to exercise the functions of a literary judge, to decide how much of the fresh copy is to be accepted, and what part of the old must be withdrawn to make room.

The making up of an evening, varies altogether from that of a morning paper. The one is essentially the work of the night, the other of the day. By the system of expresses, the morning papers anticipate so much of what formerly gave interest to their evening contemporaries, that the latter are now reduced to become little better than mere reprints of those of the morning. Not content with the advantages which their expresses afford them, the morning papers are even in the habit of publishing second editions, whenever the morning's post has brought any intelligence of importance from those regions with which no express communication has yet been organised. Nevertheless, there are some points which must remain to give interest to the evening journals. In the first place, the most practised reporters cannot guard against daily mistakes in the account they give of the proceedings in Parliament. The absurd custom of turning the reporters out of the gallery during a division (little as those gentlemen would wish to see the custom altered) makes it often impossible to do more than guess at the form in which the Speaker may have put the question. Again, many members in presenting petitions know so little how to pitch their voices to an audible key, that the most ludicrous misapprehensions are constantly occurring. The private bills, moreover, are generally disposed of in so slovenly a manner, and amidst such a din of shuffling of feet and other marks of inattention, that the reporter, if he happens not to have the order paper at hand, cannot possibly give a correct statement of what is going on. The order paper is a sort of printed bill of fare for the evening's entertainment, a kind of parliamentary play bill, to mark the succession in which the orders of the day and the notices of motion are to follow one another. But even with this guide the reporter is by no means secure. He may believe that a bill has been read a second time, when in point of fact a postponement has just been agreed upon; or two railroad bills may have changed turns, and the reporter may easily invert the truth, without any malice aforethought, by setting the first down as read a third time, and the second as withdrawn till the next session. These matters appear of little importance to the reporter, in comparison with a speech of Sir Robert Peel or Lord Brougham; but there are hundreds and thousands to whom a railroad or an enclosure bill are of greater moment than all the flowery declamation of the baronet, or the mock-radicalism of the eloquent lord. Now these inaccuracies can never be copied into an evening paper, if the sub-editor takes proper care to correct them. Early on the following morning, the votes, as they are called, of the preceding evening, are printed by order of the House of Commons, and sent round to the members, and to such strangers as choose to pay for them. These votes contain the particulars of every petition that has been presented, of every motion that has been made, of every amendment agreed to in committee, and a list of the names that occur in every division. With these votes at hand, the sub-editor of an evening paper, if he be an intelligent man, can give a far more correct report of the last night's proceedings in Parliament, than it is possible for the *Times* or *Chronicle* to do, notwithstanding the valuable aid of their admirably organised corps. The parliamentary report in the evening papers has another advantage in being greatly abridged. A debate may

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generally be reduced by a skilful sub-editor to less than a third of the space occupied in the morning papers, without the suppression of a single point or argument of the slightest public importance. There are few members who do not repeat the same figure or argument four or five times in the course of a speech; and though the reporters may have been very liberal in their retrenchment of superfluous ornament, there usually remains an ample field in which the sub-editor of an evening paper may exercise his censorial abilities. Where this work is well done, a debate in an evening paper is much more agreeable to read than in a morning paper; but too often, we are sorry to say, it is got through in so slovenly and careless a manner, that the reader is obliged to turn to the more voluminous report to remove doubts which the obscurity of the abridgement may have given rise to.

In times of great commercial excitement, the evening paper becomes an object of much interest, more particularly in the country and abroad, as the movements of the stock exchange, the corn exchange, and the different colonial markets of the day, may be reported to a tolerably late hour. In Tory times the ministerial evening paper had a peculiar faculty of guessing at all times what the contents of that evening's *Gazette* would be, but the Whigs are far too impartial to encourage any such prescience in their friends, and the *Globe* now a days rarely knows any thing more than the *Standard* of the appointments or other official announcements likely to appear in the only recognised Government journal.

Of late years some of the evening papers have been in the habit of publishing second editions of the proceedings in the two Houses of Parliament, till six or half-past six o'clock. The *Sun* has at times performed wonders in this way, but since the discontinuance of the *True Sun*, less pains have been taken with this department of the paper, and the second editions of the *Sun* have greatly fallen off. While the rival luminary struggled for ascendancy in the political firmament, the elder orb put forth all its rays till it succeeded in extinguishing the light of its younger rival; but with the motive for competition, the incentive to zeal appears to have died. The reporters on morning papers were wont to trust to the second edition of the *Sun* to relieve them of the labour of their early turns; but they have learned of late, that such reliance is attended with danger.

The hasty sketch here given may afford some insight into the machinery by the aid of which our colossal newspapers are daily manufactured in the course of a few hours. With the best inclination, however, to make ourselves intelligible, we are quite aware that much of what we have endeavoured to describe will still remain obscure to those to whom the details are new. We have shown that the evening papers are chiefly made up from the morning papers, and the same remark applies even with greater strength to the whole weekly and provincial press. The five morning papers published in London may, therefore, be said to give in a great measure the key-note to the whole press of the country, and, we must say, we think it is deeply to be regretted that a power so tremendous as that exercised, directly and indirectly, by these guides and representatives of public opinion, should have become a commercial monopoly to be exercised chiefly for the promotion of factious and anti-national views. We entered fully into this subject in our February number, but it is one to which we shall return again and again, until we succeed in arousing the Liberal party from the unaccountable supineness into which it has allowed itself to sink. We boldly affirm, that it is owing to the activity of the Tory party, in buy-

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ing up the shares of the existing daily papers, that the Melbourne ministry has had such formidable obstacles to contend against, and that revolutionary principles have been gaining strength.

With all the faults of omission that may be charged upon the Government, it cannot be denied that Lord Melbourne has ably directed the counsels of his country, that he has greatly increased the influence of England among foreign nations, that he has lightened the public burthens, abolished many useless offices, and has even succeeded in wresting from an unwilling legislature many measures of practical reform, the value and importance of which will become manifest, whenever the apathy that now prevails is succeeded by the excitement which *will* follow, as assuredly as the night will be followed by the day. Lord Melbourne has not done for the people all that the people had a right to expect from him; but he has done quite enough to ensure to himself the undying hatred of the enemies of the people; and had he been seconded, instead of being thwarted, by the press, we should ere this have been nearer, by many years, to that consolidation of our reform institutions, from which alone we can look for the destruction of those wide-spreading abuses which grew up under Tory domination, which alone can extinguish wild and visionary schemes that owe their popularity to public disappointment, schemes the realisation of which would lead to anarchy and, perhaps, terminate in despotism.

No minister has ever been so feebly supported by the press as Lord Melbourne; none but a minister possessed of a strong hold on public favour could so long have struggled against the organised hostility of a powerful aristocracy, a packed press, and the accumulating embarrassments occasioned by the profligate expenditure of the war, and the crushing influence of a ruinous corn-law. If, however, the Liberals wish to preserve the present Government, or to destroy the power of negative controul now exercised by the Tory party, they must unite their efforts to wrest the newspaper press from Tory hands. This can only be done by the establishment of one or two new Liberal morning papers, which, if well conducted, will become valuable sources of income to those who originate them. The London daily press is at present a close monopoly, and one exercised, as most monopolies are, for the furtherance of oppression, the maintenance of injustice, and the prevention of public improvement. How long is this state of things to continue, before the Liberal party make an effort to terminate it?

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THE FINAL DARKNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ITALY," "THE DELUGE," "CATILINE," ETC.

THE earth waxed old: the pulses of her life
Vibrated fainter to the sun's warm beams,
Around whose watch-fire she had wheeled so long
Her cycle, which seemed fixed eternally.

But now she erred from her unequal course,
Extravagant; her powers self-motive failed;
The attracting sympathy of heat was felt
Less in her veins: widening her circles still,
She wandered farther from that central guide,
To which Fate willed she never must return.

Decay, that works unseen and inwardly,
Until the source and pulse of life is touched
Grew manifest, and showed the vigorous germs
Of the' elements which made and moved the whole
Were sinking rapidly to dissolution.
The wither'd leaves fell from the sapless trees
Without the aid of winds: the airs were stagnant,
And waters; flowers and fruits declined; the sun,
Far off, shone on, but could no more revive them.
The current of men's blood flowed heavily:
Youth sunk with weight of years; old age was not.
And then a dreary twilight wrapt the world,
Such as invests the star-lit Arctic, where
The cheerful daylight is forgotten, or
Remembered as a thing to be no more.
The nations rose at once as from a dream,
And felt the end of all things was at hand:
That the last plague of darkness was come on them,
Slow deepening, like a grave to bury all;
Hope sickened still with watching for the sun,
And then sunk down, and yielded to despair.
Then, how the many passions were let loose,
That are innate in man; close veiled from all,
Unknown ev'n to himself till the hour comes
When circumstance doth show him what he is;
Evil or good — the monster or the god.

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None *now* were hypocrites: the time was past,
The mask was thrown off from all brows, and all
Beheld each other as they were; but fear
Was fixed too strongly in each breast, absorbing
All feeling in the common love of life,
And self: all else was for awhile forgotten.
To the high hills they crowded and felled woods,
And lit enormous watch-fires, that blazed out,
And lighted heaven; and cast far o'er the earth
A pale and dreadful light! But they saw nought
Save the red fires; to them they crowded round:
Their hearts were glad, and opened, and rejoiced
In heat, and felt for nought beyond themselves,
Though half the world were stiffening round them!
They slew all cattle, gorging on them with
A wild and desperate fierceness.— "Let us eat,
And drink," they cried — "to-morrow we must die!"

Then, as when serpents uncongealed by heat,
Feel the black passions of their nature kindle,
So all that springs up from the heart, restraints
Of fear and shame removed, at once broke forth.
They made a mockery of despair, and turned
And slew each other, or in sport or hatred;
And Rape, Revenge, and Murder, stalked abroad,
Unreined by law, or human or divine.
The blood quenched ev'n the fires; until earth seemed,
Flickering beneath the hollow vault of heaven,
Like blackest hell, lit by infernal fires!
And men, the demons, rioting among
The agonies they made!

But Famine followed —
Gaunt, soul-subduing famine, that sinks down
The giant to the infant: even so
Strength gasped its breath out on the lap of weakness,
Or crawled along to seek a sustenance
On refuse, or, if strength sufficed, on man.
The fires grew fainter; none were left to pile them;
For intense cold deadened life's latest pulse:
The flashes fell on some who, gathered nearer,
Crouched in a knot, were praying; their lips moved not,
But gleams fell on their ghastly eyes, which were
Raised up to heaven beseechingly; while some
Sate crouched apart in shrouded selfishness,
And apathy immovable. Some had
Died in embracing, as if clasped in love,
But the light shone on their pale upturned faces,
And showed hate stamped indelibly in death!
Others, in sullen desperation, threw
Themselves apart in gloom; and the wild light

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That fell on them betrayed most savage brows,
Wasted with hollow want; but writhing more
With hatred and defiance, and the scorn
Of the fierce soul that mocked its sufferings
With the faint muttered curses of despair!

One ghastly maid, shrunk to a skeleton,
Her raiment torn to shreds which hung about her,
Bent near the fire, and feebly strove to drag
Toward its flame a form she could not move.
It was her aged father — he was dead,
Frozen to a heap: the tatters of his cloak
Were stained by his death-wound, while guarding there
With his last strength the honour of his child.
But steadily, like one bent on a task,
Her purpose she pursued with failing efforts,
And passionless: no show of human feeling
Lived in her pallid cheek or glazing eye.
Reason, and all the energies of nature,
Seemed dead within her, or insensate from
Intensity of suffering! Her limbs
Still moved, as if impelled on by a will
Forgot; perchance a dim instinct remained,
That the red embers of the fire, whose glare
Fell on her eye, would rouse *him* back to life.
At length, exhausted utterly, she sunk:
Her cheek drooped upon his; her matted hair
Mixed with her father's dyed and grizzled beard:
I thought she prayed for him: that effort was
Long past: their lips had met — but she was dead!

They were the last group I beheld — all else
Were motionless; far on the unseen hills
Pale watch-fires like expiring meteors gleamed;
Torches that quivered o'er the world's black tomb,
But with no sound; 'twas solemn silence all! —
A desolate void — a horrible repose:
Death, with petrific sceptre, reigned o'er earth,
And Darkness buried at his feet her dead!

The earth was stoned into a lump, dry, arid;
A chaos, and a motionless dead void.
Then, as the human body, when the warmth
And pulse of life is gone, dissolves, and parts
In dry corruption, so earth's crumbling mass,
Her fires extinguished, and her streams dried up,
Disjointing, separated, as the leaves
Fall from the autumn boughs: *her* atoms fell not,
But parted, floating as the clouds on space
In the grey sky — silently like a dream!

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Its place was lost in heaven — the wrecks moved on,
Buoyed on the waste and void immensity.
Askest thou *where?* ask *Him*, the Everlasting,
Who makes, and crushes worlds again like atoms!
He who first launched the mighty ship along
The floating ocean of isled space, and bade her
Turn, self-instinctive, to that vital sun,
As to her polar star! feeling its rays
Intensely vibrating within her soul,
While steering through that fathomless deep, whose shores
Are worlds, whose space is *His* infinity,
His breath — its making, all-supporting life.

The vision passed: and though I knew it was
But combinations of disjointed fancies
Which wisdom doth condemn, it left on me
An impress as of truth; reality
That might be, or hath been, which reason could not
Mock or deny, feeling and knowing here
How often truth is built on phantasies.

Bath, May 12. 1840.

SOCIAL DESPOTISM OF AUSTRIA.

Memoirs of a Prisoner of State. By ALEXANDRE ANDRYANE, Fellow Captive of Count Confalonieri. With an Appendix, by MARONCELLI. Translated by FORTUNATO PRANDI. Two Vols. London: Saunders & Otley. 1840.

NOTHING can be more striking to the traveller than to contemplate the different results of despotic government in Prussia and Austria. Prussia educates her children — nay, forces them to be educated; science and philosophy are universally cultivated. Those who had the pleasure of knowing the late highly-gifted Professor Gans of Berlin, were astonished to find that his lectures on modern history, breathing the most liberal, even radical spirit, were most numerously attended, and created sensation enough to excite the jealousy of the government; but were nevertheless permitted, and their author rewarded. IN Austria, on the contrary, the detestable Machiavellian policy of "hood-winking the many" is systematically pursued, and this runs through all classes, realising the truth of an observation once made to us by an Austrian poet: — "Here they watch as suspicious, and almost regard as a crime, that which in Prussia is infallibly honoured and rewarded — intellect." "L'on trouve en Autriche beaucoup de choses excellentes, mais peu d'hommes vraiment supérieurs, car il n'y est pas fort utile de valoir mieux qu'un autre; on n'est pas envié pour cela, mais oublié, ce qui décourage encore plus."*

* *De l'Allemagne, par De Staël*, chap. vi.

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Even in state matters intellect is not required to be so abundant as in other countries — so long as a Metternich is at the head all goes on smoothly; for, as Madame de Staël long ago remarked, there is so much method and formula in their administration, that it is with difficulty we perceive the influence of men. This is a subtle piece of policy. There is in every department such a multiplication of forms, and the offices are so separated and isolated, that the whole has the effect of *machinery:* what is sufficiently performed by one man in England will be distributed to ten in Austria, so that very few men have any other influence than wealth, and still fewer know anything of state secrets.

Another infamous but necessary point in Austrian policy is that of secret service. There are spies in Prussia, but they are merely an undress police, and their offices far different; their principal object is to detect secret meetings or political ferment: governed as the Prussians are by the wise, in its most emphatic sense (for every man having proved his intellectual capacities — be it even in the abstract philosophy of Kant or Hegel — is made a counsellor), they would naturally gain nothing but disquietude and bloodshed by "debating societies," however favourable such societies might be for the display of patriotic eloquence and fervent "fatherlands and freedoms."* In Austria, however, every one may be regarded as a spy; if not in actual pay, still always in capability to become one. We have known men dread their own first cousins! In the volumes before us there is a testimony to that effect from one who knew them well.

"A priest!" said I; "however unchristian-like his conduct may be, I cannot believe that: for a clergyman to descend to such a degree of baseness would be too odious."

"*In Austria,*" replied Moretti, "*the office of a spy is not considered a degradation;* it is a thing received, *and passed* into the habits and manners of the people, especially since the reign of the present emperor. All classes of society are tainted by this shameful leprosy, which *destroys all confidence, even in the bosom of families.* During my first imprisonment I heard an Austrian priest say of his brother, who was a clergyman as well as himself, 'I would not trust to his discretion, for he reports; but as to the rest he is a very good fellow.'"

Information is most liberally rewarded, and in order to do away with any scruples of conscience (for the man who hesitates on such a matter only hesitates from fear of detection), the strictest secrecy is preserved, so that the accused can never guess his betrayer! This naturally removes a vast load from the pliant consciences of men. Then, should there be still some compunctions of conscience on a Christian score, why a visit to the priest, *who is obliged to instil into their minds that such conduct is highly laudable, as it perhaps saves the Holy State,* and the matter is at rest. You make an acquaintance — frequent meetings ripen it to friendship — he is admitted with some few others to your secret confidence — you implicitly trust them all — some fine morning you are arrested! In this dilemma the *suspicion* rests on *all* your friends, conviction on none. The consequence of this is an insincerity and want of confidence universally distributed.

The writer of this was arrested under the following irritating circumstances. He had been on the confines of Hungary, and had there at the hotel purchased a box of cigars upon the assurance of the waiter that they might be taken without fear into Baden (not Baden-Baden the spa, but a watering-place near Vienna). He was smoking one of these cigars in a café, when a gentlemanly looking man at the same table sniffing the curls of

* It will be understood that reference is made here simply to the social system of Prussia, considered apart from religious matters, in which Prussia has recently exhibited so tyrannical a spirit. — Ed.

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smoke as they passed him, said, "That is an excellent cigar, indeed." "Yes," was the reply, "it ought to be good — it is Hungarian." "Oh, indeed! that accounts for it. They are the only tolerable cigars we get; but I did not know there were any to be had here or I should have bought some. Would it be impertinent to ask where you bought those, as I will stock myself?" He was informed, and appeared pleased at the prospect he said he should avail himself of; the writer then offered him a cigar, which he accepted with thanks, and smoked. We then chatted pleasantly enough — in German, Italian, French, and English, in all of which he was proficient, and was very deferential to the writer's political opinions, which of course were guardedly enough expressed, and fortunately so, for as he rose to depart he was arrested — his gentlemanly smoking linguist was a spy! During the examination before the police inspector it was in vain that he protested ignorance of the Austrian laws. "*Unwissenheit ist keine Entschuldigung*" — ignorance is no excuse — was the eternal reply. In vain had he been duped by the waiter — he also would be punished. Nothing else could be elicited. In vain he reasoned on his innocence, as shown in the open manner of his relating the facts, and of producing the cigars in a café, when he could so easily have kept them in his own apartment, had he suspected them to be contraband. The inspector, all urbanity and politeness, stolidly admitted that laws were framed for contrabandists, and that the writer was not one; still "such were the laws — he could not help it:" the crime was that of having purchased contraband goods; and for that he was fined twenty florins sterling, and his cigars "confiscated for the good of the country." This anecdote is a sufficient indication of the reserve and secrecy necessary to be made of every thing lest it should turn out wrong — the suspicion of every one which must ensue — and the consequent moral effect on the nation.

We are writing an article, not a book, and we must therefore content ourselves with slight indications rather than illustrative reasonings. The effect of the Austrian policy on the social relations of the people cannot be duly estimated except from personal experience. But if tyranny, both high and low, is systematically practised in Vienna, it is nothing compared to Italy, Hungary, and Bohemia. These nations, and with them the Tyrol, are as volcanoes hemming Austria round, which will burst simultaneously some day, and then will she be taught in bloody characters the folly of her policy — always grinding, aggravating, incensing, rather than conciliating and alleviating. The intense hatred borne by these people towards Austria it is impossible to conceive; the deep-rooted, long-moulder-ing, fierce-thirsting revenge which pulses their hearts — their many wrongs, their wretched prospects, unless they free themselves, are constantly before their eyes; but as yet they cannot burst — only emit sparks to show that the fire-lava is *there*, and will some day spring up. They are ready to revolt for the most trivial things, but to perfect a revolution they are not ready — they want organisation. What was the object of the last insurrection in Hungary? Will it be believed that a band of nobles and soldiers, amounting to a considerable force, met the emperor on his landing at Presburgh, and demanded — what? — that he should style himself Emperor of Austria and *King* of Hungary, — not Emperor of Austria and Hungary!

No human being can fail to hope for the release from Austrian thraldom of these nations, but the most sanguine sees it only at an indefinite distance. The artful policy — the ever wakeful suspicion which immediately falls on any man of intellect — the abundance of spies, and the continual temptation

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to betray, because it can be done with security; — these render an organisation the most difficult of enterprises.

The security of Austria is in the ignorance of its subjects and vigilance of the police; but if it is still, it is not the stillness of strength; the lion of Austria is a mere sham lion, with ferocious teeth and talons, who lies reposing there, not like Sordello, but a mere sham Sordello, and whom the strong hunters will one day spring upon and destroy.

The consequences of their policy are very plainly visible in their social relations. Vienna is the gayest, most sensual, most immoral capital in Europe. The life of a Viennese is devoted to dress, lounging on the *Prater* or *Wasserglacis*, gourmandising, the theatres, and cafés. He is lively and good-natured; thinks only of the present moment, and how he shall alembicate it into some sensual pleasure; but he is also mean-spirited, empty-headed, and servile. Maroncelli, speaking of their servility, says, —

"The Austrians have always been considered as the problem, or rather enigma, of the human race. They are good people, yet they will commit any cruelty with a kind of religious feeling: they have in their conscience no standard of absolute right or wrong; and only perceive such things through the imperial will. The most degrading action, when the emperor is to be served, becomes ennobling, and is executed with devotion — nay, with enthusiasm, as if it were an act of heroism of which any body might feel proud. No official of any other German state, however humble in condition, would have stooped to the duties which governors-general of police, senators, and aulic counsellors came to perform in the dungeons of Spielberg."

But they are withal a happy people, and the stranger at Vienna finds his preconceived notions rudely shocked: he expects to see the effects of tyranny otherwise manifested; he sees universal thoughtlessness and light-heartedness; he sees care or business written on no man's face: every day seems to be a perpetual whirl of amusement. They are born and bred under a tyranny which they cannot in the least degree remove; and those who have never travelled, not knowing practically the good from the bad, are contented enough; but speak to an Austrian who has lived in Prussia, in England, or in France, and he will be loud in his griefs. "Could but a few thousand step over here for a month, and they would, on their return, soon throw a new light on many matters — they would not endure it," was the remark of an intelligent Viennese resident in England.

These slight remarks form a fitting introduction to the "Memoirs of a Prisoner of State," to which we now address ourselves. This work is an admirable companion to "Le mie Prigioni" of Silvio Pellico, and inasmuch as it contains more information, may be said to be a more valuable work; but the charm of Pellico's narrative was in the depth and earnestness, combined with the ineffable sweetness of his mind. M. Andryane, on the contrary, is eminently a Frenchman addressing from his desk the whole universe, ever placing himself in an attitude towards it, and significantly beckoning it to come and admire. A Frenchman to the bone, full of bespouted sentiment and self-consciousness — ever smelling of the footlights — ever *acting* the hero rather than *being* it; and yet, withal, a true Frenchman, possessing French virtues — a true-hearted, loving, amiable man; gay; possessing much firmness — even heroism — could he divest himself of its theatrical airs — but of moderate intellect. His descriptive powers are vivid and striking; he makes a great parade of religion, which, however well received (and England is sure to receive it well), is at bottom but froth, or, worse than that, hypocrisy. His account of his religious doubts and conversion to French flimsy Deism, and reconversion to as flimsy Catholicism,

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is of the most puerile, religious, novel calibre. Yet, on the whole, his "Memoirs" are of intense interest; and of the translation by Fortunato Prandi, we cannot speak in terms too eulogistic; he is simply the most elegant idiomatic translator we have met with.

Alexandre Andryane commenced his career under Napoleon, when the events of 1814–15 forced him to renounce it, and he took up that of a Parisian dandy—became celebrated for his horses, dress, gambling, and other *exquisite* extravagances—was in effect "un jeune homme charmant." Here we have a bad beginning for a patriot. But he was arrested in this career by some "accident," which is not explained, and he determined to devote himself to study, in order to gain some more substantial praises than those of a dandy; for this purpose he went to Geneva.

"I there immediately set to work; and availing myself of the resources which that city affords to persons really desirous of instruction, I became a student. I took lessons, attended lectures, plunged into books, nailed myself to the desk for entire days, weeks, and years; and succeeded in overcoming my inaptitude to study, and the inconstancy of my character. My will and resolution augmented as the field of knowledge opened before me, and as the difficulties I had to surmount presented themselves more distinctly to my view. To occupy a seat on the benches from which Benjamin Constant, Foy, Manuel, and other great men so gloriously defended the rights of the people, was the highest aim of my youthful ambition. It seemed to me that ten years of assiduous labour and self-denial would be but a trifling sacrifice for the accomplishment of such an object."

There he continued, took up politics, and unfortunately made the acquaintance of Michael Angelo Buonarotti, a besotted ass, who raved about republics, and proved himself to be no worthy bearer of his august name. This Buonarotti gets him completely in his power, and inspires him with all his visions; he consents to become the bearer of a secret mission to the Carbonari, and the old fool makes him take with him a number of ciphers, diplomas, &c., — all papers relative to the secret societies, but which were totally superfluous and highly dangerous. On his road he repents of having accepted these papers, and writes to beg that they may not be sent to him. He gives up his enterprise from a conviction of its futility. In spite of this, however, the papers are sent, and the next day he is arrested. From the number of these papers, Salvotti, the Grand Inquisitor, concluded that he had got an immense capture in Andryane, and that he must have the most important secrets to disclose; which not being the case, his refusal to disclose (that which he never knew) was censured as obstinacy, and his long examination and dreadful imprisonment were the result.

That in this nineteenth century an Inquisition, even more terrible and more tyrannical than the Inquisition of Spain, should have been formed in the heart of Europe, may be deemed a phenomenon — yet so it was, and the infamous Salvotti was that Grand Inquisitor received into the confidence and patronage of the still more odious Emperor: we say more odious, because the crimes of Salvotti were in some faint degree palliated by a penetrating intellect, an unwearied energy, and inexhaustible ambition; while Franz was a mere beastly idiot, brutal perhaps from ignorance, but without the smallest palliation for the most relentless cruelty practised on his prisoners, proofs of which we shall see anon.

The following extracts will convey a tolerable idea of the privacy and justice of their political trials:—

"'It is before the Commission alone that you will have to plead your cause. You will have no other tribunal; and as to counsel, it is I who will serve you in that capacity. And do you think we are such fools as to place our criminals upon the pedestals of self-love and celebrity, as is the custom in France and England, in order to afford Europe the bad ex-

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ample of your Assize courts, where the defendants and their arrogant counsels preach in the very presence of their judges the contempt and hatred of government? In Austria we are more wise and just. We require the means as well as the end of justice; we treat political causes without parade or publicity — in a domestic manner, as you see here. The emperor, always kind-hearted, views his subjects, even when guilty of high treason, merely as misled children over whose faults it is necessary to draw the veil of paternal indulgence. Here the accused, left to himself, and without any hope of obtaining a miserable applause by an affected heroism, or to elude justice by the gilded phrases of his advocate, has no other way left open to him, no other chance of escape, but in truth and repentance.' "

* * * * * *

" ' Of the protections which the law affords in all other countries to the accused, I really perceive none here. Their liberty and existence are entirely in the hands of those most interested in finding them guilty.'

" A check from Salvotti, accompanied by an imperative gesture commanding silence, did not prevent my adding, ' God forbid I should wish to express any idea injurious to men with whom I am unacquainted. Yet in this unequal contest between the accuser and the accused, what is to insure the latter against the consequences of irritation, anger, and animosity, so likely to take possession of his judge, when he does not obtain from him all the information he had anticipated? Who is to sustain the prisoner in a long and harassing trial? Who is to prevent him, in his ignorance of the laws, from causing his own ruin, by expressions, though innocent in themselves, often of fatal import?'

" ' I! I tell you,' exclaimed Salvotti, ' I, whom his majesty honours with his entire confidence; I, who at my pleasure can save or destroy you; I, who hold in my hands the proofs of your guilt, which no pleading can palliate, no line of defence save from the extreme penalty of the law, except submission and repentance?'

" ' If the judge who has eventually to pronounce my fate already declares me guilty, even before he has heard me, what hope can I entertain of enlightening his conscience, of convincing him of my innocence? I ask, in the name of justice, what is the use of the idle forms of a trial to a man who is already condemned? It is far better to send me at once to the scaffold, and spare me the agonies of delay.'

" ' You will get there in time, depend upon it,' cried Salvotti, in an angry tone; ' you will ascend that scaffold, I promise; but before that you must answer and account to the Commission for the contents of these papers, and for your proceedings with your accomplices.'

" ' If I were alone, if I did not apprehend that my silence might prove prejudicial to those whom you are pleased to call my accomplices, I should abstain from answering, and await the destiny you threaten in silence.'

" ' It is quite certain nothing can save you,' cried the inquisitor, his eyes flashing fury and vengeance.

" ' I believe you, sir,' said I; ' you are at once accuser and judge. How is it possible to escape you? You may interrogate, and I shall answer, not to defend my life from a sentence which has already passed your lips; but to fulfil a conscientious duty, in diverting suspicions which might fall upon innocent men, and compromise their security. Speak, sir; I await your orders.' "

* * * * * *

" Thus, in Austria, the prisoner is deprived of all safeguard against arbitrary proceedings, against the ill-will or vengeance of an angry judge; and he can only defend himself by the fortuitous efforts of his talents, or by his presence of mind. All communication, all counsels are interdicted during the period of his trial, until the day when his sentence is read to him. With secrecy enveloping him around, the poor captive is exposed throughout to the mental torturings of an inquisitor, whose wounded self-love often mingles with and makes him forget his peculiar character as a magistrate. He has no chance of escaping the persecution of a man, whose powers are invested wholly in himself, who is answerable to no one, and knows that in treating him as a criminal he will be rewarded.

" ' Your fate is in my hands,' Salvotti would say; ' I have uncontrolled power; I may send you to the scaffold, or allow you to rot in your dungeon. There is no authority here but mine; bear in mind that I am in the confidence of the emperor. If the procedure require ten years, even — ten it shall last. What signifies time? We are above the ordinary law; we are a Special Commission, and I sit as head of it.' "

* * * * * *

" This attempt having like the others failed, we reverted to indifferent conversation, until I demanded the power of establishing by witness the following facts:—

" 1st, That I intended to quit Milan for Florence a few days after my arrest.

" 2nd, That my conversation with such and such persons, whose names I gave, would remove all doubt as to my opinions respecting Italy in general, and Lombardy more particularly.

" It was a matter of great importance to me that these witnesses should be called; they

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would have fully corroborated the testimony of Buonarotti's letters, as to the relinquishment of my political mission, and proved that I had not the slightest criminal intercourse with the Italian subjects of the empire.

" I therefore insisted on these witnesses being called; but Salvotti replied, '*that a political offender was not allowed to call witnesses;* and that it rested with the inquisitor alone to judge whether such a course was advisable or not.'

" 'Then you leave him entirely without means of defence,' I said dejectedly; 'you refuse him that which the law affords to the greatest criminal.'

" 'In Austria the first thing looked to is to avoid publicity: justice is administered here without any stir, secretly, patriarchally. It is the best plan for preserving the safety of the state.'—

" 'And that of the accused, sir?' I asked.

" 'That of the accused; — oh,' replied Salvotti, with a smile like that of the wolf in the fable, 'oh, that rests in our hands—we are their advocates as well as their judges.' "

* * * * * *

" 'But, sir," replied I earnestly, 'a prisoner cannot surely be condemned without knowing on what ground the charge against him rests. That is taking from him all means of defence, depriving him of the possibility of proving his innocence, if he is innocent, or of advancing palliative circumstances if guilty. You have denied me the criminal code; you have refused to bring forward my witnesses; you have accumulated against me all the probable evidence, all the suppositions and conjectures imaginable; and now the examinations are come to an end, when a difficult trial which, thanks to you, has lasted months, is about to finish, you tell me I am allowed three days for my defence; but against what, I repeat, am I to defend myself? I, who am entirely ignorant both of your laws and your penalties, — who ought to have the aid of counsel, and an advocate to plead my cause, — but who have not been able to get a sight of the laws, whose interpretation may be so important and whose operation so fatal to me. What protection is there for the accused? Where are his defenders?'

" 'Have I not told you,' cried Salvotti in a rage, 'that I am not only your judge, but that I am also your counsel?' "

Thus are the proceedings secret, and they can describe the prisoner's conduct and the evidence against him just as they please, without fear of being contradicted. The emperor, in a religious light, did not surprise us, for such a wretch without the consolation of a confessor would go mad and die; it is therefore quite compatible that Andryane should be made to take the sacrament though against his conscience: —

" 'Should I then prefer,' I replied firmly, 'a hypocritical compromise with my conscience, which would cover me with shame?'

" 'Stuff! nonsense! scruples of this kind are unworthy a man of sense. I tell you again that this proceeding will have a very bad effect, not only as regards your judges, but with his majesty, who looks upon the fulfilment of these duties as a mark of submission.'

" 'What!' I exclaimed with surprise, 'does the emperor employ himself upon details like these?'

" 'Have I not already told you,' said Minglini, with animation, 'that frequent reports are sent to his majesty on the conduct of each of the prisoners, informing him of their slightest actions, their most trifling expressions? You may depend upon it that he will be sure to hear of this. The emperor, I am certain, will be offended at it, and irritated against you, and will consider you as a self-willed young man, deeply infected with Jacobinism, without religion or belief. *The emperor is religious to himself, and chooses that every one else shall be so as well, more especially the state prisoners.* This circumstance, I warn you, will have a fatal effect when he is called on to confirm your sentence: — "This is a hardened reprobate whom nothing can affect," he will say, as he signs your death-warrant. Come, give way a little in this instance; it is nothing after all; every one does it.' "

The unfortunate prisoners have some slight consolation in their books, but these are seized directly the emperor is aware of it. They petition him for their return, but Moretti knew them well when he said —

" 'Do you conceive that the emperor, repressing as he does throughout his realms, among all his subjects indiscriminately, the exercise of thought and the progress of information, will suffer the state prisoners to form an exception? Do you suppose, on learning that, instead of languishing in tears, we are studying and instructing ourselves at Spielberg, that he will not order such refractory minds to be stripped of their sole resource, as a means of

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conquering them and leading them into the right way? Remember what the right way is, in the eyes of the emperor,—*a prostration of all the intellectual faculties, a discouragement, annihilation, and debasement of the mind and heart; in a word—imbecility or dishonour.* So long as he believes that a prisoner retains energy and loyalty in his character; so long as he has cause to fear that his powers hold out and survive, despite the torments of a prison, he will torture him and keep the bars of his cell closed upon him. Do not let us deceive ourselves, we are yet but at the beginning of a persecution, of which the deprivation of our books will be the first step, and the last, to many of us — death.'

Andryane, however, thinking that his religious majesty could not refuse him religious consolation, petitions for a Bible, a Bossuet, and a Fénélon. His excellent majesty replies —

"'I have thought of the prisoner Andryane, and of the works which he wishes to read. *It is a very delicate question. Bossuet and Fénélon are almost prohibited in my states; and as for the Bible, it is dangerous reading, in which enthusiasts only seek materials for controversy and heresy.* I have consulted the court chaplain, and have directed him to choose for the Frenchman a good work, which you will carry to the prisoner Andryane from me.'"

To this may be added the testimony of his confessor: —

"'I know his paternal intentions on this subject too well not to consider the pretended diffusion of knowledge, and the *deplorable developement of thought, as the ruin of society and the damnation of Christians. It is in thought that the evil lies.* Thought produced the pride and rebellion of the fallen angels and of our first parents: *and it is an act of homage to the Almighty to repress the daring tendency and dangerous efforts of the human mind.* This is the end which his majesty has proposed to himself for the good of his subjects throughout the extent of his vast empire: this is the reason why he has set bounds to the instruction afforded at universities, colleges, and schools; why he would not have us know more than our fathers did; and why he wishes to purge your mind of all philosophical and revolutionary ideas, by the privation of all reading which might nourish its analytical and pernicious tendencies. Judge now, after knowing this, whether your request will be received; you are ruining yourself, heedless young man.'"

Of the unrelenting persecutions, studied cruelties, with which they contrived to deepen the miseries of "imprisonment for life," a large collection of disgusting details are to be found in these and Pellico's volumes: — exposure to cold and damp in the winter — to the suffocating heat of leaden roofs in summer — coarse and revolting food — by keeping them standing naked for an hour, though invalids, during the examination of their clothes — by taking away Pellico's *spectacles* and a wooden fork as "contrary to the regulations!" Well might Pellico exclaim, "Will the Austrian monarchy then crumble, if instead of eating dirtily with our fingers we do it with a piece of wood?" — Count Mitrovsky, however, could not grant a return of the spectacles and fork, as the matter was then "*pending at Vienna before the emperor himself.*" One knows not whether to stigmatise this as brutal or idiotic. As another instance of what they suffered from this wretch of an emperor taking them solely under his *care*,—

"My delight was soon neutralised by the arrival of the gloomy and endless days of winter, and by violent headachs caused by the suffocating heat of the stove of one of our jailers. In vain every evening did I entreat my disagreeable neighbour not to roast me during the night, and equally in vain every morning did I say to him, pointing to my inflamed face and eyes, 'Look, I am quite unable to sleep; I am in a fever; you stifle me; for pity's sake, do not make up such a fire.' His only reply was, 'What am I to do? I am cold; you must address the commandant.'

"Accordingly I did supplicate the commandant to have a brick partition erected before this stove.

"'I cannot accede to your request,' he answered, 'much as I admit the reasonableness of it—I must first lay it before the governor.'

"'What! for a paltry alteration which would scarcely require two hours' labour?' I inquired with astonishment.

"'Yes, most certainly,'

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"'But that may take weeks, and in the meantime I may have an illness, perish perhaps; for I am compelled, in order to escape suffocation, to have the window open during part of the night — and that, when the weather is fifteen or sixteen degrees below zero, is dreadful.'

"'I perfectly admit it is,' said the commandant; 'I can only repeat that I must lay your request before the governor.'

"His report was made the same day, but his excellency, *finding the matter too weighty for him to act on his own responsibility, wrote to Vienna for orders, from whence no reply came until six weeks afterwards.* During all this time I was compelled to wait in suspense, passing whole nights without sleep, in the greatest agony. The imperial sanction having at last arrived, the little inclosure of bricks was formed in some two or three hours, and I was delivered from the torments of sleeplessness."

And further, they petitioned for some employment in the open air or in workshops, books being denied them, as a means of passing the time which hung so intolerably heavy, and also to renovate their shattered frames: well, the "inexhaustible clemency" of his majesty granted them employment, which was to make a certain portion of lint from filthy linen collected from the great hospital!! which, setting its disgusting nature aside, instead of granting them relief, *condemned* them to a work which compelled them to remain immovable, and to breathe the miasma and the down of stinking linen without giving the slightest employment to the mind! and these cruelties were practised on men who were incapable of harming further the government which oppressed them. Is it to be wondered, when such things are known, that Austria inspires the hate and contempt of the whole world? But his august majesty was not altogether without a consciousness of his own despicable conduct; for, when he finally consented to the release of Andryane, the prisoner and his sister were obliged to leave Germany under false names and passports.

"'In order punctually to execute the commands of his majesty, you must not depart under your own name, for it has been spread by all the newspapers in the South of Germany, where the liberty of the press is tolerated. You know that the established custom compels you to sign a register wherever you change horses, and at the entrance of all towns: thus in an instant your arrival will be known; *the people would interest themselves for your brother as a so-called victim of despotism — you would be serenaded — you would receive a deputation to invite you to a public entertainment*, which you could not refuse; and there they would make *you drink a toast to the death of the emperor.*'"

We must conclude. The extracts we have given are sufficient to show what the work contains; indeed it is one of the most interesting and exciting that has issued from the press: it contains most beautiful accounts of the noble Confalonieri and his incomparable wife, as also of many other state prisoners and state personages; and has a history of his imprisonment more exciting than a romance. Those parts which relate to Austrian policy need no comment — to read them is sufficient to be inspired with indignation and a sympathy with the poor oppressed nations.

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INFLUENCE OF ELOQUENCE ON ENGLISH FREEDOM.

No. IV.

STATESMEN-ORATORS. — LORD CHATHAM DESCRIBED. — HIS SPEECHES — IN WILKES'S CASE — ON THE AMERICAN WAR. — HIS DEATH.

HAVING in our preceding article succinctly described the historic connection between eloquence and public liberty, and pourtrayed the two men to whom Britain is peculiarly indebted for their transcendant efforts in the *forum* to establish high and commanding principles of constitutional freedom for the person and the press, we proceed to a department of oratory even more important and interesting: we cross the threshold of the Senate. And as we enter those sacred precincts of the temple of legislation, whence the oracles of law proceed, and which have so often resounded to the eloquent accents that have flowed from the lips of the illustrious sons of England, whose shadows seem to hover around the spot, and still to animate it with their presence, we feel ourselves filled with emotions of awe. The great appear, in the mind's eye, to stand before us, and we are momentarily tempted to desert the task of critics and to bow in silent admiration. Yet when we reflect that the public scope and object of the exertion of their matchless talents and of their glorious lives was the elevation of their fellow-creatures and the dissemination of great principles among men, — that that noble passion animated their being and gave its tone to their existence, and that it must have been the gracious design of Providence to raise them up, in order that they might not only give a dignity to the nature of which they participated, but that they might instruct the race they have adorned, — we are reassured in our task, and we feel that whoever, in even the humblest manner and with the least gifts, essays to scatter the knowledge of their spirit-stirring eloquence and of their unwearied efforts for the elevation of men, is engaged in a duty which would have been congenial to their nature, which is useful and must be interesting, for it refers to matters which "come home to the business and bosoms of men."

In this investigation, we propose to consider the characteristics only of those statesmen who have been orators, and of those orators who have been statesmen, and to examine this splendid order chiefly in relation to their character as orators.

We begin with Lord Chatham for many reasons. His appearance marks an era not only in the history of the eloquence of his country, but of the world. His impetuous bursts (of which, however, only a few, and they imperfectly, have come down to us,) stood alone. For the "Speeches of Demosthenes" (with which it is common to compare his) are written compositions, delivered after great study and premeditation; and the Grecian orator does not seem to have possessed much of the power of ready reply. But the spirit of Chatham was never so equal to the exigency, or displayed its powers to such advantage, as when animated by the heat of debate, or urged by the pressure of the moment. He resembled the Prince of Condé, as described by Bossuet, —

"Those who fought near him have often assured me that if they had wished to talk to him on some important affair, they would have chosen those moments when everything was blazing around him; so much was his spirit then raised, so much did his soul then appear as if enlightened from above in those terrible encounters."

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But not only was the eloquence of Chatham a phenomenon, from its peculiar force and excellence; it was no less *unexpected* than interesting. For in a remarkable passage in Dr. Blair's "Treatise on Rhetoric," he complains of the inferiority of Great Britain in public eloquence, not only to the Greeks and Romans, but even to the Continent.

"We have," says the Doctor, "historians and poets of the greatest name, but of orators or public speakers how little have we to boast, and where are the monuments of their genius to be found?"

This complaint was delivered about the year 1760; and shortly afterwards Lord Chatham destroyed the justice of it, and vindicated our rank to an equality with the most eloquent nations. The remarkable epoch in which he appeared, too, was highly favourable, nay, was exactly adapted to his peculiar temper and powers. The American contest was an event of the deepest interest and importance, and was discussed by the great men of the Opposition, by the energetic Chatham, and by the philosophic Burke, in a manner theretofore unknown within the walls of parliament, except only in that short but proud interval which elapsed from the commencement of the Long Parliament to the breaking out of the civil war. For (with that single exception) we must be bold enough to say, that whoever attentively studies the history of parliament, will see that questions were there debated, before the appearance of the two great statesmen-orators just referred to, with reference to *party* considerations, and on what may be termed *business* views.* The intense excitement, indeed, during the period to which we have just adverted, the reign of Charles I., which prevailed in parliament and through the country, and the wonderful men who conducted the popular cause within the walls of the House of Commons, imparted an energy, decision, and breadth of view to their discussions which, as they were certainly theretofore unprecedented, have probably never been since surpassed; and ample justice has been lately done to the eloquence of Pym and Eliot, as to the learning of St. John, the wit of Marten, and the integrity of Hampden, by a recent historian, who has made further investigation into the subjects treated by him, at least for the present, superfluous.† But from the Restoration to the time of the appearance of Lord Chatham, the absence of the press, and consequently of the public eye, was a great impediment to eloquence. When Dr. Blair expressed his surprise that we did not, in a free legislature, rival the Greeks, he forgot that Demosthenes was speaking in the *open forum*, to an audience accessible to his powerful appeals. But the eloquence of the angel Raphael would have been ineffectual to convert an adherent of Walpole. There was no *motive* to arouse the spirit of genuine public eloquence. The assembly was determined by personal or party interests; and the public did not watch their debates. But during the time of Lord Chatham the practice commenced of *reporting* the speeches of parliament, and the consequences resulting from it have been most beneficial. The stimulus afforded to an orator, in the consciousness that on the broad sheet of the morrow his words will wing their flight to the most distant corner of his country, and even of the civilised world; that a zealous public without is attentively marking his course; that a fame, before which any personal reputation the Greek or Roman orator could acquire, grows pale, will await the gifted speaker who is eminent in that distinguished arena; has produced those transcendant efforts of genius which have been the wonder of the last half century, and will be studied with admiration by a distant posterity!

* Of Bolingbroke, we know nothing but by tradition.
† Forster's History of the Commonwealth. Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia.

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The "first and foremost man" in modern times, who commenced this new and glorious system of public eloquence, and founded oratory on enlarged principles of statesmanship, was Lord Chatham:

"A great and celebrated name," said Burke, "a name that keeps the name of this country respectable in every other on the globe. It may be truly called *clarum et venerabile nomen.*"

Although only ill-reported fragments — *disjecta membra* — remain for our perusal, we can easily understand from them the marvellous effect which he produced on his cotemporaries. He was, indeed, a man in whom all the qualities of a great orator seemed to unite. His majestic person, his impressive manner, his deep voice, his piercing eye, his self-respect and conscious dignity of character, his public spirit — all combined to impart to his words a power which increased the effect of their own intrinsic weight. All cotemporaneous narrators concur in their description of his fine physical endowments — *neque abest facundis gratia dictis;* and of the tyrannic sway which he exercised in parliament. No man hardly dare face him; and the herd trembled as he rose.

"He above the rest,
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower.
Deep on his front engraven,
Deliberation sat, and public care.
——— Sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies, — his look
Drew audience, and attention still as night
Or summer's noon-tide air."

And as he gradually warmed in his subject, and his anger was excited by his own pictures of the imbecility or dishonesty of his opponents, — of public rights betrayed or violated, of public wrongs unredressed or repeated — the impetuous spirit broke out in passages of bitter denunciation and awful invective, which shook the walls of the senate and scattered dismay through the whole ranks of his adversaries! And we see his consciousness of his power and of its well-known effects in one of those peculiarly happy quotations, for which he was distinguished among his other ready talents. We are told that once, after he had delivered one of his tremendous bursts of sarcasm, he was leaving the House of Lords, and when he had reached the door and was thought to have gone, a noble Lord ventured to rise in reply. He delivered one continuous sentence, which was cheered by a band of his supporters; but Lord Chatham then returned a few steps, and confronted them, on which the noble speaker was so terrified at the unwelcome apparition, that he immediately sat down in silence. Chatham then walked up the House of Lords on his crutches, repeating the well-known lines of the sixth book of the Æneid, wherein Virgil describes the effect of the sudden appearance of Æneas among the Grecian chiefs:

"At Danaûm proceres, Agamemnoniæque phalanges,
Ut vidêre *virum* fulgentiaque arma per umbras,
Ingenti trepidare metu, — pars vertere terga,
Ceu quondam petiêre rates, *pars tollere vocem*
Exiguam: inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes." *

* "The Grecian chiefs and Agamemnon's train,
When his refulgent arms flash'd through the shady plain,
Fled from his well-known face with wonted fear;
As when his thundering sword and pointed spear
Drove headlong to their ships, and glean'd the routed rear.
They raised a feeble cry with trembling notes,
But the weak voice deceived their gasping throats."

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No man would have ventured thus to appropriate such lines, who did not feel that the proud claim asserted would be recognised by his auditors.

His eloquence, like his character, was marked by energy and independence of spirit, which was indeed carried by him to such an extent as to make him treat in the most contemptuous manner not only his adversaries but his colleagues. But this imperious bearing was the result of a proud consciousness of his own transcendant talents, and not of any unamiable temper, as is admitted by Horace Walpole, and may be discovered from his recently published familiar letters, wherein his amenity, and kindness, and domestic affections are so distinctly visible.

Courage and public spirit are the characteristics of his speeches; and the finest passages in them were delivered under the impulse of the moment, from the impetuosity of his soul. He did not resemble his great coadjutor in the Commons, the philosophic Burke, whose orations, enriched with the most varied illustrations, were evidently the result of most elaborate care; nor even his celebrated son, whose dignified sentences were balanced with such anxious precision; but he spoke, or seemed to speak, like the Delphian priestess, under the immediate inspiration of the god of eloquence. He troubled all the waters around him, but it was with a healing spirit. Well has Cowper* described him:—

> "In him Demosthenes was heard again,
> Liberty taught him her Athenian strain,
> She clothed him with authority and awe,
> Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law.
> His speech, his form, his action, full of grace,
> And all his country beaming in his face,
> He stood, as some inimitable hand
> Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand:
> No sycophant or slave that dared oppose
> Her sacred cause, but trembled when he rose;
> And every venal stickler for the yoke
> Felt himself crush'd at the first word he spoke!"

Lord Chatham was born in the year 1708, and, early in life, entered the army. Through the interest of the Duchess of Marlborough, he obtained a seat in Parliament in 1736, and then immediately commenced his opposition to Sir Robert Walpole. His first speech was delivered in that year, on the marriage of the Prince of Wales, and Archdeacon Coxe† (no friendly witness) says, that—

> "It was on this memorable occasion Mr. Pitt delivered his maiden speech, in a strain of declamation which a cotemporary historian describes as not inferior to the great models of antiquity, being more ornamented than Demosthenes, and less diffuse than Cicero."

Having read the speech as it exists in the Parl amentary Debates, we confess we look in vain for any thing which can justify such an eulogium. There are not even the 'bones' of the giant. The meagreness of the reports, doubtless, does not do him justice.

He continued to oppose Walpole; and according to the testimony of that statesman's biographer, to whom we have just referred, spoke on the Spanish Convention, in 1738, "most ably;" and in 1741 and 1742, on the motions of Mr. Sandys and of Lord Limerick, for the removal of Sir Robert Walpole, and an inquiry into his conduct, "eminently distinguished himself." Archdeacon Coxe has quoted one sentence of Mr. Pitt, preserved by Sir Robert in his parliamentary memoranda, which he admits to be very forcible, and which well displays his bold tone and pithy style of eloquence even so early in his parliamentary career:—

* Table Talk. † Memoirs of Walpole.

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"I fear not to declare that I expect, in consequence of this inquiry, to find that our treasure has been exhausted, not to humble our enemies or to obviate domestic insurrections; not to support our allies or to suppress our factions; but for purposes which no man who loves his country can think of without indignation, the purchase of votes, the bribery of boroughs, the enriching of hirelings, the multiplying of dependants, and the corruption of parliaments."

It is unnecessary to refer to more of his speeches while he remained in the House of Commons; because the finest speeches preserved to us are those which he delivered when Earl of Chatham, and because the subjects which occupied parliament, while he was a member of the House of Peers, are much more interesting and important. Besides, the reports which we possess of his speeches in the early part of his career are extremely inaccurate, and sometimes almost fictitious; as in the celebrated reply to Horace Walpole, who had sneered at his youth, which, though commonly read as Lord Chatham's, was in truth a creation of the brain of Dr. Johnson. And it is easy enough in the reports of the Parliamentary Debates containing Mr. Pitt's speeches, to trace the solemn and balanced style of Johnson, instead of the orator's abrupt and impetuous bursts. We shall begin, therefore, to examine Lord Chatham's orations after he became a member of the House of Peers; viz. in the year 1766. We have, however, none preserved of those delivered by his lordship, till 1770. And after that period, the two subjects which most prominently engaged his attention were the conduct of the House of Commons in relation to Wilkes, and the American struggle.

With respect to the first of those questions, it is difficult for us to enter into the feeling of absorbing interest which it evidently excited at the time. All political publications of the day are full of discussions upon it; and even those persons who are not deeply versed in the political history of their country, must be familiar with it, from the notice it received in the celebrated Letters of Junius. The subject is there discussed with all the ability and acrimony for which the great writer is distinguished.

Lord Chatham felt that the private misconduct of Wilkes had nothing to do with the public principles assailed in his person; or rather, that the just indignation which might be entertained towards his private character was the very cause why more jealousy should be exercised in the public proceedings instituted against him. For the worst examples are bred from proceedings where some supposed advantage in getting rid of an obnoxious individual appears to justify in his particular case a relaxation of important principles, by which the safety of all is secured. Wilkes had been expelled the House of Commons for publishing a seditious libel; and was re-elected by the freeholders of Middlesex. But the House refused to receive him, declared him disqualified, and seated his opponent, Colonel Luttrell, in his stead. Lord Chatham considered this an unconstitutional assumption of power, and it forms the main topic in the very splendid speech which he delivered in 1770, in the debate on the Address of Thanks to the King at the opening of the session. After pointing out the dangerous consequences of the proceedings of the Commons, he made this appeal to the Peers:—

"It is to your ancestors, my lords, it is to the English Barons that we are indebted for the laws and constitution we possess. Their virtues were rude and uncultivated, but they were great and sincere. Their understandings were as little polished as their manners; but they had hearts to distinguish right from wrong; they had heads to distinguish truth from falsehood; they understood the rights of humanity, and they had spirit to maintain them. My lords, I think that history has not done justice to their conduct, when they obtained from their sovereign that great acknowledgment of national rights contained in Magna Charta; they did not confine it to themselves alone, but delivered it as a common blessing to the whole people. They did not say, these are the rights of the great barons, or these are the rights of the great prelates; no, my lords, they said in the simple Latin of the times,

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'nullus liber homo,' and provided as carefully for the meanest subject as for the greatest. These are uncouth words, and sound but poorly in the ears of scholars; neither are they addressed to the criticism of scholars, *but to the hearts of free men.* These three words, 'nullus liber homo,' have a meaning which interests us all; they deserve to be remembered; they deserve to be inculcated in our minds; *they are worth all the classics.* Let us not, then, degenerate from the glorious example of our ancestors. Those *Iron Barons* (for so I may call them when compared with the silken barons of modern days) were the guardians of the people; yet their virtues were never engaged in a question of such importance as the present. If this question be given up, the freeholders of England are reduced to a condition baser than the peasantry of Poland. If they desert their own cause, *they deserve to be slaves.* My lords, this is not merely the cold opinion of my understanding, but the glowing expression of what I feel. *It is my heart that speaks.* I know I speak warmly, my lords, but this warmth shall neither betray my argument nor my temper. The kingdom is in a flame. As mediators between the king and people, it is our duty to represent to him the true condition and temper of his subjects. It is a duty which no particular respects should hinder us from performing. I believe, my lords, there have been times in which I have had the honour of standing in such favour in the closet, that there must have been something extravagantly unreasonable in my wishes, if they might not all have been gratified. After neglecting those opportunities, I am now suspected of coming forward, in the decline of life, in the anxious pursuit of wealth and power, which it is impossible for me to enjoy. Be it so: there is one ambition at least which I ever will acknowledge; which I will not renounce but with my life. *It is the ambition of delivering to my posterity those rights of freedom which I have received from my ancestors.*"

And in a few days afterwards, in a debate on the 'State of the Nation,' he renewed the subject; and in the course of his speech delivered one of those pithy and bold sentences which have rendered his name so famous and dear to his countrymen:—

"If we mean seriously to unite the nation within itself, we must convince them that their complaints are regarded, that their injuries shall be redressed. On that foundation I would take the lead in recommending peace and harmony to the people. *On any other I would never wish to see them united again!* If the breach in the constitution be effectually repaired, the people will of themselves return to a state of tranquillity. *If not, may discord prevail for ever!* I know to what point this doctrine and this language will appear directed. *But I feel the principles of an Englishman, and I utter them without apprehension or reserve.*"

In the year 1774, a bill was brought into the Lords for quartering soldiers in North America. Lord Chatham protested against it, on the ground that this country had no right to tax the Americans. In the course of his speech he thus confidently prophesies the advance of America:—

"My lords, I am an old man, and would advise the noble lords in office to adopt a more gentle mode of governing America; for the day is not far distant, when America may vie with these kingdoms, not only in arms, but in arts also. . . . My lords, I will carry it to my grave, *that this country had no right under Heaven to tax America.* It is contrary to all the rules of justice and civil policy, which neither the exigencies of the State, nor even an acquiescence in the taxes, could justify, upon any occasion whatever. Such proceedings will never meet their wished-for success; and instead of adding to their miseries, as the Bill now before you most undoubtedly does, adopt some lenient measures which may lure them to their duty; proceed like a kind and affectionate parent over a child whom he tenderly loves; and, instead of those harsh and severe proceedings, pass an amnesty on all their youthful errors; clasp them once more in your fond and affectionate arms; and I will venture to affirm you will find them children worthy of their sire. But, should their turbulence exist after your proffered terms of forgiveness, which I hope and expect this House will immediately adopt, I will be among the foremost of your lordships to move for such measures as will effectually prevent a future relapse, and make them feel what it is to provoke a fond and forgiving parent! a parent, my lords, whose welfare has ever been my greatest and most pleasing consolation. This declaration may seem unnecessary, but I venture to declare, the period is not far distant, when she will want the assistance of her most distant friends: but should the all-disposing hand of Providence prevent me from affording her my poor assistance, my prayers shall be ever for her welfare; length of days be in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour: may her ways be ways of pleasantness, and all her paths be peace!"

In the year 1777, Lord Chatham delivered the most celebrated of his

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speeches on the same subject. A portion of it has been justly reprinted in almost every form, as a passage of eloquence to which it is impossible to find a superior in any language, or among any people. The occasion of its delivery was a debate in the House of Lords, on the Address of Thanks to the King. After a most spirited appeal to their Lordships on the dignity and importance of their functions as hereditary and constitutional advisers of the sovereign, which required of them to "instruct the throne in the language of truth, and to dispel the delusion and darkness which enveloped it," he attacks the ministers most powerfully for the ruinous measures they pursued in regard to America. He then proceeds, —

"My lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst, but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. Besides the sufferings, perhaps total loss of the northern force (General Burgoyne's army), the best appointed army that ever took the field, commanded by Sir William Howe, has retired from the American lines, — he was obliged to relinquish his attempt, and with great delay and danger to adopt a new and distant plan of operations. We shall soon know, and in any event have reason to lament what may have happened since. As to conquest therefore, my Lords, I repeat it is impossible. You may swell every expence still more extravagantly, pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow, traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince, that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign sovereign; your efforts are for ever vain and impotent — doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely, for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your enemies, — to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder! devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms, — *never, never, never!* But, my Lords, who is the man that, in addition to these disgraces of our army, has dared to authorise and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage? To call into civilised alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods — to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to urge the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment." . . . . .

Lord Suffolk, the Colonial Secretary, in his reply to Chatham, defended the employment of the Indians in the war, contending, that besides its policy and necessity, the measure was also allowable on principle, for that it was "perfectly justifiable to use all the means that God and nature put into our hands."

Upon which Lord Chatham rose, and poured forth a stream of the most splendid eloquence in indignant rebuke of the revolting doctrine maintained by Lord Suffolk, —

"I am astonished, shocked to hear such principles confessed, — to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country, — principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian! My lords, I did not intend to have encroached again upon your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation, — I feel myself impelled by every duty. My lords, we are called upon, as members of this House, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the throne, polluting the ear of majesty. That God and nature put into our hands! I know not what ideas that lord may entertain of God and nature, but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife — to the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating — literally, my lords, eating the mangled victims of his barbarous battles!

"These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend bench, those holy ministers of the Gospel, and pious pastors of our church; I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned bench to defend and support the justice of their country; I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn, — upon the learned judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution; I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character; I invoke the genius of the constitution! From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted armada of Spain, — in vain he defended and established the honour, the liberties,

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the religion, the Protestant religion of this country, against the arbitrary cruelties of Popery and the Inquisition, if these more than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose amongst us,—to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connections, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child! to send forth the infidel savage,—against whom? against your Protestant brethren, to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war!—hell-hounds, I say, of savage war! Spain armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of America; and we improve on the inhuman example even of Spanish cruelty; we turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties, and religion,—endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity.

"My lords, this awful subject, so important to our honour, our constitution, and our religion, demands the most solemn and effectual inquiry. And I again call upon your lordships, and the united powers of the state, to examine it thoroughly and decisively, and to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore those holy prelates of our religion, to do away these iniquities from among us. Let them perform a lustration; let them purify this House and this country from this sin.

"My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles!"

A circumstance has lately been brought to light, which *tends*, it must be owned, to diminish our admiration of this noble passage, and which, *if true*, must sink Lord Chatham to a very different grade in our estimation to that which he holds at present. Lord Brougham, in his interesting Sketches of the Statesmen of the Time of George III., on the authority of some correspondent, whose name he does not give, but whom he describes as a most "accomplished and venerable person, the ornament of a former age, and fortunately still preserved to enlighten the present," states, that Lord Chatham was charged at the time in the House of Lords, with having adopted the *same* course in the Canadian war, that he denied the fact, and that Lord Amherst being loudly appealed to on all sides, most unwillingly admitted it. Lord Brougham's correspondent also states, that Lord Bute, on hearing what had passed, said, "Why, I have letters of his by me singing *Io Pæans* over the advantages we gained through our Indian allies!"

What effect is to be given to these statements it is difficult to say. It seems strange that so important and interesting a feature of the debate should have been entirely omitted by all narrators of it, and we have Lord Chatham's distinct denial of the accusation, according to the statement itself. As Lord Bute's exclamation is said to have been uttered only before his wife and daughters, we have therefore only what lawyers call *hearsay* evidence of it; besides, we know well the little love borne towards Lord Chatham by Lord Bute.

And Lord Brougham himself says, that "there hangs so much doubt upon the charge brought against Lord Chatham," that he reserves the subject for an appendix, and does not adopt it into his text.

We may therefore still be permitted rather to believe, that Lord Bute must have misstated or mistaken, than that Lord Chatham was guilty of conduct of all others the most alien and distinct from the general tone of his character, viz. base hypocrisy. Yet a doubt necessarily lurks behind, and we feel bound to present a statement so important in relation to the subject we are examining, and proceeding from apparently so respectable a quarter. In the year following the great Earl breathed his last. Although suffering under the severest bodily pain, he could not be induced to remain at home, but persisted in resorting to the well-known scene of his labours and his glories, the floor of parliament. The latest occasion on which he addressed the Peers, was to *protest against* the declaration of the independence of

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America. On this point indeed we must hold him wrong, but he was consistent. He always maintained these two positions; viz., that the superintending power of the mother country was to be strictly maintained, and the allegiance of the colonists preserved; and also that England had no right, according to the principles of the constitution, to tax them without their consent.

He viewed America as a *county* in Great Britain, and conceived that the mutual rights and duties which would appertain to Kent or Yorkshire, existed exactly in the same degree and extent with respect to America. He considered that the misconduct of the government in driving the colonists to rebellion, for the assertion of the right of self-taxation, had produced their independence, and this event he regarded as of the most direful character. The consequences have, in truth, been of the most beneficial kind to both countries, but who shall say that some of the evils that may possibly still exist in their mutual feelings would not have been avoided, had America and England parted on friendly instead of hostile terms?

Lord Chatham delivered a speech full of his accustomed energy, and concluded with this remarkable sentence, which was the last he ever uttered in parliament,—

"My Lords, any state is better than despair. Let us at least make one effort, and if we must fall, let us fall like men!"

Such were the last words of the great Earl! In uttering them he received his death stroke. "And if we must fall, let us fall like men!" How unhappily, but how exactly appropriate! Those burning words convey a more impressive and distinct idea of his character than whole pages of the most laboured dissertation could possibly do. The Duke of Richmond replied to him, and while he was speaking, Lord Chatham looked at him with attention and composure, but when he rose to answer his strength failed him, and he fell backwards. He was instantly supported by those who were near him, and every one pressed round him with anxious solicitude.

He was carried home to Hayes, and never rose again from his bed! "Therefore," justly observes the contemporaneous historian of the striking event* (so familiar to us all, from the splendid painting which commemorates it in the National Gallery) "his death may be properly said to have happened in the House of Lords, in the discharge of his great political duty, — a duty which he came in a dying state to perform! Such was the glorious end of this great man!" Yes, glorious indeed! In the arena of his triumphs, — in the field of his long and noble contests for the liberty of his countrymen, Chatham continued to assert what he honestly, whether wisely or not, felt to be the just prerogative and the genuine glory of England. Untired to the end, — undeterred by his physical suffering and weakness, — his great soul sustained his sinking frame, and would not permit him to cease from his public duty, till he could use that exhausted body no longer in the service of his country. Illustrious man! — we venerate thy memory with grateful admiration. Let us essay, though at an immeasurable distance, to follow in thy footsteps, and to emulate thy example.

* Seward's Anecdotes of distinguished Persons, vol. ii. p. 383.

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GENERAL VIEW OF MODERN ITALIAN LITERATURE.

Opere di Manzoni. PROMESSI SPOSI.
Ettore Fieramosco. By AZEGLIO.
L'Assedio de Firenze. By GUALANDI.
Marco Visconti. By GROSSI.
Bibliographia degli Italiani Illustri del Secolo XVIII. By TEPALDI.

WE propose to give in the following pages a general view of modern Italian literature in its two departments of poetry and prose, compressed and rapid as the nature of the subject and the limits prescribed necessarily ordain. The immense number of meritorious works which claim our attention are more to be inferred than numbered by a similar *catalogue raisonnée;* and we are conscious that a numerous band of writers, particularly those of the very latest dates, have been unavoidably omitted. Other critical journals, however (and ourselves among the rest), have already made the public *au courant du jour* with respect to all works having claim to any note which the Italian press has published during the last and present years. Those of which we are about to treat have not hitherto been presented to them in such a form as to give a *coup d'œil* of the Italian mind. It is this task which at present we shall attempt to perform, rushing at once *in medias res.*

The great work of Italian literature in the beginning was to develop with genius, and raise to a pure, polished, and yet strongly original form, all the germs of poetry originated in the night of the Middle Ages. Dante expressed in his colossal work the fulness of the symbols of the Catholic theology, beheld from its sublimest heights and from its darkest and deepest abysses. Petrarch sang a Christian love veiled by chastity, which, in its most impassioned flights, appealed only to the mystic joys of heavenly hope. Boccacio, coming after them, was also inspired by the poetical traditions of the Middle Ages, but selected the profane side of those traditions. He preferred the gaiety of the *Trouveres* to the more lyrical inspiration of the Troubadours of the South. He effected for the derisive Tales of the one what Petrarch had done for the amorous *Chansons* of the others. Boccacio led Italian poetry from its ideal path into the sphere of the finite and real.

With Dante Italian poetry had left finite time and space to hover in the universe of time and space so high that earth scarcely appeared to it at all, or as narrow, circumscribed, and wretched, melancholy as a cell where one prays, or an abode where one avenges, weeps, and dies. With Petrarch the Muse had traversed earth somewhat less mournfully, but veiled, like Modesty, and sad as the love of a solitary heart, with her eyes, like Hope, fixed always upon heaven. With Boccacio the Christian maiden had become a woman devoted to pleasure, but still credulous and superstitious. She refused already to submit to the mandates of the pope, but joyfully bent beneath his benediction; she passed all her time in abusing the priests, but took good care never to miss the mass. A little later this woman metamorphosed herself still more; she was still the young and sprightly dame, but she had read the Greeks and Latins, and had profited well by her reading. She knew all the treasures of the East, and was covetous of them. The magicians had seduced her; the enchanters had endowed her with their marvellous gifts. Fairy and Peri she issued from the cities of Italy to wander over all the world: she disdained the humble roof of smoky

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houses for the verdant dome of forests, where her ring knew how to create, in the twinkling of an eye, palaces of crystal, paved with diamonds, all peopled with genii, and here and there chequered with smiling bowers of roses. Speak no more to her of hell; she believed no longer in it — she laughed at it; and, as for paradise, her paradise was upon earth! Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto — these are the symbols of the three forms of Italian literature — forms which, down to the last century, were continually imitated as invariable types.

The close of the last, and the commencement of the present centuries, beheld three new generations of poets in Italy,— those devoted to ancient forms, or forms merely extrinsic, without popularity or passions other than such as were merely personal, or, if political, tinged with hatred or fear; next, the friends of the new forms, believing in an era of improvement, and animated by generous hope; then the writers who were devoted to truth and novelty, with a love still warmer, and an ardour still more intense. Poetry, descending from on high, began to exhibit herself once more, and truth and reality added to her beauty.

At the head of the first band was Monti, dead some ten or twelve years since, according to the journals, but dead for some twenty or thirty, if we are to believe common report. His life alternated between flattery and apology, insulting through weakness, and repenting through weakness — the one the weakness of fear, the other the weakness of pride; — a mind not venal, but weak from education, and without any deep convictions or strong affections holding the place of them, — swayed by women, by friends, or by fortune, just as it might happen. At times, however, he ventured upon the truth, and among the best of his poetry may be quoted the "*Aristodemo*," the "*Gracchi*," some passages of his "*Mascheroniana*," and a few lyrics and verses of his "*Prometheus*." The "*Basvilliana*," admired for the artifice of its style, is an imitation, not of the creations, but of the phrases of Virgil and Dante. An imitator himself, he left no imitators. The growing generation held up his life as an example to be shunned, not imitated, and compassion alone rescued him from infamy.

One poet surpassed him in his idolatry of forms — Cesare Arici, the author of a poem, "*Pastorizia*," and of some didactic and descriptive verses, praised for their elegance, and certainly superior to those of the French Delille; but with him didactic and descriptive poetry expired. Vittorelli sang with Metastasian facility his chaste loves; and that languid and effeminate style ended also with him. Neat, clear, and harmonious, he sings from the lips, but seldom from the heart. In burlesque poetry a few smiles are perceived here and there, but forced and melancholy like those of a sick or imbecile man. The poetry of the various Italian dialects, so fertile a few years before in caricatures, satires, and novels, is now silent. The Milanese Porta is dead, as are also the Sicilian Meli, the Piedmontese Calvi, the Venetian Buratti — ingenious versifiers, with the exception of Meli, who was something more, who, with a little more inspiration, might have been poets. Meli, however, was a genius of a superior order, and the Sicilian dialect, in which he wrote, may boast of a worthy successor to Theocritus. The following are specimens of his sonnets: —

Montagnoli interrutti da vaddati.

Green airy mountains, sloped by shelving plains,
Cliffs, with hoar moss and gadding thyme o'ergrown,
Clear falling waters, bright as silvery veins,
Mute stagnant marshes, rivers murmuring on,

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Rocks where the fawns lie hid in ambuscades,
Smooth-sliding currents crown'd with vocal reeds,
Sweet flowers, fantastic trees, sequester'd shades,
Damp caves, wherein the oozing nitre breeds,
Night-warbling birds that tune your labour'd song,
Echo that hears, and then doth all disclose,
Vines interlacing the elm leaves among
Dark intricate wild wood of trees and boughs,
O blest retreats! far from the vulgar throng
Receive the friend of peace and calm repose.

Pane chi intra gli sacre grutti oscuri
Une s'adura la tu' effigi santa.

Pan! who in caves and dark inwoven bowers,
Where thy great image is adored as king,
To me didst once appear and say, "O sing
The shepherd's life, the fields, the flocks, and flowers!"
And this sweet pipe, now to a reed transform'd,
(The nymph who did thy love whilome disdain,)
Thou gavest and saidst, "No voice hath wiser charm'd,
One youth except — the Syracusian swain."
Since to thine ears our songs have grateful been,
The ravenous wolves do thou in forests hide;
Accept the firstborn that our flock supplies;
Far distant drive ambition, pomp, and pride;
And if thy power a recreant one despise,
Ah! cast the impious man to dogs unclean!

Umbri figli da Notte uv' habitanno.

Dark Stygian shades, the eldest born of night,
Which in deep caves your gloomy horrors veil,
Ah! may a wretch among your wilds exhale
The soul whose hour supreme now wings its flight;
And if with wandering steps the nymph should stray
More hard than marble to my mild complaints,
With mournful voice to cruel Cloris say —
Say that I die — then see if she laments.
If one vain tear should ever chance to rove
O'er my green tomb, think not from love it flows,
Or that my fate doth her compassion move,
For pity in that bosom never glows;
And if she sigh, 'tis not regret to prove
He is no more who perish'd for her love.

With the burlesque perished the sermon and the satire, a spurious genus between prose and poetry. Parini and Gozzi alone could, by a strong and forced effort, revive it for a little time in making irony and ridicule the vehicles of thought and tears. To them succeeded the acrid Zanoia, the soft Pindemonte, Elci, a strong but monotonous and elaborate writer, and, lastly, a lady — Teresa Vordoni. The sermon or epistle from the hands of Horace, an Epicurean courtier, passed into those of a poor gentleman, a pious and amorous Marchese di Verona, of a monk Bassano, and at last came to fall at the feet of a lady, in whose arms Italian satire died.

The Petrarchic lyre, with its long metres, its accumulated epithets, its laboured languor, and its cold elegance, for ever disappeared. Romagna, that cradle of the Arcadians, yet counts among its sons specimens of those despised versifiers whom it is neither right to praise nor to blame. Of all these the best is a young Neapolitan poetess, Teresa Guacci, who, under forms of Petrarchic elegance, conceals a fund of generous sentiments neutralised by the circumlocutions of her style. As the epistle ended in Vordoni, so did the Petrarchic canzone end worthily with Guacci.

The hereditary faculty of the improvisatrici exhausted itself in the Luccan

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Bandetti and the Roman Taddei. To put an end for ever to all extemporaneous poetry, adorned by Cicconi, Giannone, and Sgricci, minds born for greater things, in the present day have arisen *French* and *German* improvisatori! But the best of all improvisatori are the people who, not in academies, but upon the mountains, amid nuptial feasts or funerals, give forth their songs. If more tropes are made, according to Dumarsais, in a market than in an academy, there is more poetry in the heart of a single Tuscan *contadina* than in all the collections of court poets from Metastasio to the present day. The style of lyrical poetry, pensive and affecting, sometimes painful, but always concentrated and strong, which Foscolo gave to the world in his "*Sepolcri*," had few and cold imitators. It is a poetry wholly of art and erudition, wherein every verse recalls a classic passage, and is a sort of harmonious quotation. To this species belong the strains of Giacomo Leopardi, elegantly despairing, prolixly mournful, and learnedly wearied of this miserable life.

The Alfierian Tragedy, arid, sententious without imagination or love, expired with Foscolo. His "*Ricciarda*" was its grave. Giambattista Niccolini imitated the declamatory wrath of the Piedmontese Count, but made the style brilliant, the verse powerful, the sentences varied, and the affections human. In "*Nabuco*," "*Edipo*," "*Procida*," and "*Ludovico*," there are things, which, were it for nothing else than the style, will live.

Italian Comedy, as in all parts of Europe at the time, was uncultivated in its style, and poor and affected in its matter. It is a species peculiar to times when the passions were great, and the defects variously contrasted, and when there was no universal principle upon which belief was founded which was not placed in ridicule or doubt. Even to laugh in earnest requires that we should believe in something—to believe in the truth which is contrasted with the defect at which we laugh. Nota, who is praised by many in Italy, does little but plagiarise and spoil the creations of the great Goldoni. Giraud alone—French by name, but Italian by family and origin—treats comedy with spirit and gaiety; and his "*Aio nell' Imbarazzo*," and some other sketches, are listened to with avidity.

The comic sketches of Zannoni, in which the dresses, language, and pronunciation of the lower classes of Florence are faithfully imitated, sometimes recall the wit of the ancient Tuscan comedy, and although disfigured with vulgarities, smack sufficiently of the inexpressible Tuscan elegance. Renowned for its proverbial stupidity, the musical drama comes next,—nothwithstanding Italy may name, without a blush, two versifiers, Annelli and Romani. Many of Bellini's works and Donizetti's "*Anna Bolena*," however, owe not a little of their fame to the merits of their poetry.

Alfieri, Foscolo, Niccolini infused into art, if not the love of good, at least the hatred of evil—they prepared the way for a new progeny; and at length the writers who were so tenacious of old forms, began to attemper their minds to the novelty, and either in their arguments or mode of treating them announced the march of civilisation,—a progress sufficiently marked by this abundance of imitations and variety of species peculiar to Italy, imitations of Dante and Petrarch, poetry, didactic and amorous, Metastasian and Alfierian, satirical and witty, vernacular and inaccessible to all save the learned, extemporaneous and epic. Amidst all this poverty of enthusiasm and fancy, Italy, in this portion of the century, reckons more epics than all Europe put together. Putting aside the "*Camillo*" of Carlo Botta, the embryo epics of Monti, the "*Gerusalemme*" of Arici, the "*Cadmus*" of Bagnoli, and such like, Ricci's two poems "*Italia*" and "*San Benedetto*" still remain—two great themes of Italian history, not un-

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worthily treated by that clever writer. In the one the end of the Longobards, in the other the end of the Goths, and the civilisation which the new religion created in Italy, are handled. If to the clearness, fluency, grace and variety, correctness of style, and strength of conception had been added, these two poems would have been noble things and worthy of their age; but such as they are, they possess beauties by no means common, and not sufficiently prized by the Italians. If these be extracted with a few things from Monti, some fragments by Arici, some scenes from Niccolini, an ode or two by Foscolo and Leopardi, some satires by Elci, and some from Vittorelli, Pindemonti, and Mamiani, they would be all that this period presents worthy of remembrance.

Giovanni Berchet by a critical letter, accompanying a translation of Burger's "Leonora" and "Huntsman," gave the signal for that battle which was to last for ten years between the classicists and romanticists, the pedants and the reformers of Italy. A letter by Madame de Stael, addressed to the founders of a new journal, the "*Biblioteca Italiana*," among whom was Monti, awakened the flame again. Disputes, quarrels, and insults commenced.

Monti, jealous of his own fame, behaved as Voltaire, in a preceding century, had done; and as Voltaire abused Shakspeare after having copied him, Monti denounced the innovations which he had, in some measure, attempted or countenanced himself. The romanticists discarded the Pagan mythology, and the laws of the three unities, nationalised the subjects of poetry, popularised, as much as possible, the style, but, for the most part, spoiled their theories with bad examples. A style barbarous and neglected, dramas badly conceived and composed, fancies poor and strange, arguments monstrous or low, chosen from the darkest periods of the Middle Ages, ignorance or contempt for the great classics—such were their characteristics, and such were the reasons upon which the admirers of the classics founded their pretensions for despising them and terming them barbarians and deniers of Italian civilisation, devoted to the barbarism of foreigners. The former, in the name of Italy, invoked servility of thought; the latter, in the name of novelty, invoked the licence of barbarism, and, to avoid imitating the antique, imitated the stranger. The romanticists gave themselves too much licence, but were ingenious and ardent, the others were chaste but cold and stupid. The splendid examples of some Italians, and the perusal of foreign books, together with time and the growth of a youth more disposed towards the truth, conferred the victory upon the romantic theory, condemning the bad works of the romanticists together with those of the classicists to an equal oblivion.

Torti treated the romantic question in *terza rima*, like a terse and nervous writer after the school of Parini, but without a particle of fancy.

To Grossi Italian literature owes "*Ildegonda*," a long story, with much simplicity, and novel ingenuity in the style. Whoever seeks for a profound acquaintance with the past and present, the sentiment of the true and the great, power and simplicity of style, poetry and reason, the greatest share of the gifts which constitute a great writer, let him read Alessandro Manzoni. Educated in the classical beauties, at the age of twenty years he wrote verses, admirable for their poetical splendour, which, with many of his more mature writings, will live a perennial life. From 1806 to 1812 he was silent, and waited until religious faith had opened for him new fountains of inspiration: he then published his sacred hymns, the loftiest religious poetry Italy had seen since the days of Dante. But the age had not yet turned religious, and his hymns and book, "*Morale Cattolica*," as well

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as the tragedy of "*Carmagnola*," remained almost unknown until the famous "Ode on the Death of Napoleon" rendered the poet, by the popularity of his subject, more acceptable to the public. A few inappropriate images, and some slight defects of style, do not prevent this poem from being the worthiest hymn on Napoleon yet written. Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and Byron himself, appear mere scholars at the side of this paragon. We regret we cannot quote it at full length, but a few strophes have been admirably rendered into English in the "Foreign Quarterly Review," commencing —

La procellosa e trepida
Gioia d'un gran disegno.

The stormy joy, the trembling hope
That wait on mightiest enterprise,
The panting heart of one whose scope
Was empire, and who gain'd the prize.—
All these were his;— glory which seem'd
The brighter but for perils past.
The rout, the victory, the throne,
The gloom of banishment at last.—
Twice in the very dust abased,
And twice on Fortune's altar raised.
&c. &c. &c.

We know nothing in Italian literature to equal it. The "*Adelchi*" increased his fame, which the "*Promessi Sposi*" made European. Criticism may note in his lyrics some obscurities and improprieties of diction, and it may be objected to the "*Carmagnola*," that it represents the adventurous mercenary under too noble an aspect; — to the "*Adelchi*," that it paints the Longobards too little, the Franks not enough, and Italy not at all; but these things apart, we are obliged to confess that if Goëthe be more varied, Byron more ardent, and Scott more creative, Manzoni is the simplest of all modern poets, the one who has least departed from nature and truth, the one that least exaggerates, most believes, and most loves — the poet who most disposes the mind of his readers to sentiments of virtue and true glory. The imagination, affections, and thoughts are tempered in him with such admirable harmony that no one exceeds the other — all conspire to the truth — never does a false conceit, never does a sentiment of hatred appear, never an effort to seem more impassioned or better than he really is; and in this ease and almost unique perfection of morals and intellect, Manzoni's religious faith has great part, as well as his gentle mind and happy domestic life, spent, during many a year, in calm and meditative virtue, among retreats where, as our own graceful poet, Moore, has said —

Love and lore might claim alternate hours
With peace embosom'd in Idalian bowers.

Monti had no imitators; Manzoni too many. He was imitated in his arguments, imitated in his phrases, imitated in every thing. To counterfeit him, unbelievers chaunted religion and became hypocrites, out of reverence for genius. Many were the sacred hymns that poured down, among which the strophes of Luigi Sterbini and G. Borghi deserve mention. Of the rest, like the rain that falls, no signs remained but a little mud. One lyrical poet of the new school of Manzoni made his *début*, and turned out a true poet, Luigi Carrer of Venice; and if he had feelings as powerful as his mind and style are cultivated, he would leave some traces behind him. Another still stronger genius, Biava, would do much if he made poetical expression not a cloak, but a veil for his conceptions, and if he paid more attention to that instrument of perfection, which, for human

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annoyance, is imposed upon us as a salutary necessity — correction or the "art to blot." Among these imitations of Manzoni, one deserves to be translated, as much for the beauty of its forms and diction as its sentiment. We mean an Ode to the Duke de Reichstadt: —

Non gli apparite, o fulgidi
Soli, o pensier di guerra!
Tacete o storie, o cantici
Della natal sua terra!
Perchè una culla e un feretro
Volete a lui scoprir?

Quai soli fiammeggiarono
Sul padre, ignori il figlio:
Non sappia il vasto imperio,
Le geste, nè l'esiglio
Dell' uom che i mari e i turbini
Temean di custodir.

Dimmi, o figliuol dell' Esule,
Ciò ch' ha il tuo cor provato
Quando, in pensar dell' Asia
E dell' Europa il fato,
Parean per te risorgere
I giorni che morir!

Quando i suggetti popoli
E il trono d' Occidente,
E le vittorie, e l' orrida
Ritratta, e la cadente
Abbandonata reggia
Il mondo ti narrò!

Oh quanti udir credeano,
Quando parlavan teco
Della sua voce un fremito
Della sua voce un' eco!
Essa volò sul pelago,
Essa la terra empiè.

Qual rapita, dell Aquila
La generosa prole
Per la ferrata gabbia
S'affisa invan nel sole,
Ver cui vorrebbe stendere
Il veloce poter—

Tal nell' oscura inerzia
Di vigilata reggia
Luce d' eventi e d'opere,
E vita che grandeggia
D' affanni e di pericoli
Bramava il prigioner.

E poi che a lui vietavasi
Di correre la terra
Impressa delle patrie
Profonde orme di guerra,
Desiderò di scendervi,
E vi depose il fral.

E per forza recondita
Di dolor senza pianto
Che consumò continuo
Della sua polve il manto,
Vendicossi in perpetua
Libertà l' immortal.

Appear not to him, blazing suns,
Nor thoughts of war—in silence keep
The song or storied page that tells
The land that watch'd his infant sleep;
For why a cradle and a chain
Would ye to him unfold?

What glories round the father shone
Let not the son for ever know,
Nor know the empire vast, the deeds,
The exile, and the overthrow
Of him — the Man whom seas and storms
Themselves have fear'd to hold.

Oh! tell me, thou, the Exile's son,
What felt thy heart when o'er the doom
Of Asia and of Europe lost
It brooded oft in deepest gloom,
And days that ne'er will die appear'd
To rise — the days of old!

When all the subject nations bow'd
The western throne, the victories,
The horrid march, the mad retreat,
The state that fell no more to rise,
Abandon'd by a traitor crew,
To thee the world did tell!

O still what numbers, when they speak
With thee in fancy deem they hear
A tone of his remember'd voice —
That voice whose echo fill'd with fear
The earth, and o'er the ocean flew
Like thunder's awful spell!

As fierce the eagle's generous race
Glares through the iron cage in vain
Upon the sun's meridian face —
The sun to which it yearns again
Aloft in rapid flight and power,
On tempests borne to fly—

So midst the sloth obscure that guards
With jealous pride the regal prey,
For glory's light, the pride of deeds,
The life that still dilates each day
With dangers and with cares sublime,
The prisoner longs to try.

And since to him it was denied
To o'errun the earth and seek afar
The footsteps of his father's race,
In trenches deep of serried war,
To heaven he long'd to soar and leave
Behind his mortal coil.

And through the hidden power that works
In grief, that kills, yet tells no plaint,
That still in ceaseless fire consumes
The life that scorns this world's constraint,
The Immortal flew in heaven to seek
Eternal freedom's soil.

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Nel sonno ineccitabile
Gli occhi, o garzon, chiudesti.
Nè mai per entro a dubbia
Selva d' armi movesti
Obbliquo, o per vittoria
Fermasti il tuo corsier.

In death-like sleep, O boy, thou shutest
Thine eyes, nor e'er their glance shall see
The line oblique of bayonets bright,
The ocean wave of cavalry,
Nor rein thy fiery steed to hear
The roar of triumph pealing near.

Mai la colonna splendida *
Altezza di trofei
La trionfale immagine
Non offre agli occhi miei,
Che la tua non percotami
La vista del pensier.

* * * *

The splendid column's lofty head *
That crowns the scroll of glory's pride,
The sculptures of triumphal pomp,
Emblazon'd round its spiral side,
Ne'er meet mine eye, but thoughts of thee
Come flitting o'er the memory.

* * * *

The Manzonian novel had many imitators — some who strive more directly towards the manner of Scott — others who tend towards his own. The "*Disfida di Barletta*," of Azeglio, a species by itself, was too much despised, perhaps, by French critics, because thirteen Italians are therein described as having made thirteen Frenchmen bite the dust. But this work is in reality a languid affair, although the style is accurate, and in the last scenes there is some true poetry. The "*Caterina Medici*" of Mauri sins by its wearisome length, but ingenuity and the grace of moral affection are not wanting in it; and after Manzoni it is, perhaps, the best of Italian novels.

The "Battle of Benevento," characterised by its fire and exaggerated imitation of Byron, is the work of a youthful writer, Gualandi, who in the "*Assedio di Firenze*," gives promise of future years. Art in Italy is daily making itself more popular, and turning always more directly to its true scope. English, German, French, Greek, and Italian works are read, and translations made of every celebrated author. Of the second and third epochs of Italian poetry a volume might be collected, composed of "*Ildegonda*," a scene or two from "*Francesca di Rimini*," by Silvio Pellico, the same from Marenco's "*Corso Donati*," a few lyrical pieces by Biava, Carrer, Colleoni, a chapter or two from the novels of Azeglio and Grossi, and we should have the flower of the whole.

Manzoni in his "Betrothed," Grossi in his "Lombards in the First Crusade," Azeglio in his "Challenge of Barletta," by depicting the scenes and facts of past ages, have taught useful lessons to their contemporaries. The one has shown how far the oppression of a foreign government may proceed, the others have endeavoured to revive the dormant spirit of their countrymen — to create an Italian unity at least in the sanctuary of letters. Their progress is cheering; and the names of Libri, a member of the French Institute, in the mathematical sciences, and, above all in his admirable History of the Sciences in Italy — of Melloni, in physical science — of Marochetti in sculpture, evince, in the words of their own Galileo, that Italy still moves, *E pur si muove!*

The "Siege of Florence," an historical novel by Gualandi, is of all these productions the one that will best bear out our assertion. It is one of the best novels we have yet seen; and has brought down upon the author the double honour of a prosecution from the Tuscan government, and a place in the pope's *Index Expurgatorius.*

The sixteenth century was an era of change and transformation for Italy. Liberty then ceded the empire to learning and the sciences — the Lombard League had become a remote tradition. The power of the re-

* Vendôme.

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publics daily declined, manners had become milder, and the love of study had engendered corruption in the governments, and created among the classes in easy circumstances that desire of comfort which made them prefer the peaceful dominion of one to the agitation and tumult of democracies. The emperor Charles V. then governed in the Peninsula; the kingdom of the two Sicilies belonged to him. The duchy of Milan was at his devotion. Genoa, subjected to a Doria, blindly followed the Imperial party. Venice, already slumbering in the midst of her lagunes, had adopted the fatal policy of a cowardly and selfish neutrality; the republics of Pisa, Sienna, and Lucca still lived but in a languishing and obscure life. Florence alone, that last star of Italian liberty, still agitated, still struggled by turns, against the factions of her patricians, the encroachments of the people, and the tyranny of the Medici. But Florence was doomed to disappear from the rank of republics through the treason of the mercenaries to whom she had imprudently entrusted her defence, and the ambitious designs of a Medici, Clement VII., who to her was indebted for his existence. The schism of Luther, the league of Schmalkalden, the principles of political independence, which showed themselves so clearly under the cloak of religious independence, had made the emperor Charles V. feel the necessity of drawing towards his old enemy the pope, in order to obtain from him supplies, assistance, and some moral support, and thus oppose, by the aid of arms both spiritual and temporal, the desire of emancipation which had evinced itself among nations. Clement VII., concealing the hatred which he nourished against the emperor, and forgetting the outrages he had endured, accepted Charles's alliance and crowned him emperor. As the price of so much condescension the pope obtained leave to destroy Florentine liberty by means of the imperial arms, and to change the republic into a dukedom, to devolve to Alexander de Medici his natural son by an African slave. No sooner was the compact ended, than the imperial and papal armies hoisted their banners under the orders of a Prince of Orange of the House of Chatillon. Florence, though alone, dared to resist. Abandoned to her fate by France, the Italian princes, and the republics, she disposed of every thing for her defence, confiding in the justice of her cause and the patriotism of her citizens. At this crisis many Florentine deserters appeared among the ranks of the hostile army, among whom was to be remarked the historian Guicciardini.

Among the republican ranks on the other side appeared Michael Angelo, who directed the works of the fortifications, Ferruccio, one of the last of the Italians of a magnanimous and extinct race, Cardunio, Dante da Castiglione, a crowd of young nobles, and the mass of the people. Nevertheless, the chief force of the Florentine armies consisted of those mercenary bands which, summoned to the service of republics and princes, caused Italy to lose her skill in arms and discipline, and thus prepared the way for her future enslavement. The generalissimo of the Florentine army was one Malatesta Baglioni, Lord of Perugia, a base and venal spirit, covetous of riches, and already sold to the gold and promises of the pope.

All the phases of this memorable siege, — the struggles of the factions which, under the title of Arrabiati and Palleschi, upheld the cause of democracy, or of the Medici and the Pope, — the treason of Baglioni, — the machinations of Clement, who did not stick at any crime, and caused the Prince of Orange to be killed, to free himself from an obstacle to the vengeance which he meditated, — the generous efforts of Michael Angelo, of Cardunio, and of Dante, — the devotion of the people to the cause of the republic, — the violation of the capitulation of Florence, — the numerous massacres which followed,

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—the moral tortures of those who had betrayed their country, — all contribute to form a work full of interest and lofty political lessons. The author in writing it has proposed to himself an end worthy of a true patriot. The whole book contains lessons useful to a people who desire to defend their liberties — lessons which would not be misplaced in the most elevated historical composition.

Italy owes both gratitude and encouragement to the author. The cause of humanity has found in him a firm supporter. The novel in his hands has assumed a new form. From the frivolous thing which it formerly had been, it has become, in his hands, a school of noble thoughts, and a source of generous inspiration, in which the citizen learns to admire the grandeur of republican virtue, to detest the perfidy of traitors, the dominion of strangers, and the temporal power of the Pontiffs, the principal cause of all the ills of Italy.

Before coming to prose we must touch upon a genus between prose and poetry, unknown to other literatures, which we may call the "style lapidary." It is composed of the different inscriptions, ancient and modern, of which Morcelli has made up an elegant volume, entitled "*De Stylo Inscriptionum.*" We now turn to eloquence.

This art, if inspiration can be called an art, is not a plant that, like poetry, may be nurtured in confinement; it requires the light and air of heaven, the winds, and beams of day. It requires to address itself to the multitude, and in solemn assemblages to raise the power of its voice. The prose of Alfieri and Foscolo is robust; but nature does not speak so stern a language. Napoleon, however, is Italian; and his proclamations and addresses to his armies are models of a new eloquence worthy of his impetuous and devouring victories.

With regard to histories of cities, states, or municipalities, Italy has an abundance, many excellent for their learning, and some for their style. Serra, a patrician, wrote the history of Genoa; Mazzarosa, that of Lucca; Rosmini, of Milan, with less diligence and a ruder style, but truer and more unprejudiced than that of Verri. Niccolini wrote an historical discourse upon his own country, Brescia; Volta, that of Mantua; Cantu, that of Como; Manno, that of Sardinia; Ottavi, that of Corsica; Bertolotti, that of the House of Savoy; Count Pompeo Litta, that of the best Italian families, embellished with beautiful portraits and monuments. He is said to have expended his whole fortune, as well as life, on this work, which is now publishing in parts, and a more interesting one it would be difficult to cite. — Cocchi wrote the Annals of Italy, continued from Muratori, to our own days; Bossi, the History of all Italy, a work crude and unformed, but not despicable in all its parts. Other writers collected memoirs of Novara, of Pavia, and of Chieri. Tiepolo attacked, with the highest reverence for the Venetian republic, but not without justice, the French History of Count Daru; and valuable above all are the various documents illustrating the history of Lucca. In fact, there is not an Italian municipality which has not recently had new light thrown upon it by various writers.

Historical criticism has been elevated almost to the height of a science. The fertile ideas of Vico are bringing forth their fruit. Filangieri, Mario Pagano, and the school of the past century, first wrote illustrations of them. Next came Cuoco, who applied them to the interesting history of Magna Grecia, in his "*Platone in Italia.*" He next wrote the history of the Neapolitan Revolution, and has since been silent. Lomonaco wrote the history of renowned Italian captains. Manzoni, in a classical discourse upon

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the Longobard History prefixed to the "*Adelchi*," recommended the solid erudition of Muratori, and suggested that it should be joined to the lofty divinations of Vico.

Criticism, properly so called, which is the most laborious, though not the least important, part of knowledge, had many cultivators in Italy. Visconti, the prince of antiquarians; Sestini, the profound numismatologist; Zannoni, the able ally of Lanzi; Morcelli, the learned epigraphist; Delfico, Amati, Fea, Rossi, to whom Hebrew learning owes so much; Borghese, from whose labours the consular *fasti* derived new light; Orioli, who saw so clearly through the mists of Etruscan history; Micali, whose work on Ancient Italy, though over-praised, was translated into different languages; the Cavaliere S. Quintino, who illustrated the Longobard Architecture, — such are a few of the leading archæologists, whom new monuments, new museums, new excavations, and new cities disinterred, perpetually summon to their elucidation: to which may be added the classical writings, imperfect or rediscovered, interpreted by the genius, more happy than profound, of the Abate Angelo Mai.

The series of Italian bibliographers is such that it may, without fear, be compared with that of all the rest of Europe. Mai, Morelli, Mazzuchelli, Pezzana, Gamba Francesconi, Follini, and Moreni are eminent names. Baldelli reprinted the works of Marco Polo; Rosmini, the Life of Guidobaldo of Urbino, the elegant production of Baldi. To Ciampi many like works have been indebted, and among others an inedited letter by Michael Angelo, full of curious notices and traits of that powerful mind. Translations from the best English, French, and German authors abound. Poems, romances, novels, pictures, sculptures, have all assumed the historical tone. Austria and Naples favour statistical researches. Gioia and Romagnosi have elevated to the dignity of a science the facts of political economy, which first were gathered from the narratives of Italian ambassadors sent to foreign courts; and in a word we say, that in spite of the efforts of Austria and her petty oppressors, Italy advances in the career of light and civilisation, and her exiles from afar may repeat, in the words of Vico, *Mundus adhuc juvenescit.*

NOTES OF A TOUR IN NORTHERN EUROPE.

PART THE THIRD.

Having found that the steam-boat for Stockholm was to leave Gottenburg on the morning succeeding our arrival, it became necessary either to compromise for such accommodation as we could obtain by her at the eleventh hour, or submit to be detained four days in an uninteresting town waiting for another packet.

At the present advanced period of the season to swing in a cot in the confined public cabin, instead of luxuriating in the comfort of a private one, appeared to us quite a minor evil when put into competition with the delay of so many days; indeed, it was only after being really on board that we discovered the vessel to be so crowded that our limited space necessarily entailed on us some degree of positive inconvenience.

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The voyage from Gottenburg to Stockholm is somewhat similar to that from Fort William to Inverness; that is to say, it leads through pretty equal portions of canal and lake, though the extent of each is here considerably greater, insomuch that it requires from four to five days to cross the kingdom of Sweden even by a steam-vessel, whereas one day suffices for the purpose as regards that district of Scotland.

The Swedish excursion has also a superiority in several other respects; for one of the lakes here is like a vast Mediterranean sea; and the forests, though by no means beautiful, are yet of boundless extent, while the great waterfall is certainly one of the finest in Europe.

Our first day's voyage was chiefly up the river Gotha; and the scenery near its banks presented a certain extent of variety and ruggedness, which, however, I shall not presume to call beauty, consisting chiefly of flat banks, and barren, grey, and rocky hills in the distance. In some instances these hills were towards their bases surrounded by pine forests, which were in turn skirted by birch trees and other hardy specimens of the northern forest. The more immediate banks of the river on either hand had certainly no attractions for the eye, being lined with tall grass, and a giant description of reed; such as might, however, give rise in the mind of an enthusiastic sportsman — such as Mr. Lloyd or Colonel Hawker, for example—to countless visions of wild ducks, affording ample field for a moonlight surprise, and hecatombs of slain.

On leaving the river Gotha, and entering the Trollhättan canal, our vessel slowly ascended by a flight of nine or ten liquid steps, as the various locks by which she rose may without much impropriety be termed, till at length she passed through a chasm in the rocky range to the level of the upper country. The elevation to which she had thus attained was certainly not less than a hundred and twenty feet above the level of the first lock that she had entered. These locks are, it appears, inconveniently small for steam vessels, and all these packets are in consequence curtailed of their fair proportions; but it is to be hoped that this serious evil is yet capable of being remedied. On looking down from the summit of the range to which we had ascended on our vessel below, just then commencing her labour among the locks, one might almost have been excused for considering her rise to the high level on which we stood as among the impossible things of the world. If in the present age of scientific wonders, and with a knowledge that the canal certainly led through these crags, such a feeling is liable to take possession of the mind, how much honour must there be due to that enterprising spirit, who more than a century since, and before science had in so many cases conquered nature, first conceived the idea of cutting this canal through an opposing rocky range of more than a hundred and twenty feet in height at the lowest point! Leaving our vessel meanwhile to the tedious process of being locked and unlocked, we betook ourselves to the more attractive wonders of the waterfall, and after a short walk had Trollhättan before our eyes. After having crossed by a slender and giddily situated wooden bridge to the island which divides the cataract into two branches, we were enabled thence to gaze deliberately on each of these wonders of the watery world. In both divisions the body of water is enormous; and though neither makes any approach to the character of a perpendicular fall, yet I humbly conceive that their effect is much finer than were they so, while the style of each acts in some measure as a stimulus to the enjoyment of the other. One of them, for example, comes tumbling over the sloping precipices, in a stream so unbroken as to preserve during a large portion of its descent the green hue of its waters; while the other becomes immediately

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on leaving its upper bed dashed into foam, and descends to the bottom like a rushing avalanche.

The waters of both these cataracts unite immediately below the little island from which we beheld them in a sea of froth and fury, such as is perhaps hardly to be seen at any other fall.

The giant strength of water seeking its level amid opposing elements is here beautifully exemplified; and towards the centre of the riverbed in particular, where the two tides more immediately encounter each other, large watery masses of a snowy whiteness are perpetually being thrown up a great many feet into the air. This furious "meeting of the waters" is indeed truly magnificent; and the only sights which occur to me as perfectly worthy to compare with it are the ebbing tides of the Pentland Firth, when seen struggling against the fury of a storm from the west, or those occasional points among the Orkney Islands where the ocean tides meet each other from opposite directions, and literally leap up in the fury of their foamy encounter. Immediately opposite to the falls of Trollhättan is a large pine-covered mountain, the stillness and dark shades of which afford a fine contrast to the roar and whiteness of its waters. The effect of all waterfalls appears to be very much increased by descending, as nearly as may be possible, to a level with the base of the fall; and if a position can be selected where the waters appear somewhat to threaten the safety of the beholder (provided the extent proves not altogether unbearable), the pleasurable excitement of the scene is thereby much increased.

Many years since I can remember to have experienced this exciting mixture of dread and delight on the wooden platform under the falls of the Rhine; and here again at Trollhättan, after having sought the lowest rock of the island, till my foot might have touched the agitated water, I lingered so long in a dreamy enjoyment of the scene, that our companions of the steam-boat at length sent back one of their number to insist on my return. There was, however, no danger in the position chosen, unless what might have arisen from the increase of a certain feeling of giddiness, which was gradually stealing over me, and to which, gazing fixedly for any length of time at falling water, is peculiarly liable to give rise.

> "The sky *spun* like a mighty wheel,
> I saw the trees like drunkards reel."

There have been of late years several mills erected for the purpose of sawing timber near these falls, and they are moved by small streams of water led off from the river immediately above where the cataracts occur. It will readily be believed that it is not the diminution of the quantity of water in consequence which is to be regretted, for it is imperceptible, and Trollhättan has still left a volume of water amply sufficient to turn half the saw-mills in Europe; but the power of its romance is, it must be confessed, somewhat weakened by the appearance of these utilitarian erections.

At the inn of the village of Trollhättan, to which we resorted to sip coffee and exercise the gift of patience till our steamer should be unlocked, I made the acquaintance of a kind and social spirit from Scotland, who had been nearly forty years absent from his own country, and for a large portion of that time living in this neighbourhood, occupied in converting Swedish timber into planks for British consumption.

Englishmen are such *raræ aves* in this quarter, that our new acquaintance has, to a considerable extent, from the want of practice, forgotten his native language, although the anxiety with which he inquired of us for English

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newspapers was such as evinced that the affairs of his father-land had by no means ceased to interest him.

Proceeding on our voyage, the vessel was as usual at the approach of dusk moored alongside the canal, to await the return of daylight. Lake Wener, through which our course next morning lay, is, with one Russian exception, the largest of Europe, being above seventy English miles in length, and in some places above forty in breadth.

The interest excited by lakes would, however, seem to be in an inverse ratio to their extent; for this was certainly the most uninteresting it has ever been my fate to sail upon. Its banks are flat, and covered in an unbroken succession with never-ending pine trees; and even these unvaried ornaments were generally so distant that their connection with the land was often scarcely to be distinguished, and all that we could sometimes behold was a long line of pine tops, apparently floating in the air immediately above the horizon. Such is the effect of the Scandinavian *mirage* of this wilderness of pine trees. When I mention that some of our passengers were lake-sick this morning, it must not, however, be inferred that I allude to the tameness and monotony of the scenery as its cause; for our steamer bumped about in such a manner that several of our most experienced voyagers were thrown into a state of considerable discomfort, and begged very hard for permission to continue swinging all day in their cots in the cabin. Such an indulgence being, however, contrary to "the act in that case made and provided," the female attendants of the vessel, with a more than masculine hard-heartedness, would by no means consent to.

On leaving the Wener lake we entered another branch of the canal, which conducted us first into one of the smaller lakes, and ultimately into the Wetter; and here, from its more moderate extent, and more varied banks, the scenery proved infinitely more agreeable. The commanders of Swedish vessels appear generally to be considerably enamoured of the sound of their own artillery; so that at every town or fortress that we reached, the swivels of our vessel were called on to announce to the lieges that important event — her arrival.

Motala, the infant engine manufactory of Sweden, is situated on the bank of the canal, not far from Lake Wetter; and every possible facility was politely afforded us for its inspection by Mr. Fraser, the Scotch engineer in charge of the works. This establishment is, I believe, chiefly the property of a joint stock company, in which the government has, however, a certain interest, and its prosperity seems to be considered a point of great national importance.

Two brothers, the Messrs. Malcolm, from Scotland, formerly connected with these works, have recently commenced an engine manufactory for themselves at, if I remember right, the town of Norrkopsing; and these two works, along with one that has been some time established in Stockholm, are quite competent to supply as many steam engines as the kingdom of Sweden yet requires. One of the Messrs. Malcolm was our fellow passenger by the steamer from Gottenburg, and gave me an amusing account of the difficulties he had in the first instance encountered in his endeavours to convert awkward full-grown Swedish ploughmen into mechanics. That difficulty has, however, by means of English teaching, been overcome, and another rival in mechanical productions has thereby been raised up against us. At Motala we had an opportunity of visiting a very handsome government mail packet, which was about being fitted with engines from the manufactory, and is intended to navigate the Baltic.

On the bank of his favourite canal, near Motala, Count Platen, who in

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a great measure planned and executed this great work, is interred, and a plain slab simply records the name of him whose grave it covers. The spot selected as a resting-place for the enthusiastic count has been very happily chosen, as it both overlooks his great achievements, and is likewise easily accessible to travellers. The formation of this all-important canal, connecting Lake Wener with Stockholm, was entirely a scheme of Count Platen's, and in all future time it will form a monument alike creditable to his genius and his public spirit. Admiral Von Platen, who was for many years chief engineer to the King of Sweden, was descended of a Danish family, and latterly, I believe, held for some time the high appointment of viceroy of Norway. In completion of his canal plans the count was no doubt ably assisted by the more practical and more scientific knowledge of Mr. Telford; but the original conception, as well as the possession of a degree of perseverance which arose superior to opposition, and which no difficulties could daunt, will ever be awarded to Count Platen. Though there is certainly no single difficulty along the line of this canal which strikes the eye so forcibly as those which are overcome by the series of locks near Trollhättan, yet it is understood that the natural obstacles which occurred here have been subdued in a more novel as well as a more scientific manner than is the case in regard to the other.

For example, one small lake through which we passed was, during the progress of the work, artificially emptied of its water, in order that a channel for navigation somewhat deeper might be cut across its centre. Alongside of this channel a raised path, on which the horses to be employed in dragging the vessels along now trot, was likewise constructed; after which the lake was again filled with water, and now forms a part of the line of navigation. The highest point on this, which may be called the Platen and Telford Canal, is 308 feet above the level of the sea, and its extent, exclusive of lake navigation, is about eighty English miles.

The importance of this canal as a means of developing the resources of Sweden, both in respect of commercial and agricultural improvement, is scarcely at present capable of being estimated, because steam communication is as yet in a state of comparative infancy; but a considerable increase in the number of these smoking packets is already arranged for next season, and before long it may be assumed that there will be at least a daily one between Gottenburg and Stockholm respectively. By the recent withdrawal of the steam-packet from Hull to Gottenburg any direct communication between this country and England has been for the moment interrupted; but it is much to be hoped that a periodical steamer from London may shortly supply its place. This route through Sweden is infinitely the most easy as well as the most interesting mode of reaching both Norway and Russia, which countries are now beginning to excite much interest among travellers. The present rate of pecuniary charge by these packets between Gottenburg and Stockholm offers certainly no great obstacle to the indulgence of one's wandering propensities, and appears, in truth, when compared with our English standard of value, ludicrously low. Between these places, for example, the distance is above four hundred English miles, and for this our cabin fare was only equal to about 1*l.* 5*s.*; while even had we succeeded in obtaining a private cabin, the extent of the increased charge would not have exceeded 10*s.* or 15*s.* additional. Our *restaurant* bill was, if possible, on a more moderate scale than even the fare, being, in fact, under two shillings each person per day, for three meals; which, though they were certainly not luxurious, I may at least venture to describe as not having disagreed with any of us in respect to health. The air of Sweden is,

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I believe, generally found favourable to appetite; and as the refinements of cookery are chiefly intended to compensate for the absence of that natural blessing, I am disposed to conclude that our *restaurateur* was a practical philosopher, who, knowing that the bracing breezes of the north had put us in possession of the greater blessing, deemed it quite unnecessary to provide us with the lesser one. Indeed all travellers who may have been unfortunate enough to injure their *gout* by an over indulgence in the refinements of a Parisian *restaurant*, or the innumerable luxuries of a German *table d'hôte*, would, I humbly conceive, find themselves much benefitted, if not entirely restored to a less fastidious standard of enjoyment, by a few days spent on board one of these packets. Exclusive of sweet and incongruous mixtures, our mutton was indeed occasionally so tough that it might not have been unreasonable to suppose a mistake had been committed in regard to it, similar to one that is related of the Duke of Leinster's farm-bailiff, when his Grace was favoured many years since by a visit from the Duke of Bedford, then lord-lieutenant of Ireland.

The Irish bailiff had, of course, been directed to slaughter the very best sheep for the occasion; but, notwithstanding this order, on the appearance of the haunch at table it was found by no means to be what was expected; and on an inquiry being instituted in order to account for the tough and unsavoury nature of this specimen of the flock, it was discovered that Terence, the bailiff, had so far mistaken his orders as to kill the most valuable sheep, instead of the most tender one, and that an unfortunate Merino ram, which had cost a hundred pounds the season before, was the victim of the occasion, as being deemed most worthy for a lord-lieutenant's dinner.

If, however, our fare on board the packet was indifferent, and rye bread so much in fashion that it was occasionally difficult for us to obtain white, yet the obliging willingness with which all our attainable wants were supplied, was such as reflected no little credit on the good-natured female attendants of the cabin.

The coarse and varied occupations of our fair friends would, it must be confessed, have been more befitting sailors than specimens of the softer sex; yet assuredly no male attendants could have performed the duties of the cabin better than they did, and certainly none could have performed them with such unwearied good humour as these sturdy Swedish damsels displayed.

The small lakes, Boren, Boxen, and Wiken, through which we successively passed, are incomparably more interesting than their larger neighbours, their banks being more varied; while many of their little wooded islands offer to the view such lovely specimens of lonely pine-clad beauty, as are not often to be met with. These lakes have, indeed, a character of scenery such as is scarcely elsewhere seen; and are, therefore, equally worthy of being visited on account of their novelty, as of their positive attractions. In deciding at Gottenburg in favour of the ease of this steamboat conveyance, in preference to the fatigue of driving along the high road, such as it may be, to Stockholm, I feel satisfied that the choice was equally advantageous in respect to interest of scenery as to personal ease; for, in addition to the numerous lakes which lay in our course, the canal leads through numerous valleys, which I imagine to be among the most peopled and cultivated of Sweden. To speak, however, of the country at large, though it may be characterised as level, it exhibits only a moderate proportion of cultivated land and lake; forest, moor, and heath, form the chief features of the landscape. Indeed, a reference to the statistical tables

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he may be able accidentally to acquire with indifferent precision from his fellow-passengers; it is, therefore, exceedingly to be desired by all travellers in these northern countries that the able author of Mr. Murray's Handbooks for Germany may shortly bend his steps towards the undescribed regions of Scandinavia, the guide-book at present in use being scarcely so useful to a traveller as an old copy of Guthrie's Grammar might be.

THE BJARKE MAAL,

SUNG BY THE SCALD BÖDVAR BJARKE ON THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE OF STIKKLESTAD. FROM THE NORSE, BY ROBERT LAING MEASON, ESQ. EGGIS, NORWAY.

'Tis dawn! 'tis dawn!
See the red angry ray
The rising sun flings
O'er the land's gloomy grey!
The cock claps his wings,
And joyously calls
From sleeping, or weeping,
Our freemen — our thralls.
Awaken! awaken!
Ye true hearts, who never,
By weal or woe shaken,
From Friendship's side sever!
Awaken! awaken!
Awaken! Arise!
Grasp the axe! Grasp the sword!
It is not to the dance
Nor the gay festive board
The Scald's song calls ye now!
Not to love-beaming eyes,
But to war's deadly glance
From the foeman's dark brow —
Valkyriers! Valhalla awaits him who dies!

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SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

No. V.

In a pleasant village situated in one of the most pleasant of the forty pleasant English counties, and at a considerable distance from the capital, there dwelt a man of an old and respectable family, of independent fortune, of a pure and innocent life, and of spotless reputation. His study was to practise every virtue, and amongst these the virtue of hospitality was certainly the most pre-eminent; the festive table was spread not so often for his neighbours, equals, and private friends, as for persons of rank and station, whom to entertain as sumptuously as his means would permit, and as frequently as possible, he deemed an imperative and paramount duty. Accordingly, he used very extraordinary exertions to receive at his board, in a manner not unsatisfactory to himself, princes and peers, and the principal members of the administration; but more especially and sedulously did he labour to pamper with unheard-of and uncommon delicacies the right reverend the prelates and the most reverend the primates. It was his peculiar care, he declared publicly, to cherish and nourish them thus, not merely because the lords spiritual loved good cheer, but through a spirit of patriotism and piety; for if it be a duty to support the state, it is undeniably a crime not to uphold the church. It was fit then, he said, that all the bishops should know by well-tried experience, where each of them might find a knife and fork, any day, and at any hour of the day; and as for the primate of all England and the primate of England, he termed them familiarly his two parlour boarders, to denote that they were almost perpetual guests.

His house, as he acknowledged, was of moderate dimensions, and not of a very imposing aspect; but he boasted that it contained more wealth than habitations of superior magnitude and appearance; and he affirmed, that under no other roof in the kingdom was so much pure and solid gold to be found, and, moreover, that every ounce had been fairly and honestly obtained. When he laid himself down to rest in his bed at night, he used to ask himself, whether in the course of the day he had denied himself any thing that he desired, and that money could purchase; and whether he owed any man a single penny, or had wronged any one in any manner; and the answer to these important and interesting questions being uniformly satisfactory, if he was kept awake, it could not be, he said, through remorse or regret. Riches alone, although they may even arrive at that point, which is so seldom reached, when their amount fully satisfies the possessor, are manifestly in themselves inadequate to qualify a man for the distinction of receiving at his table the heads of the church upon terms of free and friendly intimacy; and when it is related that they have become constant, and, as it were, daily visiters, the least curious will anxiously inquire whether it is quite certain that their host is worthy of the honour and favour so liberally conferred upon him? In order to obtain the complete solution of the problem, it will be necessary to consider the early history, as well as the subsequent condition, of the zealous and munificent master of the feast.

John Lydhill was the eldest of four sons; the difference between his age and that of his youngest brother was not considerable, in giving birth to whom his mother died, a young woman, his father being at that time an old man, but vigorous, hale, and hearty. The family had held for many gene-

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rations, on leases for three lives under an ecclesiastical corporation, Lydhill, a goodly estate, containing four or five hundred acres of good land. So long as the landlords were accustomed to renew the lives, as they dropped, on moderate terms, the occupation was accounted a valuable one; but during the last half of the last century larger demands had been made, and this severity, so distasteful to the tenant, still increased with each renewal; but notwithstanding the unfortunate change, a comfortable maintenance might be derived from so much of the fruits of the earth as were not swallowed up by the fines.

Old Luke Lydhill, the descendant of an eccentric race, was himself an eccentric man; his eccentricities unluckily took a turn not advantageous to his fortune, and extremely injurious to his character. He was tormented with the desire of growing rich, inordinately rich; and he sought to gratify his desire by lending money at exorbitant interest. So immoderate were the terms which he proposed, that few would deal with him, except persons whose affairs were desperate; these readily took his money, rapidly expended it, and omitted, through mere inability, to repay the principal, and even to discharge the interest. When he was so unwise as to attempt to enforce his claims by legal proceedings, if his debtor forbore to take advantage of the illegality of the transaction, he usually added to his losses by throwing good money after bad in suing a pauper totally unable to pay so much as the costs of the suit. Thus did he squander away his money in absurd and dishonest projects, acquiring nothing for the most part by a large expenditure but the odious title of a cruel, greedy, griping usurer.

Some simple people, however, believed him to be enormously rich, and to be so accounted was a consolation that sustained him under all his losses, and under the black imputation of nefarious and abominable extortions. It might occasionally happen, indeed, that the loan of a sum of money for a few months was so great an accommodation to a solvent neighbour, that he was content to pay one pound in the hundred by the month for the use of it, and in such cases the lender received his principal, possibly before the time which he had appointed for repayment, together with the stipulated interest; and such instances comforted him, and confirmed him in the pernicious notion, that usury, being practised judiciously, would assuredly conduct him at last to vast opulence.

As a farmer, Luke was shrewd, active, and intelligent, and, in truth, singularly able and successful, and sufficiently careful; but by no means a niggard. Although his passion for money was ardent and devouring, he was not sordid in his domestic concerns; he trusted with undiminished confidence, that loans at twelve or twenty per cent. would rapidly roll up riches, and consequently he scorned the paltry gains to be derived from sparing the meal and the malt, and saving the poultry and the butter, which were consumed within the walls of his commodious Grange. There was no waste, but there was no want; his sons and servants were well provided with the substantial comforts of life; and all the father's leisure and his whole soul being engrossed by pursuits in which his children took no share, he did not molest them, or interfere with them in any respect.

John, in common with his brothers, received only the ordinary education of a village school; but he displayed at an early age a strong and striking taste for reading, which gradually ripened into a decided inclination and vocation for literature. There were a few old books at the Grange, comprising much sound, sterling, plain good sense, in a moderate number of plain good volumes; those were read until he could repeat the contents by heart, in substance at least, and often in the same words. John purchased

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sundry cheap works at the neighbouring towns; but these were quite inadequate to satisfy the demands of his youthful curiosity — they served only to inflame it. The usurer's son was soon constrained to borrow, and herein he was eminently successful. He saddled one of his father's horses, and rode about the country to visit the parochial clergy and the smaller gentry. He inspected their libraries, and carried home such authors as he had not read. His modest and decorous manners, the eloquent earnestness of his inquiries after books, and his eager and boyish delight at finding works with which he was unacquainted, conciliated the regard and presently opened the hearts even of the most reserved and cautious. He soon established a character which was very serviceable, and acquired the useful reputation of being an honest and scrupulous borrower, who, reserving to himself only an intimate knowledge of the contents, never failed to restore the volume itself, and in whose kind and paternal keeping books were rather improved than injured; for he loved to look upon unsullied pages; he was a resolute enemy and an indefatigable extirpator of dogs' ears, careful to secure loose leaves, and sedulous in mending or supplying with his own hands,— so great was his tenderness, — a broken or imperfect cover. It is not impossible that the notion that he might one day be the heir to the prodigious riches which many persons supposed old Luke had amassed, induced some of his neighbours to be more indulgent towards his tastes; it is certain, however, that he was every where permitted with equal readiness to transfer at his pleasure to his capacious saddle-bags as many and as bulky tomes as he chose to select. His rides extended to the distance of fifteen or twenty miles from the Grange on every side: the circle, of which the diameter was thirty or forty miles, comprehended much fertile land, several small towns, and many villages, some of them being populous; it contained also a few lordly mansions, to which young Lydhill had not obtained access, and where were extensive and valuable collections: without including these more considerable libraries, several thousand volumes were within his reach. These were for the most part old books, the productions of writers of solidity, sobriety, and gravity; discourses which entered largely upon serious subjects, ample histories, civil and ecclesiastical; full and literal translations of the classics, and of standard works in modern languages; and such original compositions of English authors as have long been tried and approved; together with the protracted narratives of so many of former travellers as were able to assume the tone and look at least of solemn veracity. It was the deposit of successive generations; the scum and froth of lighter works had run off with the rapid turbid current of novelties, which flows continually with unwearied violence through populous cities; and the more weighty products had slowly subsided and settled into those tranquil depths to which the persevering student boldly dived in quest of truth and knowledge. The industry of John was laudable and exemplary, his occupation engaging, and his progress satisfactory; he seemed to himself to be rapidly obtaining that which he sought incessantly, until an incident suddenly changed his own estimate of himself: he thought that he knew much already, but he discovered, to his unspeakable surprise, that he knew nothing. The incident was remarkable enough to form an epoch in a short and simple life; the poor child had read many thousand volumes, and had ridden many thousand miles in pursuit of learning, but he was further from the object of his pursuit than he was when he began his travails and travels.

The archdeacon of the district was a recluse student; a man of exact, profound, and various erudition: his learning had not excluded him from the favours of patrons; and he had received early in life, and had long

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enjoyed, a very valuable benefice, upon which he constantly resided. It was situated in a remote and thinly-peopled region, on a bleak sea-coast, at about thirty long miles of intricate, unmended, and unmeasured lanes from Lydhill Grange. He was a married man, but without children, and his precious and most profitable studies were happily little broken-in upon by the routine of parochial duties. His library was hardly less celebrated than his scholarship, and he was continually making additions to both. A clergyman, who was an ardent admirer of his archdeacon, and loved to encourage a studious youth, spoke of John to his friend, and at once procured for him an invitation to the rectory. With reverence amounting to fear, and vast expectation as to the mines of intellectual wealth which he was about to explore, John set out one fine morning to pay his visit.

He found the venerable scholar alone in his study; the tables and chairs and window-seats and much of the floor were overspread with books, many being very ancient and of a very large size; they were lying open one upon another. The timid visiter eyed them with astonishment, and seemed to feel, that for the first time he was in the presence of a man who was able to read many volumes at once. He was welcomed with much genuine kindness in the fullest exuberance of the antique courtesy, and was minutely interrogated concerning his journey; a morning ride of thirty miles across the country was a trifle in the opinion of an active lad; to a sedentary old man it was a formidable undertaking. A pause of some minutes ensued, when that topic was exhausted: John ventured to raise his eyes from the floor, and began to survey, with palpitating, quivering admiration, the goodly aspect of the books, with which he was completely surrounded on every side; to gaze with painful delight at the numerous and enormous volumes that entirely enveloped the walls in rich autumnal tints of yellowish and reddish brown.

"Our good friend informed me that you desired to see my library. Here it is; such as it is, it is at your service. Use it as freely as if it were your own. But a country parson has not the means nor the opportunity of collecting many books. I hear that you are a most diligent student, that you have read a very great deal. In what tongue chiefly, I pray?"

John was utterly confounded, and sat silent.

"To what language, may I ask, have your studies been principally directed?"

John knew but one tongue, and he could hardly retain the use of that at the moment. With much difficulty he at last answered, in a voice scarcely audible, — "In English. I have been reading whatever English books I could procure."

"Indeed!" cried the archdeacon, rubbing his hands with delight, his eyes kindling with surprise and animation. "In the vernacular! So you have actually been reading our good old mother-tongue! Well, I shall be most happy in your acquaintance; I doubt not that I shall learn much, very much, from your conversation. Our language is rich and copious, and extremely perspicuous; there are some niceties in our grammar, and many anomalies; much that it is impossible to explain, — I mean for a tyro like myself; and perhaps a few barbarisms, — for we are very young yet, you know; it is not long since we came out of the woods! I own I always liked our native language: when I was at Christ Church our old dean used to laugh at me, and to call me 'Little Vernacular;' for he had a high stomach himself, and could digest nothing but Greek. But I was not to be laughed out of a partiality which I believed to be well founded; and I am sure you will agree with me in this. I have read scarcely any works in the English

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tongue notwithstanding. My good friend, Doctor —— "—he named some dignitary of the church who had been dead full fifty years — "told me, I remember, that he once devoted himself for some considerable time to our native authors, and went fairly into the thing; and he really thought that upon the whole they repaid him. I trust that they rewarded your labours also!"

John was abashed and utterly confounded; he had read none but his native authors, and very few of these in fact; he could institute no comparison, and only indicated faintly his assent. A long silence followed, and afterwards the archdeacon removed some large books that lay open on a desk before him, and placing his left hand upon a folio page of strange characters, said calmly,—"I have been dipping into the Targums this morning. I am sometimes surprised at the copiousness of the Chaldee!" At these words a grave servant, in a dark green livery, announced dinner, and the conversation terminated.

The lively discourse of the scholar had filled the young student with amazement; the extent of erudition was unknown to him; he had just caught a glimpse at its colossal dimensions, and when the vast prospect opened upon him, he was overwhelmed by its magnitude, and he inwardly resolved to give up henceforth the pursuit of learning as vain and hopeless. By degrees, however, his first despair abated, his bashfulness diminished; and when he had eaten and drunken—and the repast was not to be contemned—his courage in part returned. He felt as if he should be able to attend, without distraction, to what the archdeacon might say to him, and even to answer his questions with composure. Dinner was sufficient for itself; but soon after the cloth was withdrawn the glowing discourse was heard again, nor had the feast abstracted any portion of its genial warmth. When the bright eyes of his host were fixed upon him, and he heard again the weak but thrilling voice, and felt the energy of his speech, the new courage of the young guest fled.

"So you are really going to learn English! You are a bold man, my dear sir; you are indeed. You must buckle-to in earnest! It is a prodigious undertaking! But it will repay you; it will repay you. I wish I had learned the English language myself when I was young. If I were a young man, like yourself, I would set about learning it to-morrow; I would indeed, I would not be daunted. Not so much for the sake of the authors, though they are very well in their way, I dare say; but as a vehicle for thought, — that I might think in it with effect, for it is quite certain that we must think in some language or other. A man may think nobly in Greek, it is true, and may reason correctly; but it does not altogether suit the western intellect; it is too large for us pigmies. There are some good books in English, are there not? Let me see, I have read Shakspeare, Chaucer, Gower, and some other popular works. Yes! Gower, they say, is real English. I liked them very well, so far as I was able to understand them. In Shakspeare there is much good writing, and much very bad writing; much stuff, and much good stuff. I sometimes think, old as I am, of entering upon a course of English reading; but English books are rare; they are not to be had in the country; if I should ever see London again, I might, perhaps, pick up a few there. You began with the Anglo-Saxon, of course. It is still the language of the common people, at least in the north of England; Dr. Hickes used to say, truly, if a man wants to learn to speak English, he must go to school to the common people. I listened the other day at the door of my barn; there were two men threshing within; they did not know that I was there, so they chatted freely, and I overheard them.

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You would have fancied they were reading aloud Cædmon, or some of those fellows: in fact, they were speaking the purest Saxon, and their pronunciation was quite correct; it was perfectly beautiful, sir. If our great Alfred had addressed them, they would have understood him thoroughly. Well, my good sir, and so you began with the Anglo-Saxon, and you read every thing in that idiom, and in the Mæso-Gothic? Yes, that is the direct road; that is the short cut. And you read your way steadily downwards, just dropping gently down the stream, until you arrived safely in our own times; and here we have you at last, and now you tell me you have read Swift and Addison, and the rest, and can understand them pretty fairly. I have not done thus, unfortunately; I did not begin at the beginning, and therefore I cannot master the most trivial compositions. Even in a newspaper, or a magazine, whenever I presume to look into them,—and I seldom venture,—I stumble upon innumerable obscurities; and, indeed, they often look like inaccuracies, because I am so imperfectly acquainted with our language. Perhaps if we had a little more of the Runic left, all would be smooth; our difficulties would vanish instantly. The Icelandic of the Eddas is a sweetly pretty dialect; is it not? So perspicuous, so chaste, every thing there is in its placé and quite bare; there you see the very roots of our tongue naked. His Danish Majesty, they say, has made a most stupendous collection of Icelandic MSS.: every Englishman, they tell me, ought to spend several years in the Royal Library at Copenhagen, before he presumes to converse in his mother tongue; and the thing seems reasonable enough, certainly. You are a quick reader, you say; so you will probably dispatch this part of your scheme in three years. But when you once get to Iceland, I really do not see how you will ever be able to quit it; you will enrich your vocabulary there daily, ay, hourly, so prodigiously. Having the Eddas and the Sagas at your fingers' ends, as, no doubt, you have at this moment, why Iceland will be a second home to you. Then there is the Flat Teutonic, the Flat Dutch, the Flat German, full of the most marvellous affinities. I declare I quite envy you your little trip. There is a great deal of very good Gothic, it is said, to be gleaned on the shores of the Baltic; if you choose your ground well, as assuredly you will do. From those shores the ancients used to bring their choicest specimens of amber; you will collect there far more precious matter, genuine English radicals!"

The perspiration hung in big drops upon John's forehead, and his hair stood an end, as he listened in the mute agony of amazement and curiosity to the like discourses, which were delivered at intervals during the evening with passionate and stirring eloquence. Every moment it became more and more impossible to endeavour to explain the mediocrity of his literary pretensions, and to teach the erudite churchman to measure by a lower standard than his own vast attainments, the narrow stores of a young and rustic reader. He did not dare to announce that it was not his intention to quit the Grange, even for a short visit to Copenhagen; yet he felt within him a strange impulse to journey to the remotest places mentioned, although he did not exactly comprehend the object of his mission, through a certain scholarlike sympathy, and because the divine man appeared to desire it. At ten o'clock the whole household retired.

"What does the archdeacon mean by understanding a book? did I ever understand one myself? can I ever hope to understand one?" John asked himself often and anxiously, as he lay in his wide bed between full curtains of rich purple damask. "Although he declared that he was wholly ignorant of English literature, I soon perceived that he was far better acquainted

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than myself with the very books which I had lately been reading with the utmost attention."

The next morning he rose early, after a sleepless night, and took his departure betimes. The library contained few works in the vernacular, and few of these were within the compass of the young farmer's studies; however, he carried off in his saddle-bags a folio Chaucer, which had been recommended to his notice for some good readings, and in order to collation. He could not fully appreciate the learning of a profound and elegant scholar; but he clearly perceived that he was able to comprehend at once even those matters, that seemed to be remote from the proper course and channel of his scholarship, and much resembled one inspired and initiated in some marvellous and transcendent wisdom. He was invited, and, indeed, encouraged and urged, to repeat his visit, and he was convinced that he would be welcomed with equal courtesy and kindness; but he was held back by a timid diffidence, and a modest unwillingness to intrude upon the sacred privacy of his distinguished patron. He was not a scholar, it is true, but he was more than many mere scholars, and he possessed that, without which, erudition alone is only a futile thing, — a fine mind, acute and delicate perceptions, an ardent and disinterested love of knowledge, and a deep and humble reverence for learning and learned men. The hale, stout, ruddy, active youth had trembled with apprehension before the lean, pale, shriveled, infirm, old man, when he found himself alone and oppressed by a profound sense of the dignity of learning in the presence of one who was conversant not with the literature of a single nation, during a period of some two centuries, but with all that the human race is reported to have known in different climates, under various institutions, religious and political, during a long succession of ages.

The archdeacon spoke of his young admirer with a respectful regard and a tender interest, and sent more than one soothing message of encouragement and invitation; and it is probable, notwithstanding his reserve, that he would have ventured to set his foot a second time within the august precincts of the enchanted library.

But another and a far more remarkable incident occurred, which effected a still greater change in the mind of the poor student, and formed an awful and eternal epoch and era in a life of artless innocence. Not only was his intellect acute, but his moral sense also was exquisite; the secret was buried within his own bosom, he confided his sorrows to none, but it is certain, that the sensitive, the honourable, John Lydhill suffered very severely from the disgrace which his father's rapacity brought upon the family.

Luke had lent a moderate sum at usurious interest to an old and whimsical, but much respected, neighbour; the debtor was unable to repay the loan. On the first default the merciless extortioner instituted proceedings; no defence was offered, and presently the household furniture and farming stock were taken in execution. For one day the old man viewed the sad spectacle with silent grief, and on the second day he crept about his premises like a mute spectre; on the evening of the third day he suddenly broke silence: "Since you have taken all my things, gentlemen, it seems that I am wanted here no longer!" Some such words as these being muttered indistinctly to the bailiffs, who were keeping possession, the poor fellow withdrew to an outhouse, where he was found the next morning hanging to a rafter. Strong was the flood of public pity, and stronger the torrent of popular indignation. "Who killed poor old Thomas? There goes the old villain! There goes one of the young villains! Look at the old murderer! See, that is one of the young murderers!"

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How could the meek, guileless John go abroad to be thus assailed? And at nightfall, when these terrible cries were raised under the windows, he sat congealed in dumb anguish, and frozen in the death of shame and horror. He was, in appearance, ruddy and robust, and of a calm, staid countenance, nevertheless his constitution was nervous and irritable; a seeming contradiction of not unusual occurrence. After some weeks of seclusion and suffering, the advice of a physician was indispensable, and peremptory directions were given touching air and exercise, entirely to renounce study for a time, to take a gun in his hand daily, and for several hours to seek health and distraction in shooting. The patient yielded a reluctant obedience, and he was delighted with the novel amusement; to assault flying things was hopeless in his eyes, but he was eager in the pursuit of four-footed game; his efforts were awkward and unsuccessful, yet he would follow a hare from field to field, and from hedge to hedge, for a whole morning, with astonishing ardour, and in a state of excitement such as had formerly warmed him, when he received tidings of a large covey of unread books. One morning he was chasing a rabbit with his wonted eagerness; he had fired at it more than once, and the last shot, he believed, had wounded it. He had seen the animal scud across the lane and enter a low, thick hedge, and there it seemed to stop. He followed it hastily and crept quickly and quietly along the hollow lane, until he reached the holly bush, where he was convinced it must be. With breathless anxiety he examined the spot; there was a rustling sound; it moved surely; he peeped, — did he not see it sitting at the foot of the bush on the top of the bank? He fired instantly; he heard something fall, and immediately sprang over the hedge. A little girl, about four years old, lay on the ground before him. She was still and mute, but she seemed unhurt, save that her head was shattered. He gazed on her placid countenance, and could not believe that she was dead. He gently raised her; a portion of the skull fell off, and discovered the brain, white as curds, but slightly blackened in places by the powder; there was no effusion of blood. The little innocent still smiled, and gently moved her hands as in play; moved her little hands, as if to bid a long farewell after a brief visit. He softly laid her down again upon the grass, and hundreds of white violets fell from her lap; she had been gathering flowers — gathering them, as the event proved, for her own grave. On the south side of the hedge was a lane, on the north a green field and a mossy bank; although it was noon, the sun had not yet reached it, and it was wet with the morning dew, and it was thickly set with white violets. Three girls, a little older than the poor sufferer, had long been silently picking them with her, and they had placed all the flowers in her lap. At the sudden smoke, and sound, and fire, her terrified companions ran away, and in a few minutes they returned, together with some women and the mother of the departed. The child lay upon the ground in beauty and in peace; a happy child — happy in being removed out of the reach of sufferings such as had fallen upon poor Lydhill. He hung over her in speechless horror, and all the dreadful appearances and shows of death, which were wanting in her smiling face, were present on his ghastly countenance.

Nearly three years after this most woeful calamity, the archdeacon saw the young man for the last time, he was still gazing on the ground, in the same speechless horror, and still standing in the same dreadful attitude of despair, in which the women had found him, in a narrow, dark court of the mad-house to which he had been consigned. Such was his ordinary bearing, silent and sad; but sometimes he broke forth into fury ungovernable, rending the air with frightful howlings, grinding his teeth, clenching his

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fists, and foaming with rage, and then he would endeavour to destroy himself and to tear in pieces all who approached: afterwards he would lie on the ground for several days, feeble, exhausted, and, in appearance, dead. His miserable servitude to these hideous forms of disease endured for seven long years, and then his disorder changed suddenly. The recollections of the past totally disappeared, and with them all his violence; he was no longer a maniac, but an idiot, as it were; a complete imbecility came over him, and his outrageous behaviour ceased. Since John had been formerly so calm, so studious, and so rational, many attributed the aberration of his intellect entirely to the unhappy accident; and they maintained, that, but for that, he might have spent a long life, not only perfectly sane, but distinguished for learning and ability. Others held, that it merely accelerated the attack of mental disease, which, sooner or later, would inevitably have seized on his brain; and they referred to the conduct of his brothers, to show that madness was hereditary.

Soon after John's misfortune, Caleb, the second son, disappeared: for a long time no tidings were heard; but it was afterwards learned, that he went on board ship, as a private sailor, and was missed one night when the ship was at sea. The advocates for his sanity alleged, that, being heartily ashamed of his father's infamy, he long begged in vain to be enabled to enter the world in a suitable manner, and that, in order to prove his fixed determination to quit home, he submitted for a while to the hardships of a seafaring life; and having gone to the ship's head in the dark, he accidentally fell overboard. Others, however, asserted, that he made no such application to his father, but left the Grange because his relations, as he supposed, were conspiring to destroy him by poison; he crept out of his hammock and stole on deck, and talked and acted in a wild manner; after this the sailors watched him. For two or three nights before his disappearance, he made no attempt to go on deck, whereupon, being less strictly guarded, he contrived to escape whilst the crew were at supper, and to cast himself into the water unseen.

With respect to Thomas, the third son, there could be no doubt; he started up one day at dinner, seized the poker, and would have committed dreadful violence, but that he was immediately secured and conveyed to the Lunatic Asylum, where he died, within a few weeks, raving mad.

Enoch, the youngest son, was the favourite of his father; in him there was no exaltation, no elevation of the soul; he showed, at an early age, a sordid and groveling temper; to save, to hoard, to overreach, was his first and sole passion. He despised rural pursuits, and slow and small returns; his inclination pointed towards trade, and of this Luke approved. Nevertheless, so avaricious was the old usurer, that he would not have been induced to advance money to set up his beloved child in business, if Enoch had not devised a stratagem not unworthy of his father. He borrowed money of him at 12 per cent., and gave him notes of hand, and bonds, and judgments, and warrants of attorney, and assignments of furniture and stock in trade, and accepted bills, and executed whatever securities the perverse ingenuity of the greedy lender could devise. To avoid the unpleasant obligation of paying the interest as it became due, he proposed that it should be made principal, and should yield interest at 18 per cent.: this scheme promised a golden harvest, and Luke was enchanted with it. Accordingly Enoch was set up as a drysalter, in a town at some distance, and twice a year his father paid him a punctual visit to balance and sign their accounts, and to renew his securities. By these and the like artifices the favourite son had obtained

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possession of nearly all his father's money at the time of his death. As the old man believed he could make a wonderful profit by lending money, he scorned to invest it in land; he neglected, therefore, to renew when the first life dropt. When the second life fell, the fine was so high that he was still more unwilling to pay it. The third life fell in a few months after Luke's death, and Lydhill Grange past for ever from a family, in whose occupation it had continued by successive renewals for many generations.

When the madness of his eldest son was pronounced to be incurable, he provided for him by purchasing an annuity of forty pounds a year for his life; and it was no easy task for those friends, who felt compassion at poor John's misfortunes, to prevail upon the money-loving, money-lending father to secure this scanty pittance. As soon as it was manifest, that John was harmless, restraints were gradually removed, and the unhappy creature was allowed to roam about the house and garden unobserved — a miserable spectacle. The severity of his disorder, and the strict coercion to which he had been subjected, had brought on the appearance of premature old age. His hair was gray, or rather white, and thin, his eyes sunken, his cheeks hollow, his voice feeble and tremulous, his body emaciated, and every limb shook, as with the palsy. In consequence of milder treatment, the state of his mind farther improved, the recollection of past events did not return; it seemed, indeed, that his memory had utterly perished, but he was uniformly calm, and occasionally almost cheerful. In virtue of confirmed and well-tried sobriety, he was at last permitted to quit the house whenever he would, but he seldom used the privilege; and when he went forth, it was always in the same direction. He would sally out hastily about once a month and at the same hour, and would walk with vast alacrity and expedition along the road, like a man who had made an appointment and was somewhat late, for a mile to a spot where the road turned. He stood there a few minutes, and then returned slowly homewards, as if he had seen the person whom he went to meet, and was reflecting upon the communication that had just been made to him.

Soon after the death of Luke Lydhill, the proprietor of the asylum, oppressed with years and infirmities, withdrew from his arduous occupation, and the establishment was broken up. It was not easy to procure a new situation on the moderate terms, which had contented an honest and humane man; Enoch was not inclined to augment his brother's annuity, and since John had long been deemed quite harmless, it seemed needless to confine him any longer. He was sent therefore to board in a large and pleasant village, in the cottage of a venerable native, who had inhabited the same little dwelling for ninety years. For sixty or seventy years he had exercised the calling of a market-gardener; but the stoutest husbandman is superannuated at last, and old Anthony was reduced to restrict his day's work to sitting in an armed chair in the corner of the chimney, to creeping a few yards in the sunshine, and to attempting vainly to hear whatever was addressed to him. After much fruitless bawling and infinite repetitions, he would raise his head, reverend with long snowy locks, and a countenance beaming with benevolence, and would cry — "God bless you, my good master, God bless you; thank God, I have my hearing very well yet; but I suppose I shall grow a little hard of hearing, like the rest, by and by, when I get to be an old man!" His wife was some twenty years younger, of a nature equally kind, in the full possession of her faculties; brisk, tidy, active, a skilful housewife with scanty means, whose pride and pleasure it was, that her good man should look like himself and want for nothing. They were poor, although

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independent, and the sum of forty pounds a year, in regular quarterly payments, for which they were required to provide all the necessaries of life, including clothing, was a comfortable addition to their income.

The change was not less grateful to John; the asylum where he had resided was situated far in the interior, on high ground amidst the moors, where provisions were cheap, but there was wind and rain, and a most ungenial sky; he had descended into a warm, sheltered, and cheerful valley. His hostess was as anxious to anticipate his wishes, as to satisfy her husband; and since he paid liberally for his board and lodging, she desired to serve him with due attention, and moreover with much reverence on account of his undeserved misfortunes, and because he was a gentleman, a person of superior station and education. The state of his mind had greatly improved in the madhouse, as soon as he was treated with gentleness, and the amelioration was more rapid and more considerable in the pleasant village, under the roof of those who displayed an entire devotion to his wishes and welfare: there also he was spared the sight of the distressing scenes, which alone were able to render his former abode desolate. But the past was still a sealed book; it had left no visible traces on his memory; of the present he was conscious in his peculiar manner, and for the future he had sundry magnificent projects. These he detailed at length with extreme rapidity and much animation to his venerable host, who seemed to listen with deep attention and a countenance full of intelligence, and from time to time reiterated his only answer; "God bless you, my good master, God bless you; thank God, I have my hearing very well yet; but I suppose I shall grow a little hard of hearing, like the rest, by and by, when I get to be an old man!"

For two years John boarded with this kind couple, often expressing his entire contentment by exclaiming — "I am now in my element!" At the end of that time the old woman died suddenly; and whilst the corpse was still in the house, the old gardener went out at once, like a lamp, when the supply of oil fails: without the constant and fostering care of his sedulous nurse, his feeble life could not subsist. Anthony and Tabitha were laid under the same stone in the same grave. Much as their cherished boarder loved them, when they were present, as soon as they were gone, he had no more recollection of them, than if they had never been,— so completely was he cut off from the past.

It was now necessary to arrange another plan of life, and Enoch came over for the purpose. John did not acknowledge him as a brother, but spoke of him as the agent who managed his estates, and always with contempt. "I know him well; he is a narrow-minded, mean-spirited fellow. He has defrauded me shamefully; I could hang him any day, if I would; but what is the use of it? In other trades men differ a little perhaps, but in his calling they are all alike. These wretches are necessary evils!" To find a respectable family willing to take such an inmate at a small stipend, on no account to be increased, required more time and trouble than the drysalter would bestow. John liked the village and his dwelling, which he styled "the Castle," for all his notions were on a large scale; accordingly Enoch hired the cottage at a low rent, bought the furniture, and engaged a woman, who inhabited the next cottage but one, to be a housekeeper, or laundress, and to provide for the lord of the Castle: this arrangement was proposed, as an experiment; and the experiment was tried for twenty years at least. The laundress was of a lofty stature, being six feet and upwards in height, and proportionately, or rather disproportionately, robust, full fleshed and ruddy, her ponderous arms were hard and red, as the firmest wall of the

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brightest bricks. Masculine, and indeed heroic, were the maiden's mien and whole deportment. The silken bonds of wedlock might not confine a form so gigantic. Love she despised, and men she contemned; she had no sympathy with a man, unless he was raising a cask, or lifting a sack, of unusual weight and dimensions, and then she ran to bear a hand and help the feeble creature. Every amorous proposal, in words, or in act, she received in the same manner; by attempting to seize the suitor by the nape of his neck, and to give him one hearty shake, the bare apprehension of such a reception could quench the fiercest flame. Her name was Elizabeth Henderson, but this she rarely heard, being commonly called, by reason of the prodigious volume of her vast voice, and because it was abrupt and explosive, and moreover through a certain fiery irascibility, Gunpowder, or shortly, Powder. Her occupations were multifarious; she was postwoman, washerwoman, chairwoman, basketwoman, barrowwoman, weeder, reaper, haymaker; and the general helper of all, who were engaged in severe labour. The care of John was a very trifling addition to her other duties; she did the business with less tenderness and greater dispatch than Tabitha, but she did it effectually, and with the utmost punctuality; somewhat roughly, but substantially and with a right good will.

The society, the example, and the mild influence of his late host and hostess had restrained John's wayward fancy, and repressed extravagance; the full liberty, which the administration of Powder left him, and the entire solitude of his dwelling, were favourable to the growth and development of eccentricities, and they presently displayed themselves. The first and most conspicuous change was the assumption of a peculiar costume in place of a suit of rusty black and of a modern cut, according to the standard of a remote village. An enormous cocked hat, with a loop and button of tarnished metal, surmounted his trembling head, and his long, thin, white, rugged locks. A beard of a month's growth and grisly covered his hollow, haggard cheeks, his toothless jaws, and his thin pointed chin, which touched his long sharp nose. A coat, with ample skirts, tight sleeves, a long waist, huge cuffs, a single breast, and no collar, and with plated buttons large as crown-pieces, a long lapelled waistcoat, and short, scanty breeches, were all made of cloth of a bright claret colour. His shoes were conspicuous for immense silver buckles, and his spindle shanks were lost in loose stockings of coarse worsted and of a lively green. He bore in his hands, and it was commonly upraised, a heavy cane with a thick gilded head; his pace was tottering and unstable, but rapid and hurried, with sudden starts, interruptions, turns, and gesticulations; or else so slow, that his progress was almost imperceptible, and then he seemed to be buried in thought, absorbed by his own reflections and unconscious of external objects. Together with the costume and professional dress, the office also of fool of the village was assumed, and the poor man was commonly attended by a troop of boys, who provoked him to support the new character by strange antics. They imposed the name of Jacky Lydhill, which he bore ever afterwards. He was often tormented, and would have been seriously maltreated by them, but that he had a body guard more effective, than an escort of armed men, in his vigorous laundress; quickly did the mighty Powder apprehend a troublesome urchin, whose hollow ribs sounded like a drum beneath her ponderous fists. Thus did the portentous virgin vindicate her master, for so she respectfully called him; and the title seemed to imply, that he was one of those fabled giants, the sons of the earth, who warred against heaven, since such a being alone was fit to be the master of the bold Powder.

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Although the boys did not venture to injure him, they did not fail to follow him in bands, wherever he went, through curiosity to observe his whimsical proceedings. When he was engrossed by his own imaginings, and fully inspired, he was not aware of their presence; when he was partly occupied by the inward workings of his spirit, he would wave his hand at intervals, and say, with the tone of authority, — "Hence vain babblers!" But whenever he was more nearly on a level with sublunary things, he would salute them with condescension, or cordiality; and although he did not know any of them by name, or individually, he would inquire with solicitude concerning their health, and would anxiously recommend attention to diet, and various peculiarities in food and regimen. The boys formed a circle at a few yards' distance, as he held these discourses, and saying in whispers among themselves, "He is in a good humour to-day," one of them would ask, "What news?" He had always some intelligence to communicate, and it was uniformly of a surprising nature. He had just seen a lion lurking in a hedge, which he pointed out; a certain meadow was full of snakes of all sizes and colours, green, burnished blue, black, yellow, striped, spotted; a certain brook ran milk, or wine, with sands of gold; a farmer had found that morning under a bank a cave filled with cups of silver and gems, which he was carrying home in waggons. He told these stories with such an air of veracity,— doubtless because he entirely believed them himself, — that his young hearers, although often deceived before, could not wholly disregard them; they might frequently be seen lurking about the spot, where the wonders were said to exist, peeping, prying, departing and returning. When he was addressed by men, he gave a courteous and often a striking answer, if the state of his mind would permit him to notice their address; and when he was saluted by a female, he lifted his enormous hat on high and bowed profoundly with the dignified politeness of the old school. The sad tale of his misfortunes made him an object of pity and of interest with the ladies of the village: a solitary female was afraid to accost the eccentric being; but if she had a companion, and his gait was slow and sober, a lady would say — "Good day, Mr. Lydhill!" Having bowed repeatedly to the earth bareheaded, he would mutter inarticulate compliments, as he proceeded; or he would halt and utter some singular remark.

He was carrying in his hand one day in the spring a branch of beech, which he was observing with close attention; two young ladies saluted him; he stopt and held up the branch in the sun; "Look at the delicate green leaves; do you see how a thin film of hope is spread under every one; there it is, I see it!" he cried with his thrilling voice, pointing with his skeleton fingers to the thin fresh leaves. "It runs along the fibres of each leaf from the stalk quite to the edge. Do you not see it? I do, although my eyes are dim. Yes! The spring is the season of hope!"

In the spring he was happy and cheerful, although occasionally too much excited; in winter he was dull and oppressed; he seldom ventured to quit the fireside, the cold overcame him. Sometimes, however, he would sally forth on a frosty day, as if in despair, and then he was the very picture of misery. His jaws quivered, every limb shook violently, his legs tottered under him, he stumbled and seemed stiff with cold; breathing upon his fingers to warm them, he muttered, as he staggered along,— "Yes! This is to realize life; this is what it all comes to; this is what we reach at last by living long; so I have realized another year!" "Well, Mr. Lydhill," a neighbour said to him at the end of February, as he crept shivering and murmuring in the middle of the road; "the cold weather will soon be

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over now." "Oh! no, no!" he answered with a heavy sigh; "the winter is only in its infancy!"

In his calmest and most rational hours he indulged in divers projects; a favourite one was to manufacture cloth of gold; of solar gold, the purest and the brightest of gold; from sunflowers. He knew every sunflower in the village; and there were many, for the people of those regions loved flowers, and they loved that splendid annual, and cultivated it in each little garden. He watched them daily in the autumn, and when they were thrown on the dunghill, he conveyed them home in triumph, and hung them up to dry under the rafters of his cottage. Afterwards he would take them down, pull them in pieces, and cover the floor and the table and chairs with the fragments; at this season his clothes bore testimony to his industry. The manufacture of the cloth of gold gave much trouble to Powder, the unseemly litters were beyond measure displeasing to her; she not only reproved him sharply, but, it was said, she beat him; that she presumed to raise her hand against the venerable man. The rumour excited much indignation in the village; to the ladies such an outrage seemed worse than sacrilege; after some consultation, two of the most influential called on the accused. They told her plainly, that she ought to be ashamed of herself; that certain gentlemen would come and speak to her; they threatened to write to Enoch, that he might remove his brother from her control; and they named the magistrates. Powder was not only loud, for that she always was, but earnest and resolute, in denying the disgraceful charge; and at last she wept, and poured forth pailfuls of tears, protesting, that she was a helpless, defenceless, innocent maiden, and therefore a prey to calumny. Her copious and sonorous sorrows softened and convinced the fair delegates; some were persuaded that the report was unfounded; others repeated incessantly — "She has so much art!" Her aspect, however, bespoke force, not fraud; and she greatly checked the diffusion of the odious slander by publicly threatening straightway to kick intestines out.

It is not easy to protect from oppression a person, whom circumstances have altogether deprived of the power of protecting himself; there was one species of persecution, from which Jacky Lydhill suffered occasionally in a very cruel manner. The sole recollection which he still retained of past events, if indeed it was rightly to be accounted such, was a most violent antipathy for and an intense dread of a gun. His weakness unfortunately was discovered by some mischievous young sailors and other rude vagabonds, and they used to waylay him, and to compel him to beg his life, as they termed this exercise of wanton barbarity. It was a miserable spectacle to behold the harmless old man kneeling in the midst of a muddy road, prostrate and bowing his hoary head before the laughing tyrants, one of whom was presenting a musket at him, trembling and quivering throughout his whole frame with speechless terror, the express image of frightful and deathlike dismay, and detained in the degrading posture and agonising torture, until their brutality was satiated, and they chose to decide, that he had begged his life in an attitude sufficiently abject. One of the strongest recollections of childhood is the indelible impression made by witnessing casually this shocking scene when very young, and the painful feeling of unavailing commiseration for the poor affrighted victim, and of impotent indignation towards his cowardly persecutors. Had the gallant Powder been at hand, she would have flown to the rescue, and, in spite of numbers and of guns, would have scattered the oppressors, and wreaked tremendous vengeance on their heads. But the dastards ascertained that the Amazon

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was at work in the fields, or otherwise engaged at a distance, before they dared to molest her unprotected master.

A gentleman of some authority in the district, once fell in by chance with the abominable sport in returning from hunting; he recognised one of the offenders, and summoned him to appear before the magistrates, by whom he was reprimanded. He took much pains to assure Jacky Lydhill that he should be protected; and for his further security, he persuaded the Society for the Prosecution of Felonies and other Offences to offer a reward, by a printed handbill, for information, if the outrage should be repeated; and he also promised other gratuities to the informer from his private purse. It is doubtful whether he was entirely delivered from such persecutions by this kind interference, but it is certain that they became far less frequent.

The tenor of his life was even and equal, certain special annoyances being excepted, and the same eccentricities occurred at intervals, in a tolerably uniform cycle; but extraordinary objects sometimes gave an impulse to his sick fancy, and a new channel to the course of ceremonies. One year, during the annual feast of the village, an enterprising showman brought a dromedary, which remained two or three days. Six monkeys in scarlet jackets, their heads powdered and well furnished with huge pigtails, and decorated in all respects like the soldiers of those days, played their restless antics on his back. The master marched by the side, turning a barrel-organ, and in this manner they paraded the streets. Every body admired the novel exhibition, and many gave their halfpence; all were charmed, in short, but nobody so much as Jacky Lydhill. He never quitted the dromedary during the day, and at daybreak he was found at the door of the coach-house where it passed the night, patiently expecting its appearance; and as soon as it issued forth he saluted it, and attended its progress until the night. He walked slowly by its side, his eyes riveted on the meek countenance of the gentle monster, regardless of the scoffs and jests of the rustics; and from time to time he bowed to it with profound reverence, lifting gradually his enormous hat from his head, and holding it at arm's length; for he felt that he was called upon in a peculiar manner, as he often declared, to do the honours of the village to the illustrious stranger. When he was asked, how he liked the monkeys, he instantly placed his finger on his lips, and said in a low voice, "Hush! hush! Do not name them! We have agreed not to notice each other; we understand one another perfectly; we are mutually ashamed of our common nature!" Moreover, he instituted certain elaborate solemnities of a secret, sacred, and surprising character, and founded the Dromedary Dance, to be perpetually observed in commemoration of the advent of the much-admired and blessed animal. This he solemnised at irregular intervals. It was known by his thoughtful air, when he was about to celebrate; the more inquisitive of the villagers had bored many gimlet-holes in the shutters of his window, and they gratified their curiosity by peeping through them. He removed the table, cleared the room, and arranged the chairs in the middle in an exact order; he set up a dozen candles in empty bottles, lighted them, and placed them on the ground. Notwithstanding the preparations, he would hesitate for a while, and he always seemed to be afraid to commence; sometimes he would blow out the candles, and put off the rites until the following evening, to the disappointment of the profane peepers. Any rash question or allusion, concerning the august mysteries, would inevitably cause him to postpone the dance for a week, or perhaps longer. At the moment of inspiration, he began to glide slowly amongst the chairs and burning candles, his arms raised on

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high, humming, as he went, a strange wild measure; as the dance proceeded, the motion and the tune increased in rapidity, and became at last very violent. He displayed far more vigour and activity than his shattered constitution and tottering limbs promised, and exhibited contortions, such as travellers relate are practised by the whirling Dervises in the East. The performance continued for about two hours, and terminated suddenly: for some days after it he was languid and weary.

He never read; and if in his serene and tranquil hours a book was offered to him, he shook his head mournfully, turned aside, and said hastily, "No, no, no! not that — not that; it is far above me!" He was sociable and on friendly terms with all his neighbours, yet he did not appear to know them individually, not even the bold Powder herself. He was quite aware that she was his servant, and he always addressed her as such, but usually as a man — as his coachman, his porter, his valet, his butler, his cook, his house-steward; as one of the many males who composed the establishment at the Castle; never as his laundress, rarely as a female, but uniformly as being a member of his household.

There was one neighbour, however, whose name he could remember, and whom he sometimes, but rarely, accosted by it, and whose person, after a calm period of long duration, he really seemed to recognise, at least when he was standing at his own door, but not elsewhere. This was Mr. Robert Benson — the laughing Mr. Robert Benson; the tall, portly, and jovial landlord of the last and southernmost house in the long village — the White Swan Inn; the most popular man in the parish, and, perhaps, in the hundred. "Who knows, gentlemen, what may happen? A gun may go off, and kill somebody, all in a moment! Who knows what may happen? And the very best amongst us all may be like that poor fellow! He was a gentleman born, and a scholar bred, and a bright one too! Who knows what may happen?" It was seldom that Mr. Robert Benson said any thing except in jest, but whenever Jacky Lydhill was named, he uttered these words very seriously, and with a deep, long-drawn sigh; he uttered them in the tap, in the bar, in the little back parlour, and before his door; and in other places he was rarely to be seen. If Jacky Lydhill passed the White Swan, he saluted him with the respect which he used towards the Squire, the Vicar, and the other authorities of the village; he received his answer with deference, and assented to it directly and unreservedly. If the conversation was prolonged, and, in order to divert a customer, he was tempted to make sport of the poor fellow, it was so managed that he never perceived it.

One day while the persecution raged, a party of sailors were holding a gun over his head and forcing him to beg his life, Mr. Robert Benson discerned the dire oppression, and called out to them in that voice which he had not used before since he had ceased to be a coachman, to desist. They continued to torment the trembling, supplicating, prostrate man, whereupon he seized a flail, and brandishing it with a powerful arm, advanced upon them: they fled precipitately before his solemn assurances, that if he caught them doing the like again, he would try whether their bones were as well seasoned as his cudgel. It might be that Jacky Lydhill remembered his deliverance, and was grateful for it: he was certainly grateful, because Mr. Robert Benson alone, of all those to whom he had made the important communication, pronounced his name properly. "Ah! you know how to give utterance to my name; you say Lydhill distinctly, with a sensible pause after the first syllable. The indiscriminating herd will call me

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Liddell, as if my name were spelled thus. Liddell! how plebeian — how insufferably vulgar!" Although he sincerely pitied his misfortunes, Mr. Robert Benson, by conversing with him often, acquired a taste for playing upon him; for smoking Jacky Lydhill, as he termed it. And it occurred to him, that if he was so amusing when he was sober, he would be still more entertaining when drunk: accordingly, he made sundry attempts to bring him into that state. He offered various liquors, and recommended them on different grounds: this would warm him, if the weather was cold; that would cool him, if it was hot; all would strengthen him, and do him good. The offers were steadily and thankfully refused, for Jacky Lydhill was uniformly a water-drinker, save only that he would occasionally regale himself with a little milk, or a cup of whey.

One New Year's Day, it was a Thursday, and a bright and sunny, but a frosty day, Jacky Lydhill came shivering by, blowing his nails for warmth. Mr. Robert Benson was standing at his door; after the usual salutation, the jolly landlord expressed forcibly his condolence at the cruel cold, and undertook to bring something that would warm him him effectually, at once and for ever. He went into the house, and immediately returned with a large wide bottle and a wine glass. He poured out the liquor, and as he poured it, Jacky Lydhill put his face close to the glass, and silently admired the clear red colour. It was Cherry Brandy, and it was the first time that the delicious cordial had been offered. Contrary to his usual practice, Jacky Lydhill took the glass in his hand, and stood for some minutes holding it towards the light, and praising the rich colour. Mr. Robert Benson, eloquent as Hope, strenuously exhorted him to drink; it could do him no harm; there was no spirit in it: only the juice of the fruit and a little sugar-candy. He besought him to smell it: was it not sweet? He assented. "Then drink it, Squire Lyd-hill; drink it off like a man!" It seemed as though he was about to comply, but he dipt his long lean fingers into the glass, and then suffering the liquor to drop on the ground, muttered indistinctly, "Blood — blood — blood! Drop — drop — drop! Thus the red blood drops from the heart of man!" He continued to spill the brandy and to repeat the mysterious words until the glass was quite empty; when carefully rinsing it in the trough, and washing his hands, he restored the glass to its astonished and disappointed owner with a profound bow: and placing his wet hands within his bosom, hastily departed, shuddering and staggering through the coldness of the season and the chill of the water.

It was no doubt highly blamable to endeavour to inflame his malady by intoxication; but it may be urged in extenuation of the misconduct of the jocund and good-humoured host, that he was not conversant with cases of mental disease, and only designed a frolic in doing as he would be done by. For most assuredly he would esteem it an indiscretion easily to be pardoned, should any one take upon himself to ply him with good liquor; and so thought his cheerful guests, all the company who were accustomed to assemble at the White Swan. In this instance he was thoughtless, but in general Mr. Robert Benson did not behold without some portion of the respect that is due to what, as we are told, the immortal gods themselves are used to contemplate with reverence — the august spectacle of an innocent man vainly struggling with calamity, and bowed down beneath the load of unmerited sorrows. The lord of the Swan was ever welcome to the lord of the Castle; but the chief delight of the latter was found in the society of little girls from the age of from four years to eight or nine.

"How beautiful are the young faces of these innocents before they have

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been disfigured by the cares and hypocrisy of the world!" he used to exclaim. "Now we have nature, but it must soon give place to art!"

Notwithstanding his admiration of children, for the most part he did not know them to be such. His disordered fancy was replete with images of grandeur; he supposed himself to be a person of the highest rank and of vast wealth, and that he was living in the first style of splendid magnificence. He believed also that he exercised daily the most munificent hospitality, and entertained constantly in a most sumptuous manner princes and peers, but especially the dignitaries of the church, who were almost perpetual guests. On the morning of an appointed entertainment he was commonly in excellent spirits, rubbing his hands, and boasting of the pleasure which he expected to derive from the society of his distinguished visiters.

"Bishops are not such dull fellows as is usually imagined; some of them have been schoolmasters, to be sure, but the rest are generally gentlemen: besides, they are always admirable listeners, and that is the most difficult department of conversation: and then they are so charmingly punctual, they never keep my cook waiting a minute. I declare I never once knew a bishop spoil the fish in my life!"

On the day after the feast he would repeat with rapture the remarks which the right reverend fathers of the church had made; these were always very extraordinary, but original, and not unworthy of the alleged authors. Sometimes, on the other hand, he was in an ill humour, and displeased with the discourses of the preceding day; he complained bitterly of the stupidity of primates and prelates, ridiculed them, and uttered the most cutting and sarcastic observations upon their ignorance and slowness of apprehension. However, he invariably concluded his censures thus, when his vein of irony was exhausted: "It is a duty to support the state, and it is undeniably a flagrant crime not to uphold the church; and after all, the prelacy is the best thing going! Bishops are seldom what they ought to be; they are too often very poor creatures, and sometimes intriguing men, yet episcopacy is the finest by far of all our institutions; for those splendid stations alone are bestowed, at least professedly, as the reward of learning!"

At one time Jacky Lydhill professed to receive guests still more illustrious for sanctity, and to extend his hospitality even to the twelve apostles; or more frequently to entertain two of the number, for whom he felt a peculiar respect. He was warned to desist from such indecency, and the impropriety of his irreverent proceedings being solemnly impressed upon his mind by the Vicar, he forbore, and contented himself with the visible heads of the church. Whenever any members of the hierarchy were expected, three or four little girls of the village were invited to meet them. Two chairs were placed at the head of the table for the metropolitans, or for two suffragan bishops, if these were absent: they were helped first with great ceremony; the larger share of the provisions and of the bows was bestowed on them, and they had the chief part of the conversation; but there was no lack of attention towards his fair visiters — the poor children were treated with the formal politeness of a court. The dinner was set out with much care and contrivance; it was contained in many dishes, and consisted of the seeds of docks and mallows, of horse-beans and gray peas, of coloured pebbles, cockle-shells, and old buttons, of pounded mortar, brick-dust, and other indigestible substances, neatly garnished with moss, leaves, and wild flowers. It occasionally happened that there was nothing else, to the mortification of the little girls; but ordinarily there was a second course, for the

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sake of which they bore patiently with the first. The plates were more numerous and more elaborately adorned, and they held scraps of biscuit, gingerbread, and cakes, broken, crumbled, or chewed into small morsels, as children are wont to do, when they play at making a feast; apples and pears sliced, minced, and chopped; currants, gooseberries, or blackberries, mixed and mashed in little cups; the kernels of nuts, and a few grains of brown sugar, and fragments of sweetmeats broken by his toothless jaws.

Such was the repast, and being conducted with stately solemnity, it lasted for two hours; the children were delighted; they laughed freely at his grotesque appearance and unaccountable behaviour; he did not perceive, nor was he offended at their mirth. They could not comprehend his high-flown compliments and exaggerated courtesies, but they understood that he meant kindness, and compliance, and goodwill; and the much handled meats of the second course, which would have been disgusting to adults, were delicious to them.

The mothers often stood in the street, and observed through the open door the feast of the bishops, partly through curiosity, and partly from a certain natural apprehension, since they could not fail to remember the tragical incident to which the aberration of intellect was attributed. To be invited was the object of longing desire; and accordingly the little girls used to follow him with asking looks, and an artful child would contrive to throw herself in his way, and then placing her slender arms and scanty knit mittens before her, and dropping her best Sunday-school courtesy, would say meekly, "Good day, sir!" If he was absorbed in the abyss of his own boiling cogitations, he would not notice her salutation, and the interested civility was thrown away; otherwise the stratagem succeeded, and the wished-for invitation was uttered amidst profound bows and frequent elevations of the enormous hat. "I humbly hope your ladyship took no cold on your return home, when we had the honour to see you last at the Castle. I sent my valet to inquire after your health in the morning, but you had not yet risen when he called at your hotel. The Lord-Lieutenant has just sent me a fine haunch of venison, and the two metropolitans have agreed to partake of it; will your Grace deign to suffer me to lay a thin slice upon your plate. We dine at four to-morrow, and the archbishops, as you know, are punctuality personified."

Through the cloud of words, a perspicacious little girl could clearly discern an appointment, which she never failed to attend. The entertainments, unquestionably, were not adapted to the tastes of bishops: whether the entertainer himself was worthy of the friendship of persons elevated to splendid stations solely on account of their learning, is a problem to be solved by those, who are acquainted with his early history and subsequent condition.

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SKETCHES OF SPANISH GENERALS, CARLIST AND CRISTINO.

No. VII.—The Baron de los Valles.

"Cette ardeur martiale qui lui faisait tout oser et tout entreprendre; ce feu qui, dans l'exécution, lui rendait tout possible et tout facile; cette fermeté d'âme que nul obstacle n'arrêta, que nul péril n'épouvanta, que nulle résistance ne lassa ni ne rebuta ——."

Bourdaloue, *Oraison funèb. de Condé.*

The little village of Lazcano in Guipuzcoa is distant about half a league from Villa Franca, which is one of the principal towns of the "very noble and very loyal province." This *Aldea*, for such only is its rank in the scale of Spanish towns, is situated in perhaps one of the most picturesque districts of the province to which it belongs. It rests on the side of a gentle hillock just where the declivity commences, and is embosomed within several mounds which enclose it on all sides except to the north, in the direction of which the main road passes by Tolosa, Hernani, and Irun, to France. Its separation from the highway is sufficient to secure it from the din and bustle which usually form the accompaniments of a vicinity to a great thoroughfare; and though it is not so distant as to impart the idea of an absolute and isolated seclusion, yet the tranquil aspect of the calm and silent hamlet reposing on the rich slope of an eminence crowned with the luxuriance of autumn, and bathed in the glory of an evening sun, must arrest the eye of the traveller whether his way lie to the frontier or the interior. It is a spot which might be selected by the philosophic recluse; not by him who is driven by misanthropy from the world, but by him who, cherishing within his bosom a longing for pure and unalloyed tranquillity, would wish to avoid the contact of hardened and selfish men, and yet not shut himself out entirely from a glimpse, though a distant one, of the scenes without; who would speculate on the wonder and magnificence of human genius, without witnessing the selfishness and the grossness which degrade it. Here the devotion of the hermit might become more sanctified, and the fancy of the poet might catch a purer inspiration. In no case could ideas of turbulence, bloodshed, or rapine, be associated with that sequestered retreat.

Yet the quiet and retired hamlet of Lazcano has been more than once the scene of carnage during the last seven years. But where is the spot, however remote in its retirement, however sacred in its character, and however unpretending in its modest seclusion, which has not felt the scourge of war —over which the sword of the destroying angel has not passed? One of the most daring deeds of valour performed since the commencement of the civil war, took place on the heights which command this village; and the individual who distinguished himself in it was the person whose name appears at the head of this notice.

About the middle of September, 1834, 600 Cristinos held possession of the town of Lazcano, whilst a force amounting to about 1600, under the command of Jaureguy, was stationed on the heights between it and Villa Franca. The main road to France being commanded by those heights, as well as by Villa Franca, rendered the possession of them an object of great importance to both parties, and various attempts had been previously made to dislodge the Cristinos from those strongholds. Villa Franca is situated at an angle of the road, and the possession of it would have made way for a clear and open communication with the French frontier. The attention of

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Zumalacarreguy himself had been many times directed to this important post, but the task of organising his new levies, and his being obliged to watch carefully the movements and operations of the Cristino generals at the head of the army in Navarre, prevented him from making the attempt in person. The necessity, however, of occupying so exalted a position increased as the time advanced. Benito de Eraso commanded at the period the Guipuzcoan division, and from him the Baron de los Valles, then a brigadier in the Carlist army, demanded permission to make an attempt on the town of Lazcano, even with the trifling force which at the moment could be placed at his disposal. The attempt had the appearance of rashness; yet the presence of the Pretender himself near the field of action, became an additional motive for exciting the enthusiastic and headlong valour of so great an admirer of royalty. He obtained his request, and attacked Lazcano at daybreak, at the head of not more than 300 men, and in little more than two hours drove the 600 Cristinos from the town, exposed during the whole of the time to the fire of the 1600 men who had been stationed on the surrounding heights. The place was kept possession of by the Carlists, and in a short time Jaureguy and his force were compelled to retire on Tolosa. The value of such an acquisition was appreciated as it should be by so skilful a tactician as Zumalacarreguy, and promotion and decorations followed the successful result of this daring attempt with such a disproportion of force, and such an inequality of position.

Another, though not perhaps so extraordinary an instance of intrepid daring, occurred a week or two afterwards. This second affair took place in the neighbourhood of Plencia, a sea-port on the coast of Biscay: about 1000 volunteers, after an obstinate combat of many hours, took, under his command, at the point of the bayonet, the fortified position on the heights of Andraca, which were defended by 1700 men under the orders of Espartero, who was then a brigadier. These heights were taken and retaken no less than three times, and when recovered for the last time by the Carlists, the contest lasted four hours, when the enemy were put to rout and pursued to the very gates of Plencia. This latter check given to the arms of the queen, in the province of Biscay, completed the downfall of the general who held the command of the Cristino army. He fell from the height of popularity into the deepest odium at Madrid: the constant defeats he had suffered, without any thing like the semblance of a victory to offer in compensation, the recent and sanguinary discomfiture at Viana, all combined to destroy the reputation which had been attached to his name, and Rodil was soon after replaced by a successor who was in turn destined to behold his own star pale before that of the ferocious leader of the mountaineers of Navarre. The disorders consequent on the retirement of Rodil from the command-in-chief, were taken immediate advantage of by Zumalacarreguy; and from the period to which we have referred, may be dated the series of disastrous defeats sustained, almost without interruption, by the army of the queen, until the quick and enterprising talent of Cordova turned for a moment the scale in favour of the Cristinos.

The intrepidity exhibited by the Baron de los Valles on emergencies like those we have narrated, procured him still higher favour with Don Carlos, and, what was of still greater importance, with Zumalacarreguy; and though his talents as a general, in the usual and extensive acceptation of the term, were not very pre-eminent, yet, whenever a forlorn hope was to be led, a decisive charge was to be made, or an attack with inferiority of numbers or position, if such became absolutely necessary, his name was the first to occur to the mind of the commander-in-chief, and he was

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always ready to volunteer, no matter what were the difficulties or dangers of the attempt.

It is not, however, either for skill in military science, or for unquestionable bravery in the field, that the Baron de los Valles has rendered himself so much an object of distinction to the world, and that his name has been so mixed up with the history of the civil war in Spain: — the enthusiastic devotion which he at all times manifested in the cause of despotic government, in almost every country in Europe; the reckless spirit of adventure with which, when the idol of his blind worship was cast down from its high place in his own country, he sought in other lands the despotism he adored; the indomitable perseverance with which he endured suffering and privations of all kinds to be permitted the supreme felicity of kissing the footstool of tyranny; the squandering of talents, which are varied and far above mediocrity, in the cause of worn out absolutism; his unchanged and unchanging adherence even to the fallen fortunes of the royal idiot whose cause he would still support; his disregard of that which is so dear to the heart of his gallant and impetuous countrymen, his quality of Frenchman, and the ready willingness with which he dared to renounce all his rights and privileges as a citizen of France, presenting in his person the curious anomaly of being an exile though residing on French soil* — all this has tended to bestow on the Baron de los Valles the reputation of one of the most interesting adventurers of the age, and proves to what an excess of extravagance an individual, otherwise highly gifted, may be driven either by an enthusiasm misdirected, by a morbid desire for notoriety, or a sickly longing for fame which must be gratified at any risk.

There are men who, from having been long habituated to slavery, become not only callous to the tyranny which bows them to the dust, but who even reject the gift of freedom when presented to them, and who have been rendered, by the power of oppression, so prostrate in mind and soul as to prefer the grovelling condition of reptiles to the upright and noble attitude of freemen. Like those who have for years and years pined in the deepest gloom of a dungeon, and whose eyes have been so accustomed to the dreary darkness of their living grave, as to be unable to endure, without pain, the faint glimmering of the beams of morning, their mental vision has been so deadened as to shun the least glimpse caught of the light of freedom; but it was reserved for the Baron de los Valles, whose boyhood must have witnessed the triumph of the regenerating principles of the French Revolution over the faded despotism of the olden time, and whose youth must have exulted in the military achievements which are most dazzling to the soul of a Frenchman, no matter what his political feelings may be — it was reserved for him to exhibit the spectacle of a young man, and that young man an enthusiastic Frenchman, with such stirring scenes enacted around him, em-

* One of the most striking proofs given by the Baron de los Valles of attachment to the miserable bigot whose cause he espouses, was his refusal to reassume his quality of Frenchman when offered by the government, and his declaration that he wished to be considered as a dependant on the bounty or gratitude of the exile of Bourges. One would suppose that the sight alone of "la belle France" should have awakened a sentiment of patriotism. By the French law, that citizen loses his quality of Frenchman who shall accept any office conferred by a foreign government without the consent or authority of the monarch. This quality, however, can be subsequently recovered under certain conditions: — "La qualité de Français se perdra, 1°. par la naturalization acquise en pays étranger; 2°. par l'acceptation, non autorisée par l'Empereur, de fonctions publiques conférées par un gouvernement étranger; 3°. enfin, par tout établissement fait en pays étranger, sans esprit de retour.

Le Français qui aura perdu sa qualité de Français pourra toujours la recouvrer en rentrant en France avec l'autorisation de l'Empereur, et en déclarant qu'il veut s'y fixer, et qu'il renonce à toute distinction contraire à la loi française."— *Code Napoléon*, Droits civils, ch. 2. sec. 1re, art. 17, 18.

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bracing, as a matter of choice, the cause of a bigoted and imbecile despotism, and not only encountering dangers and enduring privations in the service of an apostle of the Inquisition, but even renouncing his country; and when that unholy cause was irretrievably lost, rejecting the proffered restitution of his rights of citizenship, and dwelling on the soil of France an alien amongst his fellow citizens, and beyond the protection of the laws of his native land.

M. Xavier Auguet de Saint-Sylvain, the Baron de los Valles, is a native of France, and was born in the midst of the glories of the Revolution, when the sanguinary rule of Robespierre and his associates, or rivals, in atrocity, had already passed away, and when men's minds, won from the contemplation of the horrors which had darkened over the cradle of young freedom, had already begun to hope that a new era had at length arrived, and that the sway of the enemy of the human race had been crushed for ever. His family, though monarchical in their principles, did not manifest their political feelings in so decided a manner as to excite the notice of the republican government. He received an excellent education, and commenced the study of jurisprudence with the intention of being called to the bar. When British bayonets thrust upon the country the family of the Bourbons, his inclination for legitimate monarchy broke out in a most violent manner, and he at once embraced the military profession, and obtained a commission in the guards. When the imperial eagles rested once more upon the towers of *Nôtre Dame*, and the palace of the Tuilleries again changed masters, M. de Saint-Sylvain followed Louis XVIII. in his second flight, and did not again enter France until after the total ruin of the fortunes of the Emperor.

The policy of Louis was, as is well known, directed to reconcile to his government those who had been most opposed to the restoration of the Bourbons, and to win over the affections of the adherents of the fallen chief, rather than to reward the fidelity or services of his own followers. The comparatively obscure position of M. Saint-Sylvain did not shield him from the curious manifestation of the gratitude of his royal and legitimate master, and he soon perceived that he might remain years in the same grade in the royal guards, without a hope of advancement. Being at length convinced that legitimate monarchs are not a whit less ungrateful than those unanointed upstart rulers who have no divine right to shed a holy character on their acts of turpitude, moral and political, he found himself obliged to descend from the dignity of acting as body guard to the sacred person of Louis, and to enter the line, thereby insuring to himself one step, at least, of promotion in his profession. Eight years saw him remain stationary in the rank of captain, until, by dint of entreaties and memorials, a hundred times repeated, he obtained an appointment on the staff, and was attached to the duties of the capital. This situation he retained only a few months. A propensity to gambling which he had never been able to overcome, an indulgence in which was rendered still more easy by his constant residence in the capital, and the leisure which his new occupation afforded, compelled him, in a short time, not only to abandon the army altogether, but to leave, for a space, his native country. Having spent some time in England, Canada, the United States, and Mexico, he returned to Europe a short time previous to the revolution of the "three days." This event served to awaken within him the devotion to absolutism which the neglect he had met with might have deadened for a time. He followed Charles X. to this country, and gratified at once his vanity and his devotion to royalty, by proffering his services to the victim of the ordinances, whensoever an opportunity might be presented of rendering them available. No occasion then

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existed for employing his peculiar talents, and some other theatre was sought for their exercise. The intrigues which were then carried on in the palace of San Ildephonso, and of which Don Carlos was at the same time the principal and the object, afforded the only opportunity to M. Saint-Sylvain, and he accordingly set out for Spain, with letters of recommendation from the members of the elder branch of the Bourbons to their royal cousins at Madrid. A similarity of disposition soon attached him to the elder brother of Ferdinand, and by his interest with the king, a superior rank in the Spanish army was offered him; which, for the present, he declined. Under the pretence of establishing a literary periodical, which was to have been made the vehicle of the opinions of the party to which he was attached, he continued to reside at Madrid, until his close intercourse with the Bishop of Leon, who had been a short time previously expelled from the council of state, and his participation in the intrigues of the *Camarilla* of the Infante, became so notorious as to compel the publication of a royal decree, in January, 1833, by which he was ordered to leave Madrid in twelve hours, and Spain within a week. He repaired to Portugal, and an opportunity there occurring of manifesting his zeal in the cause of tyranny, he offered his services to Dom Miguel, who was then besieging Oporto. His services were, however, declined, as a rule had been made not to admit foreigners into the army of the Portuguese Pretender.

The departure of Don Carlos from Spain took place the March following, and Portugal was fixed at first as his place of refuge. The ceremony of the *Jura** presented the first occasion to M. Saint-Sylvain of rendering a real service to the cause of the Pretender. Cordova, who was then minister at the court of Lisbon, communicated a royal order, in which Don Carlos was required by his brother to declare his allegiance, at the approaching ceremony, to the sovereignty of his daughter, Isabella, which was established by the Pragmatic Sanction of the 29th of March, 1833. The Infante not only declined giving in his adhesion, but also accompanied his refusal with a protest against the abolition of the Salique law, and which he requested his brother to communicate to the sovereigns of Europe. This being refused by Ferdinand, M. Saint-Sylvain was immediately despatched on the perilous mission, not only of communicating the protest of Don Carlos, and of disseminating copies of it, but also of distributing political tracts, in which the abolition of the Salique law was bitterly denounced, and an appeal made to all good and loyal Spaniards, but more particularly to the Basques, entreating them to return to what was called the "ancient institutions of the kingdom." This dangerous duty was performed with much skill and courage, and M. Saint-Sylvain did not even hesitate to present himself at the ceremony of the *Jura* in San Sebastian in the month of June, where the Infante Françisco de Paula had been for some time residing. He made every effort to scatter those seditious addresses in all parts of the kingdom, and organised with the Royalist leaders of the principal towns in Navarre, Biscay, and Guipuzcoa, a simultaneous rising, the moment the news of the king's death, which was expected to happen soon, should reach them.

It is not necessary to enter into the details of the different journeys which were made by M. Saint-Sylvain throughout Spain, in order to prepare the people for the rising which was intended to take place. His adventures and escapes were numerous and interesting, and he evinced throughout the

* *Jura, publicum fidelitatis juramentum:* the solemn act by which the states and cities of the kingdom recognise a prince as their sovereign. The principal authorities take in his presence the oath of fidelity to his person and government. This solemnity was, on this occasion, held simultaneously in all the cities of Spain, as well as in the Basque provinces.

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greatest moral as well as physical courage. On one occasion, when he was employed at Valladolid, immediately after the death of Ferdinand, in fulfilling the object of some secret mission, he was suddenly informed that General Quesada, who had just replaced the Duke of Castro Torreno in the command of the troops, had set a price on his head. Several detachments of cavalry as well as infantry had been despatched on all sides for the purpose of making him prisoner. After having completed the business which brought him to Valladolid, he procured a guide to accompany him on his return to Don Carlos. The peasant soon became alarmed, when he learned that he was employed by a man who was outlawed as a traitor; and the very sight of a military uniform frightened him almost to death. They left Valladolid at 10 o'clock in the evening, and travelled night and day in order to reach the frontier as soon as possible. What was the terror of the peasant when, on approaching the termination of their journey, they were suddenly met by one of the very detachments that had been sent in their pursuit? The guide manifested every inclination either to escape, or to betray his master to his pursuers. Nothing but the greatest presence of mind could have saved him. M. Saint-Sylvain presented a pistol at his head, caught the reins of his mule, and swearing that at the slightest attempt to escape he would blow out his brains, compelled him to move on. He then assumed an appearance of great gaiety, and, as if his comrade had been recounting to him some pleasant adventure, frequently burst forth into shouts of uncontrollable laughter, and in this manner contrived to pass through the very ranks of the party sent to take him, and who little thought that the merry and half-drunken stranger, whose extravagant joy amused them so much, was the man of whom they were in search, and on whose head such a price had been set.

The original intention of Don Carlos was to have entered Spain from Portugal, and, after the death of Ferdinand, the Baron de los Valles was constantly employed in attempts to induce such of the Spanish generals as were suspected of entertaining apostolical opinions, and who were then in command of large bodies of men, to proclaim the Pretender. We have already alluded to the hopes that had been founded on the vacillation of Sarsfield, but, fortunately for the young queen, Rodil remained faithful to his post on the frontier, and would not only listen to no propositions on the part of Don Carlos, but announced his intention of shooting the first individual, no matter in what capacity he came, who should breathe a syllable in his favour. The poor creature who was aspiring to the crown of Spain was persuaded by the baron to imitate the example of Napoleon on his departure from Elba, and to present himself, with only fifty men as an escort, at the advanced posts of Rodil. The only effect, however, which his presence had upon the troops, was a movement made by two squadrons of lancers to cut off his retreat from Almeida, which was distant only half a league from the positions occupied by the Cristino troops, and nothing but the most rapid flight prevented him from falling into the hands of his enemies.

The defeat of the Miguelite General, Guedez, by the Duke of Terçeira, and the capitulation of Evora, when the Pretender renounced all claims to the throne of Portugal, left Don Carlos without any hope of success in his attempt to enter Spain in that direction. The assistance on which he had always relied from his nephew became now a matter of impossibility, and the two aspirants to the crowns of Portugal and Spain were obliged to provide for themselves in the best manner they could. The plan which had been laid down by the Baron de los Valles for the invasion of Spain is curious, inasmuch as it exhibits the irregular sort of talent possessed by the

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impetuous and inconsiderate Frenchman. The remains of the army of Dom Miguel amounted to about 10,000 infantry, five squadrons of cavalry, and twenty-five pieces of artillery. The chieftain Cabreira was in the Algarves, at the head of about 4000 brigands; and the garrison of Elvas, which is situated at a short distance from Badajos, had been strengthened by the addition of the troops from Abrantes and Extremos. It was proposed by this sage minister of Don Carlos, that the Portuguese Pretender should shut himself up in Elvas, and send with his uncle 10,000 infantry, four squadrons of cavalry, and fifteen pieces of artillery; that this being thus disposed of, he might easily await the Spanish troops that would be sent to his assistance by his uncle on taking possession of Madrid; and that, in the meantime, the guerillas in the mountains of the Algarves would afford sufficient occupation to the generals of Dom Pedro. Even Dom Miguel himself laughed at such a proposal, and with much better discretion counselled his simple relative to imitate the conduct he was himself about to pursue, and to make the best terms he could with the British admiral for his retreat from the country. Necessity compelled him to adopt the advice; and the departure of his nephew for the universal refuge for royal and legitimate vagrants, where they are occasionally found in as great plenty as at the hostelry at Venice*, was followed by an application from Don Carlos to Admiral Parker to convey him to England.

The successful manner in which the Baron de los Valles (who received his patent of nobility on the Pretender's arrival in London) conducted the escape from this country, and the subsequent journey in spite of the vigilance of the French police, is well known. After having encountered various difficulties and dangers which would have deterred any less adventurous and more reflecting person, the royal wanderer and his faithful companion arrived safely in Navarre, where Zumalacarreguy had already excited the population to maintain the integrity of the *Fueros* rather than to assert the rights of "Carlos Quinto" to the sovereignty of Castile. The evil influence of the priesthood compelled the ignorant but gallant mountaineers to connect their own cause with that of the apostle of the Inquisition, who soon became the passive instrument of mischief in the hands of men who were determined at all risks to gratify their ambition, or satiate their love for vengeance. The fidelity manifested towards Don Carlos by the Baron de los Valles at the early period to which we have referred, did not terminate with his arrival in Spain, and he was throughout regarded as the most faithful and the most disinterested follower at the sylvan court of Oñate. In the conflict of parties which at various times thwarted the attempts of the unhappy and misguided prince in the exercise of his kingcraft, and with the intrigues which must always be found wheresoever even the most wretched semblance of sovereign authority is attempted to be maintained, it must be said, to the honour of the Baron de los Valles, that he stands acquitted of those acts of meanness and dishonesty which occupy the days and nights of those reptiles which are to be found in every sort of court. He was also guiltless of participation in those deeds of cold-blooded cruelty which, in the early period of the struggle, marked with so ferocious a character the conduct of the Carlist generals; and the natural mildness of his disposition made him recoil from any active or direct share in the murder of prisoners. His better feelings were shocked at such deeds, but such was the extravagance of his ideas of passive obedience, and his unlimited respect for the

* See *Candide, ou l'Optimiste*, ch. xxvi., where Martin and his master encounter six kings, and four "most serene highnesses," at supper, all of whom had been driven, for bad conduct, from their dominions by their subjects.

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divine right of kingly authority, that he dared not call into doubt any act, or any decree, which emanated from the royal mind. Neither a tyrant nor a man of cruelty in his own nature, his misdirected enthusiasm made him an apt and ready instrument in the hands of priestcraft or tyranny, and though not one who delighted in murder, he questioned not the right to commit it assumed by the monk or the monk's slave.

The passages we have detailed of the conduct of the Baron de los Valles will be sufficient to illustrate his peculiar talents. In those cases where no extraordinary foresight is expected, where no extensive views are to be taken, where the question happens to be of a comparatively minor importance, or where the plan has been already marked out by another and a superior intellect, and where mere cleverness in execution is required in the agent, no one is second to the Baron de los Valles. His perseverance shall be untiring, his exertions incessant, and his energy and courage, moral and physical, shall be unbounded. Three times he traversed Spain from east to west, from north to south, on missions of the most dangerous nature, to excite the Spaniards to rebellion against their monarch, who was yet alive, and in possession of the throne. Three times he visited his native country to insure the co-operation of the French Carlists, unawed and undaunted, though detected by the police of Louis Philippe. His many escapes from the vengeance of Rodil, and the fury of Quesada, were almost miraculous. Privations, perils, the certainty of death itself could not deter him, and the more appalling the difficulties that beset him, the more was he encouraged to perseverance in his "labour of love." It is this felicitous dexterity, as well as the tenacious virtue of faithfulness, which has created the notoriety that attaches itself to his name, and which has been by no means diminished by his refusal to resume his rights of French citizenship, even whilst the fortunes of the exile of Bourges appear to be reduced to the most helpless state of prostration.

In his person the Baron de los Valles does not present the most attractive appearance. His stature is above the middle height, and his figure is not ungracefully formed, but his features, though not exactly forbidding, are yet remarkably plain and irregular. His grey eyes are small, and are sunk in his head; his nose is flat and very large; his mouth is wide, and his lips are thick; his face is broad and rather flat, and its colour is a pale yellow, whilst two deep furrows extend on either side from the nostrils to the corners of the mouth: his complexion is dark. This unfavourable exterior is, however, relieved by a sort of good-natured expression, which is observable about the lower part of the face, and the irregularity of each particular feature is somewhat softened by his high and expansive forehead.

In other respects the character of the Baron de los Valles is that of an amiable and honourable man, and the sacrifices which he has made, and still makes, in the cause of the Pretender, are the best proofs of his sincerity. Of his courage and intrepidity in the field of battle, the two instances which we have already cited, out of many of a similar kind, afford the best testimonials. He is one of those men whom we would admire, and almost praise, even when they are led away by fanaticism, and who make us regret that such gifts as they possess should be devoted to the oppression of their fellow men, and to the maintenance of despotism and its ally, superstition, in its most unmitigated and most hideous form.

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NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

"In every work regard the writer's end" is a sound critical maxim, not always so easy of fulfilment as in the case of "Sir Elwyn," a tragedy, in five acts[1], where it is precisely the "writer's end" that puzzles us. If "Sir Elwyn" be meant as a *satire on tragedies*, it is a work of the highest order of ironical talent; but, unfortunately for this praise, there is very little *extrinsic* reason to conclude that our theory is more than a baseless hypothesis — our data being solely derived from its *intrinsic* value. The author calls it a tragedy — it is published as such: there is no sly preface, out of which the satiric smile might be extracted — all is grave, solemn, and soporific. Why, then, do we suspect it to be a satire? from its intrinsic badness. That in this nineteenth century, especially at this period, when the drama is giving strong symptoms of its revivification — when Shakspeare, and Beaumont, and Fletcher are occasionally read, and the old dramatists much talked of — when critics have by praise and abuse cleared the ground, to a certain extent, for every aspirant, — that at this period a work so thoroughly deficient in every thing like dramatic power should have been deliberately published, and politely offered for review — this is a fact requiring investigation.

Our readers need not be told how constant and earnest have been our endeavours to encourage and bring out anything like dramatic talent, wherever it may be found; how we have fanned the least spark with the breath of praise, and how leniently we have dealt with faults: we have, in fact, always kept the two-fold nature of our office steadily in view, the first to the public as censors, the second to the author, as well-wishing correctors of flaws or exuberances. But this leniency can only be shown when the author has manifested any sort of productive material, any real indication of power and ability: to praise, or to pass over, works not possessing these attributes, is injustice to the public and unkindness to the author; and to the author of "Sir Elwyn," whoever he may be, we can offer no magazinic incense — no soothing recompense of flattery for his trouble and expense (of printing) — our earnest expostulation rather, and suggestion, that he cultivate his powers in some other direction.

"Sir Elwyn" we should characterise as a tragedy of the Minerva press. It might have been called "*The Saturated Bandbox, or the Bloody Brothers*," with effect. It is full of spasmodical melodramatic writing; abounds in "hells, devils, ha, has," &c., and is altogether "very tolerable and not to be endured." To talk of character and passion with critical gravity would be transporting a wind-bag by the Birmingham railway: — of the spasmodic, philosophic, comic, ironic writing we may speak, and would select an example or so, if we had room.

The author is a great imitator of Shakspeare, rather, however, adopting a different view of his own, but some peculiarities he has in common with his great predecessor, as for instance his "puns," the Cleopatras for which he lost the world and was content to lose it — our author has one which rivals the οὔτις of Homer or the "*Roam* hither then" of Shakspeare. Lord Rodolph says that his name is to be put into the Saints' Calendar — "Saint Rodolphus 't is to be; they have added the Latin termination *phus*, see what a *fuss* they have made about me!" The pun here, however trenchant, is

[1] *Sir Elwyn; a Tragedy, in Five Acts.* Bristol: J. & I. Mawdsley, 1840.

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not the only charm; there is a mild scholarly condescension in the information about the Latin termination, equally apt and praiseworthy. For a touch of real Mercutio banter, take the following: —

> " Oh, fear not, mother; dreams were prophets
> Of a darker age; they 're laughed at now.
> *Lord Rod.* Poh! 't was a cat scream'd: I heard it myself.
> Those horrid midnight libertines. — I'll hang
> A score of them for rape; I know not how oft
> They 've marr'd my rest. *Psha! why fear a cat?*"

The philosophical destruction of the spell, summed up in the last half line, is equally profound and dramatic.

Not to tire the reader, and to address ourselves to the author, we conclude with suggesting to him if he be a young man, which his work evidences, to betake himself to study — to severe training of his faculties — but to relinquish, for a long time at least, the drama; of which he is not only ignorant, but for which he has no capacity. There are evidences of a poetic spirit scattered through this play, which if he be young may considerably expand; but if he be no longer a boy we would advise him to leave the Muses altogether, and merely *delight* in them.

Some lithographic views of military operations in Canada, during the late insurrection, accompanied by descriptive and historical notes, have been published by Lord Charles Beauclerk[2], who participated in the scenes he delineates, and who has furnished in this production not only a beautiful series of characteristic and striking pictures, but a very valuable contribution to the history of the civil war. Lord Beauclerk arrived at Quebec in July, 1836, and was present at many of the most sanguinary events that followed, to the close of the second insurrection. The narrative is written with force and simplicity, minute in the details, and temperate in spirit. Of the drawings we cannot speak too highly. They embody the peculiar atmosphere of Canada with great felicity, and by the aid of careful colouring bring the aspect of the place with fidelity before us. These lithographs are useful illustrations of the operations of the war, as well as very elegant specimens of art, and are recommended alike to those who desire to possess accurate military tableaux, and those who look in such publications merely for beauty of design and brilliant execution.

We have a small batch of recent novels before us, which we must dismiss in a brief summary. The first in point of interest, research, and general ability is the " Prophet of the Caucasus," by Mr. Stephens.[3] In this work we have a complete panorama of the wars, costume, and habits of a race whose character is not yet sufficiently known to be greatly appreciated in Europe. The hardy Caucasians, bold, generous, and simple-hearted, are delineated by Mr. Stephens with skill and fidelity through the vicissitudes of a narrative that appropriately reflects the miseries and trials to which they have been exposed by a series of wanton and barbarous invasions. " The Interdict," by Mrs. Steward[4], is a novel of domestic interest, displaying great power in the portraiture of passion and individual character, and considerable felicity of invention. Some of the scenes are deeply pathetic, and distinguished by the unfailing characteristic of true pathos — simplicity; and

[2] *Lithographic Views of Military Operations in Canada under his Excellency Sir John Colborne, G. C. B., &c., during the late Insurrection.* From sketches by Lord Charles Beauclerk, Captain, Royal Regiment; accompanied by Notes, historical and descriptive. London: A. Flint, 1840.

[3] *The Prophet of the Caucasus; an Historical Romance of Krim Tartary.* By E. Spencer, Esq. author of " Travels in the Western Caucasus," &c. Three Vols. London: Whittaker & Co. 1840.

[4] *The Interdict; a Novel.* By Mrs. Steward. Three Vols. London: T. & W. Boone. 1840.

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occasional passages of genuine humour relieve and heighten the charm of a natural and affecting story. Of "Arundel," a tale of the French Revolution, by Sir Francis Vincent[5], it will be sufficient to observe, that while it discovers a lively talent for depicting social experiences, it is deficient in that necessary quality which may be called, for convenience, artistical skill. The incidents are frequently improbable, and always too crowded. The hero, a gentleman disappointed at the outset of life, goes into France and mingles in the events of the revolution. This is credible enough, but the variety of adventures through which he passes, and the multitude of characters he meets, are too numerous and rapid for the career of an individual. The work, however, is sprightly, entertaining, and suggestive. "Hawkwood," a romance of Italy[6], with a higher aim and greater powers, is open to the same censure. The plot — if plot it be — is a labyrinth of perplexing incidents, which we in vain endeavour to penetrate. But ability of a high order is everywhere present in the pages of this Italian pageant. The feuds, crimes, and enterprises of Venetian story, the episodical traits of English adventure, and the salient features of a state of society at once grand, picturesque, and immoral, are pourtrayed by the hand of a master. It is impossible to read the work without being impressed with the genius of the writer, who, if he will only set about his next labour with a little more care, in reference to its plan and details, must achieve distinction in a path he cannot fail to dignify and embellish. "Indian Life[7]," announced as a tale of the Carnatic, is a pure sentimental rhapsody, oriental in style, confused in design, and scarcely intelligible in treatment; it may be consigned to that soft and benignant planet which is esteemed as the *refugium* of the lost things of earth. The "Orphan of Nepaul[8]," is what the last work affects to be, a tale of Indian life — real, descriptive, and illustrative. This little story draws out some of the peculiarities of Hindostan with truth, exemplifies the customs and character of the people, and, conducting us through an exciting narrative, unfolds at the same time many of their social and historical traits that are ordinarily confined to publications of graver pretension. A very charming little book for children — the best of all species of novels — has been published by Mrs. Hall, entitled "The Hartropp Jubilee.[9]" In this pretty book a story, admirably adapted to enchain the attention of the young, is made the vehicle of sound moral lessons, conveyed in such a form as to leave an indelible impression on the minds of young readers. It is beautifully embellished, and makes a handsome volume for presentation. The celebrated monody by Victor Hugo, called "The Last Days of a condemned[10]" has appeared in a new English edition, with an Essay on Capital Punishments by Sir Heskett Fleetwood. The merit of this curious production is too well known to require any help from us to float it into popularity at this side of the channel.

The second volume of the "Natural History of Fishes[11]," by Dr.

[5] *Arundel; a Tale of the French Revolution.* By Sir Francis Vincent, Bart. Three Vols. London.

[6] *Hawkwood; a Romance of Italy.* Three Vols. London: Saunders & Otley. 1840.

[7] *Indian Life; a Tale of the Carnatic.* By Mrs. Colonel Hartley. Three Vols. London: Saunders & Otley. 1840.

[8] *The Orphan of Nepaul; a Tale of Hindostan.* London: Saunders & Otley. 1840.

[9] *The Hartropp Jubilee; a Profit from Play.* By Mrs. S. C. Hall. London: Darton & Clark. 1840.

[10] *The Last Days of a Condemned; from the French of* M. Victor Hugo; *with Observations on Capital Punishment.* By Sir Heskett Fleetwood, Bart. M. P. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1840.

[11] *The Natural History of Fishes; particularly their Structure and Economical Uses.* By J. G. Bushman, M. D. Vol. II. Edinburgh: W. H. Lizars. London: S. Highley. 1840.

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Bushnan, being the last number of the Naturalist's Library, is one of the most complete, curious, and valuable of that popular series. It is full, scientific, and clear; introduced by an interesting memoir of Hippolito Salviani; and enriched with numerous coloured engravings, which are alike remarkable for their beauty and accuracy.

"The Principles of Botany[12]," by Dr. Willshire, may be described as a scientific hornbook on a subject of general interest. The study of botany has latterly become so universal that there is no danger that the reader shall be perplexed by Dr. Willshire's descriptions, which are at once elementary and popular.

The reprint, in one volume, of the "Life and Letters of Cicero[13]," including the labours of Middleton, Melmoth, and Heberden, places the reading public under a fresh obligation to the judgment and literary enterprise of Mr. Moxon. This is not only one of the cheapest, but one of the most fascinating and valuable publications of the day. An extraordinary circulation will be required to cover the expenditure of such a mass of print issued at so low a price; but such a circulation may be confidently looked for. The production of such treasures of literature in this elegant and economical form is the best possible means of creating that taste which can alone repay the expenditure they involve.

It is a most gratifying token of a healthy tone on the part of the great bulk of English readers to find that most exquisite, true, and national work, the "Rural Life of England," by William Howitt[14], appearing in a second edition, revised and enlarged. This edition is in every respect an improvement upon the former; the information it contains is full, practical, and useful; the feeling that pervades it is pure and sound; and, as a chronicle of the habits, character, resources, and occupations of the rural population of this country, with a noble background of English scenery, it is the best book for the people that has graced the literature of our age.

A curious volume on Suicide, by Mr. Winslow[15], may be set down amongst those speculative works which awaken examination on subjects of profound interest, that have been either overlooked in the progress of philosophical inquiry, or treated imperfectly and erroneously. There can be no doubt that Mr. Winslow's theory is correct — that the disposition to commit suicide is, to a great extent, amenable to those principles which regulate our treatment of ordinary disease. The difficulty is to prevail upon society to adopt those precautionary means which the nature of the case demands, before the passion of self-destruction has mastered its victim. This work is well calculated to direct general attention effectively to the subject. Popular in style and treatment, it is adapted to the public as well as the medical profession, and can hardly fail to be productive of useful results. The illustrations collected by the author are numerous; and, although he has lost sight of some very striking instances that occurred within the last ten or fifteen years in England, he has gathered a sufficient stock of facts to form the basis of an interesting and important hypothesis.

We have two little poems before us, displaying that state of mind so happily described by Junius as "the melancholy madness of poetry without its inspiration." "Kensington Gardens"[16] is a mere piece of sentimental

[12] *The Principles of Botany.* By W. Hughes Willshire, M.D. London: S. Highley. 1840.

[13] *The Life and Letters of Marcus Tullius Cicero.* In one volume. London: E. Moxon. 1840.

[14] *The Rural Life of England.* By William Howitt. Second edition, corrected and revised. London: Longman & Co. 1840.

[15] *The Anatomy of Suicide.* By Forbes Winslow, M.R.C.S., author of "Physic and Physicians." London: Henry Renshaw. 1840.

[16] *Kensington Gardens; a Poem.* By Edward Cook. London: Saunders and Otley. 1840.

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slip-slop; and "Erotophuseos, or the Love of Nature[17]," is a limping attempt to vindicate the supremacy of simple Nature over the artificial pursuits of man. Neither Nature nor Kensington Gardens required "such poets to sing them."

The best account of the House of Saxony and the reigning family of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and the best portrait of Prince Albert, are contained in a little volume by Mr. Shoberl[18], which has already reached a second edition. The historical sketch is brief, perspicuous, and minute, and embraces all the facts essential to a complete view of that illustrious race so distinguished in the early struggles of the Reformed Faith, and which, through a series of years, has been so intimately interwoven with the royal family of this country.

"The Life and Times of Martin Luther"[19] is a small volume, into which the author has drawn all the anecdotes of that celebrated man, which are to be found in his own writings or those of his contemporaries. As an illustration of his character and his acts, and of the age in which he lived, we hardly know where so much information can be procured in so brief a compass, or so agreeably conveyed.

The design of a little book, in which the Epistles of the New Testament are succinctly explained[20], is excellent, and its execution is highly creditable to the religious feeling and the patient research of the writer. It is a useful work for the young, and may be perused with advantage to the old, who will find in its unpretending pages many difficulties removed which they have not hitherto been able satisfactorily to penetrate.

Captain Sir Nesbit Willoughby has compiled a book of Extracts from Holy Writ and pious authors, for the use of Soldiers and Seamen.[21] The pith of sound wisdom, and the fruit of deep meditation, this little volume may be commended to a still more extensive circle than the author originally destined it for.

It is a curious fact that the science of Geology, now making such rapid strides, and every day developing more and more its mission of practical utility, should up to this time have been deficient in a volume of alphabetical reference, where the student could find an explanation of the terms and subjects embraced in a study of so much importance. Dr. Humble has ably supplied the desideratum. His "Dictionary of Geology and Mineralogy"[22] is ably compiled; the explanations are lucid and accurate; and the arrangement is thoroughly scientific, and at the same time perfectly intelligible to the general reader. We regard this publication as the most important that has appeared on the subject to which it is dedicated.

17 *Erotophuseos, or the Love of Nature; a Serio-Comic Poem, in Four Scenes.* By Timothrus Pikromel, Esq. London: Smallfield & Son. 1840.

18 *Prince Albert and the House of Saxony, &c.* By Frederic Shoberl, Esq. Second edition, with additions. London: Henry Colburn, 1840.

19 *The Life and Times of Martin Luther.* By the Author of "Three Experiments of Living," &c. Glasgow: James Hedderwick & Son. 1840.

20 *The Sacred Epistles explained and familiarised for young Christians.* By Jennette W. Dawe. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1840.

21 *Extracts from Holy Writ and pious Authors, intended as Helps to Meditation and Prayer, principally for Soldiers and Seamen.* By Captain Sir Nesbit J. Willoughby. London: Printed for the Author. 1839.

22 *Dictionary of Geology and Mineralogy.* By William Humble, M.D. London: Henry Washbourne. 1840.

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